PACIFIC UNITARIAN SCHOOL FOR THE MINISTRY
NON MINISTRARI SED MINISTRARE
INCORPORATED
MAY 12, 1906

BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

PURCHASED WITH THE INCOME OF THE FUND
GIVEN BY
FREDERICK MADGE
1820-1908

SON OF THE REV. THOS. MADGE, 1786-1870, OF
ESSEX STREET CHAPEL, LONDON, 1825-1859

Monthly nos. of
about 64 pp. ea.

THE

CHRISTIAN TEACHER.

[J. Relly Beard
W: Johns
J; Buckland, Eds.]

VOL I.

LONDON:

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & CO., STATIONERS' HALL COURT;

AND FORREST & FOGG, MANCHESTER.

1835.

FORREST AND FOGG, PRINTERS, MANCHESTER.

X788.4
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THE

CHRISTIAN TEACHER.

WHAT IS CHRISTIANITY?

THE CHRISTIAN TEACHER bears in its name the office it has to execute. It is a teacher of Christianity. But what is Christianity? It has been variously expounded; it exists under different forms; we pretend to no authority to define that about which the wisest and best of men have disagreed; but we have our opinions; and, while we leave every one to judge for himself, we shall briefly set forth what our views of Christianity are.

Christianity is the religion of Christ. It arose indeed out of Judaism, but is independent of it. In no way, therefore, is Christianity necessarily concerned with the elements or the evidences of the Mosaic institutions. An attachment at the first there was between the two, inasmuch as the one sprung from the other—but the cord was quickly severed, and the offspring, relying on its own resources, grew to the full stature of a perfect man. It concerns us, then, comparatively little what may be the fate of Judaism, or what the difficulties which may hang about certain parts of the Jewish annals. Individually, indeed, we admit the divine original of the Mosaic institutions. This, however, is mentioned only to prevent misapprehension. The point to which we draw attention is, that Christianity is an independent system, based on its own evidences, and complete in its own principles. Let Judaism, therefore, stand or fall; let doubts be exaggerated into disproofs; let the wand of scepticism strike from the cloud of antiquity the lightning that shall smite the temple of Zion to ruin,—let these things be, if they can be, still Christianity is unimpaired. The divinity of the mission of Christ is in no way dependent on the slaughter of the Canaanites, nor does the authenticity of the Gospels rely on the authenticity of the Pentateuch.

Christianity is the religion of Christ. In his teachings it stands perfect, entire, lacking nothing. Others may expand, and illustrate, and enforce what he taught, but not even Paul can plant another doctrine, nor Apollos water another vineyard. Nor, in spite of such reasoners as the author of 'not Paul, but Jesus,' who, in seeming to vindicate Jesus against Paul, designs to subvert the authority of both, is there any fair show of evidence that Paul, though he expounded the doctrines of Christ so as to fit them to existing circumstances, and recommend them to general acceptance, gave, by the slightest addition to his instructions, room for the charge that he preached 'another Gospel' than that he received from Jesus. Should there, however, be persons who disagree with us in this conviction, they are still to remember that Christianity is the religion of Christ; and so long as they receive all that Jesus taught, as recorded by his historians, so long they are not at liberty to disown Christ, because they may misinterpret Paul.

If the authority of an apostle is not above his master, the teachings of uninspired men cannot be even co-ordinate with the doctrine of the Son of God. Our motto is, then, 'not human, but divine authority.' Brethren may be helpers of each other's faith as well as joy, but no one is Lord over God's heritage. Their call is to aid, not controul. They may unseal a blind eye, but cannot kindle another sun. They may quicken an intellect, but their power is in Christ, not themselves. Animation they may infuse into dead bones, but the fire is from heaven. We therefore repudiate all mere human authority. We ask not what the councils have determined, nor what are the doctrines of the Reformation, nor what are the principles of Protestantism, much less what Calvin defined, or Wesley enforced, but what Jesus said, promised, or threatened. He, and he only, is the way, the truth and the life; sole and paramount in all things pertaining to man's duty and expectations, what he declared we receive, and when he is silent we dare not speak. All that he taught we wish to be ours; more than he taught our reverence for him induces us to refuse. Where he is clear, there we can be positive; what he has left dark or doubtful, we have no warrant and no will to attempt to illustrate and define.

Christianity is the religion of Christ;—not of Plato, though his lofty and imaginative speculations may have earned for him the name of 'divine,' nor of Socrates, though, for his wise, practical and homely instructions, he was said to have brought philosophy down from heaven. Christianity may harmonize with, but it needs not the sanction of, philosophy. It is complete in the elements of its own existence, and claims our obedience on its own merits. They, therefore, are wrong who reason when they should expound, speculate when they should learn, and enforce obedience by sanctions, which, however good to those who knew no better, are tares instead of wheat in the Christian church, and are superseded by the perfect law of Christ.

Christianity stands in the New Testament—but not in a series of systematic definitions, aiming at the impossibility of bringing the endless varieties of human obligations under certain fixed categories, but developed by casual circumstances, expounded in connexion with existing junctures and wants, folded up in parables, displayed in facts, living and breathing in the character of its founder. The record is not Christianity, but Christianity is in the record. Even the actions of Christ himself are models for our imitation only so far as parity of circumstances may justify. Much less is every word to be taken in all the fulness of its original import. It is true, that all that he taught and did is for us and for our children; not, however, in the servile adherence to the letter, but the wise application of the spirit. What is essential must be separated from what was occasional; the form and manner must be sacrificed to the substance, or often the substance will elude us in cleaving to the form. There is a principle involved in all Jesus said and did, which it is our duty to extract and bring home to our own business and bosoms, while we leave the original application of his addresses to those for whom exclusively it was designed; and the great duty of the expounder of the Gospel is to unfold and apply the essential truths of Christianity to the changeful aspects of social and individual life in each successive age. The fire on its altar is inextinguishable; it is for us to take thereof in order to kindle a flame on our own hearths. But in this matter mistake abounds. The personal application of the Gospel consists with most in taking to themselves every thing found in the New Testament, as if designed immediately for their own case; whereas, mostly, its immediate purpose was answered in its primary application. 'To them of old times' it was said—to them it belonged, and, in its literal and full acceptance, to them exclusively. Our share is in the spirit, the principle, not the word, and the amount of our portion is in each case to be determined by the analogy of the circumstances in their case and ours.

The message, however, when it does come, comes with authority. It is a command, not a recommendation. It asks obedience, not deliberation. 'Thus do, and thou shalt live,' is its language; not that its office is to supersede reason, but to direct and raise it. Congenial with the holier workings of the intellect, it far transcends them; not, however, to oppress, but to bear them up to its own elevation. The spirit of God is kindred with the spirit of man, since God's inspiration gave man understanding; and the supremacy of the first is the perfection and blessedness of the second, because it is a supremacy founded not on force, but love, and working in the way of a father, not a tyrant. Obedience, however, is as much an element in the paternal relation as benignity, and the intellect must be trained to obey before it is fitted to rule; for we set little account by those systems of domestic discipline, whose authors pride themselves on rendering a reason before a child can appreciate a motive, and, in a vain effort to create premature self-reliance, lead children to be self-willed, intractable, conceited and boisterous. Men are nothing more than grown-up children, bearing the same relation to God that children bear to their parents; and those who acknowledge no higher authority than their own intellect, will have more restlessness than power of mind, more agitation than repose of heart, and it is well if, in the illusions of their own confidence and the recklessness of their own wills, they do not throw themselves loose from the holiest restraints of nature and religion, and make shipwreck of faith, hope, and, finally, of conscience too. The Gospel, therefore, must always be studied as a message from God. It is the business of the intellect to learn what it teaches, and immediately consequent on the discovery, of the whole man to submit to its guidance. The mind is the interpreter, and in the truth elicited resides our safeguard, and our guide, and our warrant. There must be the labour of digging for the treasure, but the ore, when found, is gold. We have not to ascend up into the heaven of our own imaginations, nor into the depths of our own intellect—but the truth is nigh unto us, being brought of Christ from God.

What is that truth? In our opinion, it does not consist in formularies of human device: none of them contains all the truth, each of them contains more than the truth, and they all err in the implication that Christianity is a system of abstract propositions, and not a spirit of power, because of love and of a sound mind. We do not deny that Christianity has its positive doctrines, but those doctrines are rather of a practical than a metaphysical nature. Its philosophy is concerned with the formation of character, not the resolution of mysteries. It seeks not to reveal the invisible, nor to unfold the abstruse, nor to solve the questions raised by man of God's nature, the nature of the soul, the plurality of worlds, the freedom of the will, of the origin of evil, and the final issue of events, but rather, taking the world as it is and man as he is, to make both as happy as possible, by the infusion of a spirit of faith, love and gentleness, and the introduction of the powerful motives derived from God's paternity, Christ's sacrifice, and the sanctions of the eternal world. The doctrines which have a bearing on these great purposes, it enforces with line upon line, and precept upon precept. But how little to do with them has the greater part of those points about which professed Christians have from the first troubled and agitated society. If every dogma for which men's passions have been kindled, and the holiest blood shed, were erased from the Christian's creed, 'the truth as it is in Jesus' would not suffer the slightest curtailment. Men have invented shibboleths, and then slaughtered their brethren for not believing God's truth. They have first drawn on their passions or their fancy, and then bid their intellect worship the monstrous idol. What, however, we may be asked, are the doctrines of Christianity? The answer must depend on what is meant by the term doctrines. For ourselves, we do not admit the inferences of man as the doctrines of the Gospel. Deductions as endless and multiform may be made, as the varieties of individual minds. These may be acceptable to their makers, but they have authority with no one else. They may be truth, they may be error also; at all events, they can hardly be the characteristics of Christianity; for, if so, Christianity is of all various things the most variable. In its very nature a characteristic must be one and the same under all circumstances, otherwise nothing is defined, and the excess of light produces darkness. What, then, are the express teachings of Christ? For the sake of distinction let them be divided into doctrine and practice. In doctrine, the form of sound words is short and simple. Its primary truth is, 'There is one God,' 'God is love;' the next, which is like unto it, is, that 'God so loved the world, that he sent his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' These are the express, and, as the express, so the fundamental teachings of the Gospel. The unity and paternity of God, and the divine legation of Christ, established by direct affirmation, and wrought into the whole texture of the Gospel, now set forth in word and now illustrated in deed;—in other words, the history of Christ, in his life, death and resurrection—the teaching of Christ, in the assertion of the Fatherly character of the only God and the immortality and accountability of man, constitute all that we can discover of positive institution in the Christian religion. These, however, do not exist apart in distinct and abstract propositions, but are intimately blended with somewhat which concerns human obedience, faith, or hope. They are the elements of the Christian life. They are the vine, from which the branches spread, and in whose life the branches live. To recount these branches would be to recite all the practical and devotional instructions of the New Testament, whether found in the teachings, the works, and the character of Christ, or in the burden which his apostles bore to the world. Thus much, however, may be said, that the Gospel is rather a practical and devotional, than a metaphysical system, since whatever it teaches of doctrine, be it more or less, it associates its instructions with that practical love of God and man, which is the fulfilling of the law; and subordinates even faith and hope to that spirit of benignity, which is the final cause and the final result of all. Whenever, therefore, we divide Christianity into doctrines of faith and doctrines of practice, we must remember that the division is one of our own fabrication, and though convenient as a distinction in aid of perspicuity, may be baneful in reality, if the idea of separation becomes permanently fixed in our minds. And should we feel the least disposition to refine on the doctrinal part of Christ's teachings, it would be better far to cleave exclusively to his example of pious devotedness to God's will, than to incur the risk of associating with the truth, the imaginings of our own hearts, or the traditions of the elders. In belief, we may err if we quit the written word; but the love of God and man, interpreted by the spirit of Christ, can lead only to good to ourselves and good to others.

We have now fallen on the mention of what we deem the essential feature of Christianity; for, in our opinion, the love of God and man, of God as the Father of all men, and man as of one blood and one family, and therefore one brotherhood, this, in its practical applications, interpreted not according to the law of the world, but the law of the spirit and the practice of Christ, is the whole duty of a Christian. Nothing can be true, much less fundamental, which limits the mercy of God, or narrows the heart of man; and doctrines of all kinds may, without serious risk of error, be tested by their tendency to expand and refine our affections with the generous impulses of piety and benevolence. His views of Christianity, therefore, must either be false, or what is in effect much the same, inoperative, who, however accurately he may think his creed adjusted to the word of truth, is barren in those fruits of the spirit which adorn the heart with piety, and the character with deeds of love: and though we are far from denying that accurate views of God and Christ are most important, we do not hesitate to give the preference to a spirit full of gentleness, kindness and benevolence, over a mind wise in all that is written, but not wise unto its own salvation, nor the salvation of others, because its convictions are not principles, but rather hard and abstract propositions. Give us the life-blood of a vital faith in a generous disposition, and we envy not a mathematical religion laid down by square and compass with the utmost rigour of real or fancied demonstration. It is not, indeed, our opinion, that there is any incompatibility between a sound faith and an active benevolence. On the contrary, they stand, we hold, in the relation of cause and effect; but, since absolute certainty, even in relation to religious truth, is unattainable, it is far better to prize that most highly, which gives its value to the purest and the fullest creed; and, while we aim to excel in faith and hope, our chief business is to take care not to be defective in charity. Let us, if we can, call Jesus 'Lord, Lord,' with the correctness and completeness of apostolic apprehension; but let us also do what he commanded; and, since many things excite the doubt whether the first may not be too high for us, it will be well to strive after that which is in our power, and walk in all the ordinances of the Gospel, blameless.

In this effort we may be greatly aided by a correct apprehension of the Gospel views of human nature. In the whole of Christ's teachings, and especially in his death, man is regarded as a sinful being. We enter not into the crabbed question of the origin of evil. Christ dealt with sinners without even a reference to the fall of man, much less to the wisdom of the disputer of this world. He found sin in the world, and he did his best to free the world from sin; and far better would it be for his disciples to imitate him, by devoting their energies to emancipate the world from thraldom to sin, than to debate, however curiously or powerfully, respecting its introduction. Here it is, in every one's heart and in every one's home, and wherever it is, it is man's direst enemy; our duty therefore is, to labour with Christ and God, in liberating the world from its baneful influence. But they only will combat faithfully in the holy warfare, who act constantly on a vivid recognition of its presence and of the evils it inflicts. It was this that lay at the foundation of all the Saviour's efforts. He came, he suffered and died 'for our sins.' His whole life was a declaration of its existence and its terror. The Gospel is constructed on the supposition that man is a sinner; that the disease is deeply rooted in the moral constitution, and goes not out, except under the operation of those remedies which God has provided, and which Christ promulgated. Hence the proclamation of the Gospel—that is, the good news of God's placability, of his Fatherly yearnings toward his offspring, and his readiness to pardon them on repentance and newness of life; hence the exhibition of the spotless and winning example of Christ's character, and the attractive devotedness of his obedience even unto death; hence the array in the New Testament of the awful sanctions of man's responsibility, and of death, judgment and eternity; and hence, too, all the warnings, injunctions, invitations and threats of the New Testament; for they all proceed on the supposition that there is in man a disease to be cured, in the world an evil to be avoided, and an unspeakable good to be gained both in time and in eternity.

But to us the implication is as clear of man's power as of his sinfulness. We do not mean that in and of himself man's arm can achieve his salvation; but that by the of grace God, operating through that instrumentality which has been devised in the workings of Providence, of nature, of society, of the human breast, and especially of the Gospel, man may rise from the earth, and expand into the full proportions of the child of God and the heir of immortality. The great business of our lives is to work out our own salvation, with the aid of Him who 'worketh in us both to will and to do of his own good pleasure.'

Christianity, therefore, is the religion of Christ, and the religion of Christ is emphatically in Christ's character. He was what he taught, and if we are like him, after our humble measure, we shall enjoy the proud distinction of being his. All other tests of soundness are liable to mistake; the one perfect rule is, to be what he was, and do what he did. God will not condemn those who are 'conformed to the image of his Son.'

r.

THE SPIRIT OF LOVE.

There is a brilliant flood of sunshine shed abroad over this our world. It touches the ocean; and the spray, as it is dashed from the surges, becomes like a thousand glittering stars: it gleams upon the tops of the mountains, and the eagles soar aloft and scream for joy: it tinges the cornfields with a golden lustre: it falls upon the woods as a mantle of beauty: it spreads itself over the lonely white-washed cottages, and burnishes the windows of every dwelling with such a peculiar brightness, that it might seem as if the happiness that existed within had suddenly become a visible essence shining forth upon the world without. There is a quickening and invigorating influence that visits the earth with the returning spring. It passes with the first soft winds through the whispering woods, and every tree has a harp of welcome. It sweeps over the furrowed field, and the green corn appears. It breathes along the hedge-rows, and they are fragrant with uncultured flowers. It calls back the wandering birds, each to its own resting place. It converts the blue ether into a glorious canopy, and prepares beside the singing waters as welcome a resting place for man. But there is an influence abroad more beautiful and more renovating than these. Wherever it appears it chases darkness from the atmosphere, and winter from the earth. It makes earth a heaven, and heaven a home of unutterable happiness. This is the Spirit of Love.

In despite of all the crime, all the selfishness, and all the misery which exist in our crowded cities, and even in our sheltered hamlets, there is enough of this holy influence existing in every one of them, to make the philanthropist proud of his human nature, and hopeful of humanity. That so many of the wise and good have doubted or denied this glorious truth is not sufficient to disprove it. It is easier to believe, that the wisest of men may mistake, than that God hath left himself without witness that he has made man in his own moral image. If there have been many times, even to the most trustful amongst us, when the evidences of this blessed spirit have seemed to be very few, may it not have been that we were slow to perceive its manifestations, or that we estimated the sacrifices it prompted rather by the little good they produced than the great efforts which were required to make them. Next to a belief in the perfect goodness of the Creator, there is nothing which so strongly excites our reverence for him as a belief in the goodness of the creature. Excepting our trust in the loving kindness of God, there is nothing that conduces so much to our happiness as confidence in the love of man. That there are on the face of this beautiful earth fearful instances of cruelty and selfishness, none but the wildest enthusiast can deny; but there are also examples of the most disinterested exertions, of the most determined self-denial, and of the most patient endurance, and these, too, in circumstances apparently the most unfavourable to the formation of virtuous affections and habits. There have been, and it is to be feared there will long be, melancholy instances of ingratitude and hardness of heart; so long there will be disappointed and broken spirits, who, having entered into life eager to communicate and to receive happiness, have found their warmest affections coldly returned, and their best endeavours repulsed or counteracted. But are not these chiefly to be found amongst those who have too much concentrated their affections? Who have

> "Made idols, and have found them clay"?

Are there any such to be found amongst those, who have set out with the knowledge that human nature is but clay, and loved it, not in blindness to its imperfections, but in spite of them? For him, who benefits mankind because they are one large family of which God is the Father, one blessed flock of which Christ is the Shepherd, there may be disappointment, but there will never be despair. To his estimate of good he will meet with some exceptions, but he will feel that they *are* exceptions, and that there is still abundant ground for belief in the improvability, it would scarcely be too much to say the perfectability, of man. He who would see the progression of humanity towards perfection, must himself be strong in faith and in Christian charity; he must go forth in the Spirit of Love. For him, every street and alley will teem with objects of interest.

To him, every eye will gleam with something of intelligence. For him there will always be the poetry of smiles, and the music of kindly voices. He will find a welcome at every hearthstone, such as the angel found in the tent of the patriarch, because the gladness of good tidings will be stamped upon his brow. While the careless observer sees in the sullied garb and toil-worn form of the workman only a portion of a manufactory, he will mark the symptoms of determined purpose, of embittered feeling, or of unfruitful exertion; mark, to soften or encourage, as need may be. He will find in the feeble and wailing child, not only a pair of little hands to labour, or a voice to clamour for assistance, but will trace the outbreaking of the immortal mind, and will feel that the infancy of an heavenly inheritor is cradled in the homes of earth. From him the purple of the conqueror and the pride of the tyrant cannot conceal the characteristics of the man. His eye can discern, midst 'the deceitfulness of riches,' the one bright spot which they have not clouded; the hidden link of that chain which binds the heart to the family of man. He will be hopeful, and he will inspire hope. He will seek improvement for others, and he will find it for himself. He will bestow richly from the abundance of his affections, and he will meet with glowing affection in return. Does any one doubt it?—then surely he knows very little of the strength, and fervour, and enduringness of human love. He hardly suspects how powerful is the mind of man to make for itself a mirror in the minds of his fellow-mortals, as the moon casts her reflected image into the bosom of every transparent stream. Not only are new objects of interest and new springs of enjoyment almost daily added to the means of happiness, which the lover of humanity possesses, but to him the ordinary connexions of life have manifold power of conferring good. His attachment to his relations and friends is not a mere refinement of selfishness. He loves them, not only that they belong to himself, but also that they belong to God; not only that they are his friends, but that they are the friends of human kind. He loves nature, not only because he discerns, with all the intenseness of keen perception, the excessive loveliness of her fruitful vallies, the awful magnificence of her mountains, and the holy quiet of her solitudes, but because he feels, that all these have a healthful and purifying influence upon mind. He knows that they are all 'ministers for good,' and, therefore, that they are his ministers; for so to feel is more than to be 'one with nature;' it is to be one with God; it is to be one with every being, who is working the same work in any part of the vast universe; one in intention—one in spirit, that spirit the Spirit of Love. So to walk the earth is surely to look upon it as it is looked upon by him who made it. So to look upon mankind is surely to regard them as they are regarded by him who died for them; truly in a degree immeasurably smaller, but still in the same spirit, the Spirit of Love. If there be any one who has hitherto viewed the world with a cold or a suspicious eye, let him be persuaded to believe, that there is a happiness in reserve, which none of the pleasures which he has yet known can surpass, and which very few of them can equal. Whatever are his circumstances, there is added enjoyment or new consolation in loving and being loved by his kind. If he be poor, it will delight him to find, that there is a power within him which can effect much without the help of riches. If he be rich, he will have the assurance, that even though 'this night his soul may be required of him', he hath laid up in his treasury some objects of affection, which he can carry with him beyond the grave.

To the neglected and the solitary there can be nothing which promises so much satisfaction, as cultivating a warm and lively interest in the welfare of all around;—to think of himself less as an individual than as a part of the great whole. To those, whose lives, like the aged Jacob's, are bound up in the lives of their children, whose tenderness is doubled and whose sensibilities are quickened by anxiety for their welfare and happiness, there is no feeling which can bring with it so much quietude and consolation. The great cause of human improvement and human happiness is one in every corner of the earth. The friend and the father, who has made that cause his own, is not alone in the more immediate trust which devolves upon him. The wise and the good of every nation and clime are his coadjutors, and his power to effect good is multiplied in theirs. They form together a glorious phalanx, mighty to achieve the purpose they design. Each can, in some measure, command the resources of all, and by the strength of their union it might be said of each, that

"Thousands at his bidding fly,
And speed o'er land and ocean without rest."

To what earthly power could a parent more willingly commit his charge than to the protection of such a brotherhood? Who knows like him, who has been the friend of the orphan, how strong is the interest which the fatherless excite; who feels like him, who has abounded in love to all men, how rich a store of affection descends upon every human creature as his natural inheritance, and how surely the providence of God is extended to all his offspring in the care of one another?

To such as these, to the poor and the desolate, the timid and the anxious, the weary and the aged, the idea of a common brotherhood, a common stock of love and kindliness, must be full of light. How joyous must be their awakening in a world where they feel that they can never be as an alien and a stranger! Even the thought of helplessness for themselves or their offspring loses half its bitterness while they have the assurance that many will be to them as fathers, and mothers, and brothers, and friends. How peaceful must be their descent even into the valley of dark shadows! The work of a death-bed is retrospection. There will be present all that we have cherished, whether with an holy or an unholy love. Death comes not to excite new affections, but to put the seal upon those which have been long indulged. The work of resurrection will be, not creation but renovation. Blessed are they to whom it shall restore, not a vain longing for the things of this world, which passeth away, but the faces which once beamed upon them with confidence and joy, the forms they loved and tended, the voices they heard in welcome, the minds they improved and elevated; all those they have cherished for his sake 'who gave himself for us, leaving an example that we should follow his steps.' He will unite them in an everlasting bond. 'He will give them an abundant entrance into the mansion of his glory,' even the dwelling-place of the Spirit of Love.

W.

ON THE RELATION OF THEOLOGY TO GENERAL SCIENCE AND LITERATURE.

> Et vos, o lauri, carpam, et te, proxima myrte,
> Sic positæ, quoniam suaves miscetis odores.—VIRG.

SOME writer once observed,—'Shew me the beginning, and I will tell you what must be the end.' The expression is vague and obscure; yet applied to particular cases, it becomes intelligible. A cycle may often be traced in the course of human thought and action, which seems to terminate almost at the point, where it commenced. By a sort of instinctive prescience, in their earliest speculations on the moral order of the universe, mankind grasped at dimly-discerned, but sublime and comprehensive generalities, and, with an infantine impatience of slow and laborious deduction, pressed forward at once to ultimate conclusions; and when, distrusting such assumptions, a more advanced age discarded these mythological dreams for exact reasoning and scientific methods of investigation, the results, that were thus gradually evolved, pointed back again to the primitive generalities, and often confirmed and illustrated, sometimes rectified, but rarely reversed entirely, the broad views, that had been thrown out in the indistinct vaticination of the first ages. Hence the grandeur and the inwardly-felt truth of many of those brief glimpses into the eternal plans of providence, which have survived to us in the fragments of the most ancient philosophy and poetry. In the *mythi*, which among all nations have been the vehicle of the earliest science and civilization, the most divergent agencies of human thought, and all the multiform expressions of human feeling, were thrown together in a chaotic mass, over which brooded, as its only binding and impregnating principle, the spirit of a vague and mysterious theology; until light was created, and the darkness rolled away from the face of the waters, and the warring elements separated themselves, and the sciences, disentangled and independent, each took their own course to the discovery and development of universal truth. In this disconnected state, the various departments of human knowledge and enquiry have now existed for centuries—exacting an ever-increasing division of intellectual labour—storing up fresh accumulations of facts, leading to continually wider generalisations, and encroaching more and more on the limits of each other's territory; till at length there has arisen in men's minds a dim consciousness of the homogeneousness of all truth—a persuasion, that no results of one science can be inconsistent with those of another—that they must all ultimately harmonise; and that unshackled freedom of enquiry is indispensable to ascertain what they are—to compare them with each other, and on the broad basis, which their combination supplies, to rear cautiously and reverentially the edifice of a nobler and more exalted philosophy, than any, which the world has yet seen—a philosophy, whose final object is God—whose field is the boundlessness of providence—whose foundations are laid in the unchanging laws of the universe. In this tendency, there is an obvious return to the relation, in which the sciences anciently stood to each other; they become again but different expressions of one universal truth—but different organs of one all-pervading spirit; and theology is again invited to resume its natural position, as the centre towards which all speculations must ultimately converge—the regent science, to which all the rest are but servants and tributaries, and at whose feet they finally deposit all the treasures of their most extended research—the dispenser of life and power, which gives them a common aim, and imbues them with a common energy, and binds them together in an all-embracing law of unity and peace.

We trust, that a few remarks on the relation of theology to the wide circle of general knowledge will not be deemed inappropriate or unacceptable in the first number of a work, which is devoted to the dissemination of liberal views of religion, and designed to carry its pure and elevating spirit into all the departments of intellectual exertion. If we mistake not the signs of the times, society is rapidly becoming prepared for the entertainment of such views. Theology has been crippled by the scholastic fetters in which it has for centuries been bound;—released from these, and left at liberty to resume its original companionship with nature and science and humanity, it will put forth new energies, and at once impart and receive the influences of a nobler life.

In treating of this subject, we shall not make the usual distinction between natural and revealed religion, or proceed to point out the various proofs, which astronomy, geology, physiology, and the other sciences furnish of the being of a God and the reality of providence; not only because such views have been so exhausted, as hardly to bear repetition, and the argument, which they sustain, when properly conceived, may be compressed into a single sentence—but because all this evidence has often been exhibited without effect to minds, not previously disposed to feel it by deep and serious impressions, taken from the early influence of some positive religion. Conceiving nature and the gospel to teach the same lessons, we use the term theology in a sense, which carries up the mind to that primitive and eternal truth in the bosom of God, above and before all those forms, whether acting on the outward sense or transmitted by tradition, in which it has ever been embodied and made known to mankind. Christianity indeed cannot be separated from the order of providence; it is a great fact within the circle of our present existence, wrought into the plan of God's moral government, and sustaining a positive relation to the course of nature, the succession of events, and the moral constitution of the human race: and since it operates more powerfully on the mind, than the vaguer indications of the physical world, and whatever renovation may be looked for of the religious spirit among mankind, must be sought in the increased influence and authority of its hopes and principles—it is Christian theology—religion, as we find it unfolded to us in the narrations of sacred history, and see it breathing and acting in the life of Jesus—of which we propose briefly to trace the affinities with the general agency of human intellect in the fields of literature and science. We here take Christianity in its widest sense, as signifying the origin, development and progression of a great moral change in the condition of mankind—prepared by the institutions and fortunes of a peculiar people, brought to pass by the teachings, example and fate of a wonderful individual,—and still going on—still in the way to its final completion. To know what Christianity is, therefore, we must study the writings, which record the circumstances of its origin and propagation; we must trace it in its course through the succession of ages, and examine what has been its actual influence on society; we must finally survey it in itself, and in its relation to the wants and capabilities of the nature, on which it is designed to operate. Such is the province of the Christian theologian. We are to consider, how his peculiar and appropriate study connects him with the general departments of human knowledge—what it demands from them—and what stimulus and encouragement they may derive from it in return.

To study Christianity in the way that we have now described, requires an exact knowledge of three ancient languages, which may be regarded as connected respectively with three great periods in the progress of human civilisation. The books of the Old Testament have been transmitted to us in one or more of the dialects, spoken by that great family of nations, among whom the rudiments of art and science, the forms of social life, and perhaps the use of alphabetical characters, were first cultivated; the Hebrew is closely allied to the Arabic, the Phœnician, the old Persian, the Syriac and the Chaldee—languages, which were once the vehicle of the concentrated civilisation of the East. In the New Testament we find ourselves advanced a step further. Its materials bear witness, by their form and character, to the age when they were produced; they are conceived in the language of that extraordinary people, who gave the first example of a progressive civilisation—placed letters and philosophy under the shelter of free institutions, and repaid to the East with a hundred fold increase the seeds of mental life, which they had originally received from it. The Greek of the New Testament represents most exactly this relation between the Eastern and the Western worlds; it is Orientalism expressing itself in the accents of a Western civilisation. In tracing the history of Christianity, the knowledge of a third language—the Latin—becomes necessary. Through this medium, which was also, for centuries, the medium of the entire civilisation of the West of Europe, the medium of science, art and history—we must pursue the line of traditional filiation, which connects the monuments and institutions of the religion, from the time of its first planting in the Roman empire, with its present form and establishment among us.

Now the study of these three languages—the Latin, the Greek, and the Hebrew with its cognate dialects—opens a door into the immense and ever-widening field of philological research. The powerful interest of religion, sharpened by the controversies growing out of the Reformation, first put men upon these enquiries, that they might master the original sources of information, and enable themselves to see the truth in its primitive form. But the zeal once excited subsisted, and passed into kindred pursuits—long after the immediate object producing it had been accomplished; and in this way, Christianity became indirectly a most powerful incentive to the encouragement of general learning. We find the great scholars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, Erasmus, the Stephenses, the Scaligers, Salmasius, Grotius and Casaubon, all more or less exercising their vast philological acquirements upon subjects of biblical criticism and interpretation, or of theological controversy, and bringing back into the service of the Scriptures the results of those extended enquiries, which a zeal for the Scriptures had been among the original causes of inducing them to undertake. The most injurious attacks upon Christianity gave fresh stimulus to the zeal, with which its records were explored, and led to a more exact acquaintance with the languages, in which they are contained. It is true, that in consequence of the direction, which European cultivation had taken at the revival of letters, and which was not essentially changed by the Reformation, the Orientalism, with which the whole Bible is so deeply impregnated, was viewed through a too purely Greek and Roman medium, and was often therefore very inadequately and erroneously conceived. But now for nearly a century a conviction has been gaining ground, which has been very extensively acted upon by the indefatigable scholars of Germany, that a correct interpretation of the Scriptures must be founded on a deep insight into the spirit of the East, derived from a study not merely of the Hebrew, but of the other kindred dialects, into which its roots so widely spread, and with which it has so many forms in common. The knowledge of these languages is indispensable to forming an adequate conception of Christianity in its pure and primitive state; as that of the Greek and the Latin, to understanding the modifications, which it has undergone, by coming into contact with the literature and philosophy of nations, whose manners, institutions, and modes of thought and feeling were so essentially different from those of the people, in whose bosom it arose. So long as Christianity continues to be a subject of intelligent interest with the enlightened portion of mankind, (and that it will always be so, we cannot doubt,) so long must the indispensable conditions of thoroughly understanding its nature and history uphold in unabated interest the cultivation of these three great branches of philological learning.

Intimately connected with philology is a branch of knowledge, to which philology is, or at least ought to be, merely subservient as an instrument of investigation—history—the history of opinions, manners and civilisation; and with history the right understanding of Christianity stands in the closest relation. Christianity, as we conceive it, is not to be understood in its whole extent and with a full comprehension of its manifold workings and influences, by looking for it exclusively in the mere letters of the written word. These contain its precious germ, and exhibit its earliest unfoldings; they authenticate its divine claims, and fix the time and the place of its origin in the wide field of the past; but Christianity itself has a moral existence distinct from this literal form; it is a fruitful principle of thought, feeling and action, which took root in men's minds in the apostolic times, and has thence propagated itself in an endless variety of forms, and with ever-multiplying results—now pure and triumphant, and now darkened and depressed, through the long succession of ages to the present day. It differs in this from other institutions, which are merely the work of man, that it did not exhaust its efficiency in the course of a century or two; but adapted, in its essential qualities, to the progressive character of the human race—had kept pace with their advancement and expanded with the expansion of their faculties—and developed new light and energy in its onward course; so that the world has not yet experienced the full effect of its influence, and in those periods of greater freedom and intelligence, which are preparing for society, will witness results, of which at present no adequate conception can be formed. Christianity is Κτημα ες αει—an everlasting possession—for mankind; though not in the sense that is often supposed, as if the institutions, the practices and the speculative opinions, unconnected with essential principles, of the age of Christ and his apostles, were to be a perpetual model to all coming generations; but because Christianity, from the time of its publication till now, has constituted one great continuous fact in the order of providence, exhibiting an unbroken series of moral developments, one rising above the other in magnitude and importance, and still passing on into wider results. How different, for example, is the influence of Christ's teachings and fate from that of the greatest events, that have marked the page of history! The effects of Alexander's conquests, which wrought the most extraordinary and extended revolution in the ancient world, are nearly obliterated from the face of the earth. Of the institutions founded by Mahomet with such unexampled rapidity, and carried, in the course of a century, on the tide of war from the heart of the East to the shores of the Atlantic—the stability is weakened and the influence perceptibly declining; and the same lands, which were the scene of the early triumphs of his religion, are destined, in all human probability, to become its grave. But the utility of the simple teachings and unobtrusive example of the meek prophet of Nazareth is yet unimpaired. They still retain their influence in the enlightened veneration of the most cultivated nations; they are still a fountain of instruction, which learning delights to trace to its source, and from which philosophy disdains not to borrow; their sphere of influence widens with the prospects of the human race; and they go forth with the colonies of Europe to consecrate new settlements of humanity and to inspire with a holier life the rising forms of future civilization. Of a religion, thus spreading and progressive in its influence, the whole power and character must not be sought in the divine germ, out of which it has sprung. Christianity cannot be fully understood—what it is—what it has done—and what may yet be expected from it—without an impartial review of its history. This is a work yet to be accomplished. Not only can we as yet form no sufficient idea what Christianity may hereafter become; but even of what it has been in times past, we have hitherto had no satisfactory information. A distinct conception of the manners, institutions, fortunes and character of the singular people, among whom Christianity arose—of the moral condition of society at the period of its origin—of the state of opinion, religious and philosophical, at that time among the cultivated inhabitants of the great cities of the Roman empire—of the condition of the inferior classes and of the immense mass of slave population—of the mode, in which the religion secretly worked its way into the heart of society—of the habits, views, employments and social state of its professors during the three first centuries, and of their relation to the refined and educated portion of the community—of the whole extent and precise character of the change wrought in it by its incorporation with the state—of the struggles between it and the declining philosophy of Paganism—of their mutual influence—and of the new spirit breathed by it into the last periods of Greek and Roman literature—of its relation to the new forms of society, which sprang up in the middle ages, and of which it constituted the impregnating principle—of its weakening and corruption under the Papal thraldom—of the effects of the Reformation—of the multiplicity of sects, that have grown out of the principles of that great revolution—of the exclusive and persecuting spirit by which they have been too often actuated towards each other—and of the tendency of more refined and liberal views to promote ultimate union and peace among all good men—in fine, a distinct conception of the effect produced by Christianity, under all these phases, on manners, literature, arts, philosophy, commerce and the moral and social condition of the great mass of human beings—is indispensable to an adequate appreciation of the whole power and value of this unspeakable gift of God, and to a discernment of the great work, which it has accomplished, is now accomplishing, and has yet to accomplish, in the universal plans of providence. The history of human improvement is bound up with that of Christianity; they should never be separated, for they are unintelligible apart from each other.

The natural sciences do not stand in so obvious a relation to theology as those branches of knowledge, to which we have already alluded; but indirectly their connection with it is not unimportant. The prosecution of them has contributed to enlarge and rectify our ideas of the order of nature; and, by leading us to compare the discoveries of modern philosophy with the representations of Scripture, and to perceive their frequent incompatibility, has confined the object of biblical interpretation within its proper limits—the unfolding of moral and religious, as contra-distinguished from physical, truth. Frequently too has the wish to ascertain, how far the accounts of Scripture are to be taken in a strictly literal sense, drawn enquirers into the fields of scientific research, and given a new stimulus to philosophical enquiry. How many, for example, have applied themselves to geological pursuits, from the intense interest which is felt in the origin of the present order of things, and from a desire to confront the sublime cosmogony of Moses with the still subsisting testimonies of nature herself. And whatever opinion may be entertained of the form, in which Moses has clothed certain portions of his narrative; to the great theological truth which it embodies, that the world, as it now exists, had its origin in time from the will of an intelligent Creator—and to the historical fact, that the series of years elapsed since that event, cannot be much longer than what Scripture assigns—the general results of geological investigation seem to bear a tolerably unanimous witness.

In some respects, scientific views may exert a more direct influence in the development and confirmation of religious opinions. The infinity, which they unfold to us, every where replete with proofs of the power, the wisdom and the benignity of the Being, who fills it with his presence, strengthens in the mind all those convictions of a universal Father and an all-pervading Providence, which the more familiar language of Scripture early impressed upon it, and, in the survey of such boundless resources, will not allow us to despair of any consummation, however wonderful and however inconceivable by us in our present state, which Revelation authorises us to hope for, and which the instinctive longings of our hearts prompt us earnestly to desire. Till the mind's eye has been purged by the light of a comprehensive philosophy, its vision is bounded by the form and substance of things present to the sense, and cannot pierce the material veil which encircles it. What is not seen, is not believed; what cannot be distinctly represented, is supposed impossible. But how many of the most powerful agencies in nature are viewless and impalpable! When the body moulders away, and the once breathing and animated form has ceased to exist,—who, that has ever reflected on the wonders unfolded by chemistry, can doubt, that properties once subsisting in connection with it, and of which it was but the material organ, may have merely passed into some new combination, and preserve an existence as certain, as positive, and as distinct as before, in the exhaustless capabilities of the invisible universe, which encompasses us? Physiology has yet perhaps many secrets to unfold, which will throw light on the nature and distinction of man. What it has already made known exhibits him, as fitted by his bodily structure, to bend material objects to his will, to convert them into forms of beauty, or to wield them as the instruments of a high intelligence,—as endowed with an organisation superior to that of every other animal, with which we are acquainted, and as thus constituting a link between the world that we see, and that higher world, which we are only permitted to conceive. Here then the voices of science and religion are in harmony. Man's bodily frame indicates his destination. That subtile and mysterious spirit, which is developed with its growth, acquires, in its progress through life, a ripeness and a power, which fit it for a purer vehicle. At the appointed hour, it passes away; and the body moulders, as the husk of an immortal seed.

With the moral sciences, it must be obvious to every one, that Christianity sustains a most intimate relation. We shall say, therefore, but a few words on this head. We have spoken of Christianity, as the medium of refined civilisation, and as deserving, in this respect, of a careful study in the history of the past. But it can act on the condition of the race, only through its previous influence on the character of individuals; and its fitness for exercising that influence, and the mode, in which we should seek to apply it, we must ascertain by studying the mental, moral and social constitution of man. In some of the continental states, every teacher of youth, as well as every minister of religion, is required, in his preparatory education, to go through a complete course of *psychology* and *anthropology*, or, as we should very nearly express the same ideas, of metaphysics and moral philosophy. One great proof of the divine origin of Christianity, is the exactness of its adaptation to the spiritual wants and capacities of man. But of the full force of that proof we can never be aware, till we have obtained a clear insight into the working of the nature, on which it is designed to operate. Though Christianity is strictly a popular religion in its outward form and character, yet many of the doctrines and principles, which it enunciates, border closely on some of the deepest questions of metaphysics, and involve obscure and intricate discussions, on will and conscience and moral obligation, on the nature of the soul and the efficacy of prayer and the agency of the divine spirit on the heart. Christianity carries us far into the spiritual world; it ascends to the invisible source of all power and action; and where it strongly possesses the soul, it furnishes perpetual matter for profound thought and lofty speculation. Even in practical morals, as Christianity only gives us general principles, we must trace the limits and distributions of human duty, and contemplate man in the various relations of life, to be able to apply them with advantage. Nor will theoretical morality alone suffice. The living world of manners must claim our observation. We must study man, as he exists in the world around us, or as we can catch the varying aspects of his character in the transient intercourses of society or the more permanent unions of friendship. Self-examination must afford its contributions to our stock of moral knowledge; and the vivid portraitures of the actor, the novelist and the poet, must not be disdained, as beneath the calm and serious meditation of one, who would survey human nature on every side, and fling all the mingling lights of art and literature and observation on the hidden riches of a nature, which must be precious in the sight of God, since he has deemed it worthy of immortality. Lastly, politics and political economy have their affinities—and those neither few nor obscure—with Christianity. Politics will never become the science of human happiness on a large scale, or a worthy object of pursuit for noble and generous minds—till it is impregnated with the spirit of Christianity—till the same principles, which are universally admitted as honourable in private life, shall be carried into the more extended transactions of the state—till its maxims shall be founded, as they have been occasionally in the public conduct of a few great and good men, of a Fox, a Romilly and a Grey, on the eternal principles of the right, the just and the true. Political economy, to describe it in one word, is nothing more than the application of Christianity to the intercourses of the market; and Adam Smith's inestimable work, which contains more of the spirit of the gospel than many volumes of sermons, is only an expanded exposition of the glorious text—'All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye also unto them.'

Christianity has no obscure relation with the cultivation of the fine arts. History proves it; and the monuments of their intimacy are still conspicuous in every European land. Look at the magnificent piles, which the intense spirit of a fervent, though unenlightened, piety reared in the darkest ages to the worship of the everlasting Jehovah—surpassing in their massive grandeur and varied decoration and colossal proportions—and in the richness and sublimity of the mingled associations, which they excite, all that the elegant fancy of the Greeks ever devised in honour of the various objects of their superstitious adoration. The stern spirit of Puritanism, which accompanied the Reformation, rejected with abhorrence, as an approach to idolatry, those outward aids to devotion, in solemn and pathetic appeals to the eye and ear, on which the earlier efforts of art had been so successfully exerted. Yet are all such aids, when under the guidance of a pure and elevated faith, to be absolutely scorned? Is the fire, that burns on the altar, less pure, or the incense, that rises from the heart, less sweet, because it has been kindled by a ray from a holy and chaste imagination? What diviner office for the sister arts of poetry and music, than that of lifting up the soul, above the low and sordid thoughts of earth, to the purest contemplation of the unseen God, and the remembrance of the Saviour's love, and the rapt imagination of heavenly felicity! Why should not the edifice, which is separated from secular use, and consecrated to the worship of the eternal spirit, by its very aspect and structure, 'looking tranquillity,' predispose the mind to those solemn and quiet thoughts, which its appropriate services are designed to minister? If the cold and unimpassioned forms of marble be best adapted for embodying the faultless symmetry and material beauty of Grecian hero or deity—yet what can be more admirably fitted than the deep and awful shades—the broad contrasted lights—the solemn grouping—the rich and mellow hues—the beaming intelligence—of the canvas—to set forth with pathos and sublimity all the labour and the love and the suffering and the miracle of sacred story—the Saviour's patience and benignity—the zeal of apostles and the constancy of martyrs—the struggles of a victorious faith, and the triumph of an immortal spirit over the pangs of bodily torture and all the terrors of the world!—Unfortunately the poetry of religion lingers most in the forms of an old and declining faith, and invests with a pensive beauty the last relics of an expiring superstition. Reason goes forth to the work of Reformation plain and unadorned; and, as its peculiar office is to war with the figments of a superstitious imagination, it passes, by a natural re-action, to the remotest distance from the antiquated system, which it labours to subvert. Still we are inclined to believe, that the spirit of Christianity has a natural and proper alliance with the noblest expressions of art; and, perhaps, a time may come, though yet far distant, when we may see them, under the influence of intelligence, refinement and piety, combined in forms and applied to objects, with which the purest heart may sympathise, and in harmony with the highest aims and noblest tendencies of our spiritual nature.

We have thus attempted to trace some of the affinities of Christian theology with the general world of literature, science and art, and to exhibit it as a common centre of moral light and heat around which their various phenomena harmoniously revolve. We enter heartily into the spirit of the following remark of Coleridge (*Biographia Literaria*, vol. 1, p. 229,) that 'there is scarce a department of human knowledge without some bearing on the various critical, historical, philosophical and moral truths, in which the scholar must be interested as a clergyman; and that to give the history of the *Bible* as a book, would be little less than to relate the origin or first excitement of all the literature and science, that we now possess.'

It has ever been our favourite idea, to look upon Christianity as the natural friend and ally of all intellectual improvement, and to consider its teachers, as fitted, by the peculiar functions of their office, to become the guardians and depositories of all the higher influences of civilisation; and we earnestly desire to see a state of things arise, in which men should be drawn by the purest of motives, and with all the aids of a complete education, to cultivate theology in this enlarged and elevated spirit, and to consecrate the noblest endowments of the understanding and the heart to the unbiassed pursuit of truth and to the promotion of the best interests of humanity. Whether such a state is most likely to be brought about, in the present temper of the public mind, by a very great reform, or by the total suppression of our established provisions for the support of religion—is a question, upon which the best minds are divided, and the solution of which either way is attended with great difficulties. For ourselves, we should prefer, if it be possible, a gradual transition to a sudden change. But who can forestall the unsearchable decrees of Providence! We await their evolution, with interest indeed, but without anxiety. Tracing these lines at a distance from the loved and venerated soil of England, we look with all the tenderness of filial affection on the great movements which are passing over the face of her people; nor can we suppress a fervent prayer, that they may all issue in the preservation of her peace, in the firmer establishment of her liberties, and in the wider extension of her intellectual light and her moral and Christian civilisation. The whole of her past history is a guarantee, that with her brave and enlightened citizens, the sternest conflict will be one of virtue and public principle, and not a struggle of selfishness and crime. Whatever may be the disquietudes and embarrassments of the present generation, our trust is unabated in the onward march of humanity; and from the seed, which is now being sown in men's minds, we anticipate for our children and our children's children, when we shall be gathered to our fathers, a richer harvest of knowledge and freedom and every social good.

Göttingen, Nov. 10*th*, 1834. T.

A CHAPTER FOR CHILDREN.

THE LOCUSTS.

Now stir the fire and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.——Cowper.

Thus the winter evenings were always ushered and welcomed in at the Manse, or Parsonage-house, of an intelligent and amiable clergyman, residing in the North of England, who, though he discharged all the active duties of his profession with great punctuality and visited daily the cottages of the poor, carrying with him relief for the sick and consolation for the afflicted, did not forget that he had a little flock at home who required his care and attention. This worthy minister himself superintended the education of his children, assisted by his wife, a woman of superior mind and attainments, whose chief happiness was to co-operate with her husband in all his plans for the benefit of his parishioners or his family. It was their custom to communicate to their children as much information as they could in conversation, which, generally directing to subjects of importance, they contrived to render amusing by the detail of interesting facts, remarkable incidents, and striking illustrations, always using simple and perspicuous language, accommodated to the youthful understanding, and encouraging their little folks to enquire the meaning of what they did not fully comprehend. The time in which both parents were most disengaged was the evening, when, at the social hour of tea, the family assembled in the parlour, and formed a happy circle around the cheerful board, or blazing hearth: the evening, therefore, afforded the best opportunity for instructive communication, and the hours after tea were consequently devoted to the mental and moral improvement of their offspring by Mr. and Mrs. Darcourt, the master and mistress of the Manse. A few of these evening conversations may be both useful and acceptable to our young readers, and we shall, therefore, occasionally draw upon our memory for their amusement, having been a frequent visitor at the Manse in ‘happier days and brighter hours.’

It was Sunday evening, in the autumn of ———, and a very stormy evening too, when Mr. Darcourt, with his good lady and children assembled, after service in their commodious parlour. The minister threw himself on the sofa, as if fatigued with the exertions of the day, the children crowded around the fire, being chilled by their late exposure to a keen wind, which still whistled around the house and roared amongst the ancient trees that partly shaded and sheltered it, whilst their mother, ringing the bell, ordered tea into the room, observing at the same time, that it was the best cordial for both cold and fatigue, and she trusted it would restore their usual warmth and spirits. The gloom of the season, or the solemnity of the services in which they had been so lately engaged, had rendered Alfred, Ellen, and Charles, the young people of the Manse, unusually silent: but no sooner were the window-curtains drawn, the candles lighted, and the tea-service placed on the table, than they became in a moment as lively and talkative as ever.

'Hark! mamma,' said Alfred, the youngest boy, 'how the wind roars and whistles—I did not like to hear it out of doors, but it sounds very pleasant to me now.'

'Because it cannot reach you here, Alfred,' said his sister, 'and you only hear it—you do not *feel* it. There is a great difference between feeling and hearing, is there not, mamma?'

'Yes,' replied Charles, 'you need not ask mamma that question—Alfred has already answered it: but, for my part, I like to feel as well as to hear the wind. A good blowing seems to do me good: and even when it rains, I have no objection to the pelting shower. We must learn to bear "the season's difference," as Shakespeare calls it.'

'We should do more, my love,' said Mrs. Darcourt; 'we should learn to welcome it with thankfulness, as it is sent by God for the good of his creatures.'

'"He maketh his angels spirits, his ministers a flaming fire,"' said Mr. Darcourt; 'a quotation, Charles, which is more appropriate to the day than the one you have made. The winds and the storms are the messengers of the Almighty, which, in the execution of His commands, run very swiftly through the earth, purifying the air, and making the ground fruitful.'

'But the snow, papa, and the ice, do they do any good?' asked little Alfred. 'I like them better than these high winds, that almost blow me away: for I love to make snow-balls, and to slide upon the ice, and to see Charles skaite.'

'Yes, my dear boy, much good: the snow shelters the earth from the inclemency of the frost, and the ice has many uses, which I will explain to you at some other time: the most evident is, that by freezing rivers, it affords an easy passage over them, of which the inhabitants of the northern latitudes avail themselves for the purposes of business, or pleasure. "He giveth snow like wool: He scattereth the hoar-frost like ashes: He casteth forth his ice like morsels."'

During conversation of this kind, Mrs. Darcourt poured out her refreshing cups, and her husband and children drank them with great appearance of satisfaction: especially as—a usual circumstance on Sunday evening—the board was enriched with some favourite cakes, of the housekeeper's own making, actually 'buttered on both sides,' and, perhaps, the warm and comfortable meal was more acceptable, from having been brought so directly in contrast with winds and storms, and ice and snow. However this might be, all seemed much benefitted by the refreshment it afforded; the cheeks of the children glowed with a brighter red, and Mr. Darcourt appeared less fatigued, whilst his wife beheld their improved appearance with an affectionate smile, which, lighting up her own bright features, was soon reflected from those of her husband and children.

'Now, then, for the text,' said Mr. Darcourt, after the tea-board had been removed: 'Alfred, I believe it is your turn to mention it.'

'It was somewhere in Matthew, papa, but I can't tell you exactly the chapter and verse; though I know it was about locusts and wild honey.'

'They were certainly mentioned, my dear; but the principal person who was spoken of in it, though you seem to have entirely forgotten him, was John the Baptist. Charles, can you tell us the text?'

'Yes,' said Charles, 'I believe I can: was it not Matt. iii. 4? "And the same John had his raiment of camel's hair"——

"And a leathern girdle about his loins," added Ellen, as her brother seemed to pause.

"And his meat was locusts and wild honey," continued Alfred, in a loud voice and in almost breathless haste, lest Charles should take up the words before he had uttered them.

'I should like to know, papa, what sort of things the locusts are,' said Ellen.

'Oh!' replied Alfred, 'I can tell you: they are like beetles—they have brown backs and double wings: have you not seen boys fly them with crooked pins run through their tails, and thread fastened to the pins to prevent them flying away? Some people call them locusts, they make a humming noise like bees, and flutter about like small birds. They get them, I am told, from sycamore trees. When I can climb as high as Charles, I will catch plenty of them for you.'

'I fancy,' said Charles, when little Alfred had concluded his long speech, 'the locust *is* a species of beetle, that "wheels his drony flight;" but, whether in this country or not, I cannot tell. Will you inform us, papa? It must be a fearful creature, if it answers to Shakespeare's description—

> "The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy hums,
> *Hath rung night's yawning peal!*"

'But how could John the Baptist eat beetles?' said Ellen, before her papa had time to reply to her elder brother's question. 'They must, I think, have spoiled his honey, and stuck in his throat, if they did not choke him outright.'

'My dear children,' said Mr. Darcourt, 'if you will give me leave to speak, and not interrupt each other by talking too fast, I will answer all your questions, as far as I am able. The locust, in general appearance, very much resembles the grasshopper. It is, however, a much more powerful insect, and ten thousand times more fearful, Charles, than the "shard-borne beetle," as, indeed, you might have known had you referred to the Scriptures for a description of its ravages, instead of quoting Shakespeare, who, however deservedly a favourite with you, had better be forgotten on the Sunday. Fine a poet as he is, the sacred writers abound in passages of greater pathos and sublimity than he or any other uninspired author ever composed. Some of these we shall have occasion to read soon, in illustration of the subject we are speaking upon. Is the Bible on the book-shelf, Charles?'

'No, my dear,' said Mrs. Darcourt, 'it is, I see, placed ready for you on the little table at your elbow, and, I believe, Ellen put it there for your convenience.'

'I am glad to find you are so considerate, my love; it is a book that should always be at hand: reach it me, Alfred. And now, Charles, read us that portion of the tenth chapter of Exodus, that describes the plague of locusts, which the Almighty brought on the land of Egypt, when he sent Moses to rescue the Israelites from the cruel bondage to which the Egyptians had subjected them. I think it begins at the twelfth verse.'

'Here it is, papa,' said Charles, after turning the leaves over for some time; 'I wonder I did not find it at once, but I forget the order of the Books: I will commit their names to memory again before next Sunday.'

'Do, my dear,' said his mother, 'and you will recollect them the better, if you teach your brother Alfred to repeat them in succession: but all are impatient, I perceive, for the description. Read slowly and distinctly, or we shall not hear the passage, the wind is so loud: and you know I am rather dull of hearing.'

Charles therefore read, in a sufficiently audible tone, without further delay or interruption, the following passage:—"And the Lord said unto Moses, stretch out thine hand over the land of Egypt for the locusts, that they may come upon the land of Egypt, and eat every herb of the land, even all that the hail hath left. And Moses stretched forth his rod over the land of Egypt, and the Lord brought an east wind upon the land all that day and all that night; and when it was morning, the east wind brought the locusts. And the locusts went up over all the land of Egypt, and rested in all the coasts of Egypt: very grievous were they: before them there were no such locusts as they, neither after them shall be such. For they covered the face of the whole earth, so that the land was darkened; and they did eat every herb of the land, and all the fruits of the trees which the hail had left; and there remained not any green thing in the trees, or in the herbs of the field, through all the land of Egypt."—*Ex.* x. 12—15.

'Now, can you tell me, Ellen, from whence these locusts came,' asked her father, when Charles had finished reading the passage—'an *east* wind, you will observe, brought them.'

'Yes, papa, but they came from God,' exclaimed Alfred—'God brought them.'

'True, my dear boy, the Lord brought an east wind upon the land.'

'And the east wind brought the locusts,' said Ellen: 'but where from? I really cannot tell: can you, Charles? Oh! stop a minute and let me think: an east wind would bring them from an east country. What country is east of Egypt? I wish I had my atlas here.'

'The Red Sea lies in the map like a long dead fish on one side of Egypt,' said Alfred.

'And the countries beyond it,' said Charles ———

'Are many,' continued Ellen, interrupting her brother—'I just recollect some of them—let me see—Arabia, Persia, India, China, and the Islands beyond. From which of these countries did the locusts come, papa?'

'Most probably, Ellen, from *Arabia*, which is much infested with them, as is also all the southern part of Asia, particularly China; in Africa they swarm, and they occasionally find their way to Europe. They are, however, chiefly confined to the hotter climates.'

'But this is only telling us about the countries, papa,' said Alfred—'I want to know what sort of a thing the locust is.'

'I have already told you, Alfred, it is like a grasshopper, only much stronger. There are many kinds of locusts, but they all belong to a genus of insects which naturalists have named *Grylli*. The common great brown locust is thus described by Dr. Harris, in his Natural History of the Bible; it is "three inches in length: has two *antennæ*"—the *antennæ*, Alfred, are little horns, about an inch long—"and two pair of wings. The head and horns are brown; the mouth and insides of the larger legs bluish; the upper side of the body and upper wings, brown, the former spotted with black and the latter with dusky spots. The back is defended by a shield of a greenish hue; the under wings are of a light brown hue, tinctured with green, and nearly transparent." These formidable insects are divided into two classes—horsemen and footmen, i. e. the insects in their mature state, when fully accoutred with their wings, horns and armour, and the imperfect insects in the nympha-state, or larvæ, before they get their wings, when they creep on the ground. The perfect insects are not uncommonly compared in the East to the war-horse armed for battle: such a comparison you will find in the Revelations. Turn to that highly-figurative Book, Ellen, and read Alfred the seventh, eighth and ninth verses of the ninth chapter.'

"And the shapes of the locusts?"——'that is the passage, my love,' said Mr. Darcourt to his daughter, who hesitated to know if she had found the proper place.—"And the shapes of the locusts were like unto horses prepared unto battle; and on their heads were as it were crowns like gold, and their faces were as the faces of men. And they had hair as the hair of women; and their teeth were as the teeth of lions. And they had breast-plates as it were breast-plates of iron; and the sound of their wings was as the sound of chariots of many horses running to battle."—*Rev.* ix. 7—9.

'They must be very little horses, papa, if they are only three inches long,' said Alfred, 'and how can they have lion's teeth, which, I know, are very large, for I have seen the keeper put his head into the lion's mouth; and how can their wings make such a terrible noise?'

'Oh! you don't understand, Alfred,' replied Charles, before his father could answer his brother's questions; 'the locusts are not really like horses, or lions: this is *figurative* language, of which, you know, papa has frequently told us there is a great deal in the Scriptures, and I dare say the noise the locusts make when they are flying is nothing so loud as the wind that is now whistling around the house.'

'Then its all a *story*,' said Alfred, with a countenance that expressed considerable disappointment, 'like Jack the Giant-Killer—is it?'

'The Bible does not tell stories, Alfred,' said Ellen, 'I dare say the locusts were very much *like* horses, and the passage I read you does not say they *were* horses. The words are "and the shapes of the locusts were like unto horses prepared for battle."'

'It is a comparison, my love,' said Mrs. Darcourt, 'a figure of speech, used to express some resemblance between one thing and another; as when I say, Alfred, of your cheek, "it is red as a rose," I mean it is like a rose in colour. Such comparisons are frequent in the Scriptures; and there was one in the chapter which your papa read in the morning service, "His countenance was like lightning and his raiment white as snow."'

'You are right, my dear,' said Mr. Darcourt, addressing himself to Ellen, 'in supposing there was only a likeness between the locust and the war-horse; such likenesses, or comparisons, as your mamma has justly observed, are very common in the sacred writers. The locusts themselves are compared to troops of soldiers by Solomon, who was an accurate observer of the habits of animals and insects, as you may learn from his beautiful allusion to the ants. "The locusts," says he, "have no king, yet go they forth all of them by *bands*," (*Prov.* xxx. 27):—but the most magnificent description of these invaders, and devastators of countries, is in the prophet Joel, who likens them, with a variety of other strong images, to an armed host of horses and of horsemen rushing to battle: I will read you the passage in which this description occurs, reminding you first, that the locusts are described as the army of the Lord, executing His word, because they had been predicted by Moses as one of the evils which the Lord God would bring upon the Israelites if they did not "do all his commandments," and they are expressly enumerated in the awful list of curses for disobedience. Here is the passage, and, though it is highly figurative, you may learn from it, Alfred, that the locusts are really terrible beings, even more powerful and destructive than the fabulous giants which your little hero Jack is said to have slain; and you, Charles, from the repetition of the simile respecting the noise they make, must suppose that it is somewhat louder than an autumnal blast.

"Blow ye the trumpet in Zion,
And sound an alarm in my mountain;
Let all the inhabitants of the land tremble:
For the day of the Lord cometh,
For it is nigh at hand:
A day of darkness and of gloominess,
A day of clouds and of thick darkness,
As the morning spread upon the mountains:
A great people and a strong:
There hath not been ever the like,
Neither shall be any more after it,
Even to the years of many generations.
A fire devoureth before them,
And behind them a flame burneth:
The land is as the garden of Eden before them,
And behind them a desolate wilderness;
Yea, and nothing shall escape them.
The appearance of them is as the appearance of horses;
And as horsemen, so shall they run.
Like the noise of chariots on the tops of the mountains shall they leap,
Like the noise of a flame of fire that devoureth the stubble,
As a strong people set in battle array.
Before their face the people shall be much pained:
All faces shall gather blackness.
They shall run like mighty men;

> They shall climb the wall like men of war;
> And they shall march every one on his ways,
> And they shall not break their ranks:
> Neither shall one thrust another;
> They shall walk every one in his path:
> And when they fall upon the sword they shall not be wounded.
> They shall run to and fro in the city;
> They shall run upon the walls;
> They shall climb up upon the houses;
> They shall enter in at the windows like a thief.
> The earth shall quake before them;
> The heavens shall tremble;
> The sun and the moon shall be dark;
> And the stars shall withdraw their shining:
> And the Lord shall utter his voice before his army."—*Joel* ii. 1—11.

'Oh! what dreadful things the locusts are, papa,' exclaimed little Alfred, after Joel's description of them had been read, to which he had listened with the deepest interest and astonishment, his animated countenance strongly expressing the emotions that stirred within him: 'but, is it all true,' added he, 'do they "run like mighty men;" "climb the wall like men of war," and, when "they fall upon the sword," "are they not wounded?"'

'And does the earth quake before them,' my dear papa, and are the sun and moon really darkened?' asked Ellen, 'or is this what mamma calls a figure of speech?'

'At all events,' said Charles, 'the Lord does not "utter his voice" before the locusts: this, at least, papa, must be altogether figurative. It cannot be true.'

'Don't be too positive, my dear boy,' said his mamma; 'you had better suspend your judgement till you have heard what your papa has to say on the subject. Were I not afraid of your papa's reproof for quoting your favourite poet on a Sunday evening, I should remind you of the words of Hamlet; and they seem to contain so appropriate a reproof of rash judgements respecting the works and ways of God, that I may, perhaps, repeat them without offence:—"There are more things in heaand earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy."'

'True, my dear, most true; you have expressed in different language the sentiments of the sacred writers, which I prefer as more lofty in conception, and more sublime in expression, as well as more appropriate to this holy day; "Canst thou by searching find out God?—canst thou find out the Almighty to perfection?" (*Job* xi. 7) There must, then, be many things in both heaven and earth of which we neither do nor can know any thing; and there are many things, Charles, which we may know, of which we are at present ignorant; particularly things which exist in foreign countries, which we have never seen, perhaps never heard of, and about which, therefore, we should not form any rash conclusions. I will now give you all the information respecting the locusts I have been able to collect from authors of undoubted veracity, in order to throw light upon the passage I have just read, and which may serve as an answer to your several enquiries respecting it.

'The locusts often migrate from their native country (I have already told you they abound most in Asia and Africa,) to other lands. They are borne along to great distances by the wind, which may be called, in the language of poetry, "the voice of God," with as much propriety as that term is applied to the thunder. They fly in vast swarms, and are truly, as the prophet describes them, "a nation without number," (*Joel* i. 6) :— stretching many miles in extent and breadth. Their approach is said to be indicated by a yellow reflection in the air, proceeding from their wings, which sometimes throws a strong tinge of the same colour on the ground, and the noise they make in coming is heard at the distance of some miles. When they are first seen, they have the appearance of a mighty cloud spread over the horizon, and, as they approach, their numbers are so dense and compact, as to darken the air, and dim the light of noon-day, even when the sun is shining brightest, as if the shadow of an eclipse or the blackness of a tempest had passed over it. As they are thus flying, they are compared by one who had witnessed their descent, to thick flakes of snow driven by the wind in cloudy weather, and, when they alight on the earth, they literally cover it. However green and fertile before their arrival, the foliage of the trees and verdure of the ground vanish as by enchantment, and the most blooming land becomes, in a very few hours, a desert waste. These voracious insects eat up not only all the herbs and corn, all the leaves of trees and plants, and the blades of grass, but devour the roots of the one, and peel off the bark from the stems and boughs of the other. Their bite is poisonous to vegetables, and whatever of these they leave by any chance undevoured, seems as if it had been parched and blackened with fire. Whilst they are eating they make a noise like the crackling of flames amongst dry stubble, which is heard at a great distance. The trees, after they have been stripped by them, stand quite bare, and the boughs are white, as when covered with snow; wherever they feed, the bloom and verdure of spring are suddenly succeeded by more than the desolate sterility of winter. They taint whatever they touch, and they prey upon every thing. Nothing escapes their contaminating bite. They enter houses as well as fields—they climb the walls—they fly into the windows—they penetrate into the most retired chambers—they have no fear of man or his weapons—their hard and smooth coat of mail is said not to be penetrated when they fall on the edge of a sword, and they can easily elude it. The fires which are sometimes lighted to destroy them, do not stop their progress—if multitudes perish, still greater multitudes succeed, till the flames are extinguished—the trenches that are dug and filled with water to arrest their march, are soon filled up with dead bodies, and countless hosts of the living pass securely and triumphantly over them. Even their destruction is fatal—their putrid carcases infect the air with an insufferable stench, that adds the horrors of pestilence to famine: and when the south, south-east, or south-west wind hurls them into the sea, (the means by which Providence generally destroys them,) their dead bodies, thrown up by the surf in vast shoals on the shore taint the whole atmosphere with contagion, which has, in different countries, carried off by disease millions of human beings. Thus, my dear children, these diminutive insects resemble armies not only in their numbers, but in the destructive effects they produce by their ravages when living, by their infection when dead. They leave behind them, too, the seeds of new evils; for, in their passage through any country, the females deposit their eggs in the ground, so deep as to be hidden from the sight, so hardy as not to be injured by the elements, and so numerous as not to be capable of being destroyed. These eggs, after enduring rain and frost without hurt, are no sooner hatched by the warm beams of the sun in the following spring, than the broods that issue from them form themselves into compact bodies, each a furlong or more square, and march straight forward in terrible order and with great speed, keeping their ranks like soldiers, and committing equal ravages with those that preceded them. Well may they be considered as the "scourge of God," which the superstitious natives of the East say is written upon their wings in Chaldee characters: the Muslman writers maintain that the letters of this inscription are Arabic, and they thus interpret them:—"We are the army of the Mighty God; we have each ninety and nine eggs, and had we but the hundredth, we would consume the world and all that it contains." This inscription is no doubt fabulous, as was the ancient legend of the Harpies, told by the heathen poets, which, however, it has been supposed, with some probability, might have its origin in the plunderings of the locust tribes; especially as the names given to those foul monsters resemble the Hebrew words by which different species of locusts are designated. You will remember this, Charles, when you next read the description of the Harpies in Virgil, and you, Alfred, will, perhaps, think of the locusts when you read the tale of the Pigmies, especially as these fearful insects are pursued (a circumstance I had almost forgot to state) by flocks of birds, called Samarmars, which devour numbers of them, unless you prefer comparing them to the Lilliputians, who bound Gulliver to the earth with the smallest cords and shot their little arrows into his large body. These diminutive beings were not more formidable to the giant traveller, than the locusts to the immense tracts of land they lay waste. The Almighty often accomplishes His purposes by the most insignificant means. I believe I have nothing more to add respecting the locusts ——.'

'Yes, do pray, papa, tell us,' exclaimed Ellen, 'whether they really were ever *eaten?*'

'Had you not interrupted me, my love, before I had finished the sentence, I was about to state that they *are:* the *Akridophagoi*, or locust-eaters, are mentioned by ancient authors, and those who have travelled in the East, assure us that locusts are cooked in various ways for food, and that strings of them are brought to market, as articles of luxury, in all the Arabian cities. The Jews had permission to eat them, and Alfred has told us more than once this evening that the meat of John the Baptist was "*locusts* and wild honey;" though the word translated locusts in this passage is capable of a different rendering, and it, therefore, cannot be quoted in the way of proving a point, which is, however, sufficiently well established without it.'

'Well,' said Charles, when Mr. Darcourt had concluded, 'we are extremely obliged to you, papa, for the interesting information you have given us, and I am very glad to learn that the locusts, that eat so much and so voraciously, are themselves eaten:—"Out of the eaten came forth meat."—There's a quotation, *not* from Shakespeare.'

'I could'nt eat locusts, I am sure, papa,' said Ellen.

'Nor I,' said Alfred, 'unless I was *very hungry*. Mamma, is it not supper time?'

'Yes, my dear boy,' replied Mrs. Darcourt, smiling, 'it is your supper time, and you shall have warm milk and bread, without one locust in it to taint its sweetness.'

J. B.

PROVIDENCE.—No. 1.

THE CONNECTIONS BETWEEN THE PROVIDENCE AND THE SPIRITUALITY OF GOD.

No peace is secure and no virtue inviolable, except to a mind that has some adequate conception of the nature of God. The solemn motive that acts everlastingly, the quick, perceptive piety which makes its rapid reference to the ordaining will of Heaven, and in whatever befals, is instantly at peace, because it hears the voice, 'Be still, and know that I am God'—

imply modes of thinking in regard to the Divine mind, profound, refined and comprehensive, and deeply fixed by meditation in the habitual consciousness of the soul. What man's intellect would not grow dizzy at the thought, that the universe was rushing on its course without a God, that with all its antagonist powers and possibilities of derangement, there was no Almighty mind to watch the safety of its moving worlds, to preserve its regularities, to fix a bound to its deviations, and to impose the laws of His own mighty will on the wildest play of its elements? What man's heart would not sink beneath the burden of existence sick and faint, if bereft of the thought that in all its seeming confusion Omniscient Love was mingling the elements of discipline, foreseeing the effect on each separate spirit, and out of that sea of tumultuous influences on which our souls seem tossed determining the precise condition of each mind when it shall separate from the mass, and through the portals of the grave roll its own individual stream of thought into the peaceful eternity?

But these are rather the ultimate convictions of the mind, than the immediate lights through which it looks upon life—rather its last resting-place, when you drive it back step by step from difficulty to difficulty, than an unsheathed instrument of thought, brightened with constant use, flashing through the mists of Providence and severing its perplexities—rather one of those last resorts to which the soul occasionally retreats, than its habitual and best known home—one of those rocks of truth on which our nature, when closely pressed, falls back and leans, rather than a living principle incorporated with itself, and wielded with all its might and prowess amid the discipline of the world.

It is no unusual thing, for those who admit a great truth in its absolute and general statement to be thoroughly insensible to its practical operations, and thoroughly incapable of making any special applications of it. These are the men, who, in social progress, profess themselves the friends of reform, and in their hearts really are so, but tremble to wield the principle they have adopted, alarmed for the possible consequences, as though the application of God's truth could bring ruin on God's world. These are the men, who, as a general question, profess a belief in Providence, and then instantly forgetting or not perceiving the practical consequences in which they are immediately involved, never dream of looking out upon each aspect of life for the footsteps of His presence, in whom they live, move and have their being; or who, when He sends them some unexplained lot, baffles their calculations by a stroke that scatters all the elements of their plotted happiness, or administers some influence to the heart pregnant with good, but at present piercing and bitter, instead of applying the doctrine of a Providence, desert it as untenable, as though it was impossible that God could be in that gloom, love in that infliction, or the machinery of future blessing in that wild disorder—instead of lighting up this candle of the Lord and placing it in the centre of the soul, to show the workings of its affections and give light to all that is in it, they then quench it with tears, as though something like Chance were torturing in dreadful sport, or something like Fatalism rolling over them its unguided car.

I apprehend, that in the whole circle of opinions, there is none which holds a place more barely speculative, more located in the region of cold thought, and less applied to its practical uses, than the doctrine of Providence. None deny it, and yet none use it. It is universally admitted, and as universally disregarded. It is one of those truths, which is bereft of its operative power, because it is regarded as so very true, such a household verity, that it attracts to it no new thought, no fresh examination, and is accordingly laid aside, as a fixed and settled matter, in the dormitory of the mind, there to fade through neglect, until it is practically dead.

There is, in this state of belief in the Providence of God, a remarkable peculiarity of the moral being, which claims the most delicate observation from those who would pierce the outward folds of thought that drawn over the moving soul hide us from ourselves like a veil of mist, and who would place their eye on the strange sources of our sin or our helplessness. I am quite sure of being understood by each mind, through its own experience, when I say, that on this and some other spiritual truths, there is, as it were, a sort of double consciousness in our moral nature—an exterior belief in the doctrine, and an interior state of feeling, within which its light never radiates and constructed of elements altogether foreign—one sphere of formal though indefinite acknowledgment, and another sphere of totally independent sentiment and action—and these two spheres, through that dimness in which every mind without energy passes its life, actually co-existing, the one prominent, and the other in the back ground of consciousness, so that they are never confronted in staring inconsistency. Is it not true that every specific doctrine of revelation is held in co-existence with a contrasted mass of unchristianized sentiment which virtually neutralizes it, so that whilst the article of faith is not formally displaced from the mind, it is yet seen, when seen at all, through an impure medium, in that sort of indistinctness, which neither forces attention nor reveals too glaringly the incongruities of conscience,—through those vapours of alien feeling which the soul should struggle through and scatter, to gaze upon the mountain truth in all the majesty of its magnitude, and in all the beauty of its clear outline, to keep it free from the obscuration of unharmonized thought, standing out to the eye a well-defined and towering guide, with God's own light upon its summit, as it looks heavenwards? Is not the doctrine of the essential alliance between virtue and happiness held in co-existence with a prevailing pursuit of happiness through ten thousand other channels that can claim no such spiritual affinity;—the doctrine of mortality and immortality held in co-existence with many favourite habitudes which mortality shall interrupt, and immortality everlastingly repudiate, and so lodged in some dim and retired chamber of the mind, apart from the busy throng of thoughts that crowd its middle passages;—the doctrine of Providence held in co-existence with wills that consult only themselves—with plans not studious of God's purpose, that they may accord with and be woven into his designs—with hearts that thrill in the irreligious restlessness of fearful expectancy, as though their fate rolled upon the turn of chance, and not upon the stable omnipotence of all-wise Love?

Now wherever a doctrine is thus formally and unreally held amid a host of practical antagonists, maintaining the same relation to the mind's actual occupants, as do fading pictures to the living animation on which from their fixtures they look down, it will always be found that the source of these doctrines is remote, refined, intellectual, that they do not come to us through the senses, that their medium is abstracted and earnest thought, that the mind must retire within itself and reflect, before it sees them. This is the case with that all-comprehending truth, Providence, whose realization would place us amid the brightness of the ever present God, and make the heart luminous with his love, but whose realization can only come through modes of thought not suggested by sensible impressions, and requires conceptions of an existence most dissimilar to our own, formed in the inner mind by meditation and with toil—spiritual, ideal, infinite—and, therefore, inaccessible to those who will not withdraw themselves from their own experience and ponder upon that divine and immaterial nature, whose attributes render Providence a possible and a comprehensible truth. If God is omnipresent in the heart's secret sanctuary, whilst the saints above cast their crowns before the throne and adore in heaven; if he is ruling here, whilst His spirit is breathing in far distant climes and sustaining the beatings of other hearts; if this earth, with its awful freight of spiritual hopes, happiness and cares, is gliding on in serenest safety through its appointed courses, whilst other systems are watched by the same eye and obedient to the same voice, and suns, dwarfed by distance into stars, float in their places according to his will—then do these exertions of power, so remote from human, these facts of ubiquity, and consequently, immediate government, require us to comprehend, as their medium, before they are in the faintest degree conceivable, a nature and an existence alike remote from the limitations of humanity—and it is only by apprehending what God *is*, that it becomes credible to the mind what God *does*.

It will be seen that I am not speaking of *moral* character, which, in case of God as of man, can only be judged of by moral acts; but of that mode of conceiving of the Divine Being, which is sufficiently enlarged and spiritualized, to admit within it the insertion of an intelligent faith in the universality of Providence. Now, no limited conception—no thought analogous to human existence, can admit within it the insertion of such a boundless truth; and if all worlds and all beings float in God's presence and are moved by God's will; and if our minds are to believe this, that they may be ever sanctified and ever solaced—then, in order to believe it, we must first conceive it, by a refinement and an extension of our thought of Deity; we must apprehend a spiritual presence, within which creation lies, like a world in pure space, and realize through the kindred medium of mind what the prophet has rudely but most intelligibly pictured by material emblems, when he images Jehovah as 'measuring the water in the hollow of his hand, and meting out heaven with a span, and comprehending the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighing the mountains in scales, and taking up the isles as a very little thing.' No mind can believe in the universality of God's agency, without first attributing to Him those modes of existence which make that agency possible; and we must not wonder that the doctrine of Providence is practically inefficient, so long as we hold it in co-existence with those limited apprehensions of the divine nature with which it is absolutely incongruous and irreconcilable, which have no tendency to suggest it to the wearied or wounded spirit when it falls back upon its thoughts of God in search of comfort, and which have no tendency to make it intelligible or clear when the soul rouses itself to earnest contemplation; so long as we provide for that mighty picturing of faith no spiritual framework in which it may fitly and harmoniously inhere. What avails it that the doctrine of Providence is true, if man's spirit is neither clarified nor consoled by thinking on the blissful truth; and how is he to think on it, if his limited notion of God has no affinities with such a wondrous agency, or what is to suggest it to him, unless he has so spiritualized his thought of the great Father, that he cannot think of God except as one in whose life all things live, in whose love all things are embosomed, in whose being all things are contained? We profess to believe in Providence, without pondering that nature which makes providence a possibility and a reality; and thus our faith hanging loose, and inhering in no allied thought of God which would both recal it and explain it, does die for want of nourishment from an order of conception kindred to itself, and dwelling apart, without communication or connection with our common notions of power, agency and existence, first becomes strange and hard to be conceived, and is then forgotten. This is a case in which the toil of thought cannot be spared us, in which we must acquire full and sufficing views by meditative effort, or else bereave ourselves of God. We cannot understand his moral relations to the happiness and glory of each spirit, without reflecting on his nature, without separating him in our thought from every restraint and natural imperfection. We cannot think of him as holding connections with ourselves and with other beings who are dear to us, without being involved in his infinity. We cannot realize his nearness to the soul in prayer when we bear to Him on our heart those for whom we would sanctify our love, and his nearness, at the same moment, to those whom it is solemn joy thus to encircle with his tenderness, without rising to the majestic but most serene conception of an omnipresent Spirit. And thus it is that an infinite Being is necessary for the repose of a nature like ours—that man cannot wander a step beyond his own consciousness, looking for rest for himself and security for all, without sweeping in his thought to the boundlessness of God,—that ought but the spirituality of His existence might leave something that we love, unembosomed and unsheltered; and that in proportion as this is the prevailing order of conception by which we apprehend the Father of all, is there facility communicated to our belief in his universal, impartial, unintermitting agency, and a habitual reference of creation to the embrace of His providence, to the movement of His will, as though it were seen, folded within his presence as a cloud is cradled in the heavens.

That 'God is a Spirit,' so far as it is realized, becomes a medium of thought by which Providence is suggested and a truth so vast rendered conceivable; and it is also the simplest and most comprehensive light in which to view the essential glories of the Deity, to behold involved in that spirituality those infinite perfections which render His providence but another name for noblest happiness and final peace, under the wise and blessed rule of an Omnipotent Father. The proof from reason that God is a spirit, is simply that every other conception is essentially allied to limitation—that the Creator of this earth and that sun, who now breathes upon some spring-clime and it blooms, who now communes with some lone heart and it adores and is glad, *must* hold with all a *spiritual* communication. This does not help us to understand *how* it is, but it convinces us that it must be so. Let it not be objected, that God's spiritual omnipresence must remain dark and unintelligible; and that to rest the efficiency of a great and central truth on our conceptions of ought so mysterious, is not satisfactory. I would answer, that if we confine ourselves to what alone is essential, there is no mystery whatever. It is of no importance to understand *how* God is omnipresent—it is all-important to believe that he *is* omnipresent. The fact is intelligible, eventful, the gate of Providence—with the rationale of the fact we are not concerned, nor has it in any way entered into our argument. There are facts in reference to the Divine existence which we believe, though their explanation lies hidden in the mighty depths of His unsearchable essence; and so long as the statement of those facts is not self-contradictory, is not mysterious, is not unmeaning, they are capable of being proved by evidence, notwithstanding, if we may use the expressions, that into their philosophy, into their sources in God's nature, no thought may penetrate. Our concern, then, is with the fact, that God is a spirit; and whilst backwards into its hidden causes we do not look, forwards into its clear consequences we hold it most necessary to go; and we think that an influential, because an intelligent faith in Providence, has slipped out of our alien habits of conception—and many views of God, most unworthy of His perfections, have escaped exposure, and hold imprisoned some of the finest springs of the soul, because we have not contemplated his character through the medium of his spirituality—we have not disposed all our thoughts of Him in consistency with this thought; and because that intellectual piety which has yet to feed the heart's love with the brightness of knowledge, which has yet to awaken with the same revealing profoundest awe and serenest peace, has not roused itself to devotional abstraction, and by the steadfast gaze of meditative consciousness developed all that is folded in the truth that 'God is a Spirit.'

If we would acquaint ourselves with God, and understand how his attributes are necessary to his nature, here is our commencing thought. In pure spirituality, whatever distinguishes God is essentially involved. Spirit is thought, and therefore God is the omnipresent Mind. Spirit is activity, and therefore God is the ever-operating Providence. Spirit is omnipotence, for infinite knowledge is infinite power. Spirit is holiness, august and inviolable, for it cannot know temptation. Spirit is love, for it is infinitely blissful, and its highest glory is the revelation of itself, the production of its own rectitude and joy in the minds it has created to know it and rejoice. God's spirituality is provision for all moral wants, and protection against all theological narrowness which makes devotion fear, or worship slavish, or salvation exclusive—pardon, for it is inaccessible to wrath, and interposes discipline only to lead the heart out of darkness into marvellous light, to the knowledge of itself—renovated purity, for it blazes on every hidden thought, and is the rewarding witness of every secret struggle—everlasting comfort, for what trust and hope and delightful thoughts of the future consummation of every pure desire may not each human spirit repose unfearingly in the Divine, who cannot look unkindly on ought that He has made, and whose brightest revealable glory must ever be in shedding abroad noble gifts and leading his children upwards to Himself. 'God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship in spirit and in truth.' This mode of conception is capable of infinite enlargement, so that in its growing refinement, there is provision made that our worship may become more pure, more quickening, more intelligent of the infinite Father, more of a rejoicing sympathy with His beneficent will. In proportion as we realize it, God is near to us—He is within us. The God of Providence, who is a spirit, is within our spiritual nature, where we may retire and meet Him and ally ourselves to Him, and when we feel his presence, lean our weakness on that intimate and Almighty love, and awaken our energies beneath His kindling eye.

ON THE CLAIMS OF THE POOR.

'Why should I care about the Poor?'—is not a question that any man of common feeling, much less any real disciple of Jesus Christ, will be likely to ask. There is a tone of inhumanity in it, which, to any heart not completely hardened, must be its sufficient condemnation. It sounds too like Cain's question, 'Am I my brother's keeper?'

But even if asked, it might be answered so as to show the most selfish man, that he is far from being without reasons, connected with his own interest, for paying some attention to the condition and character of the poor. For, unless he goes to a distance from all places of human resort, and shuts himself up in a complete solitude, he must be liable to have his own comfort and peace, on various occasions, affected by the manners, principles, and conduct of the persons by whom he is surrounded. When he has need of their services, it is his interest that he should be served with fidelity. When his property is, in any respect or degree, committed to their care, or open to injury from them, it is his interest that they should be regardful of his rights. When he merely goes among them in the ordinary intercourses of social and busy life, it is his interest that he should meet with civility. In short, he is interested in whatever tends to the preservation of public order, and the promotion of the general welfare. He is interested, therefore, in the condition and character of the poor; because on these must very much depend the comfort, the peace, and, eventually, the safety of society.

But it is not proposed to address the readers of the *Christian Teacher* as though they needed any appeal to their selfish feelings, to awaken in them a concern for the poor. It is taken for granted that they have already learned of another and greater Teacher, to consider a benevolent care for the poor among their primary duties. They are invited, in their character of Christians, to receive, with candid and friendly attention, a few suggestions on the question, 'what may be accounted the just and reasonable claims of the poor on those who find themselves in higher stations of society?'

1. One such claim, it is submitted, they have on their fellow-countrymen in general as represented by the legislature. It is a claim for so much consideration, at least, as may prevent any laws from being enacted, and any modes of raising the revenues from being adopted, that would press unduly upon them, or, in any respect, be manifestly and peculiarly injurious to them. In strict justice, no one class of the community should be favoured, no one overlooked. The burthens necessary to be borne for the common good, should be distributed as equally and impartially as possible: and the sacrifices of individual convenience, or the restrictions on individual liberty, required for the same purpose of the common good, should not be greater in the case of one class than in that of another. But, certainly, if there must, occasionally, be some difference, it should not be to the disadvantage of the poor. They should not be the least regarded, because they are the least powerful. They should not be the least remembered in an assembly of legislators, because they may happen to have the least influence in the formation of that assembly. No advantage should be taken of them for the sake of other classes that could better bear an increase of their burthens: and least of all for the sake of those who, if they should contribute to the common good a little more than their exact proportion, would still have an ample compensation left in the great superiority of their condition.

This would seem only a just and reasonable claim on the part of the poor, under any government professing to be guided by the principles of equity in its treatment of the governed. But in a Christian country, and with legislators acknowledging the authority, the sanctions, and the obligations of the Christian religion, how much more powerfully should that claim of the poor be felt! How peculiarly becoming does it appear, that a spirit of benevolent and merciful consideration for the poor, should preside over the counsels and regulate the decisions of such legislators! On them, surely, it may be urged as a right of the poor, which ought never to be denied or forgotten, that every possible care should be taken to prevent them from being unduly burthened, or, in any respect, unfairly treated, in comparison with the rest of the community. Yes; it does seem as though, in a Christian country, a poor man who is able and willing to labour, should not have just cause to think either his opportunities and chances of profitable labour needlessly diminished, or the proportion which he must pay out of his hard earnings for the necessaries of subsistence unnaturally increased, by legislative interference with the freedom of commercial intercourse. He should have cause, rather, to feel satisfied, that, so far as the laws of his country are concerned, no hindrance that could possibly be avoided, is left in the way of his honest exertions; no burthen that, with a due regard to the common good could possibly be made lighter, is allowed to remain for him to bear.

This claim of the poor is one which addresses itself not only to legislators, but to all who have a voice in the appointment of legislators;—to many, therefore, among the readers of the *Christian Teacher*. Nor should the statement of it be considered as out of place in a publication which is devoted to moral and religious purposes. For it is strictly within the limits of such purposes to remind Christians of their duties, and it cannot be less than a Christian duty to maintain and urge, on behalf of the poor, even what may properly be called a political right.

2. The next, however, which will be mentioned as one of their just and reasonable claims, must be felt at once to bring with it the strongest recommendations of a purely moral and religious nature. It is that which they have on all who, either regularly or occasionally, make use of their services, for the most exact and scrupulous fidelity in giving them the just and full reward of their services. No advantage should ever be taken of their dependent condition—of their possible ignorance how to seek, or of their inability to obtain, redress for a wrong done to them by their employers. Their very weakness should be their strong defence against even a thought of withholding from them the least portion of their due. To drive a hard bargain with them for their labour, or to over-reach them in the terms of the bargain—to devise means for extracting a profit from the very wages paid to them, while an appearance is preserved of paying them their full demand—to place in their way temptations to needless and even hurtful expenses, for the sake of the gain that may be made out of their expenditure;—this is indeed to 'grind the faces of the poor;' and a sin of no small magnitude must it be in the sight of a benevolent and merciful God. A heavy burthen of guilt must they be accumulating upon their souls, who allow themselves such a source of profit. A fearful reckoning must they be preparing against the time when He shall call them into judgment, of whom it is declared that He

will 'maintain the cause of the oppressed and the right of the poor.' Vain in the sight of God and of man too, must be all the professions of religion which such persons may make. Nay, their professions add to their guilt by the discredit which they bring on religion itself. It has occurred to the writer of these remarks, to observe how keenly the very suspicion of being subjected to injustice and extortion, is felt by the poor; and how bitter is the scorn with which they speak of any pretensions to religion on the part of the persons by whom they believe themselves to have been injured. Yet, unhappily, though they perceive the inconsistency between such pretensions and any violation of justice to themselves, they do not always, in their inferences from their own experience, separate religion from the faults of its professors; they too often extend to it a portion of the feelings which they entertain against the persons whom, while wearing to the world an appearance of sanctity and devotion, they have found to be hard and extortionate masters;—they are apt to look with a sullen and suspicious eye on religion itself as in league with their oppressors. They are apt to shrink from the persuasions and counsels of all who are zealous for religion, as though, under this show of kind concern for their spiritual welfare, there must be some secret and interested design of rendering them more subservient slaves to a worldly policy, and more manageable instruments of a worldly profit. On this account, as well as on the ground of equity—for the honour of religion as well as for the sake of justice—it is surely desirable, not only that the employers of the poor should be strictly faithful and honourable in all their transactions with them, but that they should adopt some means of preventing, if possible, even the suspicion of being otherwise. They should never even appear to act as though they assumed a right to be judges, without appeal, in their own cause. In all questions between themselves and the persons in their employ, they should let their decisions be clearly seen to rest on something more than their own statements, in which they may not unnaturally be supposed to be under some bias of their own interests. They should manifest a cheerful and friendly readiness to give every explanation that can reasonably be required of them. The poor have a claim to this, not only strictly just, but open and generous treatment on the part of those who make a profitable use of their services. They have a claim, not only that no undue advantage shall be taken of their dependent condition, but for every possible ground of confidence which can be given them, in the upright and friendly intentions of their employers.

3. This is a claim not very widely separated from the next to be mentioned—that of being treated with civility and kindness on all occasions of their intercourse with persons of higher

worldly station than their own. The tone and manner adopted towards them should not be those of a conscious and haughty superiority. As far as possible, they should rather indicate that whatever may be the difference of outward condition, it is less remembered than the joint participation of the same nature, the moral value and dignity of every human soul, the possibility of virtues among the poor quite equal to those which may adorn any higher station, the brotherhood of a common relationship to one almighty Father, and of a common interest in the same great truths of judgment and immortality. Yes; as far as possible, the poor man, in the whole language and behaviour to him of a superior in worldly situation, should be made to feel—'here is one who does not despise me on account of my poverty, does not think it gives him any right to treat me as though I were a being of a different race and nature from himself;—here is one who, notwithstanding our different allotments of this world's good, really sees in me a fellow-man, and is disposed to respect in me the qualities and capacities which are independent on outward distinctions;—here is one with whom I shall have every advantage of whatever may be my good principles and good conduct—one who will value and honour me according to what I am, and not according to what I possess.' It can hardly be doubted that this is a desirable feeling to cherish in the poor. It is not unreasonable to think that thus their sense of evil in the diversities of outward condition might often be lessened, while their attention would be more powerfully directed to the cultivation of intellectual and moral qualities, as the only sources of true respectability and of permanent distinctions between man and man.

It is a pleasing dream, if it be no more, that a time will perhaps come, when all the different classes of society will have much more intercourse of an agreeable and instructive kind than they have at present—when men will have learned to consider their various employments, pursued for the purpose of a livelihood, as no valid reasons for living, in their hours of leisure, so much apart from one another—and when they will be able to meet, after the business of the day is over, on terms of so much equality in intellectual acquirements and tastes, in moral feelings and manners governed by such feelings, that it will not be easy to discover, and will be accounted of small importance to inquire, what may still continue the diversities of condition among them. But whether this imagined state of things shall ever be fully realized or not, there would at least be some approach to it, so far as the effect on the feelings of the poor is concerned, if they were uniformly treated with that courteous, respectful, and kind consideration, which is certainly due to them as our fellow-beings. And how many among them there may be to whom this is really but a small part of their due! How many who are living in the continued exercise of the highest and most difficult virtues! How many who have resisted temptations, the strength of which can be little known to those who are dwelling at ease amidst ample possessions! How many who are virtuous and pious, retaining their kind feelings towards man, and their humble trust in God, in circumstances which would, perhaps, have tempted not a few of those who are called their superiors to give up hope in God as well as man! Would we treat such men with disrespect? Would we use to them the haughty language of conscious and scornful superiority? But how can we be sure that we never do so, unless, in all our intercourse with the poor, we remember their claim upon us for a kind and courteous demeanour?

4. Another claim they have upon us—and that is for our sympathy and assistance in their difficulties and distresses, more especially in those which they cannot be said to have brought upon themselves. And there are difficulties and distresses of this kind. No doubt there are others, and those in no small number, which may be traced to some misconduct or imprudence on their own part. Every one who goes among them must have occasion to observe and lament instances, in which their sufferings and privations are only the natural consequences of their own improvidence and mismanagement. Often, no doubt, if they are eating the bread of bitterness, it may with truth be said to be no more than what they might have expected from a harvest of their own sowing. But this is far from being always the case. There are calamities and reverses which may come upon the most industrious and prudent; there are circumstances and changes which they could hardly be expected to take into their account, and for which, even if they had been able to foresee them, they could not have made sufficient preparation. There are many things over which they could have no control, and for the effect of which on their condition they ought not to be blamed. It is no fault of theirs, for instance, that they were born and brought up in the midst of poverty. It is no fault of theirs, that in their childhood they were trained to employments which, perhaps, have since been found insufficient for a maintenance. It is no fault of theirs, if other employments to which they had betaken themselves as likely to be more profitable, have been subject to long interruptions from the fluctuations of trade. It is no fault of theirs, if these times of unwilling cessation from labour, or other times of long continued sickness and inability to labour, have consumed all their savings. Surely, in such cases, they are to be pitied—they are to be cared for—they are to be relieved—and that with no grudging heart or niggardly hand. They have a just and rea-

sonable claim upon us for such assistance as we can give them. It is a right on their part—it is a debt on ours;—a debt to Him who, if He has made one man to differ from another, has not left that difference unconnected with a claim on the one side and a duty on the other. If He has made one man rich and another poor, He has also said to the rich man—'What hast thou which thou hast not received?' and has commended to him the poor man as a brother whom, not only by that relation, but by the stewardship of the Divine bounty entrusted to himself, he is under a weighty and sacred obligation to comfort and assist. Liberality on the part of those who have this world's good to those who have need, appears to be the great remedy intended by Divine Providence for all that is otherwise unavoidable in the evils arising from the inequalities of human conditions. That, in any age of the world, how much soever improved, and with all the help of the best laws and institutions that human wisdom can devise, such inequalities should altogether cease, or even be very much lessened, is a thing very difficult, if not impossible, to conceive. But with industry, forethought, good management, and good conduct on the part of the poor, and with a generous readiness to distribute and willingness to communicate out of their abundance, on the part of the rich, joined to a judicious direction and application of their bounty, it is very possible to imagine that much indeed might be done towards a removal of the most distressing and appalling evils at present observed in connection with the inequalities of human conditions.

To do away with poverty altogether, does not appear to have been the contemplated effect even of the political regulations and institutions which had their origin in the suggestions of Divine wisdom itself. But a remedy for its occasional evils does appear to have been intended in the express and urgent recommendation of liberality on the part of the rich. For thus we read in the Jewish law, (*Deut.* xv. 11.) 'The poor shall never cease out of the land; therefore, I command thee, saying, Thou shalt open thine hand wide unto thy brother, to thy poor, and to thy needy, in thy land.' And in like manner, we read among the lessons of the Christian Scriptures, these words of Jesus, (*Mark* xiv. 7.) 'Ye have the poor with you always, and whensoever ye will ye may do them good;' while we read also repeated commands and exhortations, both of Jesus and of his apostles, all tending to make us consider it our duty; nay, a duty without the performance of which our religion will be vain—to comfort, succour, and relieve, as we have ability and opportunity, our poor and afflicted fellow-beings. As if the Author of Christianity, while not expecting, from any progress of his doctrines in the world, the removal of all inequalities in human conditions, did look for a mitigation of their greatest evils, to a spirit of kindness and generosity on the part of the rich towards the poor.

5. Such a spirit will readily admit that the poor have farther a claim upon us for all the help and encouragement which we can give them, in their own plans and efforts for guarding against the evils to which their condition is liable. If it is our duty to relieve them when actually suffering, it must be our duty also to aid them in securing themselves, as much as may be, from suffering; and, where they cannot do this altogether, in providing for the utmost possible mitigation of what they may have to endure. If we find them willing to lay by in store against a season of need, we shall surely account it a part of the service which we owe them, to counsel and aid them in making the most of their savings. If we find them disposed not to be altogether dependent upon charity, for the attendance and medicine which they may require in times of sickness, we shall think it the least that we can do to contrive how they may accomplish their purpose in the most effectual, and also the most economical manner. If we find them desirous of obtaining the means of intellectual and moral improvement for themselves or their children, we shall think it required of us to encourage them in so doing—to join them in the establishment of schools—to advise and assist them in the choice of suitable teachers—to share with them the expense of providing libraries and other sources of innocent, rational, and instructive recreation. And all this we shall be disposed to do, not as a matter of favour or charity, but as a debt which we owe them in consequence of our respective stations in the great social family. In no household is it thought an act of charity in the older children, who have had much pains and expense bestowed on their own education, to give some assistance in the guidance and training of the younger. It is considered no more than a debt which they owe their parents. It is a duty belonging to the relation in which they stand to their brethren. Now, in the great family of God, comprehending all the different classes of human society, the poor occupy the place of the younger children—they who have larger means that of the older. Whatever advantages we possess in connection with our respective stations, we owe for them a debt to our heavenly Father, which we cannot indeed repay, but which we may thankfully acknowledge, by holding out a friendly and assisting hand to our younger brethren—the poor. That we should do so, our debt to God makes their right; and doubtless He will maintain their right. He will not hold us guiltless if we despise or neglect the poor;—nay, if we do not carefully and faithfully use our means and opportunities of advising, assisting and encouraging them in all their desires and efforts for their own comfort and improvement.

6. But have they no claim upon us except when they are themselves well-disposed, and already prepared to act with us in our plans for their benefit? Have even the most ignorant, the most hardened, the most depraved, no claim upon us? Yes; even these cannot be without a claim on disciples of Him who 'came to seek out and save that which was lost.' They have a claim upon us for our merciful consideration of the circumstances in which they may have been placed, the temptations to which they may have been exposed, and the difficulties with which they may have had to struggle. It is their right that we should seriously ask ourselves, how we know that we should have been better if we had been brought up as they have been, thrown among companions such as they have had, and cut off, as perhaps they have been, from all means and opportunities of instruction. Oh! yes; it is their right, that in the midst of judgment we should remember mercy. It is their right, that we should set ourselves to consider and contrive how some of them, at least, may yet be rescued from their deplorable condition; and how their children may be prevented from growing up in the same condition. Their children, let us recollect, in the guileless age of infancy, are just such beings as our own—as those whom we look upon with so much affection and so much hope;—just as capable of being trained to what is good, and honourable, and lovely. Will not the thought of their children—of what they are now—of what they may become, if sought out and instructed and assisted—and of what they may become if neglected,—will not this thought plead with us on behalf of even the worst among the poor? Will it not convince us that even they are not without a claim upon us for some portion of our benevolent attention—for some efforts, on our part, to do them or their children good?

Such are the suggestions offered to the readers of the *Christian Teacher* on the claims of the Poor. They are claims which, to the writer, appear urged on us by every consideration which makes us desire the improvement of human kind—by all that is sincere in our profession as disciples of Jesus—and by every affection which belongs to our relation as children of God. We cannot earnestly desire the improvement of our fellow-men, without feeling much concern for those who form so large a class of them. We cannot really be disciples of Jesus, without having learned of Him to care for both the temporal and spiritual wants and welfare of the poor. And if we profess a filial love toward God, we shall do well to meditate often and deeply on that question of the apostle John, (1st *Ep*. iii. 17.) 'Whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?' R.

A BLESSING ON THE OLD YEAR.

Thou art passing away, Old Year!
Thou art passing away;
And vain, all vain must be the voice
Would bid thee longer stay;
Another hour, and thou shalt be
With a bye-gone Eternity!

But not without the blessing pass
My heart sends up for thee,
For thou hast been a loving year,
And kindly looked on me,
And left sweet gifts for after-days,
To mingle in their song of praise.

Thou hast not robbed me of one friend,
Nor loosened one fond tie,
But those that had lain near my heart
Hast made still nearer lie,
And given one more, to bless with love
My home below, and home above.

True, thou hast sometimes worn a frown
I thought that thou might'st spare—
True, thou hast had thy hours of gloom,
And sad perplexing care,
But following came a smile more bright,
A sweeter peace, a lovelier light.

And as in journeying on, we've seen
How sun, and cloud, and shower,
Combined to nurture in the earth
Its life-producing power,
So fain I'd hope, within my heart,
Each lot has done a blessed part.

Not all aright I know have been
The steps with thee I've trod—
Not all have brought me nearer heaven,
And nearer unto God,
But pleasant 'tis to look behind
And e'en some small improvement find.

But thou art passing swift away—
Thy latest moment's here—
Well then, a blessing with thee go,
Kind and loving Old Year!
And when I die, may none for me
Feel but as I can feel for thee.

Dec. 12th. G.

ON EBENEZER ELLIOTT, THE POET OF HALLAMSHIRE AND OF THE 'CORN LAW RHYMES.'

Ebenezer Elliott, in childhood, boyhood and youth, was remarkable for good nature, as it is called, and a sensitiveness, exceeded only by his extreme dullness and inability to learn anything that required the least application or intellect. His good nature made him rather a favourite in his childhood with servant girls, nurses, and old women. One of the latter was a particular favourite with him—Nanny Far, who kept the York Keelman public-house, near the Foundry, at Masbro', where he was born. She was a walking magazine of old English prejudices and superstitions;—to her he owes his fondness for ghost stories. When he was about ten years old, he fell in love with a young girl, now Mrs. Woodcock, of Munsber, near Greasbro', to whom he never to this day spoke one word. She then lived with her father, Mr. Ridgeway, a butcher and publican, close to the bridge on the Masbro' side of the river Don. Such was his sensitiveness, that if he happened to see her as he passed, and especially if she seemed to look at him, (which he now believes she never did) he was suddenly deprived almost of the power of moving. He describes the effect produced on him by comparing it to that produced on a greyhound when pursued by a mastiff, which strains his tail between his legs, and instead of being urged to speed by his terror, is chained by it, and compelled as it were to lift the earth at every step. His unconquerable dullness was improved into absolute stupidity by the help he received from an uncommonly clever boy, called John Ross, who did him his sums. He got into the Rule of Three without having learned Numeration, Addition, Subtraction and Division. Old Joseph Ramsbotham seemed quite convinced, gave him up in despair,—and at Rule of Three the bard jumped all at once to Decimals, where he stuck. At this time he was examined by his father, who discovered that the boy scarcely knew that two and one are three. He was then put to work in the foundry, on trial, whether hard labour would not induce him to learn his 'counting,' as arithmetic is called in Yorkshire. Now, it happened that nature in her vagaries had given him a brother called Giles, of whom it will be said by any person who knew him, that never was there a young person of quicker or brighter talents; there was nothing which he could not learn: but the praise he received ruined him in the end. His superiority produced no envy in Ebenezer, who almost worshipped him. The only effect it produced on him was, a sad sense of humiliation, and confirmed conviction that himself was an incurable dunce. The sense of his deficiencies oppressed him, and in private he wept bitterly. When he saw Giles seated in the counting-house, writing invoices, or posting the ledger; or when he came dirty out of the foundry, and saw him showing his drawings, or reading aloud to the circle, whose plaudits seemed to have no end—his resource was solitude, of which from his infancy he was fond; he would go and fly his kite, always alone—and he was the best kite-maker of the place; or he would saunter along the canal bank, swimming his ships, or anchoring them before his fortresses—and he was a good ship-builder. His sadness increased; he could not post books—he could not write invoices—he could not learn to do what almost any boy could learn, namely, to do a sum in Single Division; yet, by this time he had discovered that he could do 'men's work,' for he could make a frying-pan. It ought to be observed here, that the assistance he received from John Ross accompanied him, like his double, to every school to which his parents, in their despair, had sent him, and they had sent him to two, besides Mr. Ramsbotham's. When it was found that he could not do decimals, he was put back to the Rule of Three; and then pronounced incurable. Labour, however, and the honour paid to his brother, at length made him try one effort more. He had an aunt in Masbro', one of whose sons was studying botany. He was buying, in monthly numbers, a book called 'Sowerby's English Botany,' with beautiful coloured plates. They filled him with delight; and she showed him that by holding the plates before a pane of glass he might take exact sketches of them. Dunce though he was, he found he could draw, and with such ease, that he almost thought he was a magician. He became a botanist, or, rather, a hunter of flowers; but, like his cousin Ben, (though not Greek learned like him,) he too had his 'Hortus Siccus.' He does not remember having ever read, or liked, or thought of poetry, until he heard his brother recite that passage in 'Thomson's Spring,' which describes the polyanthus and auricula. His first attempt at poetry was an imitation in rhyme of Thomson's Thunder Storm, in which he described a certain flock of sheep running away after they were killed by lightning. Now this came to pass because the rhyme would have it so. His critic, cousin Ben, the learned, though the bard most imploringly told him how the miracle happened, nevertheless exercised the critic's privilege, and ridiculed him without mercy. Never will he forget that infliction. His second favourite author was Shenstone, whose translations of passages from the classics, prefixed to his elegies, produced an effect on his mind and heart which death only can obliterate. His next favourite was Milton, who slowly gave way to Shakespeare. He can trace all his literary propensities to physical causes. His mind, he says, is altogether the mind of his own eyes. A primrose is to him a primrose, and nothing more; for Solomon in his glory was not more delicately arrayed. There is not a good passage in his writings, which he cannot trace to some real occurrence—or to some object actually before his eyes—or to some passage in some other author. He has the power, he says, of making the thoughts of other men breed; and he is fond of pointing out four or five passages in his poems, all stolen from one passage in Cowper's Homer. We will give the original, and one of the imitations; he made the thought his own, he says, by substituting the word 'hymn' for the word 'trumpet'; and the words in italics will show his power of making other men's thoughts breed; they describe poetically and philosophically the reflection of light from the heavenly bodies:—

> 'The earth beneath them trembled, and the heavens
> Sang them together, with a trumpet's voice.'—COWPER'S ILIAD.

Thus imitated—

> 'Oh, Light, that cheer'st all worlds, from sky to sky,
> As with a hymn, to which the stars reply.'

When he became a poet, he also became more and more ashamed of his deficiencies. He actually tried to learn French, and could with ease get his lesson, but could never remember it an hour. Nor could he ever write correctly until he met with Murray's Grammar, which he learned at the wrong end, (namely, the Key,) and never reached the beginning. To this day, he does not thoroughly know a single rule of grammar; yet, by thinking, he can detect any grammatical errors. If he errs, it is in the application of words derived from the Latin or Greek, which, although he has a strong propensity to use them, he now avoids, unless they are very melodious, or harmonize with his Saxon, and seldom without consulting his dictionary, that he may guess at their meaning. He has more than once shown his fondness for learned words, by begging Latin and Greek quotations, for his prefaces and notes, of the writer of this article. But his propensity to use fine words will be still better elucidated by the following anecdote, of the truth of which the reader may be assured:—Having written a sonorous poem in blank verse, on the American Revolution, he wished for a learned title. He wished to call it 'Liberty'; so his learned cousin baptized it in Greek by the name of 'Eleutheria'; but the bard having found out that Eleutheria also signifies fire, humbled himself to Latin, expunged the Greek, and wrote in place of it 'Jus Triumphans.' He then read Johnson's Dictionary through, and selected several dozen words (fifty-three, we believe) of six and seven syllables, which he wrote on a slip of paper, and pasted over his verses, where they would scan and read grammatically! In this state the manuscript was sent to Whitbread, the brewer, who returned it with a flourishing compliment; and, if it is in existence, certainly it is a curiosity that a bibliographer would place in his cabinet.

The following is an extract from the first copy of the 'Vernal Walk,' his first publication, written in his 17th year. He afterwards improved these rough verses into bombast, and then printed them.

> 'Arising cheerful from the bed of rest,
> Thee, first beheld, thee I salute, oh, Sun,
> And call thee, immage of the One supreme,
> Who bade thy planets roll the eternal course,
> And gave them to thy sceptre—King of Fire—
> Or shall I call thee, if I name thee may,
> Fountain of Beauty, whence all living streams,
> Derive their course, and wander warbling? Hail,
> Soul of the sistem! should'st thou seace to shine,
> All life would die. When first thy beams awaked,
> When first thou pour'd the ocean of thy light,
> Harmony sang in every ravish'd grove,
> And young Variety bade the wild winds
> Scatter to the ends of earth her rainbow hues.
> Then, Lord of Nature, mov'd around thy throne
> The Seasons. Spring came erlest, songful Spring,
> Whose looks are music. Flame crownd Summer next
> Grasp'd in his hand thy garments' woven fire.
> Then fruit-fed Autumn came, and wept to see
> The many wrinkles on his whithering hand.
> Last, Winter turnd his wild eye on his clouds
> And curssed thy splenders: through his hoary hair
> Loudly, and through his venerable beard
> Hurried the angry blast, and blast-blown sleat.'

Mr. Elliott's defective education appears in the incorrect orthography of this juvenile performance. In after years, he corrected this and other defects by private study. One of his early companions was a youth of cultivated mind, with whom he read much and conversed more, Joseph Ramsbotham, the son of his schoolmaster, who was educated for the ministry. This excellent young man (who died too soon) used to recite Greek to him; and the poet, without knowing any thing of that language, was so delighted with the music of Homer, that he committed to memory the introductory lines of the Iliad, and could repeat them when the writer of this article first became acquainted with him. His memory is very retentive, and he does not easily forget what he has once learned. Translations have made him familiar with the classic poets of Greece and Rome. Amongst the tragedians, Æschylus is his favourite, whom he admires as the most original and sublime of the Athenian dramatic writers. His reading is extensive, and it has not been confined to poetry. History and political economy seem to have been his favourite studies;—the latter has inspired some of his most admired productions. He writes prose as well as verse, and the style of some of his letters on the Corn Laws has the condensed energy and fire of Junius; less polished, indeed, but equally pointed and severe. In conversation he is rapid and short: his sentences, when he is animated by the subject on which he is speaking, have all the force and brevity of Spartan oratory—they are words of flame; and in his predictions of calamity and woe—as, in his opinion, a necessary consequence of adhering to the present system of politics—it may be truly said, in his own language, his 'gloom is *fire*.' In argument every muscle of his countenance is eloquent; and when his cold blue eye is fired with indignation, it resembles a winter sky flashing with lightning—his dark bushy brows writhing above it like the thunder-cloud torn by the tempest. You see at once, in his strongly-marked features, how much he has suffered;—like Dante, he looks as if he had gone through his own hell! His voice, when reading his own verses, (and no one can give them so much effect,) is the most melancholy music that was ever heard: and his whole manner, expression, and appearance, irresistibly impress you with the conviction that he has dwelt with disappointment, and too long experienced that sickness of the heart which arises from 'hope deferred.' This is the fact. In his mercantile pursuits he has not always been fortunate; and his literary career, till lately, was unattended with one cheering circumstance. He has endured cold neglect for years, and had to struggle with difficulties of every kind. The firm and proud spirit which he manifested in contending with these, hurling back unmerited censure with scorn, and relying fully on his own powers for final success, is, next to his works, the strongest proof of his possessing intellectual superiority, however much it may indicate a want of the milder graces of the Christian character. His was not the weak spirit that sinks under misfortunes;—his strong and powerful genius rose above them. He boldly grasped and eventually strangled the serpents that have stung so many others to death. Timid in his youth, as the modest flower that hides its beauty from all the world in some rural retirement, he was no sooner trampled upon than he became bold; and when storms roared around his head, he stood in the midst of them like the 'gnarled oak,' battling with tempests, and laughing at their impotent rage. To whomsoever else adversity has been fatal, to him it was of essential service: it called forth his powers—it roused him to the contest—it strengthened him for victory. Where thousands would have despaired, he held up with undaunted resolution, and he has at length surmounted every obstacle that opposed his rising. His triumph is a glorious proof of what mind can effect, and we hail and exhibit it as a great moral lesson to the world.

After an interval of years, in which he had been gathering stores of knowledge both from men and books, Mr. Elliott published a second poem, called 'Night,' in which he attempted to 'depict the scenery of night as connected with great and interesting events.' This poem, written in blank verse, derived no adventitious recommendation from rhyme: the author trusted to the native vigour of his thought, to stamp a value upon it that should attract public attention. In this trust he was miserably disappointed. The uninviting title of the poem probably deterred many readers from looking into it, and one of the literary assassins of the day made it the point of attack, from which he opened the battery of unmeasured ridicule and condemnation. If any thing could have crushed 'young genius bursting from the shell,' it was the following criticism in the *Monthly Review* for 1819;—we preserve it as a curious specimen of the merciless spirit of a modern Aristarchus.

> 'Ibant obscuri, solâ sub nocte, per umbram.'
> ÆN. Lib. iv, v. 268.
>
> 'So fare travellers through this volume of "Night;" a volume that is involved in pitchy darkness to our apprehension. He who has not "supped full of horrors," may here gratify his most murky taste; and we recommend the present dish of the terrible to be served up in the second course of that "Black Banquet,"* which the scribblers of the sentimental, or the domestic school, so largely furnished for us a few years ago. We can hardly bring ourselves to wish such an author "Good Night."'

This sweeping abuse was as unjust as it was heartless. Akin to it was the more definite, but not less severe censure of the *Monthly Magazine* for the same year. 'The style,' thus the criticism runs, 'is harsh and affected, and the thoughts in the wildest strain of ultra-German horror and bombast.' Of this asserted bombast, the author has given the public a second opportunity of judging in the republished poem of 'Wharncliffe,' in the first volume of his collected works. Whatever wildness there is in this poem, who that admires Milton, or Dante, can refuse the just meed of praise to such noble lines as these in the speech of a fallen angel?

———————— 'where heav'n
Borders on chaos, and dimensionless
Rocks in perennity of gloom repose,
I make perpetual night my dwelling-place,
And with the majesty of ruin sit,
Awfully lone. The elements, all dark,
Combat before me; or the hand of God
Writes fiery indignation on the deep,
Which seems in fragments wild, a universe;
Or continent of deflagrated worlds
Array'd in lightning; or infinitude
Of burning oceans, up in ridges roll'd,
Higher than myriad systems ruin'd. There
I dwell in horrid solitude, yet not

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* We need not remind our classical readers of the allusion, in this phrase, to the *feralis cœna*: the dark feast of the sanguinary buffoon yclept 'an Emperor of Rome!'

Heaven's outcast. Sometimes I revisit, calm,
Th' eternal throne, and breathe my native air,
Unblam'd, a duteous guest; for not a sun,
Extinguish'd, ceaseth to illumine space,
But to heaven's silence sad Idona's voice
Singeth the funeral song of fallen worlds,
While seraphs weep; for well they know, how once
More bright than suns was he who sings their fall.'

It would not suit our present object to make further quotations from 'Night,' in which, however, were many truly sublime thoughts and highly poetic images, which only intentional dullness or mental blindness could fail to recognise. The verse had certainly not all the ease of Mr. Elliott's subsequent productions, but both verse and sentiment bore strongly impressed upon them the undoubted stamp of original talent of no common order: and they who could speak of it as the sapient critic of the *Monthly*, must have been blinded to excellence by the bigotry of system, or ready, in utter disregard to the claims of both truth and justice, to sacrifice the reputation of a man of genius to a joke. They had not, however, the laugh wholly on their side. Instead of submissively bearing their castigation, the poet fiercely attacked his unmerciful critics, and returned their lashes with interest in a bitter satire, entitled 'Peter Faultless to his brother Simon.' Of the latter individual (intended to shadow forth the critic of the *Monthly Review)* he says in the advertisement to this poem, 'Simon the Faultless is not an imaginary personage. I address a living pedant, and in the individual exhibit the species.'

This satire, though little known, contains many passages of great excellence, and proves that Mr. Elliott can wield the satiric whip to some purpose. As, however, the spirit in which the poem is conceived, is little in harmony with the objects of the *Christian Teacher*, we shall limit ourselves to one extract as a specimen.

—— 'Still ply thou the finger-counting trade;
Be still of sense and scoundrel wit afraid;
Still curse the ravings of the Avonian Seer,
And all that Milton lov'd—the style severe,
The iron verse with happiest labour wrought,
The verbal strength that girds the might of thought:
Still, when thou writ'st, write nonsense! smooth and fine,
In wiry length, drawl out the empty line;
For breed we flat blank verse, or dulcet rhyme,
The sterling senseless is the true sublime.

* * * * *

Owl-eyed to splendour, eagle-eyed to spy
Spots on the disk of glory, Envy's eye
Admires no loveliness, beholds no worth;
Her soul is darkness, for her brain is earth:
No joy she knows but in another's smart;
No God she worships but her own black heart.
Hell dreads her coming, with erected hair,
For, Envy absent, 'tis Elysium there!

* * * * *

What wonder, if thy zealous lash assail'd
Cowper's first song, and for a time prevail'd?

What wonder, if thou try, so bravely well,
To crush young genius bursting from his shell,
Sure that the noble bird once plum'd and freed,
Would soar and spurn thy malice and thy creed?'

Mr. Elliott might have taken as his motto the words Ουτως ὑβριζειν τους ὑβριζοντας χρεων, which his favourite Æschylus makes Prometheus hurl at the serf and messenger of Jupiter, Mercury, when he comes to demand from the injured Titan a clear statement of his dark threats against the Thunderer, for the burning of Mr. Elliott's indignation against the luckless reviewer is not unlike the blast of Prometheus' lips. As a manifestation of mental power, we can look at Mr. Elliott's ire with admiration, but we cannot forget that it is a spirit more in unison with Heathenism than Christianity.

We do not deny that the reviewer merited castigation, and that dullness, malice, or recklessness may be shamed when they cannot be mended; still we think that Mr. Elliott would have consulted his own happiness, his dignity, and his fame more effectually, had he blended mercy with punishment, or rather, had he been content with vindicating himself by cultivating his noble powers in the wide and flowery fields of benevolence and piety. The best answer he could have given was—not what every one could have given, though not with the same force—not anger for outrage—which, however adorned by poetic imagery or the splendour of intellect, still looks too much like the outpouring of disappointed ambition—but a work in which the sympathies of the public should be seized on and held firmly by virtue of its appeal to the gentler and finer workings of the heart. And, indeed, it is mainly to passages in his writings executed in the spirit of love, not wrath—to benefit man rather than punish a delinquent—it is to these that Mr. Elliott owes much of the fair fame he now enjoys; it is for these, and such as these, that his name will be honoured when he himself is no more; and on some of these, we shall, in continuation of this article, invite our readers to meditate, in the assurance that they will find in them much that is congenial with that Christianity, of which, whether we treat of literature or religion, we desire to be, directly or indirectly, the 'Teacher.'

THE CHRISTIAN TEACHER.

The Christian Teacher!—'twere a task divine
To strive to teach, as Christ, our Master, taught,
Precept on precept, glorious line on line,
With hope, and gladness, and salvation fraught;
Whose words, like stars that never perish, shine,
Their light from heaven's unfailing splendour caught;
By which we see, reflected from above,
That man is precious, and that God is love!

And, though we cannot speak like him who came
The chosen Teacher from the Holy One,
Yet, would we humbly, in his sacred name,
Breathe a like spirit in the race we run.
To us mankind, in all their grades the same,
We deem a good unto our brother done
As done to God—for, in his gracious sight,
Man's sun, though dimm'd, is yet a shining light!

A light now burning brighter, day by day,
No more eclips'd by error's darkening cloud,
But beaming clearer on its gladdening way,
Wherever man, and man's high hopes are found;
And this will bring that universal day,
When virtue, truth, and liberty abound—
When the enfranchised soul, rejoiced, may see
Earth cannot bind, where Christ has made us free!

A mighty voice has o'er the nations pass'd,
Mankind have heard it, and their ears are charm'd,
Dark Superstition, in her gloom, aghast,
Stands, of her power, her terror, all disarmed;
While Knowledge flies upon her wing so fast,
That e'en the very air we breathe seems warm'd
With kindling fire, that in a bursting flame,
Will spread as wide as heaven, from which it came!

Oh! that the glowing hearts of all may feel
Their glorious destiny! and strive to gain,
With aim untiring, unabated zeal,
Truth, goodness, knowledge, which must still remain,
When vice and ignorance assailed, shall reel
And fall from their foundations, ne'er again
To war with all the energies of mind,
That raise, adorn, and dignify mankind!

James Bird.

THE SACRED OFFERING, A POETICAL ANNUAL.

London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

It is the season when the Annuals come forth like bright and beautiful flowers amidst the snows of winter, to cheer its gloom and adorn its sterility. The one before us has golden leaves with an emerald casing—it may be compared to the 'sun-flower,' which

> ——— 'turns to her God when he sets
> The same look which she turn'd when he rose.'

It breathes the pure incense of devotion, and no holier offering was ever laid on the altar of piety. The muse has bathed the offering with her freshening dews, and, if not dipped in the fountain of Castalia, its bloom has been brightened by the waves of that more sacred brook that flows 'fast by the oracle of God.'

HYMN.

Let me not wander comfortless,
My Father, far from Thee,
But still, beneath thy guardian wing,
In holy quiet be.

The storms of grief, the tears of woe,
Soothed by thy love, shall cease,
And all the trembling spirit breathe
A deep, unbroken peace.

The power of prayer shall o'er me shed
A soft celestial calm;
Sweeter than evening's twilight dews,
My soul shall drink its balm.

For there the still small voice shall speak
Thy great, Thy boundless love;
And angel forms the mourner call
To the bright realms above.

I hear that call, ah yes! I hear
Those tones so fondly loved;
And to that bright and sinless world
I know he is removed.

The beaming of his smile is gone,
The yearning heart is vain,
A brother and a friend I lose,
Whom I may ne'er regain.

To that blest world, to that blest world,
My weeping thoughts shall flee,
Shall follow him, so long beloved,
To immortality.

A little time, not comfortless
Beneath thy guardian wing—
And thou wilt reunite the hearts
That now are sorrowing.

Our limits will not allow us to make long quotations, or we should wish to extract, for the pleasure of our readers, 'The Two Dreamers,' (p. 92,) a very beautiful vision, conceived in the true spirit of poetry, and the 'Verses' (p. 127,) which breathe the soul of tender and amiable sentiment: the latter, as the shortest, we subjoin.

VERSES.

For ever thine! for ever thine! in youth's unclouded hour,
With all of beauty I may boast, with all my earthly dower;
With love as pure, as tried, as true, as ever maiden gave;
With love that will attend thee still, unfailing to the grave.

For ever thine! for ever thine! a light I'll try to be,
Shining within our peaceful home, whate'er our lot may be;
And should our destined path be laid 'mid scenes of pomp and pride,
My heart shall know no prouder boast, than walking by thy side.

And if the days of sorrow come, to pale thy cheek with care,
I'll bend my knee in secrecy, and raise for thee my prayer.
And when the snows of age descend upon thy manly brow,
I'll gaze as fondly on thy face, as tenderly as now.

And when the parting hour arrives, I'll raise thy dying head,
And watch around thy suffering couch, with soft and noiseless tread;
And if I leave thee lonely here, for blissful scenes of love,
For ever thine! for ever thine! I'll wait for thee above.

Amongst the various contributions to this beautiful little work are two fragments by the late Mrs. Barbauld, written in extreme old age, with the first of which we must reluctantly conclude our extracts: the second verse is worthy the high reputation of that revered and lamented poetess.

A FUNERAL HYMN.

House of the silent night, receive
All that unbodied spirits leave!*
To thee the loosened frame we trust,
The mouldering bones and cherished dust.

Within thy dark and spacious womb
The crowding nations haste to come;
From every clime is gathered here
The harvest of the human year.

Nature's hard conflict now is o'er,
Sorrow and care shall vex no more;
The tooth of slander shall not wound,
Nor envy sting beneath the ground.

It would have added to the interest of the other pieces if the names of the authors had been given: poetical genius should not be unappropriated. It is enough, however, for the object of the publication, that they have been placed in a very elegant casket, and added to the treasures of our sacred poetry. May such treasures increase, and may the public, duly sensible of their value, receive the 'Offering' that is presented to them with all becoming courtesy. To the fair sex it ought to be particularly acceptable, as it is whispered the Editor is a Lady.

THE EXISTING STATE OF THEOLOGY.

An Apology for the Study of Divinity, delivered before the Bishop, the Dean and Chapter, and the University of Durham, by H. J. ROSE, B. D., Chaplain to his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury.—London: Rivington.

The Existing State of Theology, as an intellectual pursuit, and Religion as a moral influence; a Sermon preached before the Anniversary Meeting of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, by JAMES MARTINEAU.—London: Hunter.

The merit of these discourses is in the inverse ratio of the titular distinctions of their respective authors. Both writers complain of the low condition of theological literature in this country, and in addition to the causes of its depression which they assign, might be added the iniquity of those social arrangements by which dullness is crowned with honour, and intellectual and moral excellence left to struggle in neglect. We do not mean that the poorest dissenting minister, if he be 'a Dissenter indeed,' would seek his reward in the distinctions and opulence of an established priesthood—but that, if social justice were done, the diversities of talent would find their level in the allotments of society, and superior minds would have the scope which the ease of circumstances would afford, for pursuing the leadings of their impulses, and, instead of being compelled to eke out a subsistence by the comparatively mechanical drudgery of teaching the young, would be engaged in preparing for the commonwealth of maturity 'those materials of knowledge,' (to use Mr. Martineau's words) 'with which to determine the great problems of morals and religion.'

It is not our intention to disparage Mr. Rose's production, which is at least on a par with what ordinarily issues from the school with which he is connected; but simply to furnish, by placing the two discourses in juxta-position, an illustration of the inequalities of social condition in a country where favour and disfavour are too often allotted rather by the latitude and longitude of a writer's birth-place, than the power of his mind or the goodness of his heart. Of the causes which have led to the decay of theology, we feel some difficulty in acquiescing in that which Mr. Rose assigns as 'the chief,' namely, that 'we are anything, speaking generally, but a studious or a reading people, and as wealth has been spread, and education with it, this national character has necessarily shown itself.' Passing over the literary awkwardness Mr. Rose commits, in identifying the neglect of reading with the 'national character,' and merely venturing to hint that a character is hardly formed by one negation, we demur to the alleged fact. What want of study and reading there may be in the circles with which Mr. Rose is most conversant, or how far the wealth of certain parties may have contributed to the barrenness of the theological schools in the Establishment, the preacher has far better means of knowing than ourselves; but we can, without risk, assure him, that reading, if not study, is somewhat prevalent in the mass of society, and the probability is, that if Mr. Rose finds the nation indisposed to theology, it is precisely because his theology and the theology of his school is distasteful to the nation. Mr. Martineau is much nearer to the truth, when he remarks that it is 'felt to be technical and cramped; the awkward toil of minds manacled with creeds, endeavouring to atone by microscopic accuracy for imbecility in fundamental principles, and not pervaded by that true spirit of history, that sympathy with the soul of antiquity, which is essential to the interpreter of the venerable monuments of the past. Nor does our practical divinity meet with a much warmer welcome. It does not succeed in penetrating to the interior wants of our moral nature; it strives and menaces and declaims for admission to the heart; it proves its right of entrance, and yet remains without; it does not pass the sacred boundary, and steal into the home inclosure of the affections. It has, in fact, ceased to address itself to the common heart of humanity, and become exclusively adapted to that peculiar class of persons called "the religious public"—a class trained under highly artificial influences, strongly tending to make them, if enthusiastic, mistake extravagance for imagination, and vehemence for feeling; and if sober, correctness for beauty, and solemnity for depth.'—p. 8.

THE HEWLEY TRUST.

At the last meeting of the Presbyterian Provincial Association for Lancashire and Cheshire, it was resolved,—'That it is expedient to appoint a committee to collect information respecting the circumstances of the recipients of donations from Lady Hewley's Fund, in Lancashire and Cheshire; to promote the collection of funds for the relief of such of them as may appear to require it, and to superintend the distribution of such funds during the ensuing year.' It was afterwards resolved,—'That the ministers of Liverpool and Manchester be constituted a committee for carrying into effect the above resolution, with power to add to their number.'—The committee above appointed report, as the result of their inquiries, that in Lancashire and Cheshire the sum of about £400 from the Hewley fund was distributed among thirty-four Presbyterian or Unitarian congregations: of these, however, several trust to their own resources, and decline making any claim on whatever substitute funds may be collected; so as to leave the sum required about £300.—The following is a summary of the condition of nineteen congregations, from answers to the committee's letters of inquiry,—the answers bearing the signatures of the ministers and of two lay-members.

Of seventeen, the salaries are under £100.; of fifteen, under £80.; of thirteen, under £70.; of ten, under £60.; of eight, under £50.; of two, under £40.

This statement shows the necessities of the case, and whatever may be the ultimate appropriation of the Hewley funds, it is to be feared that law expenses must preclude every other payment for a considerable time.—The committee request that any contribution may be forwarded to Mr. Thomas Bolton of Liverpool, or to Mr. Thomas Potter of Manchester, who have consented to act as treasurers.

OBITUARY.

On the 11th of October, 1834, died, Joseph Mason, gentleman, at his house, near Manchester, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. Mr. Mason was born of humble but respectable parents, in or near Bolton; but in his youth he left his native place, and passed the remainder of his days in this town. Both as a man and a Christian his memory is worthy to be had in remembrance; and the following brief memorial, while it expresses our sincere respect for his character, will, it is hoped, stimulate others to imitate his virtues:—

Mr. M., by the blessing of God on his honest industry, and by a favourable concurrence of circumstances, acquired a moderate independence, and retired from business about five and twenty years ago. His mercantile transactions were ever conducted with the greatest punctuality and honour. When he retired from the busy scenes of life, he devoted his means and efforts not to self-gratification of any kind, but to the disinterested service of his fellow-creatures. His life was almost wholly spent 'in works of faith, and labours of love.' He expended much larger sums on objects of charity and in promoting the general improvement of society, than appeared to be compatible with his income; but he voluntarily denied himself that use of prosperity, to which most men in his circumstances think themselves entitled, and contracted his own wants that he might be the more able to administer to the wants of others. He not only relieved the indigent, but sympathized with their sufferings. His disposition was in no common degree sympathetic, and enabled him unaffectedly to partake of the feelings of those around him, whether of joy or of sorrow.

For many years Mr. M. rendered valuable services to the General Infirmary of this town by his assiduity and habitual attention as one of the house-inspectors.

He also held, until the infirmities of age disabled him, the office of Chapel-warden at the Presbyterian chapel, in Cross-street, in this town. Of this Christian society he was a valuable member during his long residence in this neighbourhood. He was a conscientious adherent to that system of Christianity, which is now best known by the term Rational, or Unitarian; and he was an honour to that profession, as well as an ornament to our common Christianity. He was of a truly catholic and liberal spirit towards all, and painfully regretted the existence of the language of condemnation and denunciation. He was so little infected with the spirit of partizanship, that his heart was equally inclined to do good to all. His Christian excellencies were not exhibited in extravagant zeal or vehement spiritual pretensions, but in 'love and good works.' He was exemplary to the last in his attention to the external instrumental duties of religion; and he exhibited the practical effects of this upon his character by abounding in 'good works and almsdeeds.'

In his deportment he was unpresuming and rather diffident; in his disposition unobtrusive and humble: for the last-mentioned characteristic indeed so remarkable, that it may be truly said of him, that 'he was clothed with humility.' The best charities of life were not only permanently lodged in his heart, but were visibly impressed on his countenance. His good health and bodily strength were mercifully prolonged to a late period of his life, but during the last two or three years both his bodily and mental powers, especially his memory, were visibly declining, and for the last nine months he was confined to his room; during which time his affectionate attendants, as well as himself, were fully aware that the 'time of his departure was at hand.'

Such is a brief but correct sketch of the Christian excellencies of JOSEPH MASON. Reader, we deem it not less unadvisable than unnecessary, after the manner of some, to obtrude our judgment concerning his present state. We think it more our province to remind thee of thy obligation to 'go and do likewise.'

Manchester, Dec. 1, 1834. J.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

To those who have entrusted the Editor with papers for the *Christian Teacher*, his warmest acknowledgments are tendered. The character of the contributions is, so far, very much what is desired, and a reference to the Prospectus will serve to remind those who may have the intention to afford literary aid, that the *Christian Teacher* is designed to be not a controversial but a practical work. It may be desirable to add, that while events and circumstances which have either a local or a more than ordinary intrinsic interest, will not be passed unnoticed, the work will not assume the character of a Miscellany, so much as a systematic expounder of those great fundamental principles which go to form 'the spirit of power, of love, and of a sound mind.' Its aim is to be the Christian family's friend; and by the employment of the higher influences of civilization, and especially the great practical teachings of the Gospel, to aid forward the enlightenment of the mind and the regeneration of the heart.

The *Christian Teacher* is neither the organ nor the servant of a party. Its creed is the New Testament; its work the furtherance of human happiness; the sole bond of union among its supporters the acknowledgment of the Divinity of Christ's mission. It offers, therefore, to all of all denominations who may be desirous of availing themselves of it, a medium for conveying to the world not the inanities of a theology without the Gospel, nor the speculations of unchastened philosophy, nor the 'dry bones' of controversy, nor the corruptions of human tradition, nor the heats of religious extravagance—but all pure and healthful influences, a simple, full and energetic exposition of the Gospel, an exposition based on the recognition of man's spirituality, man's sinfulness, and 'the redemption which is in Christ Jesus.'

Taking upon himself nothing more than a general responsibility, the Editor will leave each writer answerable for his own views, as well as in possession of entire liberty to expound them.

With the *Christian Reformer*, in whose pages our purpose has been alluded to in no friendly tone, we have no rivalry but that of good will. We should indeed be sorry that the *Christian Teacher* should interfere with the interests of the *Christian Reformer*, if for no other reason than this, that the *Christian Reformer* does a work which we have never thought of attempting. The world is wide enough for both; let each run his own course, and fall not out with his fellow-traveller by the way. In the commencement of a new work, an opportunity is offered to those who are interested in the progress of a pure and living faith, for inviting the attention of such of their friends who do not take in any of the existing religious periodicals—there are many who are able, and doubtless willing too—to one, which, in whatever else it may fail, will 'speak the truth in love.'

The Editor thinks it due to all parties, to state distinctly at the first, that while he presents his most respectful thanks to those friends who have made efforts to secure him from pecuniary loss during a given period, he does not intend to avail himself of the proffered guarantee.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications have been received from W. J.; G. B.; J. B.; B. C.; W. T.; S. Y. W.; R. T.; J. M.; J. H. T.; J. P.; T. M.; H. G.; H. H.; and G. L. Dr. Tuckerman's request shall be attended to. His promised communications are looked for earnestly. Will F. B. take up the subject of the religious aspects of his native country?—The contributions of J. B. will be acceptable.—Professor W. and others are thanked for the interest they manifest in the *Christian Teacher*.—Dr. Drummond's offer is accepted—his suggestion will be acted on.—The Editor of the *Christian Palladium* is requested to forward his favour through Messrs. N and T. Heard, Manchester.

Communications for the Editor may be sent (post-paid) to the Publishers; or to T. Forrest, Printer, Market-street, Manchester.

ERRATUM.—del. p. 15, line 15—16, 'the old Persian;' also, p. 50, at the foot, 'Dec. 12.'

T. Forrest, Printer, Manchester.

A RATIONAL FAITH COMPETENT TO THE WANTS OF MAN.

Jesus of Nazareth knew what was in man. Unlike the enthusiast or the misanthropist, he treats him neither as an angel nor as an animal; neither subliming him to a cold and unsocial ghostliness of character, nor permitting him to approach to the level of the mere creature of sense. Himself created the model of human nature, he had but to look within to learn its capabilities, and to feel its wants; and, planted amid human beings, he had but to look around him to discover where its condition fell below its destiny. To him it appears, as it really is, a nature noble, but weak; warm, but unreflecting; aspiring, yet indolent; never so low as to be past hope, nor so high as to be above progress; often afflicted, yet able to rise above sorrow; tempted, yet capable of victory. His own soul was his interpreter of humanity; his own life a compendium of human experience; and when he spake to the tried or mourning spirit, he seemed to be uttering the reasonings which had been effectual with his own mind. Listen to him conversing with the afflicted, and can you fail to recognise the man of sorrows? See him melting himself before the melted penitent, and gazing on guilt with serene and pure compassion, and can you fail to remember the struggles of the desert, to trace a soul in which the causes of sin had once risen to the surface, and which knew the effort needed to sink them again in the depths of holy resolve? Or, watch him when in contact with death, and who does not discern the spirit that had mused solemnly on mortality, and prayed near many a familiar grave, and imbibed the true peace of the immortal hope? Where, indeed, was the woe too wayward for him to understand? Where the want too refined for him to reach? All the trains of human emotions—all the group of circumstances which make up human vicissitudes, appeared to be pictured upon his imagination: he seemed like the searcher of all hearts, because he had deeply read his own.

And if Christ manifested this sympathy with every thing human, this penetration into the experience, and adaptation to the wants of man, so does his gospel. For, indeed, he is himself his gospel—*he* is his own truth. A sinless and immortal man is our revelation; teaching all duty by his life, and all faith by his destiny. Whatever is asserted of him, is asserted of the gospel. The written record of his history is but like his perpetuated presence upon earth; going about doing good; claiming affinities with all that belongs to human kind; insinuating itself into the heart of the repentant, and receiving on its open page his most sacred tears; bracing the feeble energies of conscience, and warming into existence new moral perceptions; lighting up visions of peace before the eye of bereavement; and saying to the troubled waters of passion, "Peace! be still." Christianity has a voice for every department of our nature—an entrance at every avenue of the soul; it has its blessings for every variety of mind. He that wants hope, he that wants motive, he that wants solace, may find it there. There the intellect may meet with truths greater than its philosophy, yet pervading all philosophy, as God pervades the universe. The memory may store itself with wisdom, and discover that to retrace the history of men is to take a retrospect of Providence. The imagination may find an infinite futurity, so certain as to stimulate its activity, so mysterious as to require it—a futurity over which its creative powers may brood, and bid the hills and the waters of a glorious abode arise, and plant in its Paradise the lost and loved, and bathe its scenes in the tinted light of an ineffable beauty. The affections may learn where to lean for an unbroken rest; how to become peaceful without being chilled; how to glow with intensity without risk of anguish or necessity of decline. Search human nature where you will, and something will be found suited to it in the gospel. In other words, the gospel is adapted to the spiritual wants of man.

And hence, if there be in the Christian world any system of doctrine which is identical with Christianity—if, amid the confusion of wrangling tongues, the original words of truth and grace may any where be heard—if, throughout our multiplying sects, there be any faith in which the true gospel lives, that faith must contain the same adaptation to the wants of the human mind which exists in the gospel. And all other forms of faith, in proportion as they diverge from the pure gospel, must manifest this adaptation in a less and less degree; so that we may measure their approximation to the truth by their accordance with human nature, and their tendency to minister to its wants. And if, in comparing two modes of faith, we find that the one unnerves our moral powers, while the other braces them for conflict; that the one adds to our human troubles new and bitter solicitudes, while the other soothes to peace every suffering but that of sin; that the one shrouds the grave in more dreadful mystery, while the other makes it *to* all the needful passage to perfect life; that the one demands the extinction of an intellect that cannot be quenched, while the other opens to it new employment and boundless prospects; that the one assigns to all the good, in the mass, one and the same immutable reward, and to all the bad, in the mass, one and the same immutable punishment; while the other promises an infinite gradation of happiness, and so provides for human progressiveness;

then are we furnished with a strong presumption that the former is a departure from the mind of Christ, the latter at least an approximation to it.

Now it has been said that a rational faith is at variance with the spiritual requirements of man; that it is incapable of creating holiness or imparting peace, or inspiring a living hope of heaven; that it is deficient in the very first requisites of all religion, and leaves in dreary desolation those departments of the soul which religion should refresh and enrich; that it provides no armour against the temptations, no reviving voice amid the despondency, no solace for the tears, no staff at the close, of this life, and no shelter from the woes of another. This is a heavy charge; but we trust it may be shown that we are under no such infatuation; that we love our faith because it is all that our spiritual nature wants; that it warms, fills, and expands our noblest capacities; that it is a faithful guide to the everlasting home of the soul.

Let us, however, distinctly understand what is meant by the spiritual wants of man. What is it reasonable to expect that religion should do for us? We reply, first, man is an afflicted being, and requires *consolation*. When the cloud is over him, its shade seems to brood over the whole creation, and he needs some revelation of light beyond; amid the storm that makes wreck of hope and comfort, he needs assurance of something more stable and serene. Among his trials we may reckon it one, that he is a mortal being, incapable of being satisfied with his mortality; for ever stretching forwards towards a futurity which is abrubtly closed upon his sight; lingering in the warm precincts of a life from which he is torn by the cold violence of dissolution; and he needs bright views into the future, notices of living scenes beyond the land of silence, promises of employment and emotion commensurate with his high capacities. Secondly, man is a moral being, exposed to temptation and liable to sin, yet capable of infinite progress, and requires *motives;* he wants not simply the theoretical knowledge of good and evil, but practical wisdom to choose the one, and avoid the other; substantial checks upon his misdirected impulses, and effective encouragement to his nobler but repressed affections. He needs invitations to moral renovation and assurances of pardon for the past. His more aspiring energies often prove a feeble match for the thousand forces that draw him to the earth; when he has fallen, unless he has fallen for ever, he needs an uplifting hand; his dissipated strength must be regathered; his languishing penitence looks for some light of promise. To this, which seems to comprise all requisitions of nature, others would add that man is an accursed being, and required a substitute. We admit no such want, and are not therefore bound to supply it. We see no traces of it in scripture, we feel no traces of it within us. We know of no curse in futurity, but such as may impend on each man's personal moral guilt; we know of none that may not be averted by personal moral reform; and discerning in our faith unequalled means of producing such reform, we deem it a faith mighty to save. Whether it be so or not remains to be revealed by the great issues of eternity; we wait in patience the awful test.

A rational faith supplies the consolations which man needs as an afflicted being. We know of nothing so likely to impart a genuine superiority to suffering as pure gospel views of Divine Providence. We totally reject the idea which men have found at the highest pinnacle of their presumption, that affliction is ever sent as a judgment for some unknown sin. If, indeed, the evils which men suffer are the obvious effect of their conduct, then we admit them to be of a penal character, inflicted, however, not in anger, but in love, not for the past aberration, but to guard against future guilt. He who sinks into poverty through profligacy, he who brings on disease by intemperance, he who loses his character in society by deceit, suffers the judgment of God; he is submitted to those distresses, which Heaven has linked to all that is wrong, to warn its children against its deceptive allurements. Neither our own afflictions, therefore, nor those of others, do we regard as evidences of God's displeasure, unless they are the natural fruits of sin. We do not think that one event is more providential than another, that any movement of creation has more design than another, that God is ever more immediately concerned in the production of one phenomenon than another. We believe that there is now nothing miraculous, nothing supernatural; God's government is all comprised within the operation of the general laws of nature. These views have given occasion to the charge of impiety, as if a rational faith referred nothing to God, and made all things to be reducible to the cold, inflexible, unfeeling mechanism of matter. It is our firm belief that the majority of Christians, and especially the very persons who prefer this charge, trace far too little to God. They make his agency an occasional exception to the course of things. Most events are believed to take place without him, but now and then there is something which indicates the workings of his spirit, and is pronounced to be signally providential. Now we would go much further, and say that nothing can take place without God; that there is absolutely no power in the universe but his; that nature is but his passive instrument, whose movements would be instantaneously arrested, were his living energy for one moment to retire. There is no exception, no distinction; no occurrence more merciful, more wise, than another. Though he adheres with undeviating uniformity to his general plan, though he now never breaks through it into the singularities of miracle to wake us from our slumbers of insensibility, yet every effect comprised within that plan is as distinctly designed by him, as if all his agency were directed to it alone. In every event there is all his wisdom and all his love; and every event is executed by the direct and immediate exercise of his power.

These principles have a direct tendency to lead us to God at all times. As all things are of him, and as he is love, all things must work together for good. This world is the perpetual theatre of his agency, and its darkness and its light are proportioned by him. The great object of his government we believe to be the formation of character; and whatever may purify the character, open the fountains of the soul, melt the obduracy of selfishness, expand to the skies the narrow circle of earthly hope, brace the enfeebled vigour of conscience, impart a consciousness of high and holy capacities, whatever, in short, can elevate our moral nature, should be welcomed as means and materials of ineffable joy. Often, it may be, the improvement of character is best promoted by the interruption of happiness; and then it is the part of love to enwrap us in the cloud. But perhaps there are no moments when the enlightened Christian is more melted by the conviction of Divine benignity, more vitally impressed with the sense of a Father's presence, more irresistibly uplifted in the sublimest spirit of prayer, than when, in the falling away of perishable comforts, he plants his foot amid the storm upon the rock of ages. The deeps of his nature are broken up, and the full flood of latent devotion streams forth upon his soul, sweeps away its impurities, till he emerges —a fairer, brighter, renovated being.

Among the afflictions of man, we may reckon it one that he is a mortal being, incapable of being satisfied with his mortality. It is the loftiest triumph of religion, that it can look with serenity into the grave, and one of the bitterest taunts that can be uttered against any form of it is the insinuation, that it is powerless in the last moment of life. Our expectations of eternity partake of the same moral features with our views of this life. We carry forward our convictions of the importance of character, to the new heavens and the new earth. We do not think that the recompense of futurity will consist in any accumulation of crowns and dignities and external pleasures, but in the natural fruits of virtue, in the free exercise of those very dispositions which are the appointed qualification for admission within the heavenly gates. The soul knows no higher rapture than the deep glow which a filial devotion spreads through the powers, and the thrill of tenderness with which the beneficent heart gazes on the happiness of creation. When, then, the rational Christian is brought to the confines of this life, and almost lifts the veil, in proportion as he feels that he loves his infinite Father and his fellow-pilgrims, in proportion as he has disciplined himself by self-denial, and energetic beneficence, and inflexible integrity, and habitual reference to God, to enjoy the promised engagements and delights of futurity, in that proportion he is serene and trustful. For the occasional transgressions of frailty, the inadvertent lapses which may be thinly scattered over the past, he ventures to hope for the pardon of a parent who knows his frame. If they imply no habit, no tendency of the mind, he trusts to lay them aside with the slight coil of mortality from which he is about to receive a blessed liberation. He is going to a world whose employments are congenial to his tastes, and unalloyed by the imperfections, and undarkened by the clouds which mingled with the happiest moments of this preliminary being. He goes as to a home where his tossed and troubled spirit may rest at last.

A rational faith furnishes the motives to holiness, which man requires as a tempted being, motives to personal virtue, to the love of man, and the love of God.

We begin with maintaining the power of man to do the will of God. To us, God would seem a repulsive being, had he, the Author of our natures and the apportioner of our duty, rendered them irreconcileable enemies—had he, in the spirit of the Egyptian task-masters, at the same moment demanded obedience, and created a disqualification. If human nature be utterly corrupt, the distinctions between guilt and virtue disappear; it is empty jargon to speak of flying from one and aspiring to the other; every motive to excellence vanishes, and the efforts to fashion the desires and affections, to conform them to a heavenly mould, must be as idle as so many strokes upon the rock. Virtue will never have a will till she has been endowed with a power.

This recognition of human capacity for obedience lies at the foundation of the importance we attach to morality. With us human duty is every thing; the main object of this life, the sole preparation for another. We not only deny that faith constitutes any separate condition of acceptance, but we think that faith is of no value, here or hereafter, except as a means of holiness; wherever holiness is found, involuntary error brings no danger; wherever it is not, faith gives no safety. We admit, indeed, that human virtue has no absolute merit, that it gives no claim to recompence, except on the Divine faithfulness; we trace to God alone all distinctions between right and wrong, all varieties in the distribution of enjoyment and suffering. But we believe there is a universal and changeless decree which connects together virtue and happiness, guilt and misery; a decree admitting of neither exception nor evasion; a decree which continues now as it ever has been, and will continue so world without end, which the sin of Adam could not modify, nor the death of Christ distort or annul. In certainty and accuracy it takes its place with the inflexible mechanism of the material universe; unerring and immutable as the laws which keep the planets in their orbits, and bind the ocean to the shore. This is the law which the great moral Governor of the world holds ever before us through life; in which conscience reads his recorded sentence, which he will hold in his right hand, when we go before him to be judged according to our deeds. It may be concealed by the pleasures of sin for a season; doubted in the temporal woes of virtue; spurned amid the prosperity of fraud; forgotten in the delusions of selfishness; eclipsed in the blazonry of ambition. But it lurks in secret amid them all; it will survive their fragile triumph; it will flash in the lightnings of remorse hereafter, on those who have been blind to its mild light of guidance here. This eternal, this ever-active law makes no broad, no impassable barrier between the accepted and the lost; it will not distribute the inhabitants of the unseen world into two well defined classes, the saved and the condemned. It will not separate by an infinite gulph the scarce perceptible shades of character which distinguish the least pure of the inhabitants of heaven from the least worthless of the prisoners of hell. It will rather proportion the measure of recompense to the amount of excellence, so that futurity will exhibit the same varieties in its happiness that are exhibited now in human character. That this is in the power of God no Christian can doubt. He who can weigh the mountains in scales, and measure the puny force that may poise an insect's wing, may at a glance discern the thousand differing hues that distinguish the assembly of the skies, and mete out to each its own variety of weal or woe. Not even repentance can interfere with the retributary principle of God's government, but is rather one of its applications. In so far as repentance produces virtue, it turns aside the penalties of sin. He that goes to his immortality a reclaimed and purified being, is spared the future agonies of guilt, is admitted to the felicities of the court of God. But have the penal consequences of his sin been annihilated? No; he has endured them in part in the bitterness of remorse and the struggles of reform; the rest he undergoes above; not indeed in suffering, but in privation; for who can imagine that his position in the scale of happiness will be exalted as that of his brother who needed no repentance? Will he ever recover the place which he has lost? Will he ever, throughout an eternal progress, overtake the holier companions of his way, whose better speed has left him lingering in the heavenly race? Never!—the moral proportions of heaven are immutable.

These views seem to possess an inherent grandeur which no misrepresentation can hide—an impressive solemnity with which none but the seared conscience dare trifle. They comprise a union of terror and encouragement, of equity and mercy, which adapts them alike to the presumptuous and the timorous. They extend their influence of fear or hope to every thing voluntary in life. Every thought, every desire, every act, brings with it its inevitable result—yields its contribution to the mysterious store of eternity. The happiness of obedience, the misery of vice, is alike infallible; every false step is an irrecoverable descent, every upward effort is a sure advance; awake, no enemy can surprise—asleep, no friend can save us. Proceed or tarry as we may, there is no point where the motive to good quits us, or suffers us to rest; wherever we are, there is always something more to be lost, and an infinity to gain; stand where we may, there are awful voices thundering from the depth below, and sweet beckonings from the spirits of light above, that urge us onwards.

The views supplied by a rational faith seem to be no less favorable to benevolence and social duty than they are to personal virtue. They lead us to think better of man than our brethren; the relation which God sustains towards him is, in our eyes, a relation, not of wrath, but of love. Hence we avoid one of the greatest dangers of the popular creed, that of becoming the narrow-hearted censors of mankind, looking with cold contempt on the herd of mortals that are about to be consigned to hopeless degradation. The moral world does not exhibit a transition more easy than that which slides from exaggerated notions of human corruption and misery to incurable selfishness and malevolence. Often, indeed, nature triumphs over error, and educes from the heart the free tide of love which an icy creed would freeze. Her triumph, however, has not always been complete; and history acquaints us with periods in which malignant deeds have suppressed her generous movements. Experience proves, no less than reason, that the more degraded the opinion that is entertained of human nature, the less reverence is there of human happiness and life. Shall the condemned prisoners, who are about to be swept away to the dungeons of the universe, be loved associates to those who are the chosen ministrants of the palace of God? Shall man love that which God holds aloof? Impossible! Human nature is fit only to be spurned, trampled on, scorned, insulted; to take the same place in the esteem of man that it holds in the wrath of God; to be used for the good of the elect, to be sported with awhile, while it is yet trembling on the brink of the abyss. Contrast with these views the sentiments with which a more cheerful faith enables us to look on creation. God is love in his own nature, and extends his love to every creature, and destines every creature to enjoy ultimately more than he will suffer. Wherever there is a conscious being, there is an object of divine benignity. No error, no guilt can alienate God's love; it may indeed change its manifestations; it may bring it down in forms of chastening terror or purifying woe upon the soul; but all is an expression of kindness, and all will end in good. Do we live on the face of this varied earth, and mingle with its busy throng? It is no outcast world lying in exile from its creator, but the lower mansion of God's house, the abode of his bright presence, the habitation of his favored creature, man. Do we meet with the erring and the ignorant? Where is our infallible truth, where our universal knowledge, that we should be designated with those whose errors the Father of Light can pity, and whose ignorance does not alienate his love? Do we turn away in anger from the child of guilt? The child of guilt is still the child of God, as loved and cherished as ourselves. All creatures are the ceaseless objects of his love, and he can love nothing that is worthy of our hate. And if we do not gather from a rational faith a supreme love of God, then must we have hearts which no sublimity can awe, and no tenderness can melt. The essential peculiarity of our views with respect to God is, that we totally deny the existence of any wrath or vengeance in his nature. We repudiate with disgust, the idea of vindictive justice, and its corollary of infinite and eternal punishment. And when we are told that God inflicts endless torment, not because he is malevolent, but because he is a faithful being who cannot lie, and must adhere to his threatenings against sin, we wish to be told whether, when God threatened this dread penalty, he knew that it must be inflicted, and if so, whether it was his faithfulness or his justice, or what other attribute, that designed this sweeping and unutterable curse? The intention, the threat requires to be explained, as well as the infliction; and if we are not allowed to say that there is malignity in the latter, we are only driven back to assert it in the former. In casting from us the belief in eternal punishment, we cut out all that can withdraw or check our love of the Infinite Father. And how does God appear before us? Whatever has at any time kindled our veneration, whatever has thrilled us with deep love, whatever has awed and hushed our spirits, we give to his unimaginable nature. To us he is the infinite abyss of mind, to which all that is godlike in the collective genius of humanity is but the spray-drop to the ocean. To us he is the fountain of all that is beautiful and great, from whose thought the heavens and the earth instantaneously sprang. To us he is the eternal life of the universe, who rolls the oceans and breathes the winds, and speeds the radiance of innumerable worlds, whose energy is awake in fields beyond the stellar light, and, while it numbers the pulses of an insect's life, walks the zones of the universe, and sees that all is good. To us he is the Parent of the human soul, ever spread through its powers, and waiting for its prayers, and ready for its love; bracing the vigour of the intellect; kindling the glow of the affections; upholding the leaning spirit of the penitent; never tired with hearing the broken utterance, and soothing the passionate griefs, and cooling the burning shame of his confessions, and tranquillising the impatient spirit of his aspirings; unfolding before us the dignity and duration of the imperishable mind, and spreading before it his own glorious infinitude, at once the inspirer of its progress, and the unattainable limit of its career. And shall we not love this Being? We believe that to love him perfectly, to cast down before him every emotion that can thrill the soul, to harmonise our minds with his through the imitation of Christ, his image, is the best peace that earth can give, and heaven will never take away.

What then, we would ask, is wanting to a rational faith? If it takes away the sting of death; if it leads us so to repose on Providence, that, come what may, our souls shall not be deeply troubled; if it give such dread views of sin, and such glorious promises of endless progress in what is good, as to stimulate to all personal holiness; if it afford such bright views of human nature and condition, as to invite a warm sympathy for our fellow men; and if it so fill our conceptions with the attractive glories of the Infinite Father, as to lead us to him as children, what more can it do? Having blessed us on earth, will it be found to fail when we are summoned to heaven? Will the Being we have venerated, refuse us there the light of that countenance we have loved? Will the brethren who will not acknowledge us now as of one faith, refuse to dwell with us in the assembly of the skies? Blessed be God! there will be no coldness, no bigotry, no exclusiveness *there;* intolerance, ashamed of its folly, and ignorance of its presumption, will learn at last, that heaven is wide enough for all.

OBSERVATIONS ON PAUL'S EPISTLES, AND ON THE DISPOSITIONS WITH WHICH, AND THE MANNER IN WHICH, THEY SHOULD BE PERUSED: *By the* REV. WILLIAM TURNER, *of Wakefield.*

IN the second Epistle to Timothy (ch. ii. 3—6.) the Apostle brings into view the three laborious and persevering characters of the soldier, the champion, and the husbandman, to illustrate to his young disciple, and with him to all succeeding teachers, the nature of their sacred function, and the attention which they ought to give to it; and then he adds, in the seventh verse, 'Consider what I say, and the Lord give thee understanding in all things.'

But might not the holy Apostle have added, with much propriety, a clause like this to every Epistle, to every paragraph of every Epistle, which he has written? Undoubtedly; for the subjects on which he every where treats are of very great importance to a right understanding of that most interesting of all subjects, the counsels of Divine Wisdom in the redemption of the world by Jesus Christ, the purpose of the various measures employed in the prosecution of this great design, the superior excellence of the Christian to the Mosaic institution, the genuine dignity and spirituality of the Christian profession and character, the pure and sublime precepts of the Gospel, the gracious assistance afforded for the discharge of them, the high privileges conferred on the disciples of Christ, and the glorious hopes set before them. All, then, are of very great importance to render us intelligent Christians, 'not unwise' and ignorant, 'but understanding what the will of the Lord is.' In short, the same character which he gives of the other Scriptures is very applicable to those which have flowed from his own pen, that they are 'profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, and instruction in righteousness, that the servant of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works.'

And if the subjects on which he treats deserve our closest attention, the manner in which he writes on them indispensably requires a very careful consideration of what he says, if we wish to understand him. In some places he suggests the premises, or proofs, but refers it to the understandings of his readers to draw the proper conclusion: in others, where the reasons will be obvious to every one, he contents himself with delivering maxims or conclusions. Here he reasons very succinctly, comprising his argument in few words; there he expatiates at large on a subject which affects him strongly, and with which he desires to affect his readers with comprehensive and striking views. Not seldom, when he is prosecuting a subject through a considerable chain of reasonings or deductions, he interweaves collateral subjects; if some expression or word he had used gives him occasion to start forth into the prosecution of some other objects, in parentheses that fill many verses, and sometimes whole chapters; and when the reader has almost lost sight of the former subject, and is ready to imagine that the writer has entirely dropped it, he suddenly resumes it again in strict connexion. On such occasions it is necessary that the reader carefully look back, and endeavour to re-unite the separated members of the argument, or all must appear to him confusion and perplexity; nor can he otherwise apprehend the Apostle's sentiment, or understand his purpose. In other parts of his Epistles, which are less employed in reasoning, and more in displaying his own views of the Christian scheme, or in exhortations to his brethren to cultivate the graces of the Christian spirit, and practise the duties of the Christian life, his style is remarkable for frequent allusions to passages of the Old Testament, which must first be well considered and understood, before you can apprehend his meaning. He often briefly alludes to certain customs, sentiments, and modes of expression, prevalent at that time, which must also be competently understood, or, though you may perhaps apprehend his general purpose, you lose the beauty, force, and energy, of both his sentiment and diction. In addition to all which, this truly sublime writer frequently couches, under a short clause of a sentence, a single word or epithet, or even particle, certain grand ideas, or striking modifications of grand ideas, in which he presents to the attentive and considerate reader, as it were a mine rich in sentiment, but requiring some labour to extract the precious metal; while the careless and inconsiderate skim lightly over these invaluable passages, or perhaps stumble at words and expressions which they may think superfluous and unmeaning, or even dark and unintelligible.

Now certainly such a writer as this requires close attention and accurate consideration from every reader. They who take him up with a vacant and thoughtless, or with a wandering and dissipated mind, will reap little advantage from reading him; far, very far, must they fall short of 'understanding him in all things.' And the impatient and precipitate, who eagerly catch up, and are very confident in the justness of, their first conceptions, will generally mistake his true meaning, and are in great danger of entangling themselves and misleading others into many inconsistencies and errors. What hope can they have from such a writer as St. Paul, who take up his writings, not with attention fixed, and with consideration in waiting to follow him closely, but with imagination already on the wing, prepared to take its rapid and ill-guided flights as any occasional word or sound, or other little incident, shall direct, and who look on this play of the fancy, amusing itself with specious conceits, as a devotional exercise, a pious meditation? Surely they cannot hope in these flights to catch the Apostle's true meaning, which lies too deep, and is too closely wrapped up in his own ardent and rapid, but often complicated sentences, to be made out by commentators like these.

Whoever would read St. Paul's Epistles with advantage, must begin with a recollected mind and attention closely fixed, with a desire to understand the true meaning of what he writes. To this end he must consider carefully the full import of every phrase and word; he must attend to the progress and connexion of his discourse and reasoning, observe accurately the relation which one clause or member bears to another, and how they lead on to the conclusion which he draws from the whole. When he breaks off or interrupts his discourse on any subject, to introduce observations on another, it will be necessary to mark the place where the interruption is made, to inquire what it was in the preceding words that led him to make such an insertion, and what reference the new subject bears to that on which he was treating; and then, after attending him carefully through the digression, observe where he resumes his former topic, what is the connexion, and how he proceeds till he has finished it. It is plain, then, that we must read him with great deliberation, and with frequent pauses for examination and reflection; and when we are not fully satisfied as to his meaning, we must have the humility to be sensible of our defect, and the patience to read a second or a third time, or even oftener if necessary; and if, after all, we are still not clear, we must be content to leave the matter in suspense, referring it to further examination on some future occasion.

As all this Apostle's writings are of the epistolary form, it is necessary that we do our best to place ourselves as much as possible in the times when they were written, that we inform ourselves as perfectly as we can of the occasions on which they were composed, and the circumstances of the churches or persons to whom they were addressed; what were the customs and the state of religious sentiments and practices which prevailed among different sorts of people, and what disputes were agitated at that time; for to these things almost continual reference is made, either in the way of particular and formal discourse, or of brief and transient allusion; consequently, without a competent knowledge and careful recollection of these subjects, we must necessarily lose the meaning, or at least the propriety and force, of many things. So necessary is a competent acquaintance with Jewish and heathen history and literature to an intelligent perusal of this sacred author. But alas! partly through neglect of this previous requisite furniture, partly through impatience of close attention and diligent consideration, and partly through vanity, precipitance, and backwardness to acknowledge ignorance where men really do not understand him, what miserable perversions have been made of St. Paul's Epistles, to the gross corruption of the genuine doctrines of Christianity, if not to the defeating of its glorious purposes, to the great dishonour of the excellent Apostle's character, and to the embroilment of Christians in pernicious contention and debate.

Happy would it have been if Christians in all ages had duly considered the cautionary hint which Peter gives with relation to Paul's Epistles, when he tells us (2 *Ep*. iii. 16.) that in them 'there are many things hard to be understood, which they that are unlearned and unstable wrest, as indeed they do also the other Scriptures, to their own destruction.' One would think that this were enough to make all men more careful, when they read these Epistles, to read with attention, modesty, and careful circumspection, cautious to avoid perversions and mistakes of so fatal tendency.

But is St. Paul the only one of the sacred writers who hath left us obscure and difficult passages; whose writings require a close attention, a diligent and repeated consideration; and who has, in many instances, been misunderstood by careless readers, and miserably perverted and abused by the hasty, injudicious, and prejudiced? No; there are difficulties in all the other holy writers.

Should it be asked, 'Why hath God permitted obscure and difficult passages to be interspersed in these works which were intended for the common benefit of mankind; to instruct the unlearned and dull, as well as the learned and ingenious, in the knowledge of the will and purpose of God concerning them, and in their own duties and most important interests?'

Permit me to reply to this question, with all the diffidence due to such a subject, that it seems sufficiently to account for this to observe, that God hath made men intelligent and rational creatures, and therefore hath caused them to be addressed in Scripture in a manner that requires them to exercise their rational powers. He hath endowed them with capacities of attention and inquiry, of apprehension and reflection; by a due improvement of which they may make very considerable acquisitions of knowledge and wisdom, and by perseverance continually advance to higher and more eminent attainments. By this constitution he has made it the indispensable duty of all men to use and improve their rational faculties diligently and faithfully. They who, by inquiry, study, and reflection upon those subjects which appear to be of importance to them, attain all the understanding and wisdom they are able, discharge this natural duty to themselves and to him who made them rational, and no doubt approve themselves before him as acting right and conformably to his intentions: whereas they who, through carelessness and inattention, neglect their rational capacities and remain ignorant, or through rashness and precipitancy, passion and prejudice, abuse them and fall into error, do at the same time fail in the discharge of a natural duty, injure themselves, and are unfaithful to him who endowed them with intelligent powers for nobler purposes. God has so constituted man and all things about him, that he cannot attain to the proper perfection and happiness of which he is capable without a diligent employment and improvement of his rational capacities by inquiry and consideration. How mean and despicable is the wretch who trifles away his time without inquiry, without thought, without knowledge. How infinitely inferior to his intelligent neighbour, who examines every thing, who thinks much, and continually improves in knowledge. How tasteless and tedious does time pass off to the former; but to the other how pleasurable is every hour, how full of exquisite satisfaction.

Every thing around us, too, is so constituted as to require the exercise of our intelligent, inquisitive, and reflecting powers, as well as the application of bodily labour, to render it useful to us. Perhaps men might have subsisted on the spontaneous productions of the earth, without employing art or culture; but they would have subsisted miserably, precariously, and in small numbers; whereas, by means of inquiry, study, and reflection, numberless discoveries have been made of beneficial properties of natural things, which would never otherwise have been found out. The accommodations of human life have by these means been inconceivably multiplied, and no doubt much more will hereafter be discovered and obtained by the further researches of future generations. All these benefits and blessings for mankind the wise and gracious Creator of all things purposely stored up, as it were, in the secret treasuries of nature, not to be obtained by men without a diligent use of those rational powers with which he hath endowed them, but with the kind intention to encourage and richly reward a careful improvement of those powers.

Now if the great Creator hath thus constituted all natural things, is it at all strange that when he speaks to us by the inspired writers, he should deliver himself in a manner that bears a striking correspondence to the intellectual faculties of his creatures, in a manner that requires diligent attention and close inquiry and consideration? For what subjects can be so worthy of them as those divine truths which God hath thought fit to reveal, connected with our highest, our eternal interests? Was it not fit that he should reveal them in a manner that should require the exercise of these capacities; in short, that there should be found in them some things obscure and hard to be understood, some things beyond the comprehension of the inattentive and careless, some things liable to be mistaken by the hasty and perverted by the prejudiced?

It is true that persons of the weakest capacities and most confined improvement are deeply interested in the great subjects on which revelation treats; and therefore it might be thought reasonable to expect that the sacred writers should always have used the utmost plainness and simplicity of expression, obvious and intelligible to all. But then, is it not true in fact, that revelation does actually use the utmost plainness, intelligible to the most ordinary capacities of men disposed to exercise them, in all things which are of absolute necessity and universal concern? In all these things 'the wayfaring man, though a fool, cannot err.'

Which leads me again to observe the harmony which subsists between the constitutions of nature and revelation, in the correspondence they bear in this respect to the different capacities, situations, and characters among mankind. In the constitution of nature we observe that those things which are necessary to the general support and comfort of all men, are obvious and easily obtained by persons of the lowest understandings, provided they are industrious; whereas those things which serve to furnish human life with variety and adorn it with elegance, lie deeper, as it were, and require superior talents, a more enlarged knowledge, and the application of much art to discover and cultivate them to perfection. So likewise in the constitution of revelation: the great truths requisite to be known, and the essential duties necessary to be practised by all men, are taught with great plainness, and in the most express terms; while the grounds and reasons of the Divine proceedings under the various dispensations of God to mankind, and the harmony of principles and connexion of measures which have run through the whole, and also some other subjects of which the holy writers, and particularly St. Paul, write so often, are frequently beyond the reach of inferior capacities to comprehend, and are not essential for any to know; but speculation concerning which, if conducted with a proper spirit—of humility with regard to the great subject, and of candour towards fellow-inquirers, whose researches may lead them into different views in a matter in many respects beyond the reach of any, and which even the sacred writers themselves do not always appear to have understood thoroughly, nay, as themselves say, 'which even the angels desire to look into'—may furnish much satisfaction and improvement to the studious and intelligent, who are able and willing to think deeply, and therefore are properly treated in a manner that requires close attention, repeated examination, and deep thought. It was on this account that St. Paul very properly observed to the Corinthians, in the midst of one of his trains of reasoning, 'I speak as unto wise men; judge ye what I say;' for it is only those who have good understandings, and who are diligent and assiduous in using them, that are qualified to apprehend and form a proper judgment of what he says, on many occasions. . . . .

Far am I from wishing to discourage any from reading and studying the sacred writings in general, or the Epistles of St.

Paul in particular, or to countenance or excuse such as are careless and voluntarily ignorant; but only to show all persons the necessity of reading them with attention, thoughtfulness, and a desire to understand. Let all persons read these valuable productions, which are designed for all and interest all: only let them read, and think carefully while they read, and reflect afterwards on what they have read. In this case, persons of the most ordinary capacities will never fail to find many things of great importance to their instruction, direction, caution, encouragement, and comfort, which they will easily understand: and if they take care to treasure up these things in their memories, digest them by serious meditation, and improve them by a suitable conformity in practice, they will become prepared to understand more, when they shall read and study in like manner the same portions of Scripture another time. We may well apply to this case these words of our Saviour, 'To him that hath shall be given, and he shall have more abundance; but from him that hath not shall be taken away, even that which he seemeth to have;' that is, he who earnestly endeavours to gain the knowledge of divine truths, and faithfully improves the knowledge he has already gained, shall obtain an enlarged measure of it: whereas the careless and inconsiderate will lose what they had learned, the hasty and precipitate will be entangled in error. But to careful consideration and study let all persons add also humility. Be not confident and sanguine, but modest and cautious in your interpretations. Be not ashamed to own your ignorance, where you really do not understand. Where you see the force of a passage clearly and satisfactorily, be pleased and thankful; where you are in doubt, examine more fully, or refer to a future examination. These are the natural means which God hath appointed for us to gain knowledge and understanding on any subject, and surely we ought to employ these means most carefully in relation to the highest and best subjects. Would you not all become intelligent Christians? Then you must read and inquire, you must study diligently and consider carefully, calmly, and modestly. The same Apostle who said 'I speak as unto wise men,' said also, 'Be ye not unwise, but understanding what the will of the Lord is.' In the diligent and conscientious use of these natural means which God hath appointed for us to acquire knowledge, and particularly the understanding of his Holy Word, we may rationally hope for assistance and all necessary success from him who dictated, and may reasonably pray for such assistance: but it is a gross absurdity, I had almost called it presumption, to expect that God will guide us into a true and certain understanding of the Scriptures, without our employing the labour of thought, study, and diligent consideration. Yet alas! how many read them, even the most difficult parts of them, with their understandings asleep and torpid, and with imagination only awake and on the wing, and thus decide upon the sense of what to others seems most obscure, with all the presumption of that bold faculty.

But let *us* always read the sacred writings with all that reverence which is due from them as containing the word and will of God, with all that humility which is due from us as conscious that we are frail and fallible creatures, with all that attentive consideration and solicitude to understand them rightly, which a full conviction that they contain truths of the last importance to our highest interests may reasonably inspire, and with serious dependence and encouraging hope that our Heavenly Father will not fail to give us a good understanding in all things necessary and useful to us!

ON EBENEZER ELLIOTT, THE POET OF HALLAMSHIRE AND OF THE 'CORN LAW RHYMES.'

(Continued from page 58.)

In the satire, with the notice of which our first article on the Poet of Hallamshire and Corn-Law Rhymes closed, the author has introduced a fine passage, which our limits precluded us from quoting, descriptive of the various talents of several poets then living, amongst whom Crabbe is eulogized in the following lines, powerfully characteristic of his peculiar merits.

> Tearing from want's dread woes the rags and all,
> Let Crabbe the eye of startled ease appal;
> Obtrude a gorgon on his dream of bliss,
> And show poor human nature as it is.

We introduce these verses here for the purpose of making a stricture on an observation in an article 'On Elliott's Poems,' in the last No. of the *Edinburgh Review*, in which the writer represents Crabbe and Wordsworth as exercising a moulding influence on the Corn-Law Rhymer's mind and compositions. The observation to which we allude is contained in the following passage:—'Crabbe and Wordsworth are the two missionaries of song, who can alone be said to have become his (Mr. Elliott's) masters by their mastery over his mind. *It is scarcely possible that the finest and most characteristic parts of these volumes could have existed in their present state, unless those great writers had first discovered the existence of the new world of poetry*, planted it with their own bright issue, and brought it into immortal communication with the wants and feelings of mankind.' Now it is a fact, which we have lately heard stated by Mr. Elliott himself, that he had produced his best works before he had read Wordsworth's finest productions (amongst which, by the way, he holds in highest esteem 'Peter Bell,') having previously seen but a few of the most inferior pieces of this great poet; so that Wordsworth could have exercised very little, if any, influence over his mind. Crabbe he always greatly admired, but we cannot subscribe to the opinion that 'the finest and most characteristic' passages in Mr. Elliott's poems are owing even to this powerful writer. They were the natural productions of his own mind, influenced by the circumstances in which he has been placed—a mind so strongly gifted with poetic talent that it would, we are inclined to think, have itself discovered 'the new world of poetry' of which the reviewer speaks, without any assistance from others, especially as that world was continually obtruded upon its view from the situation he occupied in society, and made the strongest appeal to its feelings in the moving incidents and scenery of the poet's own life. There is, doubtless, an electrical influence passing from mind to mind, which is felt through all ranks of the social system to its extremest verge; but on great intellects this is not a *moulding* influence—though it is such on inferior ones, born not so much to create as to imitate—it is rather an impulse which may, indeed, be deeply felt, and for a time urge even a lofty genius into a wrong course, but the mind of original and vigorous powers does not wander long from its own high path, to which nature, stronger even than education, eventually brings it back, especially when it feels the additional spur of painful circumstances goading it towards the proper track. Shenstone, as the earliest 'god of his idolatry,' would, had his thoughts and style been destined to be cast in the mould of other writers, naturally have stamped the deepest and most enduring impress on his works, which, however, bear no trace of this 'Bucolic mannerist.' Neither to Shenstone, nor to Crabbe, indeed, can we justly ascribe his 'finest and most characteristic' passages. Original temperament and the social influences of his station in life are, in our opinion, the true *creators* of Mr. Elliott's, as of every other great poet's works. He himself calls Southey the 'great master' who 'condescended,' in his own language, 'to teach me the art of poetry,' but he has not a shred of Southey's mantle in all his poetical wardrobe, unless it is to be found in the romantic garb he has thrown over 'Wharncliffe of the Demons:' Southey is all fiction, Elliott all truth; the one calls up from the 'vasty deep' of his imagination, fanciful beings, the other from the theatre of life brings forth real characters; the one gives 'to airy nothing a local habitation and a name,' the other exhibits substantial forms which may be every day met with in this world of solid and material things. Southey, in short, is the poet of romance, Elliott of real life. The sum and substance of Southey's teaching amounted, probably, to no more than instructing his pupil in the mechanism of verse—warning him against copying bad models, and exhorting him to rely on his own great powers. We know that in Southey—and we mention the circumstance as highly honourable to this accomplished writer's head and heart—he met with an encourager and a friend, when no one else cried 'God bless him,' and many were too ready to throw dust upon his head. At the very time the *Monthly Review* represented him as wandering in 'pitchy darkness,' and could not even bring themselves to wish one so lost in obscurity 'Good night,' Southey cheered him with well-timed praise: and when, emerging from the 'murky' night, to which he had been condemned, in the brighter dawn of another publication, the *Literary Gazette* represented him as bringing from it what was too odious for the eye of day to contemplate, describing his poems as 'indecent,' Southey addressed him in the most encouraging language to this effect:—'There is power in the least serious of these tales, but the higher you pitch your tone the better you succeed. Thirty years ago they would have made your reputation; thirty years hence the world will wonder that they did not do so.' Thus most effectually did 'the great master' teach his pupil the art of poetry, by justly praising his efforts, and cherishing his confidence in his own powers—not by exhorting to tread in his footsteps, or in those of any other, however high a reputation he might have, a genius fully competent to strike out a new path for himself, and more than any other difficult to be turned from his own course, most averse to submission of every kind, and adoring independence, at once his idol and his muse—regarding with utter abhorrence, even in extremest want, the subservient versatility of the 'hungry Greek,'

——— qui semper et omni
Nocte dieque potest alienum sumere vultum—

who could, on all occasions, if it would promote his interest, 'assume another's look;' and breathing from his inmost soul the free sentiments of the Roman bard,

Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri,
Quo me cunque rapit tempestas, deferor hospes.

Sworn to maintain no master's creed, I'm borne,
Where'er the tempest hurries me, a guest.

The master of Elliott was nature, and like all nature's poets, he has attained an excellence peculiarly his own. He belongs to no school of poetry—his very versification is original. He soon discovered that the thought is a slave to the rhyme, when it is confined to a single line or couplet, and that the second line of the couplet is too frequently a mere echo of the first.

His finely attuned ear, too, was offended with the monotony of similar sounds constantly recurring at the close of the verse. He was determined, therefore, to deviate as widely as possible from the standard of Pope, and to form his poetry on a new model, which should admit of all the freedom of blank verse without rejecting the melody of rhyme. This structure he framed with so much felicity, that his thoughts ran from one verse into another with the greatest ease, thus obtaining their full expansion, without being cramped or curtailed by the fetters of rhyme, which he has varied in a most skilful manner. Rhyme with Elliott, indeed, is not a shackle, but an ornament, which he throws over his verse with the most graceful ease and happy effect, taking care that it shall not show itself with too ambitious a display, nor injure the beauty it was intended to adorn. Hence his versification has an original charm which captivates the mind, whilst the ear is delighted with the majesty of its unconfined swell, the variety of its pauses, and the melody of its cadence. He hates the epigrammic style of verse, so common since the days of Pope, and condemns in unmeasured terms those who use and admire it on all subjects, ridiculing them, as in the satire before mentioned, under the firm of 'Epigram and Co.' In satire, however, as will be evident from the extracts in our former article, he often writes in this style with great force of language and condensation of thought, proving that his dislike to it in other compositions arises from no want of power in writing it, but from a conviction that it is not adapted to impassioned poetry.

These observations on Mr. Elliott's versification are, perhaps, best exemplified in his later productions, but specimens of the qualities we have attributed to it will be also found in the poems we are about to notice, published in conjunction with the satire we have already had occasion to quote, under the title of 'Tales of Night.' These are of two kinds—the grave and the gay: the latter being, we suppose, intended as a relief to the former—comedy or farce after tragedy: more properly speaking, they are interludes, as the light come between the graver pieces. Southey was perfectly right, when, addressing the author of them, he said, in reference to these very Tales, 'the higher you pitch your tone the better you succeed.' The sublime is Mr. Elliott's natural element—he was made to soar with the eagle, not to frisk with the squirrel or sport with the kitten; and whenever he descends from his high sphere, he is evidently out of his element. 'The Urchin Fun,' whom, in his introduction to 'Matrimonial Magic,' (the first of the lighter pieces), he calls upon Night to bring with her, will not come at his bidding: Fun and he have nothing to do with each other. He was not formed to play at romps, and mirth forsook him from his cradle. The attempt in him to be humorous is a struggle against nature—as much so as if the elephant, the mightiest and the gravest of animals, were to try to dance a jig. A Kemble would not have been more out of character in the part of Harlequin, than Elliott is, when he endeavours to frolic and to jest. What has the poet, whose soul was born under the influence of 'divinest melancholy,' and baptized with the tears of deepest sentiment—the poet who worships Night and the stars, delights in tempest and in gloom, and breathes forth his inmost soul in strains of mournful pathos—what has he to do with

> 'Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
> Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles?'

His nature has too much of the deeply sensitive plaintiveness of Heraclitus, mourning for human woe, to permit him to become a pupil of the laughing philosopher, and his passions are too intense and sincere to enable him to wear, with ease or grace, the double-faced mask of the ancient theatre, which on the one side was expressive of joy, on the other of grief. Shakespeare might divide himself between tragedy and comedy, and Garrick might pourtray each with such surprising versatility of talent as to deserve the compliment which Reynolds has paid it in his celebrated picture of this great actor between the sister-muses: but Elliott is the chosen favourite of Melpomene, and it is a species of infidelity, as well as ingratitude, in him, to dally with Thalia. It is also, if he will excuse our bluntness, a species of folly too: his jests are too coarse to please, and he is, besides, continually starting off from them into heroics, so that they appear unnatural from the incongruous mixture of farce and sentiment.

This latter observation we shall illustrate with a few extracts. In a tale, such as 'Matrimonial Magic,' devoted to fun, what can be more highly incongruous than the following beautiful piece of sentimentality, descriptive of the feelings of an old ugly 'witch' of a woman, of whom it has been just asserted that 'she loved Fun, and he loved her?'

> —— 'in the cup which she must drain,
> A gem of heavenly lustre shone,
> And, frequent, on her pillow lone
> She shed the tear of memory.
> No curse to her! with streaming eye;
> Then thought she of her husband's grave,
> Crown'd with the turf of twenty years,
> Where latest verdure still shall wave,
> And spring the earliest daisy rears.
> The dead, whom vainly we deplore,
> Not lost, she deem'd, but gone before;
> And her tried soul, its haven nigh,
> Was anchored on eternity.
> Heaven pitying, stoop'd, to make her sorrow less,
> Man scowl'd to see her burdensome distress,
> And the dogs knew her by her wretchedness.'—p. 90.

These feelings, however, are natural enough in an aged widow, though the description of them is out of place in a story intended to be comic: it is not of a piece with the rest, resembling a shred of fine cloth stitched to a tattered robe, such as madness sometimes delights to deck its misery in. The incongruity in this passage is not in the unsuitableness of the sentiment to the person, but to the general style and objects of the tale: in other passages, however, there is a glaring inconsistency between the sentiment expressed and the person expressing it. An instance of this occurs in an observation of a rustic, who, having left his wife to enter the army, returns in disguise, after ten years' absence, and under an assumed name, in order to try the constancy of the woman he had deserted, who supposes herself a widow, makes love to her, and is successful in his suit. On the eve of the wedding, this said rustic calls for a song upon another rustic, present at the marriage festival, who had been crossed in love, telling him, by way of preface and explanation of his melancholy, that he had never rightly prayed till he was jilted by 'sulky Sarah.' This is pretty fair home-play, and not out of character; but it is immediately succeeded by a sentiment which no rough uneducated soldier, such as William Bray, could have uttered:—

'Religion, ancient sages say,
Religion, from the realms above,
Came down, to soothe the mourner love;
And passion then was piety!'

Can any thing be more unnatural than a sentiment of this kind, expressed with an elegance that would not have disgraced Moore, in the mouth of a low jester, who had just told his twice-married wife, that she had shed tears enow 'old Martha's drake to swim'? 'Pensive Harry,' however, the jilted swain, sings as he is ordered, and not to be behind-hand with William Bray in sentiment and the elegant expression of it, he treats the village party, assembled to celebrate these 'Second Nuptials,' with a song full of most beautiful poetry, in which there is the following fine allusion to the above passage:—

—— 'not to soothe wild passion came
Religion from above:
Speak not in scorn her holy name;
Religion's self is love—
Love, with no poison in her kiss;
And, if she weeps, her tear is bliss.'

The song in which this truly just and noble sentiment occurs is succeeded by another, sung by a second rustic poet, entitled the 'Village Homer;' but, instead of abounding, as the composition of such a bard probably would have done, in 'uncouth rhymes spelt by the unlettered muse,'—and the more unlettered, the more suited to the taste of the audience,—it is a polished poem of 'most exquisite fancy,' combining the ethereal spirit of Wordsworth with the deep pathos of Byron.

We think it a pity so sweet a poem should be thrown away (as it must have been) on an illiterate and half-drunken audience, incapable, even in their sober senses, of appreciating its merits—to address it to them was like 'throwing pearls before swine,'—and we shall, therefore, quote it entire, for the pleasure of our readers, who, if we are not mistaken, will accoúnt it a poetical gem.

'Methought I wander'd long and far, and slept
On purple heath flowers, while the black stream crept,
  Moaning beside me o'er its bed of stone:
But soon before my troubled spirit pass'd
A dream of unclimb'd hills and forests vast,
  And sea-like lakes, and shadowy rivers lone.

'And there a man whose youth seem'd palsied eld,
Mov'd slow and faint, by wildering thought impell'd,
  Yet beam'd the sorrow of his gentle eye,
With a sweet calmness, on the mountain's hoar,
And the magnificent Flora, and the shore
  Of shipless waves that swell'd to meet the sky.

'"And oh," he said, "falsehood, that truth-like seem'd!
I lov'd, and thought I was belov'd—I dream'd—
  Who hath had joys, and who hath woes, like mine?
The worm that gnaws the soul hath found me out.
Can th' lightning blast like thee, thou withering doubt?
  Suspicion, hath the wolf a fang like thee?

'"Farewell for ever!—and oh, thank'd be thou,
Realm of the roaring surge, that part'st us now!
  And hail, ye pathless swamps, ye unsail'd floods!—
Thou owest nought, thou glistening snake to me;
Hiss! if thou wilt—I ask not love of thee:"
  And then he plung'd into the night of woods.'

Thus, amidst the slang of these lighter tales, the genius of the sublime poet bursts forth through all the low trammels of the subject: congruity of style, consistency of character, are both violated, that the author might write in the only way natural to him—the way in which, whatever be his theme, the master-cord of his lyre and his soul will make itself heard.

We have a heavier charge to bring against these fun-devoted tales than incongruity of style, and a violation of the proprieties of character. They are cast in too coarse a mould, and some passages in them have all the grossness of Butler, without his redeeming wit. Words proscribed from the vocabulary of civilized life are occasionally introduced, and there are parts in them which smell too strongly of Swift's and Pope's corrupter taste. Faults of this description might be tolerated in a less refined age, but they are now universally offensive, and most justly condemned. The excellent moral of the tales, and the better qualities of such passages as we have quoted, may be admitted as some extenuation of this single breach of good manners in one whose style and thoughts are generally free from all impurity, and often take a highly moral and religious tone;[*] as in the more serious poems, with the notice of which we shall conclude this article.

The first of these bears the title of ‘The Exile,’ and has been lately re-published.[†] On its first publication it was unnoticed, though, in the poet's own estimation, it contains ‘a hundred times the merit of the “Corn Law Rhymes.”’ It is certainly a poem of very high character, abounding in the finest descriptions and most affecting sentiments, and exhibiting, in the wretched fate of two erring lovers, a sublime moral—that guilt is its own punishment. The ‘Exile,’ Alfred, after the defeat of Charles—of whom he was an adherent—at Worcester, fled, to preserve his life, to America, where he is first introduced to us, as wandering wretched on the romantic shores of the Patowmac, sighing for his native land and ‘his love.’ The time is evening, and, as reposing under its tranquil influence, the poet gives the following beautiful description of the magnificent river and the surrounding woods, with a fine allusion to the scenery of England:—

——— ‘on Patowmac's breast
The mallard sleeps; and, here the rattlesnake
Couch'd on his coils, the desert's deadly pest!
The bull-frog booms not yet; but accentless,
The listening wave doth not a pebble shake;
Nor doth a sound disturb the loneliness
Of Nature in her slumbers; nor a breeze
Skim o'er the boundless forest, to awake
The tempest-braving pine of centuries.
And while the stars, that guard the tranquil skies,
Look down in silence on the silent trees,
High on the mountain's azure crest the cloud
Lies, like a giant in his snowy shroud,
How silently! Haply, at this sweet hour
In England, to the purple-blossom'd heath
The sun-tann'd peat-man plods; while every bower
Weeps in the eye of morn, the drover wakes
With dewy locks, and, while his plaid he shakes
O'er crumpled grass, unbath'd by midnight shower,
Calls his tried dog, that lurks the thorn beneath,
Rous'd by whose voice, the bird that loves the sky
Sheds bright pearls from his clover canopy,
And, soaring, sings! And, o'er her fragrant pail,
More sweetly sings the milk-maid in the vale.
And the mist lessens on the distant sea:
And o'er the rocky grove the smoke curls slow;
And fair the halcyon is on writhen tree,
Whose giant arms stretch where the rock is riven;
But fairer far, on quivering waves below,
Are rock, tree, halcyon, and serenest heaven.
Oh, bless'd is he, who arm'd with dusky gun,
Sees on Britannian wastes the moor fowl run,

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[*] Since this passage was written, we have learned from the poet himself that ‘Matrimonial Magic’ and ‘Second Nuptials’ were *juvenile* compositions, inserted, with very slight alterations or additions, amongst the ‘Tales of Night,’ as make-weights. This circumstance should be taken into account in further extenuation of faults which Mr. Elliott candidly acknowledges and condemns.

[†] See vol. 1. of Elliott's ‘Collected Works.’

Or, flying, fall:—Oh, bless'd, who hears the bells
Sound o'er the dewy smile of Albion's dells,
While age, and youth, and blissful love repair
To sabbath service, country wake, or fair!'—p. 167—169.

The melancholy musings of Alfred are interrupted by the shrieks of a female convict, lately arrived from 'happy Albion,' shrieking under 'the slave-herd's whip,' from which the indignant exile rescues her, by striking her tormentor to the earth. The unfortunate woman is carried faint and tottering to her cabin, and her deliverer retires to his own dwelling: but, as the night advances, being unable to rest, he walks out into 'the cool and night air.' A grand description of a rising storm is introduced at this period of the story:—

'Darkness was spread o'er half the sky. The moon
Slept on her sea of blue. The stars appear'd
To dream around her, in night's awful noon!
Wild lightnings, fluttering distant, fring'd with fire
The growing darkness of the wrathful west;
And, on sublime Patowmac's troubled breast,
Convolv'd in seeming agony and ire,
The red reflection, like a dragon burn'd.
And, though the coming thunder was not heard,
Yet, on the breezeless sky, perturb'd in dread,
The silent bear his gleaming eye-balls turn'd;
Hoarse croak'd the eagle on the mountain's head;
The buffalo, in ominous horror low'd;
The storm-fiend whisper'd from his desert cave;
The forest shudder'd; the tumultuous cloud
Wander'd in heav'n; black roll'd the moaning wave.'—p. 171.

Attracted by the light of a torch shining through the unclosed door of the convict's cabin, the wanderer enters it, and gazes on the wretched inmate, lying in troubled sleep on her bed of agony. She repeats his own name in her slumber, and thus he discovers his long-lost Emma in the altered person of this miserable female slave. Awoke by his voice, but not recognising him as Alfred, she relates, in answer to his questions, her affecting story—the birth of her child, the consequent banishment from her home, her struggling with misfortune to support her infant son, till, destitute of food, she committed, in a moment of frenzy, a theft, for which she was condemned to be transported. On the eve of her departure from her native land, her aged father is represented as coming to take leave of her; and what a moving picture of this sorrowful interview is drawn in these powerfully graphic lines!

'As on the strand I stood,—and not alone,
But chain'd to others, like in crime and fate,
And female, too, though lost to female fears—
A man approach'd, more old in grief than years,
And kiss'd the fetter'd hand he bath'd with tears,
And, faultering, strove, but strove in vain, to speak.
Oh, he was chang'd! but Emma knew him well;
And with him came forgiveness, though too late.
But when he ask'd forgiveness of his child,
His guilty child, I thought my heart would break!
And when I bade him to my mother bear
A lock of hapless Emma's golden hair—

A kiss from one so lost—and pray'd him tell
If she, too, had the sinful one forgiv'n,
Oh, God! in more than agony, he *smil'd*,
He rav'd, amid his tears, in laughter wild!
"Emma," he said, "thy mother is in Heav'n,
Brought to the grave with sorrow—not by thee—
It was God's will! and none from sin are free."
Again he kiss'd me, and he turn'd to go;
But no—poor Emma would not have it so;
He saw the boy on whom my sad eye fell,
And kiss'd my little Alfred—then—farewell!
I saw him not, but sobb'd, in sorrow blind,
And heard his faint "God bless thee!" in the wind.'—p. 174, 175.

The only comfort of the wretched Emma, during her voyage of disgrace, was her child; but he was not long permitted to console her—he sickened and died. We must give the whole passage, in which her feelings are described, though it is of considerable length, not to do injustice to one of the most pathetic scenes the imagination of any poet ever conceived, the exquisite description of which may be truly said to be bathed and embalmed in the tears of the elegiac muse.

'Oh, Heaven! thou shouldst, according to the load,
Apportion strength to bear it on the road!
My boy refus'd his food, forgot to play,
And sicken'd on the waters, day by day.
He smil'd more seldom on his mother's smile;
He prattl'd less, in accents void of guile,
Of that wild land, beyond the golden wave,
Where I, not he, was doom'd to be a slave!
Cold o'er his limbs, the listless languor grew;
Paleness came o'er his eye of placid blue;
Pale mourn'd the lily, where the rose had died,
And timid, trembling, clung he to my side.
He was my all on earth. Oh, who can speak
The anxious mother's too prophetic woe,
Who sees death feeding on her dear child's cheek,
And strives in vain to think it is not so?
Ah, many a sad and sleepless night I pass'd,
O'er his couch listening, in the pausing blast,
While on his brow, more sad from hour to hour,
Droop'd wan Dejection, like a fading flower!
At length my boy seem'd better, and I slept—
Oh, soundly! but, methought, my mother wept
O'er her poor Emma, and, in accents low,
Said, "Ah! why do I weep? and weep in vain
For one so lov'd, so lost? Emma, thy pain
Draws to a close! ev'n now is rent in twain
The loveliest link that binds thy breast to woe.
Soon, broken heart, we soon shall meet again!"
Then o'er my face her freezing hand she cross'd,
And, bending, kiss'd me with her lip of frost.
I waked; and, at my side—oh! still and cold!—
Oh, what a tale that dreadful chillness told!
Shrieking, I started up, in terror wild;
Alas! and had I liv'd to dread my child?
Eager, I snatch'd him from his swinging bed;
His limbs were stiff—he mov'd not—he was dead!

'Oh, let me weep!—what mother would not weep,
To see her child committed to the deep?—
All lifeless, o'er his marble forehead roll'd,
The third night so his locks repose in gold.
Methinks, 'twas moonlight, and a torch cast wide
Its lanthorn'd radiance o'er the umber'd tide.

As wan on deck he lay, serenely fair,
And, oh, so like his sire! that man of care,
(From home, and hope, and all he lov'd, impell'd,)
Who ne'er his child, in life, or death, beheld,
And *could* not come, my breaking heart to share!
No mournful flowers, by weeping fondness laid,
Nor pink, nor rose, droop'd on his breast display'd,
Nor half-blown daisy, in his little hand.
Wide was the field around, but 'twas not land.
His features wore a sweet and pensive grace,
And death was beauty on his silent face.
No more his sad eye look'd me into tears!
Clos'd was that eye beneath his pale cold brow;
And on his calm lips, which had lost their glow,
But which, though pale, seem'd half unclos'd to speak,
Loiter'd a smile, like moonlight on the snow.
I gaz'd upon him still—not wild with fears—
Gone were my fears, and present was despair!
But, as I gazed, a little lock of hair,
Stirr'd by the breeze, play'd, trembling, on his cheek;
Oh, God! my heart!—I thought life still was there:
But, to commit him to his watery grave,
O'er which the winds, unwearied mourners rave—
One who strove darkly sorrow's sob to sway,
Uprais'd the body; thrice I bade him stay;
For still my wordless woe had much to say,
And still I bent, and gazed, and, gazing, wept.
At last, my sisters, with humane constraint,
Held me, and I was calm, as dying saint;
While that stern weeper lowered into the sea
My ill-starr'd boy! deep—buried deep, he slept.
And then I look'd to heav'n in agony,
And pray'd to end my pilgrimage of pain,
That I might meet my beauteous boy again!
Oh, had he liv'd to reach this wretched land,
And then expir'd—I would have bless'd the strand.
But, where my poor boy lies, I may not lie;
I cannot come, with broken heart, to sigh
O'er his lov'd dust, and strew with flowers his turf:
His pillow hath no cover but the surf!
I may not pour the soul-drop from mine eye
Near his cold bed; he slumbers in the wave!
Oh, I will *love* the sea, because it is his grave!'—p. 177—180.

The fainting joy of recognition, on the part of the dying convict, after her tale of woe was ended, is finely painted, and still more finely imagined and pourtrayed is the death scene ushered in by the fearful thunder of the midnight tempest, and agonised by all the horrors of remorse.

'Then with clasp'd hands, and fervent hearts dismay'd,
That she might live for him, both mutely pray'd.
But o'er their silence burst the heavy blast;
And, wrapp'd in darkness, the sky-torrent pass'd;
And down the giants of the forest dash'd;
And, pale as day, the night with lightning flash'd;
And, through aw'd heav'n, a peal, that might have been
The funeral dirge of suns and systems, crash'd:
More dread, more near, the bright blue blaze was seen,
Peal following peal, with direr pause between.
On the wild light she turn'd her wilder eye,
And grasp'd his hands, in dying agony,
Fast, and still faster, as the flash rush'd by.
"Spare me," she cried, "Oh, thou destroying rod!
Hark!—'tis the voice of unforgiving God!—
A mother murder'd, and a sire in woe!
Alfred, the deed was mine, for thee, for thee,

> I broke her heart, and turn'd his locks to snow!
> Hark!—'tis the roaring of the mighty sea!
> Lo, how the mountain billows fall and rise!
> And while their rage, beneath the howling night,
> Lifts my boy's tresses to the wild moonlight,
> Yet doth the wretch, th' unwedded mother live,
> Who, for those poor unvalued locks would give
> All, save her hope to kiss them in the skies!
> But see!—he rises from his wat'ry bed,
> And at his guilty mother shakes his head!
> There dost thou see him, blue and shivering stand,
> And lift at thee his little threatening hand!
> Oh, dreadful!—Hold me!—catch me!—die with me!
> Alas, that must not, and it should not be!
> No—pray that both our sins may be forgiv'n;
> Then come! and heav'n will—will, indeed, be heav'n!"'—p. 174, 175.

Nothing can exceed the beauty and sublimity of this most affecting description, crowded as it is with every circumstance that can move or appal: the 'voice of unforgiving God,' the shades of afflicted parents, whose grey hairs 'were brought down with sorrow to the grave' by their daughter's guilt; the sea-buried child of sin rising from its watery tomb to reprove, with its threatening 'little hand' of ghostly power, the trembling authors of its brief and wretched existence! In the whole range of English poetry we know of nothing superior—of scarcely any thing equal to this.

'Bothwell,' the second and last of the graver poems in the 'Tales of Night,' is rich in poetical beauties of the highest order. Our limits will allow of only two quotations. The first describes the beauty of Mary and her love for Bothwell—that Scottish chieftain himself being the describer—in language eloquent as the theme, and melodious as warbled music:

> 'Perhaps, the artist might, with cunning hand,
> Mimic the morn on Mary's lip of love;
> And fancy might before the canvas stand,
> And deem he saw th' unreal bosom move.
> But who could paint her heav'nly soul, which glows
> With more than kindness? the soft thoughts that rove
> Over the moonlight of her heart's repose?
> The wish to hood the falcon, spare the dove,
> Destroy the thorn, and multiply the rose?
> Oh, had'st thou words of fire, thou could'st not paint
> My Mary in her majesty of mind,
> Expressing half the queen, and half the saint!
> Her fancy wild, as pinions of the wind,
> Or sky-ascending eagle, that looks down
> Calm, on the homeless cloud he leaves behind;
> Yet beautiful as freshest flower full blown,
> That bends beneath the midnight dews reclin'd;
> Or yon resplendent path, o'er ocean's slumber thrown.
> 'Twas such a night—oh, ne'er, bless'd thought, depart!—
> When Mary utter'd first, in words of flame,
> The love, the guilt, the madness of her heart,
> While on my bosom burn'd her cheek of shame.
> Thy blood is ice, and, therefore, thou wilt blame
> The queen, the woman, the adulterous wife,
> The hapless, and the fair!—Oh, but her name
> Needs not thy mangling! Her disastrous life
> Needs not thy curse! Spare, slanderer, spare her fame!
> Then wore the heav'ns, as now, the clouded veil!

Yet mark'd I well her tears, and that wan smile
So tender, so confiding, whose sweet tale,
By memory told, can, even now, beguile
My spirit of its gloom! for then the pale
Sultana of the night her form display'd,
Pavilion'd in the pearly clouds afar,
Like brightness sleeping, or a naked maid
In virgin charms unrivall'd; while each star,
Astonish'd at her beauty, seem'd to fade,
Each planet, envy-stung, to turn aside,
Veiling their blushes with their golden hair.
Oh, moment—rich in transport, love, and pride!
Big, too, with woe, with terror, with despair!'—p. 200, 201.

The images introduced in the close of this passage bear a strong resemblance to the bold imaginings of the Eastern poets. Hafez himself could not have more poetically described the surpassing brightness of the moon than by the envy of the planets turning aside from it, and 'veiling their blushes with their golden hair.'

There is equal boldness and felicity in the address of the prisoner to the billow sea, through the grate of his dungeon; and, when it is considered that he had been long incarcerated in that dungeon, and cut off from all human society, (except that of one fellow-prisoner, who does not appear to have held much, if any, previous converse with him), such an address will appear very natural, as well as highly poetical.

'White billow, know'st thou Scotland? did thy wet
Foot ever spurn the shell on her lov'd strand?
There hast thou stoop'd' the sea-weed grey to fret—
Or glaze the pebble with thy chrystal hand?
I am of Scotland. Dear to me the sand
That sparkles where my infant days were nurs'd!
Dear is the vilest weed of that wild land
Where I have been so happy, so accurs'd!
Oh, tell me, hast thou seen my lady stand
Upon the moonlight shore, with troubled eye,
Looking towards Norway? didst thou gaze on her?
And did she speak of one far thence, and sigh?
Oh, that I were, with thee, a passenger
To Scotland, the bless'd Thule, with a sky
Changeful, like woman! would, oh, would I were!
But vainly hence my frantic wishes fly.—
Who rëigns at Holyrood? Is Mary there?
And does she sometimes shed, for him once lov'd, a tear?'—p. 209, 210.

It is impossible, after the perusal of such passages as those we have quoted in this article, not to acknowledge that Elliott was a first-rate poet, before his merits were allowed, and that they are of a much higher kind than such as are owing merely to the excitement of politics. The author of 'The Exile,' and of 'Bothwell,' has made an appeal to the universal principles of human nature, which will long continue to be deeply felt, when the temporary discussion about the corn laws shall have ceased to agitate the world, and future generations will be astonished that a poet of such mighty powers should have been prevented from entering the temple of Fame, till he was ushered into it with loud plaudits on the hobby-horse of a political party, though he had before ascended to its very gates, drawn by the spirited coursers of Genius in the ethereal chariot of the Muses, from which he scattered as he went, flowers of the sweetest fragrance and most enduring lustre, as the richest offering he could present at the shrine of the fickle goddess, and as his best claim to immortality.

(To be continued.)

THE ORIGINALITY OF THE CHARACTER OF CHRIST A PROOF THAT HE CAME FROM GOD.

Without aiming at the accuracy of a definition, or the fullness of a description, we have endeavoured to give a reply to the question, ‘ What is Christianity?’ On a future occasion we may enter into detail, and exhibit each separate feature of which it appears to us to consist. Previously, however, we shall treat of some topics on which, to our minds, the evidence of moral certainty is found in favour of the truth of the religion of Christ.

We are not among those who think that the safety of the Christian consists in a traditionary faith. Educational prejudices can never have the power of well-ascertained and well-grounded principles, and the faith which rests upon feeling may be dissipated by the first blasts of infidelity. In regard to religion, as to every other great interest of man, the best informed are at once the most safe and the most happy. Ignorance may, in some instances, be bliss, but only for a time; while it is injurious both to stability of character, and to permanent happiness. Besides, how injurious to Christianity is the supposition that a belief in it is most secure when least enlightened, and that danger lurks in inquiry. Had we a suspicion even that this were so, we should hence feel it the more imperatively to be our duty, to inquire and scrutinize; for the bare possibility of holding a system that was not founded in argument, would excite pain and alarm in our minds, under the apprehension of our bartering our sincerity for a creed, and being self-deceived into the reception of a falsehood. Let not the friends of the Gospel proclaim its uncertainty by deprecating inquiry into the evidence on which it rests. On the contrary, let them invite and challenge the narrowest scrutiny, on the assurance that the result must be favourable to truth, and that truth is, of all earthly possessions, the dearest. There are, we are aware, parts of the evidence—and those not the least cogent—that can hardly be appreciated by the uneducated; yet, there are other parts of an eminently popular character. Indeed, in the diversity and abundance of the evidences of Christianity, the wisdom of Providence is most conspicuous. There are the elements of conviction for every class and complexion of mind, however different the education may have been, or the pursuits may now be. When it is possible, it is to be desired that individuals should be acquainted with all these lines of evidence: the basis of our faith cannot be too broadly nor too deeply laid. But the bulk of men have neither the time nor the ability for entering on a detailed and systematic exposition of the Christian evidence,. and more harm than good may be done by attempting to communicate to unprepared minds, those branches of it in which are involved the depths and intricacies of the philosophy of history, or the philosophy of language. The appeal should be made rather to principles, which every man carries in his own breast, and those great and beautiful features of the Gospel which harmonize with, while they raise and refine, the essential and holier workings of our nature. This is what we propose to do, leaving what is abstruse for those who can penetrate it, and consigning to the learned what is their peculiar heritage. Let us take the New Testament, as presented to us, and the human heart, as we feel it working in our own bosoms, and let us study both, compare both, and endeavour to learn whether or not the one was made for the other; whether the mind does not give its sanction to the Gospel, and the Gospel offer to carry onward the mind to perfection and immortality.

And first, to advert to the character of Christ. Our position is, that it is original, and, consequently, divine. For its production there must have been an adequate cause. The resources of fiction were insufficient; the age in which Jesus appeared had not even the scattered elements of his character; nay, the highest triumphs of civilization have never approached the elevation and refinement of his mind; and, therefore, as he was not of the 'earth earthy,' he must have been 'the Lord from Heaven;' in other words, he was under the special influence of the Almighty.

We cannot speak of originality without some standard of comparison, and it is of great consequence, both for the distinctness of our ideas and the justness of the argument, that we should understand with what elements of character Jesus is to be put in contrast.

It has not been unusual to array, on the one side of the contrast the intellect and morality of Greece and Rome, and to show, as may be successfully done, that Jesus outshone these, the brightest luminaries of the ancient world. But this is rather argumentative chivalry than justice. It is giving the enemy an advantage to which he has no claim, and is the act rather of a disputant strong in his cause, than of a learner in the school of truth. To know things as they are, may, in some cases, be less attractive, but is always more safe and satisfactory, than victories won on the most generous principles of intellectual warfare. What, then, had Jesus to do with the intellect or the morality of Greece or Rome? Had he breathed the earth-born inspiration of Homer; had he studied in the academy with Plato; had he taken lessons in practical philosophy from Socrates; or did he receive from Cicero the treasures which that orator had gathered up in his assiduous intercourse with the great minds of his own and former ages? There is not the slightest trace in the mind of Christ of a heathen impress. Whatever there is of earth about him, is of Jewish origin. With a rigour equal to that by which Hebrews were forbidden to eat with strangers, might his mind appear to have been kept apart from Pagan influences. In fact, the barrier was in circumstances. Jesus was born, not in Italy, but in Judea; and born, too, among the peasantry, and not the nobility, of the world. He was thus cut off from all the streams of Pagan learning. Their origin and their termination were in lands far removed from him; and it would show more boldness than judgment to affirm that even the echo of the maxims of heathen philosophy was heard amid the recesses where Jesus spent the greater part of his brief existence.

The Gospel, whatever it be in other respects, is obviously an offspring of Judaism. The prophecy was verified which declared, 'There shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse, and a branch shall grow out of his roots.' Christianity is a development, and, not only so, but a fulfilment of the Mosaic institutions. Why, then, look to Greece and Rome for objects of comparison? They had nothing to do with the formation of Christ's character; and, even had they possessed the elements of that lofty excellence which the credulity of unbelief has ascribed to them, that would not affect the originality of the character of one from whom they were separated by intervening seas and mountains, and the yet less passable barriers of social position. And why, too, any anxiety about the hardy averment of unbelievers, that as all the valuable materials of the New Testament are found in heathen writers, the Gospel is nothing more than the collective wisdom of the ancient world? Let it be granted that all that is good in the Gospel may be found scattered up and down in heathen writers—an assumption less authorized by fact could scarcely be conceived; but let it be granted—and what ensues to impeach the originality of Christ's character? Where is the connexion between them and him, which should warrant our ascribing his riches to the mines of heathen lands? Are the stars of our hemisphere dependent for their brilliancy on those of the other? With as little propriety might we say, that the light which shone on the lake of Galilee was composed of the rays that lay scattered upon and down the western world. The wisdom of Jesus is, humanly speaking, that of a Jewish peasant, and strange, indeed, would it be, if he had met with a stray copy of Aristotle in his father's workshop, or had acquired the taste or the skill to study that philosopher's pages among the bigotry and ignorance of his Jewish instructors.

But if the Gospel bears indisputable features of a Jewish origin, where, among the Jewish institutions, are we to look for objects with which to test the originality of Christ? To the ecclesiastical order? What special connexion had the son of a carpenter with the traditions of the elders, or the learning of the Sanhedrim? Paul may have sat at Gamaliel's feet, but what learned doctor was the instructor of Christ? It is true that religious knowledge, at least of an inferior kind, was widely spread among the people; for the synagogues were opened periodically for public worship, the scriptures were habitually read in the hearing of the people, and the annual festivals did something to instruct, as well as to assemble in Jerusalem multitudes of all ranks, and from all parts of the country. But we have no reason to believe that Jesus possessed, either in kind or degree, information which was not accessible to men generally of the same condition in life as himself. We do not deny, but maintain, that he was distinguished far above all men of all ages—but it was in the distinction of heavenly, not earthly, elements. There is nothing in his human history to indicate extraordinary advantages. What was the question put in consequence of the marvellous wisdom with which he taught? 'How knoweth this man letters (learning), having never learned?' Neither his rank nor his opportunities had enabled him to become possessed of the learning of the professed and privileged Judaical teachers. Hence it was that his contemporaries felt the liveliest surprise on listening to his words; and the solution which Jesus himself gave is the only satisfactory solution—'My doctrine is not mine, but his that sent me.'* In deprecating the comparing of Jesus with the priesthood of his day, we are not to be thought to entertain any fears of the result, but solely to be actuated by a desire of making the comparison in a proper manner. Were we at liberty to choose the other portion of our contrast, we should take none more readily than the Jewish hierarchy—for, surely, more numerous or broader lines of demarcation can no where be found than between him and them: him, a carpenter's son—them, the learned of the nation: him, a simple individual—them, the appointed conservators of the nation's welfare: him, with no resources but his own faculties—them, with all that wealth, position, and power, the associations of centuries, and the influence of a religion specially fitted to captivate the heart by captivating the senses—a religion full of the most stirring historical recollections, and rich with poetical, national, and devotional imagery—them, with all that these instruments combined to supply, all the inducements to beneficence, all the aids to personal dignity, all the command over a credulous, if not a bigotted, populace; yet look at the narrow spirit of the one, and the comprehensive spirit of the other; at their gross sensualism, and his lofty spirituality; at their malignity, and his generous tenderness; at their selfishness, and his disinterestedness; at their ignorance, and his wisdom. On the one side you behold a Jew, on the other a man. Even the patriotism of Jesus is far superior, because more enlightened than theirs. With him it was that truly noble sentiment which harmonizes the good of one's country with the good of one's kind; with them it was bigotry and exclusiveness, veiled under a specious name.

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* John vii. 15, 16.

If, however, the comparison is not to be with the priests, ought it to be with the philosophers of his day? Why? Was Jesus a philosopher? Did he dogmatise with the Pharisee, or doubt with the Sadducee, or immure himself in the cloister of the Essene? Where are the evidences of his having learned of the wisdom of the world? What had he in common with the distinctive features of any or of all of the Jewish schools of philosophy? Did he approve or condemn the traditionary faith of the Pharisees—the scepticism of the Sadducees—the monkism of the Essenes? The only position that is tenable is, that as Jesus was a Jewish peasant, with the Jewish peasantry he ought to be compared. With whom would you compare a contemporary?—with men whose education and habits were wholly dissimilar from his? Would it be right to place side by side a Milton and a Burns—a Newton and a Howard?—the philosopher whose days and nights are consumed in thought, and the labourer whose mind scarcely wanders beyond the mechanical drudgery of his handicraft? No just comparison can be drawn, except in something like an equality of advantages. Every man must be tried by his peers. Kings may enter the lists with kings, but justice is not done except peasants are matched against peasants.

And of the Jewish peasantry it would be difficult to find a more favourable specimen than in the immediate followers of Jesus himself. That they were not below the average may be inferred from the fact of their resorting to Jesus, in consequence of their love of knowledge, and of their being chosen by him as fellow-labourers in a moral reformation, while what we know from history of the general character of the Jewish nation at the time, serves to assure us, that they were far superior to their contemporaries, not only of their own, but of more elevated condition in life.

Advert, then, to the pages of the New Testament, with the view of collecting the materials of our comparison. Let us contemplate Jesus as surrounded by the least unfavourable specimen of the peasantry of his own times.

There is the contrast of their mental aptitudes. The impress of mental greatness is on all that Jesus said or did. He found instruction every where, and he uttered wisdom on every occasion. In the sun, the lily, and the ant, the temple made with hands, and the temple of the universe, in the flying fowl, and Cæsar's superscription, in the bread that he eat, the sick he cured, in the barren tree, and the fields white to harvest, he found monitors of duty, piety and benevolence, and made creation itself more beautiful by the beauty of the comment which he delivered on the objects it contains. But on the part of his followers, what incapacity for knowledge, though they had only to receive what he taught! Darkness brooded over their minds, even while the sun of truth shone above them. What efforts did he not make for their enlightenment! The very facts of his life—facts to which they were eye-witnesses—were sufficient to have opened their eyes, at least to some glimmering of his destiny and designs. Yet, hearing, they heard not, and seeing, they saw not; nor to the last did they perceive scarcely as through a glass darkly, even the purposes which Jesus came to fulfil, though to those purposes they themselves were pledged as his followers and missionaries. After the most explicit statements had been repeated again and again—not of metaphysical refinements, nor the mysteries of creeds—but of the facts of Christ's sufferings, violent death, and triumphant resurrection, 'they understood,' we are expressly told, 'none of these things; and this saying was hid from them, neither knew they the things which were spoken.' Whence this difference? Could the capacity of the one, and the incapacity of the other, have sprung from the same elements? Did the light of Jesus's mind literally spring out of the darkness which shrouded the cottages amid which he was born and bred? He that shall attempt to account for this contrast without the admission of the illuminating influence of God's spirit, will find the task as hard as if he had undertaken to refer the splendor of a tropical landscape to the frozen twilight of the arctic regions.

There is the contrast in their spirit. What a fine instance of self-forgetfulness have we in the discourse of Jesus with the Samaritan woman. Though wearied with journeying and abstinence from food, he enters into a long and animated conversation with the woman, thinking rather of doing good, than satisfying the wants of nature; and when, on the return of his disciples with the food for which they had gone, he is urged to eat, he gave as his reply, ‘ I have meat to eat that ye know not of;’ and, on being misunderstood, in consequence of the sensualism of his followers’ apprehensions, subjoined, ‘ My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work.’ And hereupon, instead of taking the food he so much needed, he proceeds to deliver to his attendants such remarks as were suggested to his prolific mind by the circumstances which had just transpired.

It would be easy to multiply instances; but what was the whole of his public life, but one continued act of self-denial, crowned by the noblest act of devotedness that the imagination can conceive? Let us turn to the other side of the picture. We appeal to the reader’s recollections of the general character of his disciples for an answer to the question, if they do not appear to have been actuated mainly by personal and selfish motives in their attendance on Jesus? Advert to the request of Zebedee for her sons, that one should sit on his right hand, and the other on his left, in his kingdom; to the eager inquiry of Peter, ‘ Lo, we have left all, and followed thee, *what* shall we HAVE therefore?’ And even at his last interview with his disciples, after they had had the experience of his long and self-denying labours, the benefit of living in the influence of his meek and tender spirit—of comprehending, as one would think, somewhat of the great teaching of his whole life, that the service of love is the foremost of all pre-eminence, and after he had engaged with them in the heart-subduing rite which pre-signified his last sufferings; after all this, at the very table where *he* sat, who, though their Lord and master, was ‘among them as one that serveth,’ and around which beamed the radiance of his gentleness, and at the very moment when they must have had some presentiment of the calamity which impended over his sacred head, ‘ there was a strife among them, which of them should be accounted *the greatest.*’ It might extenuate their fault had this been the first time that the question had been propounded; but the rivalry had previously come under the cognizance of Jesus, and had met with a rebuke in his own mild and effective manner. The passage is too characteristic to be omitted. ‘ And he came to Capernaum, and being in the house, he asked them, What was it that ye disputed among yourselves by the way? But they held their peace (doubtless conscience-stricken), for by the way they had disputed among themselves who should be the greatest. And he sat down and called the twelve, and saith unto them, If any man desire to be first, the same shall be last, and servant of all. And he took a child, and set him in the midst of them; and when he had taken him in his arms, he said unto them, Verily, I say unto you, except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of Heaven.'

The mention of this incident brings to mind the touching stories recorded in the Gospels, of the Saviour's treatment of children. With feelings such as are always felt towards the young by generous and virtuous breasts, he welcomed them to a warm embrace, and doubtless was repaid by their artless smiles and fondling affection, while his churlish followers bade them and their parents stand aloof. 'Then were brought unto him little children, that he should put his hands on them and pray; and his disciples rebuked them. But Jesus said, Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven.'

The feud between the Jews and the Samaritans was of such a character, as scarcely, if ever, to have been surpassed by the hatred and malignity of rival clans. How different the feelings of Jesus and those of his attendants, in regard to this inveterate hostility! The band of reformers had, on their way to Jerusalem, to pass through a village of the Samaritans; and, being in need of refreshment, Jesus's attendants endeavoured to procure the requisite provisions, but meet with a refusal, when it is found that they were on their way to the metropolis of the rival country—a foul breach of the laws of hospitality—nay, of humanity; no doubt, a rebuke was deserved, and might have been administered by Jesus, but for the extravagance of his disciples' wishes. They knew their master's power over the elements, and having resolved to urge him to use it, already felt, it is probable, the gratifications of malignity beating in their breast at the thought of the signal revenge they were about to behold, when their application to their master, 'Lord, wilt thou that we command fire to come down from heaven and consume them?' was met by the well-deserved reproof, 'Ye know not what spirit ye are of; for the Son of Man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them.'*

And in the scenes accompanying the great sacrifice by which Jesus consummated both his labours and his beneficence, how marked is the contrast between his fortitude and their pusillanimity; his solicitude for others, and their care for themselves; his faithfulness, even unto death, and their treachery at the very approach of danger. If the cross is the triumph of Jesus, it is not less the disgrace of his chosen and pledged associates. Grandeur and littleness were never seen before or since in such depth of light and shade. It is the spirit of heaven in his heart, and the radiance of heaven around his brow—for them, they are crouching in their hiding-places, and one counting the wages of treachery and the price of his master's blood. Two or three abandoned, trembling, weeping women, are 'among the faithless only faithful found,' as if to justify the confiding attachment which Jesus had often manifested toward their sex, and make the disgrace of robuster natures more disgraceful. In estimating this diversity, it deserves to be specially mentioned that the disciples had had the benefit of their master's intercourse. They are not peasants taken from their menial occupations for the sake of pointing a contrast which their previous history had rendered them wholly unfit to endure. They had been with Jesus, had heard 'the gracious words' he uttered, the divine lessons he gave, and had witnessed the harmony that reigned between his teachings and his practice. Yet, after all, they remained at last, as compared with him, dwarfish in their thoughts, poor in their conceptions, narrow, and occasionally malignant, in their dispositions, and withal weak and timid, beyond the weakness of women.

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* Luke ix. 51.

We are prepared to listen to any attempt to explain this contrast, without the intervention of the special agency of God; but for ourselves, we must declare that the task is not only far beyond our powers, but appears the most futile that ever man attempted. Not the smallest element of an argument can we trace in the circumstances by which an attempt would be made to prove that what was so dissimilar grew out of the same soil. Let others account for this diversity who can, apart from special influences; for ourselves, no sufficient cause presents itself to our minds for the transcendant excellencies of Jesus, but the one assigned by himself, that 'God was with him.' And credulous, beyond all the credulity of superstition must that scepticism be, which professes to believe that the earthly influences which produced the littleness of the disciples' minds, produced also the greatness and goodness of that of their master.

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DR. CHANNING, ON PREACHING THE GOSPEL TO THE POOR.

You have now been set apart to the Christian ministry according to the rites of the Congregational Church. A principal design of these is to impress you with the importance and responsibleness of your office. That this impression may be strengthened, and that the duties now imposed on you may be brought distinctly to your minds, I have been appointed by the council, here convened, to deliver to you the usual Charge.

From the various topics, which naturally occur to me on this occasion, I can select but a few. For full instruction in your sacred calling, I refer you to the scriptures, to the example of Christ, the first and only perfect teacher of his religion, to the labors and sufferings of the apostles, and to the precepts relating to the ministry scattered through their writings. These are able 'to furnish you unto every good work, and to make you wise unto salvation.'

Preaching and private intercourse with the poor are henceforth to be the labors of your lives. First, you are to preach; and in performing this office, let me exhort you to the scrupulous observance of a plain but often neglected precept. It is this, Reverence Truth. Preach what approves itself clearly to your own minds as true, and preach nothing else. Teach nothing because others teach it. Inculcate nothing about which you have doubts, because expected to inculcate it. Speak from no human master, from no human creed. Speak from your own calm convictions, and from nothing else. Do not use stronger language than your own minds warrant, for the sake of making greater impression. Do not seek the reputation of eloquence, by assuming a bold confident tone, which exceeds your private belief. Exaggerate nothing. Paint nothing beyond the life. Be true, the hardest lesson to the minister. Preach nothing, however gratifying to the imagination or the heart, which cannot stand the scrutiny of the deliberate judgment. Distort no truth for the sake of effect. Never hope to make the sword of the spirit more powerful by any human alloy. I have said, beware of exaggeration. Beware also of the opposite vice, of softening down, diluting, obscuring the truth, till its power and pungency are gone, in order to accommodate it to the prejudices and passions of men. No man is fit to preach, who is not ready to be a martyr to truth. We indeed recommend to you prudence; but the great office of prudence is not to disfigure or conceal the truth, but to secure it against misapprehension, and to place it before men's minds in the light which will probably gain for it the readiest reception. Be prudent for the truth's sake, not for your own sake, not for the sake of popularity, not from weakness or timidity. Be cautious lest you be over cautious. Fear to stifle any great truth. Let your preaching be the frank expression of the workings and convictions of your own minds. There is a peculiar freshness, charm, energy, in perfect sincerity. The preaching which manifests a profound reverence for truth, which is seen and felt to spring from an inward fountain, which reveals the real and whole mind of the speaker, wins confidence and works conviction, far more than the most vehement outpourings of imagination and passion.

I have said, preach what approves itself to your own minds as true, and nothing else. I now say, preach it in your own style. Give it forth in the form to which your own minds prompt you. Be not imitators. Be not anxious to wield other men's weapons. Do not think that the mode of preaching, which is effectual in another, will therefore succeed in you. You surely would not mimic his tones, because they penetrate his hearers. Look at subjects with your own eyes. Utter them in your own words. Be yourselves. Be natural. There is no other road to the human heart.

Would you be increasingly useful? Then be just to your own minds. Let them act freely. Form yourselves from within more than from without. You ought indeed to seek benefit by hearing other preachers; but be benefitted through sympathy, and by catching from them generous impulses, and not by making them models. So you must read what others have written; but read, that the action of other minds may awaken your own intellectual activity, and not be a substitute for it. Listen in the first place to the whispers of truth in your own souls, and prize them more than the teachings of your fellow-creatures. Whenever you catch a new glimpse of God's character, of human nature, of human perfection, of life, of futurity, of the Christian spirit;—whenever a familiar truth rises before you in a new aspect; whenever a new principle dawns on you from a number of facts, which had before lain without connection in your minds; whenever a sentence in a human work, or a text of scripture reveals to you, as by a flash, some depth in your own souls, or scatters suddenly the mist which had before hung over some important doctrine; whenever a new light of this kind gleams on you, prize it more than volumes or libraries. Feel that a higher teacher than man has approached you. Pray to the Father of lights, that this new ray may brighten within you. It is by this welcome to truth, springing up in our own souls, that we are to grow in energy of thought and feeling; and growth is the great condition of increasing usefulness. We charge you then to be just and generous to your own minds. Cherish every divine inspiration. Be no man's slaves. Seek truth for yourselves. Speak it from yourselves. Speak it in your own natural tones. You of course desire to avoid the greatest of all defects in a preacher, that of being tame and dull; and your security from this is to be found, not in starts and exclamations, not in noise and gesture, not in the common places of passion, but in keeping your minds and hearts in free and powerful action. This inward life will give life to style and delivery, and nothing else will. This is the only secret of eloquence. Eloquence is not a trick of words. It is the utterance of great truths, so clearly discerned, so deeply felt, so bright, so burning, that they cannot be confined, that they create for themselves a style and manner, which carry them far into other souls; and of this eloquence there is but one fount, and that is inward life, force of thought, force of feeling.

Perhaps it may be said, that these marks apply little to ministers of the poor; that the poor are as children; and that little spiritual energy is required for their instruction. We charge you, my friends, to beware of this common error. Do not dishonor your high calling by supposing it to require little force of thought and feeling. The poor are generally ignorant, but in some respects they are better critics than the rich, and make greater demands on their teachers. A congregation of the more affluent and educated can be satisfied with proprieties of style and manner, can be held together by local attachment, by the elegance or fashionableness of the edifice in which it worships, or by the strong bonds of a creed or a sect. The poor care for none of these things. Proprieties of style and manner, local feeling, fashion, show, or sectarian zeal are no attractions to them. They can only be brought and held together by a preaching which fastens their attention, or pierces their consciences, or moves their hearts. They are no critics of words, but they know when they are touched or roused, and by this test, a far truer one than you find in fastidious congregations, they judge the minister, and determine whether to follow or forsake him. The duty of preaching to the poor is accordingly a difficult one. Their minister has much to learn, and, what is harder, much to forget. He must forget the modes of address under which he was himself educated. He is to speak to those who cannot find a meaning in the vague language, which he has generally heard from the pulpit. He must find a new tongue. He must reach the understanding through the imagination and the heart. He must look not upon his notes, but into the eyes of his hearers. He must appeal to the simple, universal principles of human nature. There must be a directness, freedom, earnestness of manner, which are not required in the church of more refined worshippers. To accomplish all this, books will do him little good. His best study is the poor man's narrow room. His best teacher is a keen observation of the workings of the poor man's heart, of his passions, perils, and spiritual wants. We charge you to beware of aiming to resemble ministers in other situations. You must invent modes of action for yourselves. You must make a new path. Cultivate by perpetual practice the power of extemporaneous address. Take your texts, as your Master did, from scenes, events, objects which are pressing on the notice of your hearers. Find your way to their minds and hearts. Be any thing but formal and mechanical. Better forsake your ministry, than make it a monotonous repetition of the common modes of teaching and action.

But preaching is not your whole or chief work. Private intercourse is to you a more important instrument than the pulpit. You must not wait for the poor in the church. Go to them in their houses. Go where no other will go. Let no squalidness, or misery, or crime repel you. Seek the friendless, the forsaken, the desponding, the lost. Penetrate the depths of poverty, the haunts of intemperance, the strong holds of sin. Feel an attraction in what others shun, in the bleak room open to the winter's wind, in the wasted form, and the haggard countenance, in the very degradation of your race. Go where suffering and guilt summon you; and what weapon shall you take with you for this contest with physical and moral evil? You will be told to arm yourselves with caution, to beware of deception, to take the shield of prudence, and to put on the breastplate of distrust; and this lesson is indeed important; but prudence and caution are only defensive armor. They will be security to yourselves; they give no power over misery, poverty, and vice. That power is to be found in a higher principle, and take heed lest this be quenched by that distrust in which you will be so plentifully instructed. The only power to oppose to evil is Love, strong enduring love, a benevolence which no crime or wretchedness can conquer, and which therefore can conquer all. Miserable indeed will be your office, if this spirit do not possess you, if a deep sympathy with your suffering fellow-creatures do not compel you, as it were, to seek their abodes, and do not identify you with them. Nothing but Christ's spirit, that which carried him to his cross, can carry you through your work. Go then with his love; and it will be mightier than the sword of the magistrate, or the armies of monarchs, to conquer evil. It will touch the heart which has hardened itself against all other influences. It will pierce the conscience, which is impregnable against the most vehement rebuke. It will say to the reckless transgressor, in the only language he can understand, that he is not an outcast from his race; and it will reveal to the desponding sufferer a love higher than your own, and bring back his lost faith in God. Love gives a new tongue, the only one which all men can comprehend. But by this, I mean something more than the common kindness of the world. I mean the spirit of Christ and his apostles, a love not born of the earth, but which came from heaven in the person of the Saviour, and is only to be nourished by communion with heaven. Seek it as your chief power. Guard it against the contagion of the spirit of this world. Cherish it by meditation and prayer, by intimacy with Christ and his true disciples, and by perpetual exercise in your intercourse with the poor.

You must love the poor; you must also respect them; and in truth, respect is the very soul of the love which I have enjoined. Honor the poor man. Let not his poverty for a moment hide you from his participation of your own nature and of the divine image. Never let the man be lost in the beggar. If you have not power to penetrate to the spirit within him, and to reverence that divine principle more than all outward magnificence, you are unfit for your office. If there seem to you exaggeration, or a false sentimentality, in the language which pronounces the soul of one poor man worth more than the wealth of worlds, or than all material nature, then you want the spirit of your function, and cannot lay it aside too soon. Go to the poor, to awaken in them the consciousness of their relation to God, and of their immortality. Do not go as the representatives of the richer classes, to keep them in order; but go in the name of Christians, to make them partakers of the highest distinctions and blessings in which any of us rejoice. Carry to them the gospel, not for purposes of worldly policy, but as a life-giving truth, imparted by God to lift them above all worldly greatness, to subject them to a nobler law than that of the state, to make them citizens of heaven. Present religion to them in a generous form. Carry to them the very truths you would bear to the most prosperous and enlightened. Stir up the poor man to be active for his own improvement, and teach him that the power of improvement is communicated to him as liberally as to his prosperous neighbour. Because he is poor, do not think that he is put into your hands as a passive material, to be shaped at your pleasure. Remember that he is as free as yourselves, and can only be carried forward by a spring of improvement in his own soul. The work of his salvation you cannot do for him. Awaken him to strive, watch, and pray for himself. Do not depress him. Do not, through a false sympathy, speak discouragingly of his condition. Show him that in his poverty he still has God's best gifts,—an immortal soul, and the means of its redemption and glory. Show him how much can be done for human nature in the humblest lot. Teach him that his condition has all the elements of virtue and of the only durable happiness; that suffering may be the occasion and incitement of fervent prayer, filial trust, and fervent fortitude; that the dews of God's spirit descend alike on rich and poor; that every grace may strike root in the soil of penury, and may gain strength from life's storms; that like the poor widow in the gospel, he can even give more generously, can be more charitable in the sight of God, than the richest of his race; and that even greatness is within his reach, for greatness lies not in what is outwardly done, but in strength of love and holy purpose put forth under sore temptation. Beware of depressing or degrading the poor, by giving them a low form of religion, or low views of their lot. Christ has pronounced blessings on them, and help them to put faith in his life-giving words.

There is one particular on which I cannot forbear speaking. Would you promote the present as well as future happiness of the poor? Then labor much, let it be a leading aim, to cherish among them the domestic and benevolent affections. Whoever knows the poor must know, how greatly the aspect of their abodes would be changed, and what a large proportion of their sufferings would be removed, by the substitution of a true love for selfishness, passion and envy, for unkind words and unkind deeds. Open within them the fountain of kindness. Urge on them Christianity as a spring of disinterested and tender affection. Teach the poor, that we who are prosperous find our chief earthly happiness in our domestic and other social bonds, and not in wealth; and that without love magnificence is a vain show, and the palace embosoms less peace than many a hovel. I insist on this, because it is the common doctrine of the day, that the poor are to be raised by being taught to save, to hoard, to economise their scanty earnings. By all means teach prudence, but do not make the poor anxious, selfish, sordid. Teach prudence; but still more teach love; and so doing you will teach economy. Inspire the poor with strong and tender affections towards their families and fellow-creatures, and they will deny themselves and practice thrift with a cheerfulness and fidelity, not often learned from the maxims of worldly wisdom.

I must not enlarge more on particular duties. In general, I would say to you, Honor your work. Think of it reverently. I use no exaggeration, when I give it a place among the most important labors of the times; for it bears on the very evil from which the social state has most to fear. We are accustomed to speak of the improvement of society; but its progress has been attended with one disastrous circumstance, which at times almost makes us doubt, whether the good has not been too dearly bought. I refer to the fact, that the elevation of one part of the community has been accompanied with the depression of another. Society has not gone forward as a whole. By the side of splendid dwellings you descry the abodes of squalid poverty, and within the city walls, which enclose the educated and refined, you may meet a half civilized horde, given up to deeper degradation than the inhabitants of the wilderness. In England, the country advanced above all others in agriculture, manufactures, refinement, and literary institutions, are miserable multitudes, degraded by dependence, uninstructed even in the being of a God, and dying of want before their time; and such is the tendency of modern civilization through the world. Society is not only disfigured but endangered by the poverty, and ignorance, and vice of a multitude of its members; and its security and happiness demand nothing so imperiously, as that this wretched mass should be enlightened, elevated, redeemed. Here is the chief sphere for philanthropy. Inequalities of property must indeed exist. But can it be necessary, that multitudes of human beings should writhe under wants and hardships, which palsy and almost extinguish their spiritual and moral power? This greatest social evil is beginning to arrest the attention of the statesman, as well as of the philanthropist and Christian. A louder and louder cry is beginning to break forth through the civilized world for a social reform, which shall reach the most depressed ranks of the community. I see and rejoice to see in your office, my friends, a sign of this new movement, an earnest of this grand and holy revolution. I see in it a recognition of the right of every human being to the means of spiritual developement, of moral and intellectual life. This is the most sacred right of humanity. Blessed are our eyes which see the day of its recognition. Feel, then, that you are consecrated to the greatest work of your age; and feel that you will be sustained in it by the prayers and zeal of our churches and their pastors. If indeed *your* ministry for the poor should be suffered to decline and fail, it would be a melancholy proof that *our* ministry for the rich is of little avail. If in this age, when the improvement of society is the theme even of the unbeliever, if, with every help from the spirit of the times, we, the pastors of these churches, cannot awaken in them a sensibility to the intellectual and moral wants of multitudes around them, cannot carry home to their consciences and hearts the duty of raising up their depressed fellow-creatures, of imparting Christian light, strength, and comfort to the ignorant and poor, then it is time that we should give up our pulpits to others, who will better understand and inculcate the spirit of Christ and his apostles. It is time that our lips should be closed, if we can do nothing towards breathing into men the peculiar benevolence of the gospel; a benevolence which feels for, and seeks to elevate and save the human soul. It is time too, that, as a class of Christians, we should disappear, if we will not take our part in the great work of regenerating society. It is the order of nature, that the dead should be buried; and the sooner a dead, lifeless, soulless sect is buried and forgotten, the better. But, my friends, I cannot fear that you will be abandoned. Christian love, I trust, has called you to this work, and will cheer and strengthen you in your heavenly mission.

Go forth, then, my friends, with a confiding spirit. Go forth in the strength of faith, hope, and charity. Go forth to increase the holiness of earth, and the happiness of heaven. Go to the dark alleys and the darker dwellings of the poor.

Go in the spirit of that God, to whom the soul of the poor man is as precious as your own. Go in the spirit of him, who for our sakes was poor, and had not where to lay his head. Go in reliance on that omnipotent grace, which can raise up the most fallen, cleanse the most polluted, enrich the poorest with more than royal wealth, console the deepest sorrows, and sanctify the sorest trials of life. Go cheerfully, for into the darkest dwellings you carry the light of life. And think not that you alone visit these humble habitations. God is there —Christ is there—angels are there. Feel their presence; breathe their love; and through your wise, unwearied, effectual labors may the poor man's dwelling become a consecrated place, the abode of love, 'the house of God and the gate of heaven.'

[The above is the charge delivered by Dr. Channing, after the sermon by Dr. Tuckerman, at the ordination of Charles Barnard and Fred. T. Gray, as Ministers at Large, in Boston, (U. S.) The main object of the *Christian Teacher* is to be useful. We shall therefore, in availing ourselves of the opportunity we have in procuring the early transmission of the productions of American Divines, occasionally postpone original papers in preference to such published writings, as are at once excellent in themselves, congenial with the spirit of our work, and little likely to be known to the British public.—EDITOR.]

THE PLEASURES OF TEACHERSHIP.

'Look on the picture, deem it not o'ercharged,
There is no trait which might not be enlarged,
Yet true to nature.'

AT a time when lofty and beneficent spirits are at work to open for their brethren of mankind every possible source of enjoyment and interest, is it not well that some one should step forward to point out the pleasures of an office which it is most important to have ably and willingly filled? Who is more proper to do this than one who has filled it? how far *ably*, God only knows; how *willingly*, an undiminished attachment to the work may testify.

Reader, I am no theorist. I would not seek to tempt any into a path which I had not cheerfully and thankfully trodden; I would not point to a source of happiness, if I had not tasted at its fountain some of the purest and brightest waters that ever gladdened a young spirit or refreshed a weary one; I would not boast how pleasant is the labour, if I had not felt the burden and heat of the day, as well as the freshness of the morning and the coolness of the evening dew.

It cannot be denied that teaching has been thought by many a laborious and irksome employment. Laborious it must be; but if it be found irksome and uninteresting, may not the cause be that teachers have not yet learnt to be at home in their avocation, to make it a resting-place for their affections, a field for the exercise of that purity of feeling and elevation of sentiment which a refining education has engendered in their minds?

That there are pleasures in teaching even the very ignorant and apparently hardened, is what I am very anxious to show.

'Who yearn like the refined and the sensitive to be themselves the fathers and the dealers out of some small blessings?' Who can bless like the teacher who teaches with a Christian spirit and a warm and thrilling heart? It is pleasant to nourish the animal, be it child or brute; to witness the agility of muscle, the strength of limb, the keen appetite for enjoyment, which are the fruit of days, perhaps nights, of tender and patient watchfulness. What is it, then, to nourish the expanding mind, to administer to the immortal spirit? To have our daily task, not in directing the clanging machinery of a factory, or in watching the growth of springing corn, and tending the bleating flocks, pleasant as these occupations may be; but in guiding the energies, and cherishing the feelings of a thing so ethereal and delicate as mind.

To implant an idea, to fix a principle;—is it not worth while to dwell a little upon these words? When once a right principle is wrought into the mind, a work is done which time cannot, and eternity will not, undo. Is it no pleasure to have performed such a work? Is it a small privilege to have daily and hourly opportunities to perform it? When once a feeling has completely taken possession of the mind, it becomes part and portion of the mind itself; it acquires a living principle. Forward it goes, on, on, on, like a river to the unbounded ocean, casting its jet and sparkle on many an object as it pursues its way. Our poets have spoken of the two eternities, the past and the future. If there were a thousand immortalities, an idea might possess them all, since it may live for ever, not only in the mind which first communicated it, but in every one by which it is received. Is it little to be the conductor between mind and mind of such an unquenchable, illimitable spark?

It is true that there is some alloy to the pleasures of the preceptor. He has not always the entire guidance of his pupil's mind. The parents will often step in between his best exertions and the object of them, with contradictory statements, deceitful promises, empty threats, and, worse still, with the influence of evil example; but they cannot 'expel the angel' from their children; they could not, if they tried, while better and more kindly teachings were counteracting them; and how few would try, let the teacher's own heart bear witness. In the mean time, he has God and nature, and all holy and happy influences on his side; and he can and will effect more than perhaps, in the modesty of real merit, he would believe it possible to achieve.

I believe that many children have a strong and abiding attachment to their instructors; yet I have always been able to forgive them, that they do not love their teachers as much as their teachers love them. They have so many pleasures in pursuit. 'They have the world before them where to choose,' and they have yet to find how very few will love them as they have been loved at school. They do not even know how well that is. They have some suspicion of the trouble they give, but none of the degree of affection they excite. Their parents themselves have very little idea of it. If they had, they would look upon the instructors of their children less as hirelings and more as friends and fellow-workers. There would be a unity of purpose, a warmth of sympathy, a fulness of confidence in both parties. The link between them would be their common love for those objects of their attention who are able to sanctify labour, and to make anxiety itself a bond of union. It is in this participation in the feelings, as well as in the duties of the parent, that so much of the teachers' happiness consists; in which it will so much more consist, whenever they shall be so imbued with the wisdom which is from above, and which is gentle, as to be entirely satisfied that there is nothing derogatory to their dignity, or subversive of their authority, in cherishing and avowing a strong attachment to their charge.

There is pleasure in putting forth our affections, even when they owe much of their intenseness to a keen and wearing anxiety for their object. If there be none so miserable as he, who is without an object of lively interest, can there be any so happy as they, who abound in such objects? Who having been brought into intimate connexion with many interesting beings under circumstances the most favourable for communion with their spirits, are standing on a vantage ground in society, and bear about with them through the world a mind-exalting, happiness-giving principle of love. The Philosopher has a strong and ardent attachment to the subjects of his researches, the Scholar to the auxiliaries of his studies, the Poet to the creations of his imaginations, the Painter to the scenes to which his genius has given life. The Teacher, whose feelings are fitted to his office, has a similar and equal regard for a portion of those whose welfare is the object of all philosophy, and all well-directed research; whose feelings, while they are true to nature, are the prototype of every thing that is beautiful in poetry, and fascinating in the sister arts, whose happiness is not a means, but the end, the Alpha and Omega of all that is great and glorious in nature, and desirable in the cultivation of science. He needs not the telescope of the astronomer, nor the dusty tomes of the student; he can dive at once into the well-spring of enjoyment; he can look out into the tumultuous world with the same feelings with which he looks up into the calm sky, as certain and as happy to find in the one familiar faces with their thousand associations, as to meet in the other the countenances of those unchanging stars which looked down upon the Shepherds of Judah, and seemed to their beautiful imaginings to sing for joy.

It is no small part of the happiness of that man, who devotes himself to the service of childhood, that he dwells in the region of perpetual youth—that he meets life in its spring tide—thought and feeling in their first-out gushing, and all that is good and beautiful in human nature, for the most part, before the influence of the world has crushed it into half concealment, or turned it to bitterness and fire. If the teacher be happy in his other connexions, there are faces around him which seem to reflect his happiness—if he be miserable, he will find consolation among those, whose joys and sorrows he has made his own; for like the sons of the widowed mother, 'their veins are full of youth, health, and the electricity of joy, and they carry within and about the house such countenances as, at any time, coming suddenly upon the view of the mourner, are like a lamp held up in the dim mist of melancholy, diffusing cheerfulness and elevation.'

O beautiful, beautiful childhood! there is with thee such delicacy of organization, such acuteness of feeling, such clear manifestations of what mind *is*, such a rich promise of what it *may be*, that he who loves thee, knows thee, and has his occupation with thee, holds in his hand a key that opens to him a store of inexhaustible treasure.

Let it not be supposed, that the loveliness of youth consists chiefly in the external appearance, in the silken hair, the dimpled mouth, and the sparkling eyes, which are so redolent of the freshness of beginning life. They who love children only for the sake of these, may rejoice in the youth of the body, but they can think very little of the infant spirit which is working within. The little hands that are hardened by premature labour, the forms that are stunted by want or disease, and the eyes that are sunken and joyless, may be instinct with powers and feelings, which may seldom be suspected, and may never be known. Alas! that any, who would turn away from such as these, should ever take upon themselves the office of a teacher of youth. With such a spirit, it is to be feared they will find little usefulness and less pleasure in it. The greater part of every human assemblage is composed of those, who would be the 'unobserved of observers.' It is amongst these, therefore, that the teacher must look for much of his satisfaction. Nor is it enough that he should be entirely unprejudiced by the total absence of external beauty. If he would enjoy all the happiness which is destined for him, he must not be too soon startled or discouraged by the appearance of moral deformity. He must neither desist nor despair, even when there is no evidence of any impression having been made by his advice and example, and his pupil returns again and again to the pursuits and companions which have been so often pointed out as dangerous and sinful. If the scholar carry into the midst of them a feeling that there is one eye, which, so situated, he could not bear to meet; one voice which would be raised against such abomination, something has been effected. The simple phrase, 'If HE had been there,' which I have heard in reference to a teacher from childish lips that had been often polluted, had in it a recognition of virtue which would tell upon the future character. A feeling may take possession of the mind, though for a time it may not be perceived that it had so much as entered it. It may often and often be suppressed by the allurements of vicious pleasures, and the deceitfulness of sin; but it will revive, not only in the time of sickness and sorrow, but amidst the excitement of the festal board, and the fascinations of the turf and of the gaming table. The guilty one will never be as though he had not known it. It may keep one spot in his heart unpolluted—it may be the foundation-stone upon which angels may rear a superstructure of holiness and love.

It has been said by one of our popular writers, that there is no trade or profession so ill paid as that of the schoolmaster. If there be no payment but such as Simon Magus would have offered, or Shylock would have accepted, so it often is; but is there no reward in such a hope as hath been described? Is it nothing to meet in the walks of life those who sat with us in the summer's sunshine and in the brightness of the winter's hearth—to look into the eyes in which we have so often kindled the gleam of intelligence—to hear again the voices which have spoken to us in the fulness of childhood's confidence? Is it nothing to meet with those touching instances of affection and sympathy, which are more or less the portion of every teacher who has fulfilled the duties of his calling with kindness and singleness of heart? Is it nothing to feel that we have given the direction to energies which will be working out good for humanity, when, with us, the green tree shall have become the dry? Are not these payments—rewards worthy Heaven to bestow and man to receive? God could have granted nothing better to my youth than to have had the training of his immortal offspring;—I ask nothing better of him for my age, than that I may have cause for an humble confidence that my labour has not been altogether in vain; that I have done nothing to disgrace a name, which to me is peaceful, and beautiful, and holy in its associations; and which was borne by him who is the Saviour of mankind, the name of TEACHER. S. J. W.

THE PLEASURES OF BENEVOLENCE. A POEM: BY WILLIAM HAMILTON DRUMMOND, D.D. M.R.I.A.

Hunter, London; Wakeman, and Hodges and Smith, Dublin.

THE great recommendation of this poem is the charm of the subject, and the felicitous skill with which the author has illustrated the Divine goodness. The Muse cannot be more nobly employed than in vindicating 'the ways of God to man'—her sublime harp the universe, from whose thousand cords she calls forth a high and solemn hymn responsive to his praise! Such a hymn we have in 'The Pleasures of Benevolence,' which may be classed with the 'Pleasures of Hope,' and 'of Memory,' though in style, if not in design and execution, it is more like 'The Pleasures of Imagination.' It has not the exquisite polish of Campbell, nor the powerfully graphic delineations of Rogers, nor the high-souled flights of Akenside: without these loftier qualities, however, it is not deficient in the graces of elegant diction and poetical embellishment. The versification is smooth, and often melodious, though sometimes, from its great diffuseness, it sounds more like eloquent rhythmical prose than measured numbers. The sentiments are always pure, glowing often with ardent feeling, and often sparkling with bright thoughts, but seldom breathing the deep fervour of impassioned poetry. The author appears to us, indeed, in some passages, more an orator than a poet, and the flowers which are thrown over his pages are not sufficiently bathed in Castalian dew—they are the flowers of rhetoric, rather than of the muse. His power of illustration is great, arising from a highly cultivated mind, enriched with various stores of knowledge, gathered from the ample fields of fable, history, philosophy, science, religion, and nature; and his command of language is very extensive. He is evidently well acquainted with classical literature, and warmly attached to it, as we trace in several passages of his poem resemblances to classical authors, sometimes assuming the form of free imitations, at others only of indirect allusion. We cannot doubt that the following verses, descriptive of the benevolence of the Deity, diffusing tranquillity and joy over the face of nature, were suggested by those, inimitable for their exquisite beauty, which we shall subjoin, from the fine opening of the *De Rerum Natura* of Lucretius, who represents Venus, or Love, as exerting a similar influence:

——— 'all these, in various guise,
Her mandate wait—and, as she comes, the heavens
With warmer radiance glow; the ocean smooths
His furrowed brow; more balmy breathe the winds;
More deeply crimson'd blush the buds and flowers;
Carols the grove, and all harmonious things,
Blent in grand chorus, hail her beautiful.'—p. 4.

'Te, Dea, te fugiunt venti; te nubila cœli,
Adventumque tuum: tibi suaves dœdala tellus
Submittit flores; tibi rident æquora ponti;
Placatumque nitet diffuso lumine cœlum,
Nam simul ac species patefacta est verna diei,
Et reserata viget genitabilis aura Favonî;
Aeriæ primum volucres te, Diva, tuumque
Significant initum, perculsæ dorda tua vi.'—*De Re. Nat.* lib. i. v. 6—13.

'Thee, Goddess, thee, the blasts of winter fly,
Thee the black tempests of the cloudy sky,
For thee the earth bids all her flowers arise
Soft at thy feet, and gay with varied dyes;
On thee the billowy waves of ocean smile,
And rippling waters kiss the verdant isle;
Whilst the calm'd heavens diffuse a ray serene,
And brighter sunbeams gladden every scene.
Soon as shines out the vernal face of day,
And unlock'd zephyrs genial breezes play,
The wing'd inhabitants of air delighted feel,
Through their fond breasts thy gentle influence steal,
And first express thy power.'

The 'Theban Swan' of Drummond, is a phrase borrowed from Horace's 'Dircæan Swan,' a beautiful metaphor expressive of the lofty genius of Pindar, who is described by the Latin poet as soaring in the clouds.

'Multa Dircæum levat aura cycnum,
Tendit, Antoni, quoties in altos
Nubium tractus.'—*Carm.* lib. iv. *Od.* 2. v. 25—7.

'A strong gale raises the Dircæan swan,
Antonius, oft as he soaring flies
To the high regions of the clouds.'

The resemblance to another passage of Horace in that we are about to quote is still stronger—it is, indeed, almost a literal translation:

——— 'Beneath my roof
O let him come not! Never may we ride
In skiff, or car together!'—p. 36.

——— 'Vetabo, qui Cereris sacrum
Vulgarit arcanæ, sub iisdem
Sit trabibus, fragilemque mecum
Solvat phaselum.'—*Carm.* lib. iii. *Od.* 2. v. 26—9.

'I will forbid the man, who shall divulge
The sacred rites of mystic Ceres, ere
Beneath the beams of the same roof to dwell,
Or loose the fragile bark, with me.'

Other instances of resemblance might, had we room, be given.

The love of classical literature has led Dr. Drummond to cast many of his words, also, in a classic mould: to some of these we object, as too far removed from common use and apprehension, such as 'perduring' (p. 33), 'antepast' (p. 33), 'omnigenous' (p. 40), 'serrate' (p. 41), 'desiccate' (p. 92), 'regurgitate' (p. 95), 'internecine' (p. 105), &c. These are hard, if not harsh, words, more pleasing to Roman than English ears: and such, too, of a different kind, are 'maugre' (p. 63), &c.—from its very frequent occurrence apparently a favourite—and 'undazed' (p. 87), as well as 'dazed' (p. 106). Readers in general have no sympathy with foreign and unusual words of this description; and, when numerous, they give a pedantic air to poetry, which should have none of the stiffness of the schools about it, if its office be to please as well as instruct. Even instruction cannot be conveyed in this form without becoming repulsive: words of foreign construction and 'learned length' should, therefore, be avoided, except where they are absolutely necessary to the explanation of the subject, as in works of science, in which technical terms are employed.

'Indiciis monstrare recentibus abdita rerum.'—*Hor. De Art. Poet.* v. 49.

'By a new nomenclature to explain
Subjects abstruse.'

There is another reason for not using them—offending the ears, or not understood by the mind, they do not reach the heart. The hearer, or reader, is not affected by words with which he is not familiar—the writer who uses them addresses him in a foreign language which he does not comprehend: such words as 'omnigenous' and 'internecine' excite no ideas in him, and cannot by any possibility produce any emotion, except such as the author would least wish to raise. The poet, then, who desires to carry along with him the sympathies of his reader, whether it be his design to work on the passions or the imagination, must address himself to him in language which custom has rendered familiar to his ear, and with which all his ideas and affections are associated. On this principle Horace condemns the high-flown expressions, the *sesquipedalian*, the foot-and-a-half words of stage rhodomontade, directing the tragic hero to express his griefs in speech lowered to the capacities of the people, *sermone pedestri*, if he is anxious to touch their hearts by his complaints:

'Projicit ampullas et sesquipedalia verba,
Si curat cor spectantis tetigisse querela.'—*Hor. De Art. Poet.* v. 97, 8,

We have noticed another fault in Dr. Drummond's style, which may also, perhaps, be referred to his admiration of the ancients—a harsh construction of words, as in the awkward inversion of the pronoun 'what,' in numerous passages: the two following instances will serve as an exemplification of this prevailing fault:—

> ——— 'when in courts thou might'st have thrown
> *What* lustre round thee!'—p. 52.
>
> ——— 'oft from contrast flows
> *What* rich intense delight!'—p. 120.

Besides imitations of Grecian and Roman authors, there are parts of this poem too nearly resembling, either in diction or in sentiment, celebrated passages in our own classic poets, though not servile copies of them. There is enough of originality in these parts to vindicate the author from the charge of plagiarism, and they appear rather accidental resemblances than studied imitations. The impression, however, they produce on the reader's mind, is injurious to the writer, as they bring before it, in splendid contrast, some of the finest compositions of our first-rate poets, bright fragments of whose thoughts or phraseology seem occasionally stuck in the fabric of a less gifted bard, who knows not so well how to 'build the lofty rhyme.'

These are honest strictures. There is much in the poem that we admire, besides the spirit of piety to God and love to man which has dictated every line in it, and thrown an amiable charm over the whole composition, quite after our own heart. Were eloquent declamation, varied learning, and well-constructed versification poetry, this would be a perfect poem; but poetry requires lofty and original conception, bold metaphors, striking comparisons, picturesque descriptions, impassioned sentiments—imagination that can create, pathos that can melt, genius that can entrance, pouring forth in the fervour of its enthusiasm, in the glow of its inspiration, 'thoughts that breathe and words that burn,' and in these this poem is deficient. Occasional passages, however, it contains, of great merit, in which some of the higher qualities we have represented as constituting the essence of poetry are not wanting. The author is not destitute of elegant fancy and refined taste, as every page he has written satisfactorily proves. He occasionally dips his pencil in the bright colours of poetic diction, and clothes his conceptions in the rich drapery of language, as in this finely-executed portrait of an angel:—

> ——— 'At the sound I stood
> Amazed and rapt, when the voluminous cloud
> From either side rolled back. A light as fair
> As morn's young blushes from its centre sprang,
> Bright'ning and bright'ning, 'till the eye grew dazed,
> And all the cliffs shone bright as burnished gold.
> Then no fell demon, but an angel form
> Burst on my vision. All my soul entranced,

Felt as the prophet's when the welkin blazed
With heavenly fire, and steeds and chariots filled
The mount of God. Beneath the angel's feet
Rolled down the darkness, and in ether bright
He shone refulgent;—from his buskined feet,
And casque that bound his hyacinthine locks,
Winglets of downy gold bright glancing play'd.
Such did the bards of old paint Maia's son,
Herald of Jove—But from his shoulders spread
More ample pinions, fitted to sustain
A flight beyond th' Olympian seat of gods;
Radiant with bliss, and quivering as he hung
Poised in mid air, ambrosial dews they shed.
A wand, the sign and instrument of power,
More potent than the rod which cleft the floods,
And wrought such wonders in the land of Nile,
His hand waved gently. In each movement shone
Celestial grace; celestial beauty glowed
In his bright visage. Shrined upon his brow
Sat Wisdom:—Eloquence imbued his lip;
And from his eye shot forth such quickening fires
Of mind intelligent, as might impart
Sense to th' insensate—to the lifeless life.
Music was in his voice, and on my ear
It chimed melodious.'—p. 106, 7.

He possesses, also, the power of picturesque description, and can make a moving appeal to the tenderest sentiments of the soul, as when his fancy flies on the wings of the sea-fowl, and his benevolence spreads the shelter of its pinions around the exposed nest of her unfledged young:—

——— 'Around your cliffs,
In many a playful curve, ye sea-birds, wheel;
Preen your gray wings; along the level brine
Quick-diving plunge; or on the sunny swell
Float like small islets of embodied foam;
Stars of the sea, ye stud and beautify
Its azure waste, as th' empyrean fires
Gem and illume the ebon vault of night.
Who would not deem it an offence to heaven
To harm your joys, or from one little nook,
Their heritage from God, your wingless brood
Cruel dislodge? Like man, from God ye spring,
Are God's dependents—ratified as his,
Your rights to share the bounty Nature gives,
Sport in the waves, or on your native rocks
To congregate and clamour as ye will.
Ye, too, perchance, as particles detached
From mind's pure essence, through full many a grade
Of still improving being, may advance
To life celestial. Shame pursue the wretch
That in your carnage finds a dire delight!'—p. 35, 6.

He sometimes, also, rises on the wings of sublimity to the lofty regions of imagination, and soars like a majestic spirit in the clouds, as in the following noble personification of a tempest:—

'Lo! one has grasped the thunder's volleying fires,
And girt with all the tempests, sleet and hail,
And foamy cataracts, amid the clouds
Rears his gigantic frame, and onward strides
From isle to isle, from mountain peak to peak;—
Earth feels his tread—the severing floods disclose
Their dark foundations, and in sulphurous flame

> Up springs the red volcano. Thou would'st deem
> That spirit hell's grim monarch, come to blast
> This fair creation; but, vain mortal, know,
> Benevolence herself directs his hand,
> And guides his footsteps. His the task to shake
> The stagnant world;—to rouse the elements
> From lethargy, their wasted strength restore,
> Brace Nature's sinews, and her lagging pulse
> Warm and accelerate.'—p. 116.

We had marked a number of other passages for quotation, as the indignant reprobation of bigotry (p. 93—5), the beautiful eulogy of Howard (p. 77), the admirable picture of the uses of adversity (p. 119), the delightful illustration of the truth, that the good we enjoy on earth greatly exceeds the evil (p. 122, 3, 133), the fine metaphorical image of Death attended by a beautiful butterfly, unfolding its newly-formed wings to soar through the sky, emblematic of the soul's flight to heaven: our admiration of this truly poetical passage will not suffer us to omit it, and, therefore, passing over the rest, which our limits will not allow us to quote, we shall with this close our extracts:—

> 'But what is Death? No grisly spectre armed
> With ruthless dart, as monks and Gothic priests
> Depict him, to alarm the tender mind
> Of babes and nurslings, a gaunt skeleton,
> Rattling his arid bones,—of eye, of ear,
> And every sense devoid. Oh! no—in him,
> With the refined and gentle muse of Greece,
> See Sleep's twin brother—young and beautiful
> As Cupid's self—the real Cupid he,
> Fond Psyche's lover, that from earthly ties
> Frees the imprisoned spirit, and restores
> To the great fount of love. He bears a torch
> Reversed, extinct, of man's mortality
> The emblem just.—But see, beside him floats,
> On pinions quivering with excess of life,
> Fresh-roused from sleep, and loosened from her shroud,
> A beauteous butterfly prepared to wing
> Her flight through heaven, fair image of the soul
> Escaped her dungeon. Say then, what is Death,
> But the bright angel of God's providence,
> The herald of Salvation come to plume
> Th' enfranchised spirit;—with ethereal touch
> To rive her prison, quicken all her powers,
> To wing with pinions fleeter than the wind,
> And elevate to worlds beyond the stars?'

The extreme grace and originality of the conception in these lines, of the new-born butterfly attending the beautiful image of Death, almost makes us doubt whether, regarding the poem as a whole, or looking to its general execution, we have justly appreciated its merits. If, however, we are right in not allowing Dr. Drummond the highest poetical powers, he has fully established an undoubted claim to what is nobler than genius itself—a benevolent heart: he has manifested all the virtuous sympathies his subject required with the suffering and the oppressed, and he has taught a great lesson of mercy even towards the inferior animals. He has lauded with fervent praise the missionaries of love to lands of moral darkness and dungeons of dark despair—he has denounced, with generous indignation, the apostles of crime and the agents of cruelty, and by displaying, in the clearest light, the infinite goodness of the Deity in all the works of nature and the dispensations of Providence, he has set up for the imitation of mankind a grand example of the most exalted and unbounded benevolence. His work has enough of poetical excellence to adorn and recommend the subject of it; and if any harsh critic condemn him for not uniformly exhibiting the loftiest qualities of the poet, he will be richly compensated for such censure by the admiration of the pious, the applause of the Christian, the approbation and the blessing of God. J. B.

SECOND TRAVELS OF AN IRISH GENTLEMAN IN SEARCH OF A RELIGION: WITH NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS. *Not* BY THE EDITOR OF 'CAPTAIN ROCK'S MEMOIRS.' 2 vols.

Fellowes, London.

THE Reformation was a conflict between the two great principles of credulity and scepticism—of credulity on the side of the Catholics, and of scepticism on the side of the Protestants. Ages had accumulated corruption around the altar of God, and the iron hand of ecclesiastical tyranny had repressed the natural elasticity of the human mind, so that a tame acquiescence in established dogmas prevailed almost universally. As if to show the extent of debasement of which the faculties of man are capable, and to prove that for all that is noble in our nature as much depends on civilization as on religion—that the purest and best religion may be made a minister, not only of unrighteousness, but of oppression and degradation, practices prevailed and opinions were held of the most revolting character—so revolting, indeed, that were not the chronicle beyond a question, one would be tempted to doubt that men, after they had received the light of the Gospel, could have sunk so low as to offer worship to dead men and women, to surrender their liberty and their consciences into the keeping of a wily and corrupt priesthood, and prostrate their intellect so as to admit into their vocabulary the terms 'Mother of God,' and 'Deicide,' and into their creed the absurdest of all absurdities, that Jesus Christ, who died some thousand years before, was present in a bodily form in all parts of the Christian world, and was eaten and drunk by the initiated, after the conversion of wine into his blood, and bread into his body. We should be careful how we reproach barbarous nations with the absurdities of their religion

—for well may it be doubted if heathenism, in its worst form, ever exhibited a grosser and more degrading sensualism, than was seen in the Christianity of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. All humane feelings were crushed under the oppressive weight of an omnipresent priestcraft, and from the fourth century downwards Christendom was watered with the blood of the best men of each successive period. The secret of this terrific power was credulity. The intellect was prostrate; the mind was in the hands of those who made a gain of godliness. Merit was attached to mere belief, and increased in proportion to the violence done to the natural workings of the understanding. There was a penalty—the penalty of ruin—on thinking. All the interests of time were jeopardised by the expression of a doubt; nay, the thoughts themselves were subject to inquisition, and the false horrors with which ecclesiastical tyranny had invested the future state, were brought with crushing violence to bear on the suppression of intellectual liberty. But the depression reached its lowest point. Outraged humanity struggled beneath the load. The very efforts employed to drown its cries weakened the oppressor's arm, and the sufferings of the persecuted kindled a sympathy which spread far and wide, and prepared myriads for an uprising the moment the signal was given by a voice which should address men in the accents of humanity. And in the language of poetic inspiration that voice first spoke, illustrating by its efficacy the meaning of those mythic representations of the classic writers, which tell us how beasts were tamed and cities built by divine poesy. Energy was kindled in the dry bones of society, and the dead recovered life, as the poet's indignation circled through the inert members of the social frame. The scepticism which had emboldened the poet to denounce the priest, soon took possession of the theologian's breast, and churchman was matched with churchman in the collision between the old forms and the new principles of society, till at last the spiritual Babylon was shaken to its very base. And if the previous debasement exhibits the littleness of man, we may equally see the greatness of which our nature is capable, in the relief which it procured for itself from the burden which had settled down for ages upon it. There was no preternatural aid; society was its own deliverer. Its native power swelled in the human breast, and threw off the load.

We speak of the Reformation as a past event. But it has been proceeding now for some three hundred years, and is still not terminated. The principle of scepticism has not yet done its work. In some cases, indeed, it has gone beyond its legitimate lengths, and produced effects almost as disastrous as did its antagonist, credulity. For more than a century Christianity has had to suffer at the very hand which wrought its deliverance from priestly bondage. But there yet remain victories for scepticism to achieve. Myriads in Christendom have not received the first lesson in a sound faith, for they have not been taught to doubt. There are whole nations in which the priest is still a god upon earth. But the change will be more rapid than aforetime. The breezes of heaven have fallen on the waters of society—its depths are broken up—there is agitation on its surface—billow blends with billow—currents unite, and ere long a universal freshness will ensue. Thanks to the activity of commerce, the families of the race are meeting and mingling, and the blessings of liberty and peace are hastening on to cover the globe.

The warfare, however, is not ended. It is true that the rays of truth are beginning to pierce the darkness of Catholicism, but the children of the light must not be content till they have carried its blessings into the remotest districts of the earth. And gladly do we welcome every one who raises a torch on high for the illumination of his fellow-men. There are reasons, indeed, to think that the conflict will be more severe than it has now for a long time been. The controversy between Catholicism and Protestantism is reviving with invigorated spirit. This is the result of the act of social justice which was done by Catholic emancipation. It seemed like taking an unfair advantage to assail the Catholic while he lay bound hand and foot. Nay, for ourselves, we will confess that we used to feel disposed rather to take sides with than against him. There was a want of argumentative generosity in opposing one whose name was cast out as vile, and who had work enough on his hands in keeping his oppressors at bay. But now the Catholic is a freeman in the social commonwealth, and it is but the prompting of Christian benevolence to aim at his liberation from intellectual and spiritual thraldom. And were every work designed for his emancipation written in the spirit of that whose title is prefixed to these remarks, he would not long hesitate to disencumber himself from his shackles.

The first 'Travels of an Irish Gentleman,' ascribed to a poet whose name is associated rather with the Anacreontic strains of love and wine, than the Tyrtæan measures of theological war, were written in a tone which left good judges in doubt whether the author designed to defend Catholicism or burlesque religion, and consequently are creditable rather to the head than the heart of the writer. The 'Second Travels,' however, treat the subject with becoming gravity, yet without the tedium which often attaches to theological discussions. It is true that one misses the richness of an imagination which can glow with the ardours of passion, and luxuriate in the sportiveness of wit, but there is more than a compensation in the pure breathings of a

Christian charity, the healthy workings of a manly and highly cultivated intellect, and the manifestations of a benignity which ministers gratification at almost every page.

There is a fiction in the work before us. It is, that the identical traveller who published the first Travels was troubled with some compunction for the levity therein displayed, and some second thoughts, which, in spite of himself, made him doubt the correctness of his avowed convictions. An affair of the heart—as our Gallican neighbours term it, the villainy of a priest who crossed his love—and a journey to Rome itself, wrought together with a due quantity of incident, hair-breadth escapes, serious argumentation and historical detail, bring about a wedding, a death, and our author's conversion. Enough of the fiction;—we and our readers are concerned rather with the truth which the work may contain; and the truth it does contain is neither small in amount, nor trivial in importance. Indeed, such is its value, that the work might be termed 'Religio Laica,' or 'The Religion of a Protestant Gentleman.' And glad should we be to believe that Protestants generally held the religion of the traveller. They might not be Unitarians in name, but they would be something better in reality—they would be Christians, not after the manner of churches or confessions, but the spirit of Christ. It is a good omen for the progress of religious reformation when a work like this proceeds—as this is reported to do—from a clergyman of high cultivation and no mean social influence. We hope there are many in the Church who think with the traveller on the great subjects he discusses, and we have reason to believe that the Archbishop of Dublin is among the number. The work is an illustration of the way in which orthodoxy will be converted into Christianity. It will be by the prevalence, not of a sect, but of principles. Unitarianism, as a separate form of belief, will extend itself widely—and no effort should be spared for its furtherance, seeing that, to a great extent, it is the reforming power of the religious world;—but its triumphs will have to be measured, not by numbering its adherents so much as by a comparative estimate of the moral, intellectual and spiritual condition of society. The change is going on. Among the more highly cultivated, especially of the Establishment, the grosser forms of religious profession are disowned, and will soon be abandoned. The aims and spirit of Christianity are in no mean degree rightly understood. Religion is seen to be a power and not a creed—to stand in the life and not the profession—to possess inherent vitality, and not to be dependent on the support of human establishments.

The publication of such a work as these Travels is a good omen for Ireland. That unfortunate country has been convulsed more by religious factions than even by political ascendancy, and almost every religious writer has added fuel to the flame. Our Irish Gentleman has, however, brought a peace-offering. His sword is tipt with the olive branch, and his face beams with the mild radiance of the Gospel, and hope of better days. If Catholicism is opposed in the work with energy and firmness, Catholics will feel themselves surprised at being treated as brothers, friends, and fellow-seekers after truth. They may possibly remain unconvinced, after having read the Travels, but they cannot be unimproved. Their heart must be bettered, if their mind is not enlightened.

The author has pleaded his own cause in the most effectual manner, though we do not mean to assert that he has done more than justice to it would require. But he has had the good sense to see the proper bearings of the question, and refusing to identify Protestantism with Church of Englandism, he has saved himself from a host of embarrassments, and secured the advantage of having to defend the Gospel against the corruptions which have assumed its name. It is not, therefore, against the Church of Rome, merely, that his arguments prove cogent, but against the spirit of antichrist—whether found at Rome or at Canterbury—whether veiled under the name of Catholicism or Orthodoxy. *r.*

GREENGATE CHAPEL ANNIVERSARY.

The Tenth Anniversary of the Opening of the Unitarian Meeting House, Greengate, Salford, was held on Sunday and Monday, the 18th and 19th January. On Sunday two impressive and truly Evangelical sermons were preached in that chapel, by the Rev. John Scott Porter, of Belfast, and collections made in aid of the fund for liquidating the debt on the chapel, amounting to about £22. On Monday evening upwards of three hundred and fifty ladies and gentlemen, members and friends of the Salford congregation, and of the two Manchester congregations, took tea together in the Exchange dining-room. After tea, the Rev. J. G. Robberds, Minister of Cross-street Chapel, took the chair, in the absence of Richard Potter, Esq. M.P., occasioned by illness, and after briefly introducing the objects of the meeting, he proposed several sentiments, which were responded to by Ottiwell Wood, Esq.; the Rev. J. Brookes, of Hyde; the Rev. H. Green, of Knutsford; Mr. Eckersley, and others. Circumstances compel us to limit ourselves to the following report, in which some sentiments offered to the meeting are omitted, and the addresses given are curtailed:—

"The Rev. J. Scott Porter, with our best thanks to him for his valuable services on the present occasion, and for the zeal and energy he has heretofore displayed in vindicating the great truths of the sole deity and essential goodness of the One God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Mr. PORTER, after expressing his thanks, said—I cordially unite with our respected chairman in the remarks which he has made upon the spirit in which controversy ought to be carried on; and if I know my own heart, I think I may say that not only upon the occasion to which allusion has been made, [the speaker's controversy with the Rev. Mr. Bagot, a Catholic priest,] but throughout the whole course of my ministerial life, whenever I have felt myself called upon to defend my views of truth, I have endeavoured to discharge that arduous duty in the spirit which he has recommended. Controversy has been supposed by many to be inseparable from the promotion of unkindly and uncharitable feelings. From my own experience, I should say the reverse. With respect to the particular occasion to which reference has been made, I parted with my Rev. opponent as I had met him, with respect for his integrity, his talents, his learning and his general character; and before we separated upon the platform, upon which for five hours on four successive days we had been engaged in debate concerning some of the most important matters of theological inquiry, we cordially extended to each other the right hand of fellowship.—I may take the present opportunity of informing you that our cause appears to be prospering in Ireland, as I am happy to find it is making its way in this country. The truth is making progress,—a silent, and perhaps a gradual, but certainly a steady, and eventually I trust it will prove a triumphant progress. The barriers of bigotry and prejudice have been surmounted—those accusations to which, in common with our friends on this side of the Channel, we were exposed a few years ago, and the attempts made to put down the dissemination of our opinions by ecclesiastical and in some instances by the civil authority, have been repelled, and have left our friends more confirmed, our congregations more united, our enemies more impressed with sentiments of respect for our religious zeal and character; and the atmosphere, I consider, is brightening around us. But I shall not attempt to conceal from you, that there are some things in our position with which we are not, and cannot be satisfied, so long as these circumstances remain. We are not, and cannot be satisfied to be treated by the law as in some measure aliens in the country of our birth—we are not, and cannot be satisfied to see a dominant hierarchy erected over our heads, to which we are compelled, not indeed to bow down and worship, but to pay what we must regard as an unrighteous tribute. In common with the vast majority of our countrymen, we consider it as a crying injustice that a portion of the population of Ireland, not more than a sixteenth part of the whole, should have all the revenues of an Establishment conferred upon it, with all the privileges and prerogatives which belong to that established constitution. We, therefore, are dissatisfied with our present position; and we look forward, in common with our countrymen, to our relief from it, and chiefly, I must say, through the aid and co-opeation of the liberal members both of the Church of England and of the Protestant societies that are established in this country. A society has been formed in Dublin for maintaining the Church Establishment in Ireland, in all its rights, possessions and prerogatives; and emissaries from that society have been sent abroad throughout England, in order to agitate the public mind in its favour. Ladies and gentlemen, I come before you in no such character; but I think I may fairly take the occasion afforded me by the present assemblage, to appeal to you as friends of fair-dealing and justice, to know whether the continuance of the Established Church in Ireland, with all its emoluments and its prerogatives, is a thing which you are inclined to sanction and to perpetuate? [" *No, no.*"] I may surely put it to you to know whether it is your opinion that the law shall continue in that state, that, rather than submit to its exactions, our peasantry are prepared to shed their blood, to make their parents childless, their wives widows, and their children orphans,—rather than allow not their own property, but that of their friends, to be invaded by the myrmidons of this unrighteous law? I ask, too, is this a state of things to which the English people would consent in their own case? There are nearly as many Catholics in England as there are Protestants of the Established Church in Ireland. Suppose the circumstances were altered, and the Catholic Church were here what the Church of England is in Ireland, I ask how long would it be established here? And shall there be one spirit of legislation for England, and another for Ireland? Shall our unhappy country never meet with justice? Shall the deeds of our unrighteous governors be sanctioned by the English people, who have now, thank Heaven, the means of making their sentiments known to the legislature? I trust that in the approaching contest,—for the contest is approaching, and must come,—we shall meet with sympathy and support from those whose intelligence, whose public services and public character, give them a right to guide the decisions of the public mind. And I trust I shall be enabled to go back to Ireland and say, that whatever may be the determination of our governors,—although the constitutional head may happen to be shaken against us in disapprobation, and with a frown upon its brow,—and although the feet of their hired and low retainers may happen to be lifted against us with indignation and scorn, still, that in the middle region of the English body politic there beats a heart that is alive to truth and justice, and which will ultimately aid the decision of the hand in tearing down this fabric of corruption.

" The *Christian Teacher*, and the *Christian Reformer*. May it be found that there is room for both, and that they differ not as rivals, but only as fellow servants, of whom one planteth, and another watereth."

In speaking to the preceding wish, the Rev. F. Howorth, of Bury, said—In the field of controversial discussion the defenders and opponents of reputed orthodoxy have been long and fiercely engaged; and it is much to be regretted that in the din of war the still small voice of Christian peace and Christian love has been unheard or unheeded. The period, it is hoped, is now arrived when angry feeling will no longer disturb the course of sober argument, when the respective combatants will learn that their opponents are fellow men, and fellow Christians. Little can now be added to the direct arguments of either the Trinitarian or the Unitarian faith; and many thanks we owe to such philosophers and divines as Priestley, Lindsey, and Belsham, for their able championship of the truth. From the state of theology and the Christian world in their day, their work was to prepare the way of truth by battering down the strong-holds of error. It was theirs to expose the unscriptural nature of doctrines which had become venerable by the sanction of ages and the testimony of many learned and devout men. A somewhat different task devolves upon us, their successors. It was theirs to destroy the bulwarks of error; it is ours to build up the temple of truth. It was theirs to address the reason; it is ours to move the affections. It was theirs to enlighten the intellect; it is ours to enkindle the heart. And as one means for this important end the *Christian Teacher* has made his appearance. The schoolmaster treads in the footsteps of the soldier, emulous to display, on the ruins of error, ignorance and misery, the banners of peace, intelligence and happiness. From my intimate knowledge of the feelings which have actuated my highly valued friend in undertaking, in addition to his other arduous engagements, the anxious and responsible office of editor of the *Christian Teacher*, I can assure this company that had he consulted only personal feeling, convenience, or emolument, he would never have been induced to enter on the task; and I may take this opportunity of stating, that the proposal of raising a guarantee (which I am sorry to find he has relinquished) originated not with him, but was urged upon him by some friends who thought it only reasonable, under the circumstances, to secure him from the risk of pecuniary loss. The editor of the *Christian Teacher* was influenced by no spirit of rivalry whatever to any existing publication among us, but on the contrary, I know, cherished towards each the best feelings and wishes. Even after considerable promises of support had been given him, he offered to deliver up the work to other efficient hands, with the promise of rendering it every assistance in his power. This offer being declined, he resolved to undertake its publication, in the hope that it might supply a want much felt by many in the Unitarian body, of a periodical that should have a more decidedly practical and devotional character than what was either realized or contemplated in any of our existing periodicals. The *Christian Reformer* differs from the *Christian Teacher* in serving, in addition to other important ends, as a miscellany conveying not merely local but general intelligence of events interesting to our religious community. The peculiar office of the *Christian Teacher* is to state and develop the positive principles of our faith; to carry a pure and elevated spirit into the homes and hearts of men, into all the exercises of devotion and affection, and into all the departments of intellectual exertion. Its literature will be baptized in the pure fountain of Christianity. Its aim is high and holy. It aspires to display the power and beauty of the pure Gospel of Christ; to consecrate the highest energies of mind to the work of elevating the tone of moral and devotional sentiment; to quicken intellect, enkindle piety, universalize benevolence; in one word, to diffuse the Spirit of God in the heart of man.

The Rev. T. May, of Stand, having been called upon by the Chairman to propose a sentiment, spoke as follows:—Ladies and gentlemen—The preceding sentiments you have received cordially and enthusiastically; and I feel persuaded, that when I announce to you the sentiment which I hold in my hand its simple announcement will gain for it at least, an equal cordiality and an equal enthusiasm of reception.

“The Ministry to the Poor, and its zealous agent Mr. Ashworth; may he be aided in his labours by the liberality of the rich, and rewarded for them by the blessings of the poor.”

To enter systematically, and at length, into any discussion on the importance of the Ministry to the Poor, would, I feel convinced, be an unnecessary expenditure of your time and patience. The necessity of such a ministration, I may rest on an appeal to your own knowledge of the moral degradation—the depravity and misery, which abound among the poor. And how little do you know of the actual reality! You come in contact with them only occasionally, and even then you behold them when under the world's observation and the world's restraint. But I take your own knowledge on the subject, imperfect, partial as it is, and in the nature of things, must be; and I ask you, as beings possessed of sympathy—as fellow-brethren—above all, as Christians—is not some effort loudly called for, to redeem the poor from their religious indifference—their depravity and misery? Do you require other arguments in favour of the claims of the poor upon your compassion and benevolent exertions? I shall take it for granted that you do not. I shall take it for granted that those who now hear me have not only seen, but perused the first number of the *Christian Teacher*—and may none of us, though I wish us all a long and happy life, live to see its last number! You have an article there on the claims of the poor, which exhausts the subject,—the statements and spirit of which, I trust, have become a part of your convictions, and inseparable from your feelings. The only question, then, to which I feel it necessary to direct your attention, is—Is the ministry to the poor, as a means of social regeneration, worthy of your countenance and support? I plead for it, as having every claim on a Christian community, which the regular, stated ministry is possessed of. It has claims peculiar to itself. It does a work which the sectarian ministry cannot perform. The ministry to the poor suits itself to the wants and conditions of the poor. It takes the common grounds of our common Christianity, and goes forth in the power and spirit of Christ, to infuse religion into all minds of all sects among the lower classes of society. It does not wait to be sought by the poor; it seeks them, and brings the knowledge of God and Jesus and duty and happiness to their doors and into their homes. The stated ministry is a city set upon a hill, whose influences cannot sufficiently descend and effectively leaven the lowly mass of the population. The ministry to the poor has its appropriate sphere among the poor, and brings its hallowing influences into the lowliest cot of the lowliest vale. It does another good. It shows the poor that they are not neglected by the rich. It raises them in their own esteem; and well regulated self-respect, if not a virtue, is the handmaid of virtue. The minister to the poor is the mediator—a bond of union and love between the rich and the poor. He draws down the sympathies of the high towards their lowly and less-favoured brethren. He brings up the respect and affection of the poor towards the exalted and wealthy; and the result is, an increase of brotherly love—of social happiness. He is the poor man's counsellor both for time and eternity. He supplies the needy from the superabundance of the rich. He extends the sphere and influence of education. He is the medium through which a more effective operation is given to other means of social improvement. With respect to the zealous minister to the poor in this town, Mr. Ashworth, it is unnecessary for me to say one word. You know his excellencies; you know his zeal; you know, at least, a portion of the good he has accomplished. I would rather direct your attention to your own duties respecting him. It is your part to aid his efforts by your liberality, and to render them as effective as possible, by enabling him to minister to the bodily wants of the poor, while he endeavours to save their souls. May he not only be encouraged by your liberality, but by the gratitude of those who enjoy the benefits of his labours of love. May he turn many to righteousness; and while he is a blessing to others, may he himself be blessed.

"The Village Missionary Society. May its preachers go forth in the spirit and power of Christian wisdom and Christian love, considering their great controversy to be with the causes of depravity and wretchedness, and then only reckoning that they have made converts when they have turned men from ignorance and sin to the hearty service of God and Christ."

The Rev. W. Smith, of Stockport, in speaking to the above, remarked, that what in former ages was but a matter of theoretic speculation, had now been proclaimed as a truth from heaven, that all men are equal—equal in rights, equal in the eye of God, equal in brotherhood to Jesus, equal in responsibility, and therefore equally requiring and equally entitled to that knowledge which secures faithfulness on earth and happiness in heaven. This truth is no longer to be fettered by authority and crushed by persecution. It has been uttered in the hearing of all. It has been consecrated to immortality by the ruin of the oppressor and the triumph of the oppressed. A consciousness of power and a conviction of right are dangerous weapons to be placed in the hands of those who have ever beheld power abused and right insulted. Can it, therefore, be wondered at, that partial evil should be the result of the late triumphs of truth and knowledge? It should be a subject of profound thankfulness that so little of evil has yet been perpetrated; it should be a matter of serious and interesting consideration how future injury may be prevented. It is not by attempting to arrest the tide of knowledge, which sweeps forward in its might; it is not by attempts, such as are now making in a certain quarter, to grasp again power which has for ever departed, and to paralyze into impotency, strength, to which each day must add vigour. It is not by methods such as these that evil may be averted, and good educed, in the great conflict of opinion that now prevails; but it is by directing the current of knowledge and of truth into those channels, which, although minute and unobserved, are the true sources of general fertility. It is by giving a right direction to that power which can no longer be repressed. It is by meeting wants, long unsatisfied, with sympathy and relief. It is by giving holy aspirations to hearts that will no longer slumber in indolence. It is by teaching the long-trampled upon victim of oppression, that the sweetest revenge is forgiveness. It is by proclaiming those truths and doctrines which inculcate justice, charity, and peace, which rejoice in the emancipation of the oppressed, and smile with benignity upon the growth of the intellect, but which combine with the strength and maturity of the perfect man, the simplicity and innocence of the guileless child. By such means as these our country may yet be saved from anarchy, and peace and happiness secured. Instruments by which such good may be effected, however humble their pretensions, cannot be undeserving of regard. The Village Missionary Society is calculated to do the work thus needful and thus pressing. It addresses itself to a class already influential in the community, and which must, ere long, assume a still more important position. It speaks to the ignorant in the language of instruction, to the guilty in words of rebuke and exhortation. It carries light and truth into places where darkness and error would else assert their power. It preaches of charity, and love, and holiness, where passion and prejudice would else engender envy, uncharitableness, and vice. Let the conductors of this and similar institutions follow the admonition which the sentiment embodies, and, however humble may be their sphere, and however silent their progress, they will be accomplishing a work deserving the sympathy of all who love their fellow men, amply rewarding them on earth, and preparing new glories for their recompence in heaven.

"The Christian Ministry, may its spirit be that of power, and of love, and of a sound mind; may its labours be conducted in a devout dependence on the one God and Father of all, and with a glowing and steady love to man."

The first thought which rose to my mind, said the Rev. W. GASKELL, on reading this sentiment was, that it would, alas! have been as truly put, if it had been 'The Christian Ministry—may it be the reverse of what it has hitherto generally been.' When we consider its past history, how unworthy has it been of the high name it has borne. Instead of a pure-minded and disinterested body of men, looking with a single eye to the sublimest of all ends, the glory of God in the well-being of man, how often have they been seen only as the most selfish and worldly, banded together for no higher object than the promotion of their own sordid interests! Instead of those who have been ready to encourage and foster the generous aspirations of nobler minds towards the heaven of truth, how often have they been seen only as those who have been most anxiously on the watch to repress and subdue them by the terrors of the dungeon and the tortures of the rack! Instead of those who have rejoiced to behold the beams of knowledge breaking with enfranchising power on the people, how often have they been seen only as those who have been the means of enchaining them in the most abject and degrading bondage, and treated them infinitely worse than he of Gaza was treated by the Philistines, in first robbing them of a more precious sight, and then making spoil of a more cruel blindness! Instead, in a word, of ministers of Christ, how often have they been seen only as ministers of persecution and oppression; instead of serving the cause of Jesus, only raising up obstacles in the path of its triumph! Thank God! the Christian Ministry is not what it has been; but still how far is it, generally speaking, from answering to the holy name which it bears; how far from securing the great ends to which it should be devoted! In proof of this, we have only to turn to a sister country—to unhappy Ireland. See there the tithe-priest going at the head of an armed band to the homes of those who neither have received nor are in a condition to receive the smallest benefit from him, to snatch away a large portion from that scanty pittance which they have hardly gained by the sweat of their brow, and which is barely sufficient to keep themselves and their children from famine, and ready, on the least obstruction, to seize it with violence and bloodshed. Oh! looks he like a worker together with the benevolent Jesus? Looks he like one, of whom the Master would say, 'Well done! good and faithful servant!' I might come nearer home, but I forbear. I wish not to speak despondingly. I know that the number of those who are making their lives a ministry of good to their fellow-men, is perpetually on the increase. The bow of promise is in the heavens, and amidst the restless clouds may be caught bright glimpses of that sun which is eventually to triumph over all the storm and darkness of the moral world. We are, however, living in a very peculiar state of things. Men are beginning to feel that they have all equal capabilities, and an equal right to use them; to feel that long enough have they ignominiously surrendered up into the hands of others their noblest privileges; long enough impiously made over into foreign keeping those souls which God gave them to care for themselves. They are ceasing to regard the mere sanctity of office—to bow down to the dictation of a fellow mortal in the garb of a priest. A voice is calling to them, and they are hearkening to it. 'These men are no nearer heaven than you. Judge for your ownselves what is right.' If a ministry is to have any hold on the minds of men, it must adapt itself to this state of things. It must not lag behind the age. Its spirit must be that of a sound mind. It must be one which shall regard not so much critical niceties as general principles—which shall not think to satisfy the deep cravings of the human heart with the dry bones of theology—which shall not present religion wrapped up in cold technicalities, misty abstractions, or heartless creeds, but which shall bring it home to the bosoms of men as a spirit of blessed power—which shall show its benignant bearing on all the varying currents of thought and action around them—which shall display it, not with that repulsive aspect which has so commonly been given it, not as a thing of mystery and gloom, but as it came from the mercy of God, and shone in the face of Jesus Christ, a light to lighten the world—a ministry which shall present itself, not in that attitude of angry defiance which it has too generally assumed—not standing forth to anathematize and condemn for every difference of opinion—but one which shall look with a spirit of love on all human kind—one which shall have no other aim than to bless—one which shall be ready to give every aid in urging on the growing powers of the human race in all knowledge, secure that the more men are enabled to understand its real nature and design, the more will Christianity be prized—one to which truth, as the friend of man, shall be welcome, come from whatever quarter it may, or however counter it may run to their own prejudices or interests—one amongst whose members the only strife shall be, which shall be first in the holy warfare with ignorance and sin, and bring the greatest number of minds and hearts captive to the standard of their glorious leader. This is the ministry which must now be a ministry of power.

"Our absent friend, the Rev. J. J. Tayler—May he bring back from his foreign residence an increased store of health and strength, as well as of knowledge; and may he long be spared to illustrate and exemplify the union of 'Theology, Science, and Literature.'"

Mr. ROBERT NICHOLSON, in responding to this sentiment, and expressing his acknowledgments on the part of the Mosley-street Congregation, to the meeting generally, and to those Ministers who had so readily offered their assistance to supply Mr. Tayler's pulpit during his absence abroad,—expressed his conviction that one of the causes of the very hearty co-operation in every good work which existed in this town between the three congregations, was the very warm and hearty feeling which existed between their ministers. In reference to the wish expressed in the latter part of the sentiment, the speaker said, The public at large have had an opportunity lately of asccertaining how correct the sentiment is, for they have read that admirable paper which Mr. Tayler has contributed to the first number of our new periodical—the *Christian Teacher*. In that paper Mr. Tayler has pointed out, with great beauty and great power, the close and important connection which exists between theology and the various other branches of human knowledge, successively tracing its relation to literature, science, the arts, political economy, and general politics He regards theology as the 'centre towards which all speculations must ultimately converge—the regent science to which all the rest are but servants and tributaries.' But if theology, with justice, holds this high station relatively to the other branches of human knowledge, upon whom devolves the inappreciably important task of tracing through its various ramifications, and pointing out to the attention of the busy world at large, this interesting connection? Of necessity, upon the ministers of religion. Yet what are the opportunities afforded in this country for pursuing with advantage and economy the higher branches of science and literature—opportunities without which it is not to be expected that the Christian ministry, as a body, can be possessed of that sound and extensive knowledge which can alone render them capable of performing some of the most important duties of the high office which they hold. Of the inadequacy of the provision made for the higher departments of education in this country, no slight proof is afforded by the fact that Mr. Tayler is at this time engaged in studies connected with his profession in the university of Göttingen, which cannot be pursued with any thing like equal advantage in Great Britain. In that university, which Mr. Tayler characterises as 'essentially a working university,' such facilities are afforded under the sanction of government, by the appointment of a large number of professors of first-rate talent, and by the establishment of a well-selected library, consisting of more than 300,000 volumes, as enable no less than seven to eight hundred students to pursue their studies with every advantage, and also with extraordinary economy. In that city, belonging too to the Hanoverian government, education receives from the government all the aid and patronage which it can bestow. What a contrast to this country! We have in England alone a population of nearly fifteen millions, and until lately, but two universities, admission to the full privileges of which is granted to one sect alone. The evidence, however, of the necessity that the legislature should pay attention to the subject, is so strong, that I trust the efforts of all the enlightened and liberal portion of the community will not cease until the means of obtaining education adapted to their pursuits and prospects, is possessed by every class of society in this country.

"The Infant School and Sunday School connected with the Greengate Congregation—May their teachers, steadily keeping in view the moral as well as the intellectual training of their pupils, have the encouragement of feeling that they are engaged in an office highly honourable to themselves and beneficial to society."

The Rev. C. W. Robberds, in speaking to this sentiment, said that whatever doubt there might be respecting the advance of a more liberal spirit of religious inquiry, or as to the diffusion of more charitable feelings towards those who differ from us, there could, he thought, be no doubt as to the rapid diffusion of an interest in the cause of education. Infant schools were, amongst us, of very recent origin. It had been too much the custom to neglect the infant mind, to suppose that the impressions which infancy receives are of slight importance in reference to the conduct and character of after-life; but the institution of infant schools showed that more correct notions were beginning to prevail—that men were beginning to be convinced that education could not commence too early, and that in proportion as the elements of instruction are early communicated, will be the virtue and the intelligence of the man. With all the attention which had been bestowed upon education—with all the zeal which was exhibited for the communication of knowledge to mankind,—he knew not whether we had not too much neglected the communication of those moral feelings and principles which would alone render the possession of knowledge truly valuable. The possession of knowledge, if its direction were not aided by the purity of the moral feelings, might be a power to do evil instead of good. He trusted, therefore, that those who were engaged as teachers in Sunday and in infant schools, would feel the importance of their trust, not merely as trainers of the mind, but also as implanters of good feelings and principles in the hearts of those under their instruction. It might seem, perhaps, a comparatively easy task to train children in the ways of virtue and religion, and we might regard those employed in it as engaged in a very humble work; but he would appeal to any engaged in that work in a proper spirit, whether the imbuing of useful feelings and principles was not a work which demanded their greatest exertions and most unremitting attention; and he was sure that those present would not refuse their sympathy and encouragement to those who, whether in schools for infancy, or for children of older years, were endeavouring to enforce those principles and feelings. It had been objected to infant schools that they took children away from the care of those who were their natural guardians and protectors; but, from the peculiar circumstances of many families, particularly in this manufacturing district, it was well known parents had not their time at their own disposal, and they could not pay that attention to their children which naturally came best from parents themselves. The teachers of infant schools stand, then, in the place of parents to the children placed under their care. The responsibility which they incurred who took upon them the responsible charge of so numerous a family was by no means slight; and their claims were, therefore, great to our sympathy and encouragement. But education must not stop here. Those seeds of morality and religion which may have been implanted in the infant mind and heart must be fostered in their further growth, or we might look in vain for the fruits we might naturally expect them to bring. And it was in Sunday Schools, that we might, at present at least, look for the best promotion of the growth of those principles. It had been objected to Sunday Schools that the instruction there communicated made Sunday too much like other days,—that it was a sort of desecration of the Sabbath to make it a day of tasks and lessons. And so it would be if those tasks and lessons were not inculcated with a view to the promotion of morality and religion, and if the children, instead of deriving pleasure as well as instruction from the hours they spent in school, found them only seasons of irksomeness and restraint. He would, therefore, strongly impress upon the attention of all engaged in such institutions the importance of adapting the instruction they communicate to the particular minds and feelings of those who come under their care; that they should not make instruction a burthen instead of a pleasure. Sunday Schools more particularly required and called for the religious instruction of those who attended them, and though in most of them attendance upon religious services in the chapels with which they were connected was required, yet those services were often far from calculated to interest or to profit them; and there was, therefore, need in the school of a sort of introductory service, by the explanations of the teachers, by which the children would be better prepared to understand and profit by the instruction of the house of God.

Mr. **Edward Shawcross** adverted to the objections against education drawn from the present moral condition of the labouring classes in this kingdom; and observed that the present want of success was not owing to education, but to the insufficiency of it, as hitherto supplied, both in extent and in efficiency. Even here, where the experiment of education had been tried more extensively, perhaps, than in any other part of the kingdom, the supply had been far from co-extensive with the wants of the labouring population. He should not infer, then, from the prevalence of vice and misery, that education had been inoperative; but that its scale had not been, as hitherto tried, sufficiently extensive, or its plans efficient. Why was this the case? Had the middle and wealthier classes been wholly inattentive to the mental and moral wants of their poorer brethren? No. Money was subscribed and exertions made for the accomplishment of this great end; but these efforts were not seconded as they ought to be in a quarter whence aid would be most efficacious. He blushed for his country when he had to acknowledge, that while we excelled in almost every other respect, that in that of national education we stood far behind many European states which could not boast of institutions free as our own. What then was our duty? As individuals, to do what we could to remedy this deficiency, and to take every reasonable and fair opportunity of impressing upon the legislature of this country the necessity of its devoting its attention, at as early a period as possible, to this important subject; and he trusted that before long the matter would be taken up in a way affording fair promise of those results which all present would desire to see accomplished.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The request contained in the enclosures under the Birmingham post-mark would have been complied with, had it not appeared that the time had passed away for the 'appeal' to have the wished for effect.—S. P. is thanked for the zeal he manifests.—Our best acknowledgments to the several American friends for their favours.—The continuation of the article on Providence in the next number.

N. B. Should any of our subscribers have failed to receive their copies, they are begged to order them of their booksellers.—We much regret that delay, arising out of a disappointment, prevented us from sending slips of the Salford Anniversary Report to our esteemed friend at Belfast.

T. Forrest, Printer, Manchester.

PUBLIC OPINION.

Power is an attribute, the good of which depends on the principle by which its movements are actuated. Look on the organized thousands of an invading army bringing devastation and wretchedness over the plains and through the homes of a once free and smiling country; look at the lightning of the corsair, darting with terror and destruction on the bark which was freighted homeward with a cargo of yearning affections and fond hopes; look at the Athenian populace, deliberately voting into exile one who had earned the surname of 'Just,' and that not because he had forfeited his honourable distinction, but because he was just still; look at the Jewish populace demanding, with fury and insult, the life of him whom a short time before they had hailed as the wished-for Saviour of the nation, and destined Prince of the world; look either at the barbarities of the savage horde, gloating over the reeking frame of a vanquished foe, or at a city lighted up with the flames which feed on its power and pride; look at these things, and you see that power, when under the influence of passion, is a raging despotism.

Another view of power—power, when enlightened by wisdom, and impelled by benignity, and hallowed by devotion—presents to the mind the real patriot, who, having fought his country's fight, and won the victory, lays down his sword on the altar of peace, and retires into the privacy of domestic life; the heroic philanthropist, who, urged by the pressure of his wounded humanity, goes forth in quest of woes to mitigate—of sin to cure, and travelling up and down the world on his errand of love, forfeits at last his own life in the god-like effort to save the lives of others; the high-minded philosopher, whose nights and days are spent in sublime communings with the stars of heaven and his own spirit, and who, drawing from his labours accumulated stores of knowledge, constructs therefrom a temple sacred at once to truth, to God, to man.

The world we dwell in is full of power. There is power in the heavens and the great wide sea, and even in the zephyr; but no where such power—power combining equal elements of good and ill—as in the congregated masses of human society. The agents of external nature are under the immediate control of God, and can excite no alarm in the mind which is poised on the conviction of God's essential goodness. In their case, benignity mingles with and tempers their wildest raging as much as their softest impulses. The human breast, however, is open to the unrestrained license of passion. Its good may be sunk in the tempestuous surgings of unmitigated evil. And, therefore, no power should be regarded with more vigilance, or directed with more care. It is power for incalculable good or harm. It is a power which may bless humanity—it is a power which may equally shiver into ruins the whole fabric of civilised society. The destructive principle are the passions. The conservative principle is intelligence. And just in the proportion in which these principles predominate the one over the other is the safety of society perilled or secured, and its advantages augmented or abated. Thus broadly does the conclusion come out, that an enlightened public opinion is the great safeguard of social life. It is this which unnerves the up-lifted arm of brute force; it is this which widens continually the sphere of a growing civilization; it is this which has made the false terrors of ages of darkness, and the foul practices of superstition, and the prejudices of bigotry, and the arts of the fraudulent politician, retire gradually from the eye of day into the recesses which border on barbarism; it is this which harmonises the workings of what is termed civilized society, where, alas! how often there meet the extremes of goodness and vice, knowledge and ignorance, the love of God and man, and the love of depravity and confusion; and where, therefore, one might fear that the brutal and the sinful would, in their reckless force, break in upon and waste the fair provinces of virtue. But there is a restraining power. Mind lifts a loftier barrier than ever hands threw up against an invading horde. Meek in the consciousness of its strength, it stands before the agitated mass, and breathes a tranquilizing influence through its members. What, indeed, would avail all the bars and bolts which ingenuity has invented for the security of the peaceable against the lawless—what would avail all our means and appliances for safety against the power of those who know no interest but that of the moment, and follow no impulse but that of the passions—whom vice has depraved, and want made desperate—what would avail all our protective machinery, but for the single influence of public opinion? The power that would devastate, slumbers, hushed into repose by the whisperings of mind; the power is powerless by reason of ignorance of its strength and the predominance of a higher and resistless force.

And how often have those whose position requires them to be the ministers of God for good to man, been made, when bent on the prosecution of evil purposes, to quail before the power of the public mind. It was 'the fear of the people' which more than once frustrated the guilty designs of the enemies of Jesus. Frequently, since, the fear of the people has stayed the oppressor, and defeated the trading politician. It has been equally powerful in producing good as in averting evil. It has shaped the determinations of rulers to its will, and brought many a healing influence from the halls of legislation over and through the mass of society. It may, however, be a detrimental as well as an advantageous power. The fear of the people is the fear of good, when the people are friends of injustice rather than equity; and the same fear which may be the means of communicating social emancipation to myriads, may also, when exerted by bad men for bad purposes, hurry a nation into a conflict as ruinous to themselves as to their enemies. It is, therefore, only an enlightened public opinion whose action is to be desired. The public will is the voice of God, when prompted by the will of God; in other words, when under the direction of the wisdom from above—a wisdom which both embraces and harmonises all the great interests of the great human family.

We are not sure that an over-estimate has not been formed of the extent to which an enlightened public opinion prevails. We cannot honour with the name of enlightened public opinion all that wears its guise. Opinion is essentially a private and individual matter, formed on deliberation within the precincts of a man's own mind, and can become public, not by transmission, but by multiplication; not by the minds of the few acting on the minds of the many, but by the minds of the many becoming themselves instinct with thought. We do not say that the seed of opinion may not be sown by the hand of the stranger; but the production of the fruit, from the first germ to the corn in the ear, must be our own work. If an enlightened public opinion is individual conviction growing up over a wide surface of society, then much of what passes under the name is counterfeit; for with how many are opinions adopted, not formed—assumed, not bred. There is a fashion in opinion as well as in dress, and sentiments, like modes, descend from the higher to the lower ranks of society with a gradation as rapid as it is regular. Society, in some of its aspects, is not unlike a series of signal posts. The head station gives the sign, and quickly it passes through the country. Or, as in an army drawn out in line of battle, the word of command passes from man to man, and from rank to rank. Thus, at any remarkable crisis, multitudes crowd around a banner, whose devotion is not to it, nor the cause which it symbolises, but to themselves, to their vanity, their love of being in the fashion, of enjoying the genial warmth of rejoicing thousands, rather than being left behind by the congregating masses in the (to them) cold solitariness of their own individuality. And what ensues? The current changes, and straightway bears these waifs of social life down to the ocean of the new fashion. It matters but little that the direction of the current is the very opposite of that in which it flowed before. Principle offers no resistance, and onward they go as the impulse bears. What else could be expected? They are accused of inconsistency; but without reason. They are true to the god of their idolatry. They joined the ranks they have now deserted, not for principle, but for fashion; and in ranging themselves under a new standard, they seek their own gratification, not the furtherance of a cause.

While these are influenced by fashion, others follow the impulse of gross self-interest. They ask not what is true, but what is advantageous, and advantageous not to society at large, nor to themselves in the general issue—but what is advantageous to their lowest interests, and for the passing moment. And as is the answer in their own gross calculations, so is their conduct. Yet often is such conduct dignified with the name of public opinion; often is it pointed to as a proof of the progression of society. But let a change come over the spirit of their dream; let them see, or imagine that they see, their individual and momentary interests in another quarter, and without delay they flock to the enchanting sight, and exemplify the integrity of their principle by their tergiversation. In fact, the conduct of such is an index, not of opinion, but of selfishness. It records their wish, not for the furtherance of liberty and virtue, but for their own aggrandizement.

There is yet a degree lower; it is of men who are the mere echos of their superiors; whose acts proclaim, not what they themselves think, but what others bid them do, and who often have as much of the hardness and rigidity of mechanism as they have of its senselessness. Do these constitute a portion of an enlightened public opinion?—these who, obedient to the impulses of the supercilious Pharisee or the wily priest, have been ready, in all ages, to shout for the crucifixion of virtue and patriotism; these who perform scarcely a higher function than the funnels of the social system—to pour forth whatever is poured into them, and become in some sense the speaking-trumpets of the few—blazing out the watch-word of the passing hour, to the terror of the well-disposed and the annoyance of the reflecting; these who, true to the instinct which was born with them in the manger, herd together at the call of their driver, and press forward to any work which he may bid them do?

And sure we are that if an enlightened public opinion prevailed to the extent that some have thought, the autocrats of society would neither wish nor dare to make their fellow-creatures into their passive instruments: of themselves they would abstain lest they should injure their own minds by the defilements of tyranny, and the minds of their fellows by curtailing their liberties and invading their conscience; and they would be deterred by the fear of, or the sound of, the loud outcry of intelligence denouncing the misdeed, and asserting human rights.

We have alluded to these features in society around us with a view, not to deject the philanthropist, but to aid him in forming an accurate idea of our real position. We have, we confess, ourselves yielded too readily to the pleasing illusion that public opinion was more enlightened than it really is. In the first gushings of sudden joy at the triumph of a righteous cause, it is so easy to lose from sight all the dark spots which dim the horizon. They are there, however, and when the breeze has grown into a storm, they may expand into frightful dimensions, and mingle heaven and earth in confusion. Hence the necessity of knowing things as they are. With such knowledge, a remedy may be found for what is disordered, a check may be put on what is in excess, a spur applied to what is sluggish, and the dark provinces of the land may be enlightened with the beams of knowledge.

Of the evils of which we have now complained, we conceive the chief cause to have been in the want of a sound moral education among the mass. Property may give, in some sense, power; but a moral education only can form that character which is at once the guarantee to society for the proper use of power, and the safeguard to the individual against the temptations of his own breast and the encroachments of others. What have the mere rudiments of knowledge—such as have been for the most part taught to the many—what have they, reading, writing, arithmetic—rather a smattering of each—what have they to do with even intelligence, much less positive virtue? They may be introductory to both; they may also—and, except under a guiding hand, they will be, as they have often been, introductory to a style of reading fitted only to pervert and deprave, and to companions who would, in the recklessness of infidelity and social discontent, finish the moral ruin which they found begun. How can it be expected that principle should actuate the conduct, when it is but one of the many inducements all combined to oppose its influence? Principle, at the best, when matched against the love of self, and the love of immediate gratification, it may be the love of guilty excess,—against the force of vicious and inveterate habits, can effect little more than inflict on conscience a slight and transitory discomplacency. But little likely is it that any thing worthy of the name of principle should be formed in the breast of one whose impulses has never been restrained by knowledge, nor directed by morality.

It is true that a strong religious influence has been at work in society, and without stopping to make those exceptions to its good which justice demands, we admit, in general terms, its beneficial operation, and consider that much of the social worth of the nation is attributable to it. We believe, also, that the prevalence of a sound moral education would have curtailed, if not precluded, some of its triumphs; but we also hold that the morality we desiderate would have been better than the religion which we have. We are the enemy of no one form of Christian faith. The balance is for good in all. Yet it is possible to conceive a moral education which should, to say the least, have been on the whole as useful in itself as some prevalent displays of the religious principle; while it would not—as they have too frequently done—have incapacitated the breast for the simplicity of the Gospel, but rather prepared the soil for the seed of God's own truth. In a word, we would not exchange morality for fanaticism, while we prefer an education modelled on the principles of Christianity to all other influences.

In the actual condition of society, while there is darkness enough to sober our joy, there is not the slightest reason for despondency. If we of the present day have one advantage more decided than another over ancient times, it is in the existence of an enlightened public opinion. True, that opinion is restricted—but it is expanding; it is defective—but it is improving; true, its growth is opposed, but it is also encouraged, and that by most numerous and most powerful agents. The great wave of knowledge, the parent of opinion, is making, it may be a slow, but certainly a sure progress over the world. The powers of heaven urge it onward—the wishes and prayers of good men are speeding its course, and as easily may the ant raise the mountain at whose base it creeps, or the moat roll back the storm which bears it away in its impotence, as that the lovers of ignorance should arrest the mighty waters in their career of beneficence. Light has been darted on the nations from on high, and man interposes in vain his tiny hand to interrupt its rays. Thanks to the progress already made, even those who would retard the social movement are compelled to educate and enlighten, and in this work, undertaken it may be reluctantly, and pursued grudgingly, they cannot fail to further the good of man and the prevalence of truth. In a word, on all sides agents are engaged in forming public opinion, and it is a matter of little consequence, comparatively, what in each particular case the actuating principle may be. But is there no room and no call for increased efforts? There are both, if we have even approached to a correct estimate of the state of public opinion. The work has been begun—it is proceeding—but far is it from being completed. Darkness is still struggling with light. Every lover of social order and happiness must therefore work, both because so much yet remains to be done, and because also much has been done. In what is undone are so many congenial aids to corruption, ignorance, and wretchedness. May the breath of the omnipotent God speedily slay these his enemies and man's! In what has been done is there an urgent call for more; for in how many instances have men been taught their rights, without being taught their duties—made acquainted with their power, but not with their obligations; in how many cases is the head informed, and the heart depraved—the tongue free and loud, and the habits and desires gross. Destitution and ambition are linked together. Discontent and recklessness are in alliance. The worst men, in some instances, have the greatest hold on the popular mind. In these things are the elements of social confusion. May the gracious power of the Almighty restrain their wrath, and convert the ill to good! But God works through the instrumentality of man. And all, therefore, who love their God and their kind, must labour as in his sight, and as being his instruments, for the formation and universal prevalence of an enlightened public opinion. And let the labour be in word—by the press, but chiefly and rather in the life. We should be as prompt to let others think, and to aid others to think, as we are determined to think ourselves and for ourselves. The practice of restraint on the liberty of others should be as abhorrent to our minds as the endurance of restraint on our own thoughts. And mental and moral inviolability, as well for others as ourselves, should be asserted in word, sought for in effort, and most scrupulously maintained in practice.

e.

PROVIDENCE.—No. II.

THE CONNECTIONS BETWEEN THE PROVIDENCE AND THE SPIRITUALITY OF GOD.

(Continued from p. 41.)

The doctrine of the divine spirituality involves in it the necessary consequence that all things are of God. If God is present every where, he acts every where: every movement and every volition is his: in the world of matter there is but one energy, in the world of mind there is but one will. If this momentous conclusion, God's universal agency, from a premise so simple, God's universal presence, contains in it so much that is inconsistent with our acquired, but perhaps very confused notions about moral agency and the grounds of man's accountableness, that it perplexes rather than satisfies, silences rather than convinces, asserts the reality of Providence rather than removes the difficulties which the admission of that truth involves, let it at least serve the purpose of demonstrating the possibility of God's universal action and unintermitting control, so that if by other reasonings we can make it apparent that this doctrine is glorious and benign, and in itself unobjectionable, your limited conceptions of the diffusiveness of the divine existence may present no obstacle to your facile reception of it. I mean, let your idea of God be so moulded on the conception of a boundless spirit, that if what is called a universal Providence should appear to be the very best government which an infinitely good being could exert, such a view may not be too large for your notion of Him in whose nature it must inhere, but fit itself without difficulty into the frame-work of your refined and mighty thought, and hasard no rejection from your faith because of your poor imaginations of Jehovah.

I believe that men will not task their minds to conceive adequately of the greatness of Him who filleth all things—of what his nature and essence must be who works the machinery of creation, and is equally present with his power, and puts forth an operation of it precisely similar, when a wave recedes from the shore, or an atom floats in air—as when worlds glide through space, and systems maintain their integrity; and that the imaginations of our childhood of the better Father, who dwelleth in his own home above, and our earliest thought of heaven as God's abode beyond the sky, and the stars which infant fancy makes the floor and pavement of its courts, and which maturer reason rejects as puerile, whilst it too often neglects to substitute the still more glorious truth for the beautiful vision it has broken and displaced,—that these first impressions either cling around the soul till its dying day, leaving our spiritual nature unfurnished with any thoughts of heaven, to which the fact of a Providence is not utterly alien, or else are rejected from a mind which becomes too enlarged to retain a local deity, but at the same time too little enlarged to apprehend the true deity, so as in effect to leave it bereft of God—of that peace in believing which adheres only to distinct and definite views of that in which we believe, a clear fountain in the fixed rock of truth.

I mean not that the child should be chilled into apathy and distaste by any futile and most heartless attempt to expand its frail thought to the immensity of God, that it should be robbed of one happy and sunny dream of the lovely land where all is purity and dazzling light, where the companies of the blessed are banded in loving groups, and shining angels strike from golden harps the sweet praise of Him their King, who rejoices in their bliss—that the links of infant piety should be snapped and broken by lengthening them out until the young warm heart slips from their hold. I mean not that such a grievous wrong should be inflicted on tender childhood—that such a death-blight should fall on the spring-time of the spirit; and much have they to answer for who furnish a soul with its first impression of the Father in Heaven—who into the empty chambers of a trusting heart, to which their will is law and their words undoubted truth, pour the spirit light which is ever after either to gild life's troubled way, or to look on it with a cold ray that never warms, or an angry glare which makes even penitence afraid, and fixes sin into desperate rebellion—whose own parental tenderness wins for them no ready and delighted faith when they tell their child of the tenderness of God, suggests to its love-taught spirit no bright and bounding thoughts, when, with a manner that holy affection has solemnized, they take it to their bosom, and look into its eyes, and speak to it of the Parent above—whose own piety is too unreal and abstracted and pent up, to reveal to infancy that they have any such belief as that heaven is around them;—yes, they have much to answer for, to whom this ministry is committed, with whom the beautiful words of Jesus should be, not figuratively, but literally true, 'I tell you that the ministering angels of these little ones do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven;' and we mean not, when we trace our inability to grasp God's providence to the child-like religion which pursues us to the grave, and from whose partial views so many never emerge until their souls float into that fulness of light which will be the visible effluence of his glory, to say any thing so cold and pedantic and unaffecting and thoroughly unchristian, as that childhood should be dispossessed of its vivid imagery of gladdening piety because it is inadequate, or to substitute a laboured correctness of thought for the radiant forms which to it are better awakeners of emotion—but we do mean, that when we become men, and put away our childish things, our religion should not depart along with them, because it has fallen into disproportion to our now maturer and manly thought; that at every stage of the advancing intellect must a new effort of it be put forth on the infinite themes of God and Providence; that by birth after birth, as our sphere of apprehension enlarges, must we be 'born again' and again into better views of religion, and as often as our comprehension of the Deity becomes too little glorious to command the homage and stimulate the energies of our capabilities of thought when at their mightiest pitch, too little attractive to feed our emotions with fresh beauty and truth, too little spiritual to gather our opening views of life and being within the embrace of his providence, and to show how every new experience as it comes forth was only veiled and hidden in the folds of his wondrous presence. In a word, as often as our actual view of God as an object for the intellect and the heart falls behind our energies of thought and our capacities of love, then must we summon our noblest powers to their most glorious and their most glorifying work, feel that it is the best pledge of our immortality that our faculties are thus constantly outgrowing their intellectual furniture, sustain the toil of thought until a new vision of God rises on the soul, and then take our future stand on a higher step of Jehovah's throne, until a new expansion of the moral and spiritual nature calls for a new effort to land us nearer to Him whom ages after ages of these successive advances shall still leave in 'light unapproachable,' and at the distance of an undiminished infinity.

There are many who think of religion as a thing too feeble, too limited in its field, too easily settled to expend much thought upon it, and they forget that they are speaking of their own notions of religion, and betraying their poverty—they forget that they are speaking of God, whose spirit is within them, whilst the arm of his providence is on the outskirts of creation; and that there is a thought to bury their intellect in its depths, to task imagination when it is most godlike, and to fill the heart of love with the Spiritual Father, in the closest intimacies of its most confiding recesses.

It will be perceived that when we have conceived of the divine spirituality, the advantage gained to faith is a clear vision of the universe lying in God's bosom. When I think of God as an omnipresent spirit, I do not comprehend him; but I do comprehend that Providence presents no difficulties to such a Being—that all objections, whether drawn from the vastness or the minuteness of his required agency, vanish away from that refined and enlarged thought—that whether it be the lily's growth, or the sparrow's fall, or the numbered hairs, or the mechanism of the heavens—all are alike easy, alike necessary to the Being we have supposed; and, on the occasional rising of perplexity or doubt—which to human feebleness will arise—we have only to stretch our thought to a renewed apprehension of his spiritual nature, and be satisfied once more that all things alike are embosomed in his ubiquity.

By Providence, then, we understand literally, and without exception, that every thing is of God's doing—that whatever exists, exists at each moment in the exact condition which he thinks best—that whatever moves is acted on by his immediate power, obeys an impulse from his immediate presence—that every volition of every thinking being is produced by him, is the designed result of the moulding influences which his will has formed around it from the instant of its birth, and now contemplated by him who dwells in the consciousness of each mind as his own ordination. By Providence we understand that *Chance* is a word utterly unmeaning—that there is no such thing—that science disowns it—that philosophy has expelled it from the realms of causes and effects, and that piety, when thoroughly enlightened, will rejoice to resolve it into the will and operation of God, that He may be all in all. By Providence I understand that each event of each man's life was appointed from above—that not merely this signal blessing, or that signal judgment, came forth from the sanctuary of his concealment, to startle from their apathy the hearts of his children, but that through all the scenery of this varied being, through all the trials of this chequered lot, of which every coming hour baffles calculation, through every outward circumstance and every inward emotion, man goes Heaven-guided—that the spring-breeze which flushes the cheek of health, or wiles away with its balmy caresses the languor of disease, or blows freshly on the fever of the burning brow, had its mission dated in heaven, and its physical effect and its moral influence assigned it—that the storm which men call pittiless, as it beats on the defenceless head, was issued from the same will, and with a moral purpose too—that of all the arrangements and opportunities which make up the incidents of our lives, not one was fortuitous—that, whether we mourn or rejoice, the causes of emotion were not accidental—that the train of circumstances which has landed us in our present state of external position or internal feeling, was laid by Him of whom we are told, that however 'a man's heart deviseth his way, the Lord directeth his steps;' and that to say this is Providence, and that is not—to recognize God's hand in one event, and see no necessity for his interference in another—is to forget that he is a spirit—to let conscience, which ought ever to be looking for the signs of his presence, slip from the constancy of his influence, and to dispossess piety of half her kingdom. In a word, we understand by Providence, that physically, morally, intellectually, all matter and all mind is swayed by God; and whatever influence it feels, whatever form it assumes, are the consequences of all the causes and antecedents, which, carry them back as you will, through a longer or a shorter course of intermediate agency, you must refer at last to the great First Cause, and fasten the last link of the chain of dependencies to the throne in heaven.

This unqualified statement cannot be made without suggesting a host of objections, even with those who are already convinced; the spectral forms of difficulties which exist no more may come back and haunt the very intellect which has laid them; but it need hardly be said, that if this statement is truth —that is, if it can be proved—then it must not bend to our difficulties, but our difficulties must bend to it; if it runs counter to some of our previous notions, then must those notions be re-examined, and if they cannot be adjusted into conformity with an established principle, the principle must chase them away, as mere prejudices on which reason frowns; and though we do admit that moral sentiments, even where wrong, should be displaced with all possible tenderness, and that a wedge-like truth driven into the midst of error may appear to distort for awhile the whole mental frame, and even to dislocate some principles which, whether wisely so or not, are its present fountains of morality; yet, who would not gladly submit to such a process for the sake of the resulting good? who would not rather break up the foundations of his mind, and go deeper, than build upon the moral sands? who would not regard it as a good exchange, to part with any fond opinion or time-hallowed error, in order to remodel his spiritual nature after the similitude of God's truth? Be it not said that this is unfeeling—that it is too coldly and severely intellectual to ask us to surrender up your soul to the force of a demonstration, however sentiment may writhe or prejudice rebel—it is not even unfeeling; it only calls on you for an exercise of your best feeling, even that which flows out to God, and loves to lean trustingly on his truth, And it matters not what sentiment may be displanted; even the affections are the gainers, not only ultimately—of which there can be no doubt—but immediately, if a new sentiment of reliance on Heaven and its guidance is the glorious substitute. When truth lacerates our feelings, let the wound be healed by fresh gushings of that happiest and best feeling which is rejoicing faith in God. If, then, we cannot perceive how human responsibility is reconcilable with the reference of every thing, without exception, to the absolute will of God, let not the presence of a difficulty stand in the way of the demonstration of a truth. To do so is an outrage against piety as well as against reason. True piety is to submit ourselves to truth as you would to God; true humility is a fearless trust in principles: receive the principle, if it can be proved, and then proceed without a murmur to adjust into harmony with it whatever it contravenes; and I know not what notion can be so dear to us that we would not be most anxious to part from, if it interfered with our belief that all things are of God. Leaving, then, all such difficulties for after consideration and adjustment, and putting them aside for the present, as if they did not exist, admit the conclusion, from which there is no possible escape—that if God is a spirit, and a spirit is essentially intelligence, activity and power—then the omnipresence of such a deity is the banishment of *chance* from every realm of being, by which we mean the banishment of every thing not permitted and willed by God; and the expulsion of chance is the establishment of Providence.

It is obvious enough to every mind, that from the material world, at least, all fortuity is excluded—that in every region of nature, solid, fluid, or vapour, there are in each certain fixed laws which all substances obey, and that therefore He who established those laws, or, to speak more correctly, He who acts immediately upon matter according to a fixed method—for laws are not operators, but modes of operation—sees nothing in the external, the physical creation, but the movements of his own will. If there is any department of nature which science has not subdued to her control, that is, penetrated the secret modes of God's agency there—no one dreams that that is a lawless realm, or that God does not govern it because man has not discovered the method of his government. Take whatever to human intelligence is most capricious, the mission of the winds, or the philosophy of the showers, and we ask not a verdict from piety, we ask it from science in her place of pride, and she will decree that whatever seems fortuitous is only man's ignorance, and that every step of advancing knowledge is a stride into the territory, where not chance—for that is a nonentity—but nought that is unforeseen can possibly occur. There is nothing finer in that fine field of thought, the harmonies of knowledge, than this contribution of philosophy to religion, in the overwhelming language of her inductions, in the subtilty and splendor of her demonstrations, in the meekness of her acknowledgment, that nothing breaks loose from established laws, that the universe observes the appointments and obeys the mandate of the omnipresent God. And if the world of matter is thus easily referred to Providence, is the world of mind less easily reducible to the same control? Every thing in the moral world results from the wills of conscious beings. What determines those wills, what sways them this way or that? Is it natural constitution? God made it. Is it the influence of external circumstance? God arranged it. Is it education? God doomed that we should be born in such a family, and committed to the mouldings of certain minds. God gave each soul its peculiar constitution—when placed in certain circumstances, he knew what would be the result—he knew that, and permitted it—to permit it was to will it, to decree it—and thus is Chance banished from the mind; it is subject to laws—God rules it; and that is Providence.

In the moral, then, as in the material world, the soul says alike, 'Whither shall I go from thy spirit—whither shall I flee from thy presence?' And why should it wish to flee, or why should we wish to escape the conclusion that we are in God's hands? Whatever may be the actual condition of the world, is it not a happier and a safer thought that it is so according to his will, than against his will?

A CHAPTER FOR CHILDREN.—No. II.

A GREAT MAN.

'To a great man nothing is little.'

'Papa,' said Alfred, one evening, as the happy family of the Manse were collected together, as usual, after the labours of the day, 'you promised to tell us a tale, some night, about a *great man*.'

'And we have been guessing ever since who it is,' interrupted Ellen: 'Charles says it must be Alexander, I think it is Solomon, and Alfred will have it, papa, that it can be no one else but—I can scarcely tell you for laughing—but—ha, ha, ha!—oh! dear, how very funny—Jack—Jack—Jack'——

'I didn't say Jack, Jack, Jack, Ellen,' exclaimed Alfred, indignant at his sister's laughter, 'like a jack-daw that's learning to talk, and can't talk plain: I said,' continued the little fellow, with great gravity, and assumed dignity of tone, 'Jack the Giant-Killer; and wasn't he a great man, when he had got on his invisible cloak and his seven-leagued boots?'

'Alfred *will* read these Tom-Thumb stories, papa,' said Charles, 'whenever he can get hold of them; and, though he has been told a thousand times they are not true, I do think he believes them.'

'That's not true, Charles, however,' exclaimed Alfred, still more indignant at this reflection on his credulity: 'Papa said he would tell us a *tale*, and I know Jack the Giant-Killer is one.'

'Yes, my dear boy,' said Mr. ———, 'but I meant a *true* tale, and I shall be glad if it interests you half as much as your favourite stories, which are not true, and which such a little man as you, Alfred, having so handsome a cabinet of books, enriched with the beautiful and interesting tales of a Barbauld and an Edgeworth, ought to be above reading: but, since you are fond of wonderful stories, listen to me, and I will tell you one.

'There lived, not many years ago, (a little more than 150), a young prince called Peter, the son of Alexis emperor of Russia. This Alexis had two other sons, older than Peter—Theodore and John; and by the laws of Russia, the eldest of these, Theodore, succeeded to the throne on his father's death. He had a very weak constitution, and was almost always ill: so that it seemed probable he would not live long. Now this Theodore had a sister called Sophia, who, according to the custom prevalent at that time in Russia, ought to have lived a retired life in a convent, that is, a religious house where females—

sometimes the daughters of kings and emperors—were secluded from the world, under the pretence of devoting their whole lives to the worship of God; but this princess, not relishing retirement, and being fond of power, said it would be very cruel to shut her up in a convent when her brother was so ill, and earnestly requested to be near his person, that she might wait upon him and nurse him. Having obtained her wish, she did all she could to ingratiate herself into the favour of her brother Theodore, and his courtiers—that is, those persons of exalted rank and powerful influence, by whom kings are surrounded. Amongst these was a very artful man called Prince Galitzin, by whose means she governed the Russians during the illness of her poor brother, whilst she pretended to be engaged only in attending upon his sick couch; and when Theodore died, she got the chief power still more into her own hands. Theodore had nominated Peter, his brother-in-law, as his successor, because his own brother John, being nearly blind, and subject to fits, which very much impaired his faculties, and injured his articulation, so that he could not speak distinctly, was a very unfit person to be a king. This did not at all please the ambitious and intriguing Sophia, his sister, who wished to reign herself: so, to accomplish her object, she pretended her brother had been poisoned, and getting a fierce band of ruffian soldiers, called Strelitzes, on her side, she barbarously murdered many officers of the court and the army who were favourable to Peter's accession to the throne—some of them being actually tossed on the sharp points of the pikes with which the Strelitzes were armed. By this bloody deed she so terrified the nobles and the people, that they consented to her sickly, and almost idiotic, brother John's being proclaimed emperor, or Tzar, in conjunction with Peter, who was at this time only ten years of age, and she took care to have herself chosen regent, under which name she acted with all the authority and assumed all the pomp of a queen or empress. During the massacre of the nobles who favoured Peter, this young prince had to flee for his life to a convent, which was also a fortress, about fifteen leagues from Moscow, and it is said that two assassins pursued him and his mother to the altar of the convent where they had sought refuge, as the most sacred and inviolable spot, it being thought an act of sacrilege, or crime against God, to kill any one at the altar: one of the murderers, however, had already raised his sword to destroy the young prince, when he was dissuaded from executing his barbarous intention by the other's reminding him of the awful sanctity of the place. This was not the only danger to which Peter was exposed. He was continually regarded with jealous eyes by the princess regent, Sophia, and her unprincipled coadjutor Galitzin, who at length laid a deliberate plan for his destruction, having ordered a band of soldiers to seize his person. He was, therefore, again compelled to fly, in order to save his life. He fortunately escaped from their hands, and, assembling his friends around him in the fortified convent, in which he had again sought refuge, he defeated the evil designs of his enemies, all of whom he was shortly enabled to seize. Most of them, after being severely flogged by the *knout*, (the Russian whip for punishing criminals), were beheaded; Prince Galitzin was banished, and the Princess Sophia confined for her life to a convent, where she died, fifteen years after, in 1704.

'In the eighteenth year of his age, Peter thus became emperor, or Tzar, of all Russia; but he was still surrounded by dangers. The Strelitzes, those barbarous troops, who had twice attempted to assassinate him, and who had often made and unmade sovereigns according to their pleasure, in about five years after he had ascended the throne, laid a new plan for his destruction. They agreed amongst themselves to set fire to a building in the Kremlin, the middle and highest part of the city of Moscow, in which stands the ancient palace of the Tzars, well convinced that Peter would soon hasten to the spot, on hearing of the fire, where one of the conspirators, mingling with the crowd of people that would be attracted to it, was to stab him to the heart. This plot, however, was betrayed to the Tzar on the very night it was to be executed, and whilst the conspirators were met together for this purpose, by two of their number, either from fear or compunction; and Peter himself, at great personal risk, proceeded, with a few faithful followers, straight to the house in which the assassins were drinking success to their diabolical designs. He outstripped his guards, and stood alone amidst his enemies, who were so much surprised at his sudden appearance, that they forgot, for a short time, their purpose of destroying him. The monarch, with great presence of mind, calmly seated himself in the midst of them, and, pouring out a glass of wine, drank to them, a compliment which they returned. At length one of them said, recovering his presence of mind, 'Brother, it is time;' to which another answered, 'Not yet;' when Peter, who now heard the footsteps of his guards approaching, started from his seat, and knocked the latter speaker down, crying aloud, in a voice of terrible indignation, 'If it is not yet time for you, scoundrel, it is for me!' The conspirators, seeing the guards enter the room, were alarmed into the utmost timidity, and throwing themselves on their knees, piteously implored the mercy of the highly-incensed Tzar. 'Chain them!' he exclaimed, in a voice of thunder, turning to his guards: they were all instantly thrown into chains, and, after the most excruciating tortures had been inflicted upon them, were dismembered and beheaded: their heads were stuck on spikes to a lofty column raised for the express purpose, their arms and legs were bound round it, and their bodies were flung on the ground to be devoured by dogs. This was a terrible punishment, but these Strelitzes were terrible men, and could be awed into submission only by acts as barbarous as their own. Soldiers, Alfred,—I see you are interested, and this tale is addressed particularly to you—when kept up in large numbers, called standing armies, are a dreadful evil to a country, as they not only live at the public expence, and consume the earnings of the people, but sometimes dictate who shall rule over them and who shall not. They have been known to commit the most horrible massacres, destroying all persons they dislike, and plundering their houses and estates—slaughtering their wives and children. The most fearful soldiers of this kind were the Janissaries of Turkey, the Prætorean Guards of Rome, and the Strelitzes of Russia. The latter, however, were subdued, and eventually disorganized, by the commanding talents and appalling punishments of Peter, the tzar, whom they had so often attempted to destroy.

'This great monarch had other enemies besides the Strelitzes, and the most formidable of these was a neighbouring prince, about his own age, who possessed great talents for war, and had large armies and fleets at his command. This was Charles XII. king of Sweden. The Swedes were much better soldiers than the Russians, whom they had often defeated. The soldiers of Russia, indeed, when Peter came to the throne, knew little of the art of war, and were rather armed hordes than disciplined troops. To make them the latter was one of the great objects of Peter's ambition. He was himself very fond of the military art, and when a boy, used often, like other little boys of my acquaintance, to *play at soldiers*. One of his amusements, during his retirement, in the regency of his sister-in-law, Sophia, was training up a small band of fifty men, consisting partly of the younger servants about him, and partly of the sons of the *boyars*, or land-proprietors, according to the European tactics, that is, teaching them to fight in the same manner as the soldiers of the more enlightened countries of Europe did, clothing them in the same *uniform*, or soldiers' dress, and instructing them in the proper use of the same arms. In this little regiment he entered himself as a private, and compelled the young boyars to do the same; making them pass in succession, from common soldiers, through the different grades of corporal, sergeant, and ensign, before he suffered them to take a commission as lieutenant. Thus he made himself and his young companions thoroughly acquainted with the duties of all situations in the army, and taught them to rise by merit: so that they thus became good and experienced officers, whilst the men in the ranks were accustomed to the strictest discipline. In establishing this discipline he was assisted by two Europeans then resident in Russia, one named Francis Le Fort, and the other, Patrick Gordon, the former a citizen of Geneva, and the latter a native of Scotland. Availing himself of their superior knowledge and military talents, he afterwards formed a very celebrated regiment called the Preobrazinski guards, because his first attempt at soldiership was made at Preobrazinski, his country residence. With soldiers thus disciplined, he attacked Azoph, an important town, belonging to the Turks, on the Palus Mæotis, or Sea of Azoph, which he justly regarded as the key to the Black Sea, since no ships could safely pass from the river Don into that sea, whilst this fortress opposed their passage. In his first attack upon it, which he headed in person, he was defeated, chiefly by the treachery of an artillery officer, who deserted to the enemy, and many of his troops were killed. Peter, however, was not dispirited by the failure of this first attempt. In the following spring he besieged Azoph again, and took it in a very extraordinary manner, his whole army rolling earth before them till the vast mound they raised reached above the height of the ramparts; on which, clearly perceiving that further resistance was vain, the governor of the place consented to give it up. By this capitulation, as it is called, the Russians got possession of this important town, which the Tzar took care to strengthen by additional fortifications. This victory was celebrated in Moscow by a splendid triumph, in which, amidst the firing of cannon and ringing of bells, the officers who had obtained it walked in procession, Peter himself following them, in order to do them the greater honour, and to show his subjects that not rank, but merit, was the road to military glory. By such rewards as these, and by strict discipline, the Russian soldiers were prepared for further conquests; and the Tzar, in conjunction with the kings of Poland and Denmark, determined to direct their arms against Sweden. His object in this war (in which it must be confessed he was the aggressor) was to make himself master of Ingria and Carelia, provinces lying on each side of the entrance into the gulf of Finland, through which he was anxious to establish a safe passage into the Baltic, as he had already done through the Palus Mæotis into the Black Sea, in order that the Russians might be benefitted by a lucrative commerce through both these seas. Commerce carried on by sea, Alfred, is the exchange of goods produced in one country for those produced in another, which goods are conveyed to different and distant parts of the world in ships. To procure for his country the benefits resulting from such commerce was the motive which induced Peter to enter into a league with the kings of Poland and Denmark against Charles XII., the young king of Sweden. They supposed that by so formidable a confederacy they should easily terrify Charles into granting their several demands; and the Swedes, alarmed at their preparations, would have willingly listened to their proposals in order to avert the storm of war from their country, especially as their youthful monarch had not hitherto manifested any military talents. Charles was not, however, to be thus brow-beaten into submission. Though he had hitherto acted as a boy, he suddenly sprang up into a hero. He rejected with scorn a proposed negociation for peace, and hastened to attack his enemies both by sea and land. In six weeks the king of Denmark was glad to sign a peace on most disadvantageous conditions, his capital being threatened by a Swedish fleet; and the king of Poland, being unable to accomplish his object in obtaining Riga, which he had besieged, withdrew his troops from it. Released from these enemies, Charles directed all his force against Russia, and in a great battle fought before Narva, situated on the river Narowa, (about eight miles from its mouth, where it enters the gulf of Finland), which the Russians had attacked, he gained a signal victory over the troops of the Tzar, which, though greatly superior in number to the Swedes, were vastly inferior in discipline, being most of them raw recruits, whereas those of Charles were some of the best in Europe, and flushed with the victories they had lately obtained. Instead of following up his victory against the Russians, the king of Sweden turned his arms against the Poles, and the Tzar was left a whole year unmolested. Charles probably thought that Peter would be deterred by the discomfiture he had sustained at Narva from acting offensively against him, or he despised the Russians to such an excessive degree, as to suppose they would at any time be an easy prey, after he had accomplished his designs against the Poles. If such were his thoughts, he had formed a very erroneous opinion both of the Emperor and his resources. Peter was not dismayed by defeat. He instantly set about repairing his loss by raising new troops, and making new efforts to oppose the Swedes with better success: and, during the absence of Charles in Poland, he attacked and defeated his enemies both by land and sea. His victories were again celebrated by a splendid triumph at Moscow: and, not long after this event, to secure the benefits resulting from them, the Tzar laid the foundation of a new town, near the Gulf of Finland, on some islands in the mouth of the river Neva, and the adjoining continent. This town was designed, in the first instance, for a fortress and a magazine of arms in the Swedish war, though Peter had much more extensive views respecting its future destination, intending to make it his capital and the seat of an extensive commerce which should greatly enrich his dominions. The surrounding country was a vast morass, destitute equally of earth and stones fit for buildings: so that in laying the foundation of this city, the Tzar had to contend with the most formidable difficulties, in surmounting which he may be said to have gained a conquest over nature. From the unhealthy dampness of the situation, and the inclemency of the weather, 100,000 of the labourers employed in this great work are said to have perished: it was still, however, urged on by the indefatigable spirit of the Tzar, amidst the loud complaints and strong remonstrances of his subjects, and in one year from its commencement, PETERSBURG (for such was the name given to the town in commemoration of its founder) is said to have contained 30,000 houses and huts of various kinds. These were formed chiefly of wood, and, in reference to the materials of which they were constructed, king Charles, on hearing of the rapid progress which was made in the erection of the town, is reported to have uttered the following observation in contempt of Peter's unwearied efforts in the erection of it:—'Let him amuse himself as he thinks fit in building his city, I shall soon find time to take it from him, and put his *wooden* houses into a blaze.' This threat he, no doubt, fully intended to accomplish, and at no distant period. Having forced the Poles to elect a new sovereign, he invaded the dominions of their dethroned monarch, the elector of Saxony, the ally of the Russians, and reduced him to the most abject submission to his wishes, compelling him to deliver into his hands the unfortunate Pakal, the ambassador and general of the Tzar, whom he put to death, after subjecting him to the most excruciating tortures. The vengeful Swede now determined to make Russia the theatre of war, and on an attempt being made to bring about a reconciliation between him and the Tzar, he haughtily replied that he would treat with the Tzar at Moscow! Undaunted by his threats, Peter very good humouredly observed on this occasion, 'My brother Charles wishes to act the part of Alexander, but he shall not find in me a Darius.' On leaving Saxony, Charles marched his troops through Poland, where they committed dreadful ravages, murdering the peasants, and burning their habitations to ashes, and took up his winter quarters in Lithuania: the Russian army was quartered in Grodno and Minsk. The great contest between these celebrated monarchs shortly commenced. Peter had nearly been taken at Grodno by surprise, but, escaping to the palatinate of Minsk, pursued by Charles, he formed a masterly manœuvre by which he freed himself from danger, and involved his enemy in it. He determined to draw the king of Sweden, who was eager enough to follow him, into a part of the country, where he would have no means of subsisting his troops, nor any place of secure retreat, and where he might very advantageously attack his army, fatigued and ill supplied with food, especially as he could easily take up such a position as to leave open a tract of country, affording plenty of subsistence for his own forces, in case a retreat were advisable or necessary. In order to put this well-conceived plan into execution, he retreated to the right bank of the Borysthenes, or Dnieper, and entrenched himself in such a situation as secured him a free communication with Smolensko. Having taken up this position, he ordered a large division of his troops, consisting of 15,000 men, in conjunction with 12,000 Cossacks, to lay waste the country for 30 miles round, and then rejoin the main army beyond the Borysthenes. This wise measure compelled the Swedes to remain in their camps till the month of May, 1708. The Russian army consisted, at this time, of 100,000 men; that of the Swedes, of 88,000: but the latter, though inferior in numbers, were much superior in skill and discipline. In the month of June, the king of Sweden attacked a division of the Russian forces, consisting of 15,000 men, under the command of General Goltz, encamped on the river Berezina, when a great slaughter took place on each side, both the Swedes and Russians having fought with great bravery. After this action it was reported that Charles intended to push forward direct to Moscow, and Peter, therefore, again ordered his troops to lay waste the whole country between the Borysthenes and Smolensko, to deter his enemy from proceeding forward. Charles, however, crossed the Borysthenes, and in spite of all obstacles hurried on almost to Smolensko, the Tzar not thinking it prudent to risk a general engagement, and only harassing the invading army by parties of flying Cossacks, who, in their retreat, continued the devastation, and always left a waste behind them. Fatigue and famine at length stopped the progress of the desperate Swede, who, instead of proceeding to Moscow, suddenly turned towards the Ukraine. He was induced to take this unwise course by the representations of Mazeppa, the Hetman, or governor, of the Cossacks, who stated that his subjects were desirous of throwing off their allegiance to the Tzar, and would receive him with open arms as their liberator. This traitor (who has been celebrated by Lord Byron in a very beautiful poem, bearing his name) was deceived in supposing the Cossacks would join him in supporting the king of Sweden, and instead of coming to his aid with 20,000 men, and a large supply of provisions, as he had promised, Charles was deeply mortified and disappointed, on his arrival at the Desna, to see him appear with only two small regiments, consisting of no more than 2,000 men, rather as a fugitive than a powerful prince. In the mean time, his best general, Luvenhaupt, whom he had left behind him, in trying to form a junction with his master, was pursued by the Russians, and at length fiercely attacked in his march towards

Propoisk: he was compelled to risk a battle with the troops of the Tzar, who, being present in person, so animated his soldiers by his own heroic example, that they fought with the most determined valor the whole day. Night interrupted the conflict, and before the morning the Swedes had fled, leaving behind them 7000 waggons, loaded with provisions, (which the army under the king of Sweden so much wanted,) sixteen pieces of cannon, and all the soldiers who had been wounded in the late battle. Amongst the prisoners who fell into the hands of the Russians were 103 officers and 2673 men. To add to his misfortunes, the fortress of Bathourin, the capital of the Cossacks, near the forest of the Desna, which Charles, by the advice of Mazeppa, advanced to secure, had been previously reduced to ashes by a band of Russians sent by the Tzar for this purpose; and the Cossacks had chosen a new general, whose election Peter confirmed, a sentence of excommunication having been passed upon Mazeppa by the bishop of Kiou. These events happened in the month of November, when the inclemency of a Russian winter added to the horrors of the situation in which the obstinacy and imprudence of the Swedish hero had placed his army, which had to pass through a country entirely desolate, all the villages in it having been burnt or destroyed. In pursuing his march in December, the extreme intensity of the cold destroyed a vast number of the troops, who dropped down dead, or dying, and those which survived, about 30,000, were destitute of proper clothing to defend them from the severe frosts, and in want of necessary food to support life. Still, contrary to the advice of his most prudent officers, and in the face of all this misery, the indomitable Charles determined to go forward, deluding himself with the hope of conquering the Ukraine, and eventually marching to Moscow in order to dictate from the palace in the Kremlin terms of submission to his powerful and hitherto successful opponent, the Tzar Peter. His mad ambition, however, was destined soon to receive a final overthrow. The increasiug severity of the winter during the remainder of December, and the whole of January, stopped the progress of the invader; but in February he commenced his march across the Ukraine, burning every human habitation he met with, and laying waste the country all around him, till his progress was again finally impeded by sandy deserts to the west of the river Donetz. He was compelled to retrace his steps through the very country he had so cruelly and unwisely reduced to a state of desolation, exposed to evils of every kind, and in want of every necessary. Three months were consumed in these fruitless expeditions. In May he arrived, with greatly diminished forces, at Pultowa, a small fortified town on the river Vorskla, to which he laid siege. The Tzar, who had been making preparations for the final struggle with his formidable enemy, whilst the latter had wasted his army, hastened to the defence of this fortress, and a battle shortly commenced between the Russians and Swedes, in which both Charles and Peter showed the importance they attached to the victory, as decisive of the fate of their respective countries, by the personal efforts they each made to obtain it. Charles, who had been lamed in the heel by a shot which shattered the bone, was carried in a litter at the head of his troops, holding a pistol in his hand, and, when this litter was broken to pieces by a cannon-ball, he ordered his men to bear him on their pikes: whilst Peter, with equal courage braving every danger, had his clothes pierced with bullets in several places, as well as the saddle of the horse on which he rode. The Swedes, however, had been too much weakened by their late sufferings and deprivations, to withstand, for any length of time, the undiminished vigor of the Russians, who were greatly superior in numbers: they gave way, and fell into confusion. Rout succeeded, and dreadful slaughter: 9224 being slain. The shattered remains of the Swedish army, under Luvenhaupt, at Perewolochna, three days after this disastrous battle, surrendered as prisoners of war. The Tzar triumphed in every quarter, and the discomfited king of Sweden, so often a victor, was now a fugitive: with the traitor Mazeppa, and a few troops, he hurried in breathless haste over deep rivers and desolate wildernesses, in danger of perishing with hunger, till relieved by Turkish hospitality at Bender, where he rested from his precipitate and dangerous flight. He still, however, cherished the hope of conquering the Tzar. By his representations, he excited against him the jealousy of the Turkish government, who sent to oppose him an army of 200,000 men. Too precipitate in advancing against this overwhelming force, deceived by an ally who had promised to supply his troops with provisions and join them with his own, almost surrounded by his foes, with no place of safe or possible retreat, Peter found himself in a worse situation than Charles at Pultowa: a treaty, however, preserved him, and Charles could never again rouse the Turks to renewed hostilities. After many fruitless intrigues, he was at length ordered by the Sultan to leave his dominions and return to his own: he refused compliance, and with his few attendants had the mad temerity to oppose a numerous army of the Turks. After fighting to the last, he was taken prisoner, and confined in a castle at Adrianople; being, however, afterwards allowed to remain at the little town of Demotica, about eighteen miles from that city. Here he feigned illness, and kept his bed for ten months, still hoping, by intrigue and delay, to engage the Turks in a war with Russia. In the mean time his brave subjects, the Swedes, carried on a spirited war against his numerous enemies, which the presence of Charles would probably have rendered successful, as his absence rendered it disastrous. They were beaten by the Tzar both by sea and land; and, in order to redeem their affairs, the ministers of Sweden, regarding the country as abandoned by the king, petitioned his sister, Ulrica Eleonora, to take the government into her own hands. The princess consented, and this transaction effectually roused the bed-ridden monarch. He considered it as an act of rebellion against his authority, and instantly despatched an indignant and despotic letter to the senate, telling them that if they dared to assume the reins of government, he would send them *one of his boots*, from which they should receive their orders! This letter he soon followed, with the consent of the Turkish minister, and passing in disguise through Germany, after a harassing journey, he appeared before Stralsund, from which place he sent orders to his generals to renew the war against all his enemies with fresh vigor. These were numerous and powerful, and a combined army of Prussians, Danes and Saxons soon besieged Stralsund. The Swedes, inspired by the presence of their king, fought with desperate courage, but, pressed on all sides, after a terrible slaughter, to avoid falling into the hands of his enemies, Charles left the town in the night in a small vessel, and fortunately landed in safety on the shores of Sweden. Instead, however, of hastening to his capital (which his proud spirit could not brook approaching in his present unfortunate circumstances), he passed the winter at Carlscroon, from which, fifteen years before, he had set out in all the pride of youthful ambition and arrogant expectation, to subdue his enemies and to give law to nations. Under every reverse of fortune he still cherished the hope of ultimate victory, and, whilst his formidable foes threatened to make Sweden the theatre of war, he passed over into Norway, and defeated the Danes in several engagements. Want of provisions compelled him to return to Sweden, but after a short time he again invaded Norway in a most inclement season of the year, and laid siege to Frederickshall. The cold was so intense that the soldiers on duty dropped down dead, but the unyielding soul of Charles defied the elements—he slept in the open air, covered only with a cloak! His hardihood, however, was vain. As he was one night viewing the progress of the works by the cold star-light of a winter sky, exposing his person to the freezing air, and braving danger in every shape, a small cannon ball struck him to the earth, and he died instantly without a groan. On being found after he was dead, it was observed that his lifeless hand still firmly grasped the hilt of his sword: thus he manifested even in his death the same undaunted spirit he had exhibited through life—to the last moment fearless and daring.

'Oh, papa, what a brave man!' exclaimed Alfred, whilst Ellen wept, and Charles was rendered mute by the intense interest he felt in the story. 'Yes! my dear,' replied Mr. Darcourt, 'but he was neither a wise, nor a good man. He had courage, but neither prudence nor mercy. He was hardy, but he was rash and cruel: if he had the boldness of the lion, he had also the ferocity of the tiger, without the sagacity of the elephant. Contrast him with Peter, who had equal courage and infinitely more wisdom, as well as goodness of heart. Charles, too, fought merely for military fame—he wished to be thought an invincible warrior; and to obtain a selfish reputation, he exposed his army to destruction and his kingdom to all the evils that can befal a state. Peter waged war for the defence of his country and the security of his subjects, whose welfare and improvement he sought through his whole life with a most unwearied ardor. Charles was a hero: Peter was a patriot.

Of the latter I will tell you more some other evening. The best comment on the history of the former is contained in the following lines from Dr. Johnson's fine poem, entitled 'The Vanity of Human Wishes.'

> 'On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
> How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide;
> A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
> No dangers fright him, and no labours tire;
> O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
> Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain;
> No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
> War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field;
> Behold surrounding kings their pow'rs combine,
> And one capitulate, and one resign;
> Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain;
> "Think nothing gain'd," he cries, "till nought remain,
> On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
> And all be mine beneath the polar sky."
> The march begins in military state,
> And nations on his eye suspended wait;
> Stern Famine guards the solitary coast,
> And Winter barricades the realms of Frost;
> He comes, nor want nor cold his course delay;—
> Hide, blushing Glory, hide Pultowa's day:
> The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken bands,
> And shows his miseries in distant lands;
> Condemn'd a needy supplicant to wait,
> While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
> But did not Chance at length her errour mend?
> Did no subverted empire mark his end?
> Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?
> Or hostile millions press him to the ground?
> His fall was destined to a barren strand,
> A petty fortress, and a dubious hand;
> He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
> To point a moral, or adorn a tale.'

MOTIVES TO PIETY.

No argument appears more conclusive than that which is derived from the works of creation in proof of the existence of God. No evidence, except the direct and palpable evidence of the senses, can be attended with greater assurance; and even this cannot be affirmed to be much more powerful in producing conviction. With every effect, which we have an opportunity of observing, we always connect in our minds a cause adequate to its production. Thus if we see a machine, consisting of various parts, and all these parts curiously contrived to answer some important purpose, we conclude at once that it had a contriver and a maker. We cannot by any means be induced to think that it was formed of itself without an adequate cause. So it is in regard to the visible creation—a machine of such immense magnitude, of parts so nicely adjusted, and of operations so wonderfully various, methodical and beneficent—it cannot be seriously contemplated by the mind without reference to the Creator. And the same may be affirmed of every one, even of the least, of its parts. Every particle of matter that moves, every animal that lives, and every sensation that is felt, attests the existence of Him, 'in whom we live and move and have our being.'

If God is the source of existence to all his creatures, and the author of all good, he is the great and sole object of adoration and reverence. Every thing that is great, every thing that is supereminent, is calculated of itself to excite our attention and regard. All objects that are grand and magnificent affect the mind with corresponding feelings. When we behold the great works of nature, the lofty and stupendous mountain, the vast immeasurable ocean, or the spanless arch of heaven, we are affected with deep, inexpressible emotions. Our admiration and reverence are great in proportion to the magnificence and grandeur of the objects contemplated. Let us transfer these sentiments from the works of God to God himself—from the creation to the Creator. If they are great, he is much greater; if they are glorious, he is infinitely more glorious. This is not requiring us to do any thing that is unnatural, or even unusual. When we view the various works of art—the exquisite productions of human skill, little credit will be given us for our intellectual attainments and taste, if we do not estimate at a high rate the skill and genius of the artist. In like manner, it is justly required of us, when we observe the structure of the world, when we behold the wonders of creation, when we see displayed in endless variety and abundance the exhaustless stores of providence, that we should look up from nature to nature's God, and adore that inconceivable energy which called all things into being and operation. Thus from the admiration of the grandeur and majesty of things visible, we are led to adore the infinitely superior and unrivalled majesty of the invisible God, 'in whom we live and move and have our being.'

The mind of man—his intellectual existence—is the true seat of that sentiment of adoration and reverence with which the heart ought to be inspired. Pure spiritual worship is the sacrifice, ardent prayers and aspirations are the incense, most acceptable to God. If lofty temples and decorated altars, and pompous ceremonials, were indeed calculated to purify and spiritualize the conceptions of the mind, and to confer an additional brightness on the lustre of reason and truth, we should feel it our duty to urge the reader to avail himself of the various means and provisions which have been instituted. But as we are convinced of their insufficiency, or rather of their degrading tendency, we address him in the words of truth and soberness, and direct him to a more approved mode of honouring God, and to more efficacious means of promoting his own spiritual advancement. The form, or mode, or outward circumstances signify indeed comparatively little. What is of essential consequence, is the correctness of our notions, the elevation of our conceptions, and the truth and sincerity of the sentiments which we express. Nor yet is it enough to exhibit a high excitement of feelings, and an unusual fervour of sentiment. God requireth truth in the inward parts; and there can be no truth in the inward parts, except the actions of our lives are consistent with the sentiments which inspire our devotions. Actions are the only true standard of the value of our inward fervour of feeling. Fervent aspirations are but the rudiments of piety. Its full size and symmetry are displayed in a virtuous conduct.

If in God we live and move and have our being, if it be the condition of our existence, that every thing we are and possess must be of necessity derived from God, we ought to be inspired with the liveliest sentiments of gratitude to him.

Our very being is in God. We and the whole creation are an emanation of his goodness. We cannot conceive that he had any other view in the creation, than to impart happiness to his creatures, according to their diversified capacities. In this truly godlike motive originated that great and wonderful system in which we are included. For this purpose God spoke, and it was done—the magnificent scene of creation was displayed: the mighty void was filled with being and animation: the heavenly luminaries shone with benignant influence; they moved with harmonious order in their various spheres: the earth was redeemed from the overwhelming deep, and fashioned with due adaptation of element, temperature and location for animals unnumbered of every size and form. Last, man arose, erect in youthful beauty—heaven's hallowed image stampt upon his face. At the first exhibition of this glorious spectacle, 'the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.' It was indeed a shout of adoration; but it was also a shout of joyful gratitude.

The system of created beings is a consistent whole; of innumerable different parts, variously combined, and all placed in different positions; but all having one tendency—one end, and that is happiness. In regard to man, more especially, this end is most manifest. He holds a distinguished order in the creation. 'He was made but a little lower than the angels, and crowned with glory and honor.' Other creatures have been gifted with external senses, and with mechanical motions and forces, equal and superior to his. But being inferior in the master-work, the governing mind, they are all subdued by him, and made subservient to his use. 'There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding.' The intellectual faculties which man possesses, raise him incomparably above the other animals. These connect him with superior beings, and present him with the prospect of a still higher form and state of existence. He is capable of holding converse with his Maker, and of improving and advancing indefinitely, and of rising for ever in the scale of being. Where, then, is the man to be found, in whom the understanding is so degraded, in whom the affections are so depraved, or in whom the will is so perverted, as to withhold the tribute of gratitude and praise which he owes to that supremely benevolent Father, in whom he lives and moves and has his being?

If our life is in, by, and through God, we ought not only to feel resigned at all times and under all circumstances, but we ought also to feel a perfect assurance that all things shall work together for good—in the end probably to all, but most manifestly to all those who fear God, and endeavour to obey his will. Behold all the works of God! In wisdom he has made them all. With perfect wisdom he orders all things in heaven and upon earth. Though the field of our observation is exceedingly confined, and though our knowledge of the little that we are able to observe is very imperfect, yet, I doubt not, we see many reasons to be convinced that there is a constant struggle maintained against ignorance and evil, and a constant exertion to produce a better state of things—knowledge and happiness. We know the result of this struggle and exertion for many ages; we know that ignorance has retired, and that knowledge has advanced. We have even seen in our own days the actual operation of this tendency of things. We have seen the state of society improved. We have observed a rapid advance of the various arts and conveniences of life. We have observed more just, liberal, peaceful and philanthropic sentiments gradually and more generally pervading the different masses of which the great society of mankind consists. We have seen the alleviation of misery and want and disease effected in all the ranks and conditions of life. And what should lead us to entertain a suspicion that this tendency of things shall be suspended? Is it not much more rational to conclude that it will be progressive, and progressive in an increased degree?

But some perhaps will be disposed to say that the interest of individuals is distinct from that of the general system, and that it does not always appear to be invariably consulted. The reason of this surmise is this. We do not know what our truest happiness is, nor in what it essentially consists. We are always apt to think that the lot of others is preferable to our own; and that if we were rich and powerful, and had at our command all that heart could wish, we should then indeed be in a state truly to be desired, and the happiness of our condition would be unquestionable. This however is a very erroneous view of things. Experience and good sense, and much more a sense of religion, teach its fallacy. The man of correct reflection is convinced, from observing the manner in which men's condition affects their real happiness, that the objects so much coveted, do not actually promote it upon the whole. Besides, we must conclude that the improvement of parts of the system, and that the security and happiness of individuals, must be included in that of the general system; and that the former cannot be stationary while the latter is steadily advancing.

We infer from the constitution of all creatures, that the end of the Creator was improvement and happiness; we know that a salutary Providence is constantly directing and overruling all things, in a manner agreeably to the goodness of the Creator; and we are positively informed in the covenant of God's love to the world through Jesus Christ, that all things shall work together for good to those that fear him and do his will. 'The lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice, let the multitude of the isles be glad thereof.'

If we, in the best sense of the words, live and move and have our being in God, we shall become co-operators with him, not indeed in conducting the general system, because of that we are utterly incapable, but in promoting in ourselves, and in those with whom we are more immediately connected, the general tendency to improvement, and the gradual developement of happiness. Among the various means of which the Author of good makes use to accomplish his designs, the co-operation of man is of great influence. Other agents have a partial and occasional influence; his agency is immediate and direct. And what is particularly gratifying and favourable, and highly encouraging to his exertions, the benefit belongs not exclusively to those who are primarily intended, but a double portion of it is reflected upon the agent himself. 'Good measure, pressed down and running over, is returned into their own bosom.' 'Though every good and perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights,' yet he did not originally create man in that state of perfection to which he meant him eventually to be brought; but he implanted within him the rudiments of progressive improvement. And whoever devotes his talents and efforts to the developement of that plan of improvement, is living in God. He becomes one of the channels through which the Almighty is conveying his blessings to his children. He is an instrument of heaven in carrying on the eternal progression towards perfection.

THE LOVE OF CHRIST AND THE LOVE OF KINDRED.

There is a love which is due to Christ from all his disciples: this arises from the various relations which he sustains towards us as our master, friend and saviour, as well as from those invaluable benefits and blessings which we derive from his Gospel, his example, and his disinterested services and sacrifices for our salvation and happiness. In all these respects, we look upon Jesus Christ as having, under God, his Father and our Father, the first claim upon our obedience, gratitude and affection. We regard him as the voluntary, cheerful and benevolent agent, in executing those great purposes of Divine love and mercy, for which he came into the world, and to complete which, he lived, and taught, and suffered, and died.

It appears to us wholly unnecessary to resort to any abstruse questions respecting the metaphysical nature and person of our Lord, in order to fix and exalt the claims which he has, to such a powerful degree, upon our gratitude and regard. We now leave entirely out of view the truth or error of those opinions, and their scriptural or unscriptural character; putting them aside, as if they had never been known or agitated amongst Christians. It does not seem at all necessary to resort to such kind of stimulants, as they may be called, to excite within us a powerful and fervent love to Jesus Christ. There is in his own life and character, in his mind and affections, in his sentiments and actions, in the spirit which breathes within and around him, an ample abundance of the purest materials for cherishing such an exalted sentiment towards him. For what is it, let us ask ourselves, which has the highest and best claims upon our respect, admiration and obedience? Is it outward distinctions, exalted rank, extensive power, and boundless wealth, with all the gaudy trappings and adornings which arise from such sources, and which raise for a time, and only for a time, one man above another, till we all sink to our common level in the grave? Are these the highest distinctions which exalt man to glory, and crown him with a name that never dies? All such perishable appendages are, in a true estimate of things, lighter than the dust, when weighed in the balance against a virtuous emotion, a single exalted sentiment, a single benevolent action. Let us but be able to break through the many proud fences which bar our approaches to each other; let us but once come in contact with the mind and the heart of any human being around us; and then it is that we feel, not only that the mind is the standard of the man, and that all outward distinctions are vain and empty in the comparison, but also that virtue is the true nobility of our nature; that goodness is awful as well as lovely; and that when once it enters into the soul, it excites there those deep emotions and exalted sentiments which contribute to the imperishable glory of man, and form the foundation of his happiness for eternity.

If then we are thus made by our Creator, to admire and feel the power and greatness of virtue; if our souls are impelled, as it were, to pay their tribute of homage to every genuine display of kind affections, disinterested expressions of goodness, and benevolent actions; if in the estimate of enlightened wisdom, they are the truly great who are the truly good, and our hearts feel a growing love and reverence for those who have been the greatest benefactors of their age and of mankind; then who is there, we may confidently ask, amongst the sons of men, that can sustain a moment's comparison with Jesus Christ? Who is there that has such multiplied and various claims upon our admiration, gratitude, and affection, as those which he presents? There is no need of any high description or of laboured argument to enforce and recommend them. They must be felt in order to be understood: they must be reflected into our hearts by the same spirit of holiness and benevolence which inspired, and cherished, and strengthened them in his. All men are able to perceive something superior in the character of Christ. His piety to God; his benevolence to man; his humble, self-denying spirit; his unwearied course of active virtue, sustained fortitude, entire resignation, and cheerful, suffering obedience even unto death; these are features in his character and life, so marked and prominent, that they have attracted the attention even of the most heedless observer, and forced a tribute of admiration even from reluctant lips and unwilling hearts. Even enemies to his religion, and unbelievers in his divine claims, have caught a spirit from the contemplation of Jesus which they could not resist, and like Saul amongst the prophets, have joined the company of those who have raised their hosannas to this holy son of David.

But these are not the men who are best able to estimate the moral greatness of Jesus Christ; nor is the tribute of admiration which they may offer, that which best illustrates the beauty of his character. They alone are able to estimate it truly and correctly, who not only view it in connexion with its external bearings, or in its intimate relation with the offices he sustains in the Gospel, but who also steadily aim to resemble it in their own minds and affections. If we make Jesus himself, not merely the object of our faith, but the standard of our virtue; if we cultivate the excellencies of his character, and imbibe the same spirit which inspired and animated him, ever seeking it in richer measure, to mould our dispositions, to regulate our temper, and to guide our conduct; applying it closely and faithfully to our character, in all the situations of life, in which we may be placed, amidst its duties and difficulties, its temptations and trials, then indeed shall we learn to see more clearly, and feel more deeply, every day, the true power and glory of Jesus Christ. Then shall we gratefully acknowledge the exalted superiority of his character, and its divine efficacy, to charm and purify and strengthen our nature; and thence the many endearing claims which he has upon our cheerful obedience, gratitude, and love. There must exist a common sympathy between our minds and his; the holy sympathy of virtue—that which arises from a regard for the same objects, and a pursuit of the same ends—ere we can really know what Jesus Christ was and is. And while this holy sympathy of soul leads to a growing similarity of temper and disposition, and especially to that pure and fervent love of God and of man which fed the spirit of his devotion, and guided the actions of his life, we shall thereby increase continually in that knowledge and love of him which will enrich the growing fruitfulness of our affections and lives. These are the qualities which constitute the highest style of our discipleship, and make us truly one with Christ, as he also was one with the Father.

Let us now observe the relation which our love to Christ bears to that which we owe to our dearest earthly connexions. The love of parents and kindred is deeply implanted in our hearts by our Creator, and the various ties and duties which spring from these relations, are not only some of the most necessary and important to the welfare of mankind, but also some of the most pure, interesting and improving to the character. They are the chief source of whatever is tender and benevolent, whence the various springs of humanity, gentleness and sympathy arise in the heart, and when rightly directed and faithfully observed, lay the surest foundations of the peace, usefulness, improvement and happiness of society. But however important and interesting these affections, and the duties which arise from them, they are not ultimate and final in their nature. There are higher relations still, than any which earth embraces; and the former serve to prepare and point the way to those in which the soul of man finds alone its highest end and happiness. Our relations to man and each other, lead to those which centre in virtue and God. These are, indeed, our being's end and aim: that for which we were made; that for which life is the probation, and eternity the crown. To love Christ more than kindred—a duty which Scripture enjoins and reason sanctions—is, in other words, to love duty and virtue more than any earthly good; it is to prefer the noblest end, to that which is but the means; it is to render our love of goodness supreme and triumphant in the soul. Jesus and his Gospel are thus identified and commended to our regard: the one is the brightest revelation of God's love, the other is the perfect illustration of it, in the person of his beloved Son. To prefer Christ and his cause, therfeore, to all other interests and objects, whenever, in the course of duty, they should interfere, is to prefer the holy cause of truth and virtue to every thing else. It is, in fact, a preference of our highest welfare, founded on the conviction that we are born to live for ever; destined to survive all the distinctions of time, except those which are in their own nature immortal; to grow through eternal ages in the knowledge and love of God, and to find in the higher and nobler relationship of virtue, in every exalted being that surrounds us, a father and a mother, a brother and a sister. Striking and painful emergencies sometimes arise, when Providence has some important ends to accomplish for the welfare of mankind, in which the principles of attachment and preference to our great Master and his cause are put to the severest tests: emergencies, when the usual channels in which our affections flow smoothly and pleasantly, are disturbed and ruffled by some powerful and opposite agency; when the love of Christ and the love of kindred are set in opposition to each other, and we are called by the voice of duty to make our choice, and to meet the struggle however hard and painful. Such was the case, in an eminent degree, when the Gospel was first preached to the world: such was the case at the Reformation of our religion from the corruptions of Popery, and during the fierce contests which distinguished that important æra: and such in a greater or less degree is the case, at all times, whenever any striking changes are made, or attempted to be made, in the long established manners, habits, and opinions of mankind, especially in their forms of religious belief, and in their accustomed modes of worship. To use our Saviour's own impressive language: a man, in such circumstances, is often 'set at variance against his father, and the mother against her daughter, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law, and a man's foes are they of his own household.'

But we are not to suppose, even in these circumstances of painful excitement, whatever conduct a high sense of duty may prescribe in other respects, that any really hostile feelings and dispositions are required or cherished in the breast towards any human being whatever, much less towards those whom nature and affection have bound to us by the tenderest of all ties. On the contrary, in a truly Christian mind, our strongest earthly affections become purified and refined by the process of trial, and exalted by an alliance with nobler principles of duty; they become stronger rather than weaker in power, more refined and expansive in their influences, and are directed to higher aims and objects. When the love of Christ and of God really inspires the breast, and demands of us sacrifices difficult in themselves and painful in their nature, so far from divesting us of our interest in all the ties of human nature, it increases that interest manifold; we do not love our kindred and friends less but more; we learn to view them in a somewhat different relation indeed, but one still higher and nobler; we take a deeper concern in their spiritual welfare, are more anxious to promote their best happiness, and are willing to spend and be spent, if by our service it may be more fully secured. Let duty require, in any great emergency, a man to forsake brethren and sisters, and father and mother, and wife and children for Christ's sake, still he will not forsake them in his thoughts and affections, but cherish towards them, in his deepest soul, those exalted and spiritual desires for their highest good, those deep emotions of love towards them and their interests, in comparison with which these affections, in their ordinary form, are poor and mean. While in the elevation of his own mind and heart, in the rich supports of conscious integrity and virtue, and in the inspiring consolations and influences which they impart, he will find the words of the apostle fulfilled in his happy experience—that though in the loss of all outward blessings he may be sorrowful, yet in his mind and feelings he has always an abundant source of joy; and though as to this world having nothing, yet in the favour of God and the supports of virtue possessing all things; those true riches of the soul which shall endure unto eternal life.

Such are some of the qualities of that exalted affection which Christ, our divine master, claims from his faithful disciples: it consists of a strong and feeling perception of the surpassing glories of his character, and the supreme importance of those relations which he sustains to us as our Saviour. Love to Christ consists not, as too many suppose, of external raptures, and excited expressions of attachment, but rather in that calm yet deep and habitual sentiment of veneration, which leads us to set him before our eyes, as the daily model after which our own temper and disposition should be formed, and our actions guided. It leads us to imbue our own minds and hearts with the same divine spirit of devotion and benevolence which inspired and governed his; to drink daily at that fountain of goodness which for ever springs up in his life and character, and where, the deeper we drink, the sweeter and purer becomes the stream. We thus render unto him a nobler homage of gratitude and affection than any which can ever arise from the metaphysical nature of his person, his peculiar rank in the universe, or other appendages of external dignity and power. Our growing resemblance to the spirit and character of Christ, forms the best test of our love to him, and that which he himself will most approve and own. Let us learn to apply this test more earnestly to our own character and circumstances. We are not often called in the present day to prove our love to Christ by great sacrifices of our worldly interests, nor summoned to forsake all that is dearest to us by the ties of nature and affection; but we are daily and hourly required to make those sacrifices of self, not less important in our circumstances, by checking fretful tempers, sinful desires, and those worldly attachments, by which our souls are so sadly ensnared: while we can shew, in a thousand ways which duty and affection dictate, the true expressions of our love to Christ, by following in his steps, walking as he walked, imitating him in his supreme attachment to the cause of truth and duty, and in his unwearied labours to promote the glory of God, by the happiness of man. In this manner may we manifest our growing love to Christ, and then shall we find that we are united both to him and to each other, to father and mother, to brother and sister, to wife and children, by dearer and more enduring ties than any which earth can present, and which, surviving all the changes of time and death, shall grow in strength and purity, through eternal ages.

SONG OF THE CAPTIVE LEVITES.

By the rivers of Babel we sit down to weep,
While our harps on the willows in solitude sleep;
For we think on lone Zion, our home and our pride,
And the music of mirth would our sorrows deride!

With the scoffs of oppression, they ask us for glee—
For the songs of our country we chanted while free;
But unfit are the triumphs of Zion for slaves,
And they ne'er shall be heard o'er our liberties' graves!

Shall we sing the Lord's song in the stranger's rude land!
Let the cunning of music be lost to our hand—
Let the voice of our singing for ever be dumb—
If we wake it to joy, 'till deliverance come!

Oh Zion, sweet Zion—belov'd though forlorn!
Though the impious enslave thee, and laugh thee to scorn,
Where'er our dark lot o'er the earth may be cast,
The remembrance of thee shall depart from us last!

Cruel daughter of Babylon—proud in thy might!
Rejoice in thy day—but there cometh a night,
When the foot of the spoiler shall trample thee low,
And requite thee in wrath for Jerusalem's woe!

HUGH HUTTON.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A DISSENTING MINISTER.

This tale is the amusing prattle of a gossiping old gentleman, who, not having been rendered morose by age, loves, in his 'heart of heart,' a joke at the expense of another, provided he is himself the author of it. He seems to be of the opinion of Anacreon, that it becomes an aged veteran to sport the more merrily the nearer he approaches the tomb:

Ως τῳ γεροντι μαλλον
Πρεπει τα τερπνα παιζειν,
Οσῳ πελας τα μοιρης:

and with the white lilies of his locks he would blend the roses of laughter-loving mirth and youthful folly. Generally good-humoured, he has, however, his moments of fretfulness, and his fits of rage, when the fire, burning in his breast, lights up his little round sparkling eyes, and flashes from beneath his grey eyebrows, like volcanic flames issuing out of snow. His prejudices, too, as is natural in a sexagenarian, are very strong, and, when irritated by the new fashions or doctrines of the day, his honied words protrude, with spiteful intent, what had been previously concealed by them, a sharp and threatening sting. In general, however, the sting is purposely retained in its sheath, and the playful old gentleman is like the cat that sports with her victim before she gives the fatal gripe that destroys it. He, however, does not so much resemble puss in her teens as in her dotage, having lost, in 'the wear and tear' of a long life, the talons that graced her velvet paws, and the teeth that armed her whiskered mouth, sitting in peevish mood in the chimney-corner, cramped with age, and utterly unable to pursue her former prey—yet still dreaming of her feline exploits, and retaining the wish, without the power, to kill! Notwithstanding his malign intention, the tone of this ancient autobiographer is, on the whole, so light and humorous, that we cannot, notwithstanding the averment of his publishers, persuade ourselves into a belief of his identity, and are therefore disposed to regard the tale he tells as nothing but a tale: the deep feelings which the subject of it must necessarily have felt, in some of the situations described, not being expressed, and to all appearance having never been experienced. We should, indeed, but for a few home-thrusts, which seem to have been dealt with a sincere aim and a savage spirit, have regarded the whole as an amusing *ruse de guerre*, resorted to for the purpose of deceiving the enemy by a false show of his own colours—a witty *hoax*, intended to display the weakness of the cause it pretended to support.

The professed object of the work is to prove the existence of serious evils, connected with the 'voluntary system' of supporting religion, which leads the author to make, amongst many ironical remarks, some severe reflections on the character of dissenting colleges, ministers, and congregations; in doing which he has often manifested a great want of candour, and been occasionally guilty of gross misrepresentation. He has purposely given a partial and exclusive view of the question it was his object to decide in only one way, using ridicule for argument, and putting the assertions of an anonymous storyteller in the place of evidence. We do not deny that there is some truth in his tale, and that many of the evils he mentions have a real existence; but most of them, arising out of the common passions and failings of human nature, are not limited to one particular church, nor attributable to any one system of faith or discipline, or the want of either; and almost all the charges which this alleged 'Dissenting Minister' brings, with an unnatural fondness of accusation, against his own brethren, may be retorted with equal truth in most cases, and in some with ten thousand times more, against all churches disclaiming the voluntary system, and hanging for support on the skirts of the state.

The facetious old gentleman, in the commencement of his history, gives us a ludicrous account of his own classical attainments, of those of his reverend examiner previous to his going to college, and of his college tutors; adding, in illustration of the asserted superficial knowledge of Greek and Latin prevalent amongst Dissenting students and their teachers, an anecdote, 'amusing enough,' as he himself terms it, but too stale in itself and too evidently dragged in for the purpose of exposing the parties calumniated to unmeasured ridicule, to be believed for a single moment by any one. We shall, however, subjoin it, as a specimen of the spirit in which this 'Autobiography' is written, and the little claim it has to be received as a true story:—

> 'A fellow-student of mine, who had more ambition after the reputation, than talent or diligence for the acquisition of literature, preaching once at a country chapel or meeting-house, where the audience were for the most part rustics of the simplest class, suddenly became very eloquent, and burst forth in a declamation in praise of the fathers of the church, talking very learnedly about St. Augustin, St. Jerome, St. Chrysostom, and others; at length he exclaimed, "Listen, I pray you, to the pathetic and soul-stirring words of St. Chrysostom, to which no translation can possibly do justice: *Propria quæ maribus tribuuntur mascula dicas.*" Just at the moment of his uttering this splendid quotation, his eye caught sight of our classical tutor, who happened by some strange accident to be one of his hearers. The orator was for a moment thunderstruck, and was just going to blush and look foolish, but he had presence of mind to think that no good was to be got by blushing, so he put a bold face on the matter, and proceeded. The tutor never took any notice of the quotation, and the orator, when he tells the story, always adds that the classical gentleman took it for Greek.'

The defective classical attainments and narrow literature, which, in such passages as these, the Autobiographer attributes to Dissenting Ministers—even the best educated amongst them—he represents as a necessary consequence of the 'voluntary system.' This, let it be observed, is mere assertion. The fact may be disputed, and the inference drawn from it shown to be incorrect. Admitting, however, merely for the sake of argument, what is a very evident misrepresentation, that Dissenting Ministers are, at the present moment, as grossly ignorant as their laughing calumniator describes them, it is only fair play to inquire, whether such ignorance be owing to any thing necessarily attaching to the 'voluntary system,' or to other circumstances having no connexion with it—perhaps directly opposed to it. Intellectual inferiority and literary deficiencies appear to us so far from being the natural, or necessary, result of the voluntary support of religion, to have nothing to do with it whatever, and in one country, at least, where the state does not interfere in any way with religious concerns, they are not found to exist under the most unrestricted exercise of the voluntary principle: need we mention America, with her learned universities and well-informed ministers, in the foremost rank of which stands, pre-eminent for all that is great in human intellect, the accomplished scholar, profound thinker, powerful writer, able reasoner, and eloquent preacher, Channing?

The superficial education and attainments of Dissenting teachers in this country, were they really such, are less justly attributable to the voluntary system than to the illiberal spirit of the persecuting system opposed to it, which has for centuries excluded all but Churchmen from the national colleges, and done all it could to make learning the monopoly of a favoured few, conferring the honours and emoluments due to it wherever found, only upon the supporters of the Established faith, and refusing to bestow any more laudatory, or encouraging, title than heretic and rebel on the most illustrious man of letters, however intense his devotion to literature and extensive his acquirements—the most penetrating philosopher, however deep his researches and beneficial his discoveries—the most imaginative genius, however original his creations and delightful his compositions—unless each, forsooth, had submissively bent his head at the shrine of a dominant theology, and subscribed—what, with the lofty-minded Milton, many an exalted intellect has nobly refused—'slave' to all its arrogant and absurd impositions. The Dissenters are shut out from the *penetralia* of the institutions established for the promotion and extension of learning—the jealous gates of Oxford and Cambridge are barred against their intrusion to the much-boasted '*fontes sacros*' of these state-protected and time-honoured academies, and then they are unjustly taxed with the natural consequence of such unfair exclusion, inferiority in literary attainments, as the necessary result of their religious liberty—a long procession of learned heads, crowned with laurel, is ostentatiously exhibited in derision of their unhonoured brows, and in the presence of these favoured sons of colleges, to the privileges of which they were never admitted, the literary censor, pointing with the finger of scorn to their bald scalps, exclaims, in loud abuse of their humble pretensions—'What dolts ye are!'

Such is the injustice of this exclusive spirit: not content with the selfish appropriation of academic privileges and academic honours—it charges the absence of them as a crime on the injured party, from whom they are so illiberally withheld: which is just the same thing as if the learned bishops, in solemn convocation, were to say—'We have legalised a monopoly of learning to the sons of our venerable mother, the Established Church, and you wicked Dissenters are excluded from the privilege of sharing any part of it; yet your ignorance is not, mind you, the result of our bigotted exclusion of you, but'—

most consecutive and sagacious of conclusions—'of your own silly voluntary system!'

But of these reverend monopolisers, not only of heaven's grace, but of all earth's knowledge, we would ask—'Are there not, ye truth-telling prelates, some dull-pated parsons even in your own most enlightened church, fat rectors whose brain is as sluggish as their plethoric persons, dandy vicars whose thoughts are as weak as their own effeminate manners, lean curates whose learning is as much out-of-order as their ill-cut dress, and whose taste is as unattic as their rusty hose?' We mean not to be impertinent, and certainly we would not make any harsh reflections on the worthy hard-working men to whom we have last alluded: but we deem ourselves bound in justice to state our conviction, founded on some observation, that the Established Church covers, with its ample folds, nearly as many uneducated men as are to be found in Dissenting chapels—men who have never inhaled any but Bœotian air, never approached the purifying waters of the Cam, or the Cherwell, in its confluence with the Thames, never experienced the favouring influences of college 'Saints,' the electric fire of 'All Souls,' or the saving doctrines of 'Christ Church,' but who came, on the contrary, from corners in the country, as obscure and unknown to fame, as any from which the humblest Methodist local preacher ever issued.

It is an indisputable fact, that many, who have never had any thing like a college education, are ordained preachers in the Established Church of this country, whose classical knowledge and general literature are infinitely below the attainments of those who come from Dissenting colleges: it is equally true, that of the innumerable fry of students for the ministry who are, every year, sent forth from Oxford and Cambridge into the world's great deep, the majority are minnows, of very small dimensions and less repute, who glide through the waters, in their native insignificance, without attracting the public regard; many, of larger size, flounder amongst the floods without exhibiting any but repulsive properties. Even these powerful despots of the ocean have, however, occasionally met with their match amongst the humble followers of the fishermen of Galilee, whose sharp-pointed harpoons have pierced them to the quick. It is not forgotten with what defeated pride Horsley, notwithstanding his declamatory boasting, and hard-won mitre, retreated from the contest with his great adversary Priestley, whose reward, as according time shall verify, was victory. However this be contested by the prejudiced partisans of the present generation, it cannot be denied even by them that Priestley—whose high merits were duly honoured by foreign nations when he was the victim of a Church-

and-King club persecution in his own country, and whose lofty reputation is established on too broad a basis to be shaken by the puny efforts of a bigotted hierarchy—was a Dissenter, the legitimate offspring of the voluntary system, a pupil in one of those institutions which have been so unjustly depreciated, a minister of a Church unsupported by the State: and what was the late Robert Hall—the more than Demosthenes of the pulpit, whose surpassing eloquence combined the powerful reasoning and impassioned ardour of the Athenian orator with the splendid fancy and magnificent amplification of Burke, throwing over the rich creations of his mind the lights of philosophy, the flowers of poetry, and all the graces of the most polished and classical taste—who was this almost inspired speaker and wonderful writer, but another son of the voluntary system, proceeding from the schools which this much-decried system had formed, and enriched with the knowledge they had communicated? Here are two Dissenting Ministers, of very different talents and of different faith—the one a philosopher, the other an orator, both first-rate of their kind, who need fear no comparison in intellect with the men of science, or of literature, either of past or present times, even amongst the most learned dignitaries on the Episcopal bench: and to these a long list of names, amongst the sons of the prophets who have supported and adorned the cause of dissent, with splendid talents and varied learning, might be added, but that we deem it unnecessary, for our present purpose, to mention more.

But now suppose we should concede to the humorous exposure of his brethren's asserted imperfections, that Dissenting Ministers, though by no means so egregiously destitute of classical learning as they have been represented, were not able to compete with Oxford and Cambridge scholars in a knowledge of Greek and Latin, or of mathematics—is this sort of knowledge, we would enquire, the most requisite in the education of a Minister? Is not an acquaintance with general history, with the Belles Lettres of our own country, with mental philosophy, with moral science, with natural and revealed religion, above all with the writings of the Old and New Testament, of more importance to the preacher of the Gospel, than the most critical knowledge of Homer and Virgil, of Sophocles and Seneca, of Demosthenes and Cicero, of Aristotle and Pliny, of Herodotus and Livy, with the whole bevy of classical authors, whatever be their excellencies, or their defects?—and that they have defects, both moral and intellectual, the licentious mythology of the poets, the puerile dreams of the philosophers, the fables of the historians and naturalists, the impure descriptions of the comedians and the satirists, the scurrility and the venality of the orators, most fully attest. We wish not to decry classical studies—

we belong not to the party who represent the valuable time of youth as wasted in the perusal of Greek and Roman writers—we are not ignorant how much the taste is refined by familiarity with these noble monuments of ancient literature; but we feel convinced that the student for the ministry will be better prepared for its important duties by the general cultivation of his mind, and the refinement of his moral taste, in the grand encyclopædia of modern science and Christian ethics, than by confinement within the circle of ancient and profane literature, whatever charms may be supposed to be worked within it by the magic wand of Attic, or Roman genius, touched by which so many learned men, as if whatever was original in their minds had suffered a fatal paralysis, have been unable to speak powerfully in their native tongue, uttering their thoughts only in the oracular *cabala* of the schools, cast in a sort of Babylonish dialect, which only the initiated in the mysteries of Greek syntax and prosody could understand, and reflecting through the dim medium of a dead language only the borrowed lights of former times, darkened withal by the shadows of voluminous tomes of critical opacity and pedantic dulness. We are well aware how laboriously some modern scholars have endeavoured to show that the essential doctrines of the Gospel depend for their proof on the most minute niceties of Greek construction: but not Sharp, with all his acuteness in detecting the great critical canon, which had utterly escaped the ken of all other learned Grecians till he dragged it to light—not Middleton, with all his array of texts in defence of *the Rule* (scanty enow when diminished by his memorable limitations and exceptions), can induce us to believe that the grand truths of Christianity have so narrow and insignificant a basis as the little article ὁ, ἡ, το, especially as Christianity was designed for the benefit of all mankind, very few of whom could comprehend the subtilty (might we not more justly say *finesse*) of this article-failing argument; which has been sufficiently proved to have nothing to recommend it but hypothetical ingenuity, and is, indeed, entirely frittered away by the exceptions on one side, and the limitations on the other, of its most zealous supporters. Should it be granted, then, that Dissenting ministers are less able critics in the learned languages than the divines of the Church of England—though it be conceded that they can read no Greek, nay, no Latin authors, not even those which boys learn at school, as their fraternal adversary more than insinuates, without availing themselves of such pleasant aids as Smart's Horace and Duncan's Virgil—should it be admitted that, even in Dissenting colleges, in which the classics of Athens and Rome are professed to be taught, no attention is paid to the Greek and Latin metres, and the students are required only to 'do the original text into

English,' the tutors themselves seeing 'no other use in classical studies than coming at the English by any means that may most readily facilitate the arriving at this end:' are the *elèves* of those institutions, with all the asserted classical defects in their education, not trained up efficiently to the work of the ministry, and does the voluntary system, if it has not provided for their pre-eminence in ancient literature, send them forth unprepared to be of great service to society, both in the pulpit and out of it?

Quitting this hypothetical mode of reasoning, it is time to appeal to fact; and we deny, *in toto*, the gross misrepresentations which it has pleased the laughter-loving Autobiographer to make, respecting 'the *very* superficial acquirements,' and '*very* shallow learning' of Dissenting ministers. Taking them as a body, we do not hesitate to declare our conviction, that in natural talents, acquired knowledge, intimate acquaintance with the Scriptures, and the ready and skilful use of their own language in explaining and enforcing them, they are more than equal to the general run of ministers who have grown up under the wing of the Church Establishment; and that, taking them separately, we can pick out from them men of first-rate abilities, whose extensive erudition and learned works—some of them, too, replete with classic lore—need fear no comparison with those, of however high a claim, which have come from the collegiate halls of Oxford or Cambridge, or from the most splendid libraries and studies of Episcopal palaces.

The facetious author of the 'Autobiography' seems to have been utterly unacquainted with the Dissenting colleges of highest repute, and with the highly-talented and truly learned men who have presided over, or been brought up in them. He appears, indeed, to have been sleeping for at least half a century; and, having suddenly awaked out of his deep trance, and being utterly unconscious of its long duration, to have begun prattling about 'the things that *were*,' but which a single peep out of his chamber-window would have convinced him no longer *are*. He speaks like one who—not yet wide awake—is dreaming of the past, and insensible to the present; he tells amusing anecdotes, with the usual privileges of a story-teller, of a by-gone world, and apostrophizes shadows that have departed. He is like Ezekiel, in 'the chamber of imagery,' who saw there, through a dark hole in the wall, all abominable things; but, unblessed with the prophet's clear vision, he does not see the glory of the Lord filling the court of the Temple, and his cherubim, with their myriad eyes and intelligent countenances, passing through it on sounding pinions, till it echoes as with 'the voice of the Almighty God when he speaketh.' The prosy old gentleman is too fond of the sound of his own tongue to listen to the eloquence of the mighty men amongst the Dissenters of the present day, whose powerful words are uttered from a thousand pulpits, and whose high-souled compositions are continually issuing from the press. We, moreover, shrewdly suspect, this venerable worthy of a past age is rather dull of hearing, and that his eyes are dim with years: we would advise him, therefore, to put on his ancient spectacles, and, averting his mind from the visions of former times, actually contemplate what is going on in the world around him. He will thus learn what great advances have been made in knowledge of all kinds by all classes of men since he was a youth, and if the prejudices of longevity do not obscure his sight, he will see enough to convince him that 'old things have passed away,' and that 'all things,' if they are not already become, are fast becoming 'new.'

We now take leave of our ancient worthy; and, that we may do it with all civility and good humour, we shall content ourselves with reminding him, that a man may live too long, either for his own reputation or the public's welfare—being incapacitated by dotage for duly appreciating the improvements which liberal principles are daily making in every walk of life, or prevented by antiquated prejudices from acknowledging them.

'’Tis time the senior had left the stage,
Unless he mould his manners to the age.'

INTEMPERANCE.

Wine from grapes, if not the only intoxicating liquor with which the Israelites were acquainted, was more frequently used than any other. When the sin of drunkenness is denounced in the Scriptures, it is generally wine in excess which is mentioned as the great temptation and the great crime. There can, however, be no reasonable doubt but that the same commands which prohibit the immoderate use of wine, equally prohibit intemperance however it may be indulged. Should any person be disposed to cavil at this circumstance, and to contend since wine alone is mentioned, therefore the drunkenness which is occasioned by wine is alone prohibited,—the ground of this argument may be immediately taken away by the fact that in ancient times the name of wine was given to other liquors besides those which were made from grapes. Wine, Pliny informs us, was made from various materials,—from water and honey,[*] from the Lotus,[†] from the palm tree.[‡] The wine which was made in

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[*] 'Fit vinum et ex aqua ac melle tantum.'—*Nat. Hist.* lib. xiv. c. 20.

[†] 'Vinum quoque exprimitur illi, simile mulso.'—*Nat. Hist.* lib. xiii. c. 32.

[‡] 'Reliquos vinum, ut Indos, palmis exprimere.'—*Nat. Hist.* lib. vi. c. 33. See also lib. xiv. c. 19; 'Vinum fit et e siliqua Syriaca, et e pyris, malorumque omnibus generibus.'

Egypt, a country bordering on Judea, was wine from barley.* The historian who mentions this fact himself visited Egypt 2300 years since, and accounts for the circumstance very satisfactorily, 'because there are no vineyards in Egypt.' Not to attach too much importance to this argument, we may further remark, though in many passages of Scripture it is the immoderate use of wine which is condemned, yet there are numerous texts which decidedly condemn intemperance, however occasioned. The prophet Isaiah, (v. 22.) not only denounces woe against those that are 'mighty to drink wine,' but adds 'woe unto them that are men of strength, to mingle strong drink.' Christ himself, too, gives this most important direction to his disciples, (Luke xxi. 34.) 'Take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting and drunkenness.'

Among the strong drinks of ancient times, fermented liquor made from grain is expressly mentioned by historians,† and if, as some suppose, the Egyptians distilled their intoxicating liquors from wheat or barley, something very like the ardent spirits of modern times must have been in use from the remotest antiquity. 'The land,' it was said by the Roman Naturalist nearly 1800 years since, 'yields corn in abundance; but, alas! the wonderful ingenuity of our vices! there has been discovered a mode by which even water may be rendered intoxicating.'‡ Among the strong drinks of ancient times we may then reckon wine, a kind of ale, and liquor distilled from grain;—and if we are required, in a matter of this nature, to abide by the very letter of the Scriptures, we must conclude that the liquors which the Scriptures condemn, so nearly, if not exactly, correspond with the strong drinks of modern times, that there is no essential difference between them. The true meaning of the Scriptures, however, we cannot doubt;—they most decidedly prohibit us from the immoderate use of any kind of intoxicating liquor. 'Be not deceived,' says the apostle, (1 Cor. vi. 10.) 'neither thieves, nor covetous, nor *drunkards*, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God.'

We should notice, that it is strong drink *in excess* which the Scriptures condemn, and not the *moderate use*. The Psalmist even enumerates among the bounties of Providence, 'wine that maketh glad the heart of man.' (Ps. civ. 15.) Christ himself, at a very natural season of merriment, changed water into wine: and the apostle gives an express permission to Timothy, to use

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* Οινῳ δ' εκ κριθεων πεποιημενῳ διαχρεωνται· ου γαρ σφι εισι εν τῃ χωρῃ αμπελοι. Herodotus ii. 77.

† Herodotus as above, and Pliny *Nat. Hist.* lib. xiv.

‡ 'At hercules illic tellus fruges parere videbatur. Heu mira vitiorum solertia, inventum est quemadmodum aqua quoque inebriaret.' Pliny *Nat. Hist.* xiv. 29.—The various kinds of artificial drinks he computes to be one hundred and ninety.

'a little wine for his stomach's sake and his often infirmities.' (1 Tim. v. 23.) To say, therefore, that the moderate use of fermented liquors is forbidden, would be both to outrage common sense and to misrepresent the plain meaning of the Scriptures. Whatever the Deity has provided for the use of man may, without blame, be enjoyed by us, on the conditions that we keep within the limits of strict sobriety, and apply his bounties to their proper purpose. It is temperance which the rule of human duty enjoins, and so long as we are temperate there is no law of the Scriptures or of right reason to which we can be held accountable.

The whole question respecting the use of intoxicating liquors resolves itself into a consideration of what we mean by moderation or temperance. If we can determine this point, the road is plain before us, because no reasonable man, and certainly no true Christian, will maintain the lawfulness of intemperance; it can never be right to indulge in that which is productive of injury either to the health of our bodies or to the welfare of our souls.

Out of his abundant goodness our gracious Creator has provided for the use of man, not merely the absolute necessaries of life, but a countless variety of things pleasant to the taste and good for food. On our free enjoyment of these the only restriction which he has placed is this, that we shall not use them to our injury. We are invited to the feast of nature;—the corn and the wine, the animal and the vegetable worlds are spread before us, that we may seek in moderation whatever we desire. We are not even required to show that the natural productions of which we partake are directly beneficial; if they do us no harm, our bountiful Maker allows us to draw from them whatever enjoyment they can confer. Had it been otherwise, our food, instead of having a relish, might have been restricted, as is the case with some animals, to a particular kind of vegetable, and even that single plant might have been destitute of all taste, though as full of nourishment as the strongest concentrated essence of animal food. We are, however, placed amidst an almost infinite number of nutritious and palatable productions, and, I doubt not, the Great Master of nature's feast invites us to select from the abundant variety, whatever we believe most agreeable, or find most within our means of obtaining. Our native country may and does produce every needful article of food;—yet this is no reason why an English child should never taste an orange; water may be, and I believe is, far better, as our usual drink, than any kind of fermented liquor, and yet, if I am temperate, I may, without the slightest blame, use the liquor which is more agreeable to my palate. In making these statements my only wish is to offer the true arguments for temperance. It would be the extreme of folly to urge what could not stand the test either of reason or of Scriprtue; if I did so, instead of advancing the practice of temperance, I should only furnish the intemperate with a stronger inducement to continue their sinful course; they would see through the falsity of the reasoning, and conclude that the cause must indeed be weak which rested on such a foundation.

The rule of temperance appears to me to depend entirely upon the consideration whether the use which I make of the productions of nature be hurtful in its immediate effects, or in its remote consequences. The moment I can perceive harm to arise either to myself, to my friends, or to my neighbours from any practice in which I indulge, that instant I pass the boundaries of temperance, and am called on to retrace my steps: to continue or to repeat the practice becomes a crime, and I am answerable at the bar of heaven for my sinful use of the Creator's bounties.

The injury of intemperance to the body and soul no person denies. When we ask 'who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes?'*—the answer is one of undoubted truth—'they that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine.' (Prov. 23, 29, 30.) 'The drunkard shall be clothed with poverty, and want shall come upon him like an armed man.' Examples of the fidelity of this description we have, unhappily, constantly before our eyes; we may witness them in every quarter of the land—the love of liquor is the curse of thousands, and in its train there follow miseries and crimes of every kind. To arrest the torrent of iniquity which proceeds from drunkenness, the benevolent have directed their earnest labours. It is almost as easy, we are told, for the Ethiop to change the colour of his skin, as for those to do good who have long been accustomed to do evil. Experience confirms this saying in the case of the intemperate; the habitual drunkard rarely, if ever, reforms; he is a slave to drink, and wears his bonds with more than a slavish spirit, for he would almost account it a misfortune to be free from his pleasant vices. There being but little hope of reforming the confirmed drunkard, it is the main object of those who promote Temperance Societies to secure from the fatal influence of excess all who remain uncorrupted, and as a probable means of effecting this, to unite them into societies and to give them this bond of agreement, that it is sinful to do harm to ourselves or to our neighbours by the immoderate use of any of the productions of nature.

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* Pliny's description of the consequences of drunkenness is very similar:—"Hence paleness and hanging cheeks, ulcerated eyes, trembling hands which spill the liquor from full cups, and (what may be a present punishment) the sleep of furies and nightly restlessness, and the highest reward of drunkenness, foreboding lust and pleasant wickedness."—Lib. xiv. 28.

Now, except in very rare cases which come under the head of medical treatment, it admits of the best of proof, namely, the testimony of the ablest physicians and surgeons, that distilled spirits, as a usual or frequent drink, are always injurious.* Their tendency, except as a medicine, is to destroy the health and consequently the strength, to foster the worst passions of mankind, to produce a premature decay of the powers of life, and make a perfect wreck of the faculties of the mind. Intemperance from any cause might terminate in a similar way, but habitual drunkenness, from ardent spirits, is certain destruction. Whole tribes among the American Indians have been nearly extirpated by the indulgence of this fatal habit. Some persons, indeed, use language like that of the savage, who, when asked by a French officer, what he thought of brandy, replied—'it is made of hearts and tongues; for when I have drunk it I fear nothing, and talk like an angel.'† They suppose that it adds to their strength and resolution; but in reality it no more adds to the strength of the arm and resolution of the heart than the poisonous bite of a dog adds to the lasting strength of the unfortunate madman; both are diseases,—the one produced by ardent spirits, the other by envenomed matter. While the excitement lasts, there is the appearance of power and boldness; but when that excitement abates, the wretched victim of intemperance feels a sinking at the heart which he would never have known but for his excesses. Experience shows that there is peculiar danger from taking distilled spirits as a regular drink:—the testimony of a very eminent physician was to the effect that he never knew, in the course of a long and extensive practice, a man who at thirty regularly partook of spirits and water on going to bed, who did not, if he lived to be fifty, die a drunkard. Now why is this? A little, as it is called, is taken to compose a man to sleep; soon, in the course of a week or two, this little is repeated; the disposition increases, because ardent spirits have a most pernicious tendency to give ease for a time, yet to leave a man not merely weaker, but more inclined to adopt the same fatal means of producing a momentary excitement. This course goes on until strong drink seems a necessary of life—it is the drunkard's food;—a craving, which cannot be satisfied is brought on, and he is contented only with that which is destructive to the body's welfare and the soul's salvation. Say not, then, that this evil is a light one; say not that it may be left to correct itself; it has been left to its own correction, but what are the fruits? Have we not in this country, which boasts of its civilization, scenes which might rival those once witnessed by a celebrated French traveller in Canada, where, says he, in the streets of Montreal, owing to the introduction of brandy among the Indian tribes, 'husbands, wives, fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters, were frequently seen in a state of intoxication, worrying one another with their teeth, like so many enraged wolves.'* It was ardent spirits which brought on this horrid scene: savages in name, they became savages in reality. Good were it for our own land did we never witness a like corruption brought on by like means!

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* See Sermons on the Effects of drinking Spirituous and other intoxicating Liquors, by James Yates, M. A.

† See Charlevoix, Journal of a Voyage to North America, Letter 21.

The rule of temperance, which we have laid down as a general rule with reference to the productions of nature, is above all true when applied to the case of ardent spirits. Harm actually does follow from the use of these, unless that use be strictly confined to medicinal purposes;—harm to myself from the unnatural excitement which follows, and harm to my neighbours from the encouragement which my example gives them to adopt the same hurtful practice. With this conviction, what is the line of my duty? Plain enough. I must abstain from what I know to be injurious. The question as to the little harm which may arise, has nothing to do with the subject; if I am convinced that the slightest possible injury will follow, I have no excuse for causing even that small amount of detriment. As a Christian I dare not, unless I would brave the authority of my Maker, violate even one tittle of the law which I receive as the command of God.

Is my conscience, however, to bind another man? Because I esteem it wrong personally to use distilled spirits, except as I would use laudanum, for a medicine, is another, who has not this conviction, to be blamed because he does not also abstain? By no means. As I am accountable to God for what my conscience dictates, another man in like manner is accountable for what his conscience may dictate. This is a case in which every man must be fully persuaded in his own mind. What I think wrong, I am bound to avoid; what another man believes not to be wrong, he is at liberty to adopt, without being condemned by human judgment. But here concession ceases: here charity resigns her office, and truth becomes invested with power. If another person, or any number of persons, agrees with me in believing that ardent spirits are to be ranked among those things, the regular use of which divine providence never intended, then he and they are equally bound with myself to the strictest temperance; and I cannot incur the charge of being uncharitable when I declare, that if they know what is right, and do not practise it, they have little of the true principles of religion abiding in their hearts.

'But are not good resolutions privately made and observed as acceptable to God as those which are made in public? If I am truly temperate, what need is there that I should trumpet forth my virtues to the world?' No need at all to trumpet them forth;—if such was my sole, or even my chief object, the voice of the Scriptures would at once condemn me;—' Woe unto thee, hypocrite, thou lovest to pray standing in the market-places, and at the corners of the streets; thy good works thou doest to be seen of men; verily thou hast thy reward.' When occasion calls, we are, however, admonished to let our light shine before men, being careful to seek not our own glory, but the glory of our Heavenly Father. Such occasions arise whenever great public good is to be effected—either the discouragement of notorious profligacy, or the promotion of general benevolence. True it is, that the man whose reformation or virtue is known only to Him who seeth in secret, is a far more estimable character than he, who, with a public promise on his lips, gives that promise the lie by his private intemperance: but when, by a public declaration, we can add strength to the resolutions of our hearts, lead on others to unite with us in a good work, and fortify both ourselves and our neighbours against the enticement of evil example, then surely it would be false delicacy—an affectation of not allowing our left hand to know what our right hand doeth—were we, merely because we dislike publicity, to refrain from aiding in a most worthy undertaking. There are some promises which are more likely to be kept, if publicly made. Many persons, who will trifle with their own consciences, dare not trifle with public opinion: a private conviction will often be weak, when a public declaration will possess overwhelming power. Of this kind, I believe, to be resolutions of temperance. In his own heart, a man may be persuaded that he ought not to countenance any of the causes of intemperance, but the conviction remains shut up in his own breast; when temptation presents itself, he has only to resist the voice of his own conscience, and his honour in the eyes of the neighbours continues untarnished:—let him, however, by openly declaring his purpose to be strictly temperate, render himself amenable to the tribunal of public opinion, and he feels that he has to resist a thousand consciences in addition to his own; an army is arrayed on the side of his good resolutions, and bold indeed must that man be, who will venture at once to set at nought the voice of his own heart—the voice of his best neighbours and friends, and the voice of that God of justice, whose awful name is, in fact, invoked, whenever a good resolution is made.

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* Charlevoix, Letter 8.

There appear, then, to me strong reasons for signing a declaration to abstain from the use of distilled spirits, except for medicinal purposes, and to discountenance all other causes and means of intemperance. In signing such a declaration, I have not the remotest idea that the persons who do not see cause to sign are not as much as myself friends to temperance. Let me have liberty to do what I believe right, and I cheerfully accord to them a similar freedom. All I ask is, hear the reasons which have determined my own conduct, and judge for yourselves. Those reasons are not a few;—take as a specimen—the first, that the Scripture is undoubtedly true, which says, 'Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine;'—the second, that a public testimony is rendered necessary by the wide-spread misery and crime produced by drunkenness;—the third, that I think it right;—the fourth, because I am sure it will do good;—the fifth, because it will aid me individually in resisting temptation;—the sixth, because it will probably be of some help, in a similar way, to my fellow-men; and the seventh, because I do not know any reason why I should not sign it. These seven reasons I might enlarge on in seven addresses to the readers of this journal; but as the best orations are those which a man's conscience makes in the audience of his own heart, I give this one, and leave the other six for themselves, desiring only that they will be faithful to follow up the convictions of their minds. I have done what I deemed my duty, by urging the subject of temperance and of Temperance Societies on their attention; let them do theirs, by seriously considering, 'who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause?' If they find, when they listen to their own consciences, that the drunkard is pre-eminently free from these evils, then I say, follow his example; yet, if he be not free, but in bondage under the most galling tyranny—no less than the tyranny of depraved habits—then let them reflect whether they ought not to unite with all who believe that the cause of Temperance Societies is the cause of true religion, of man's happiness, and of God's glory.

A. P. M.

EVERY-DAY MUSIC.

I use the term, not exactly in the ordinary sense—that of 'common-place;' though, indeed, one is too often the same thing as the other—but literally, as the music of every day.

It seems to me that there is a radical fault in the general amateur-practice of this delicious art in our country, and I cannot but think that much of the reproach which falls upon us as an unmusical nation, (unmusical by *nature*,) is to be traced in its causes to this fault.

Let us ask what makes the musical character of other countries? In part, certainly, it results from original peculiarities in the conformation of their inhabitants: but even this peculiar and happy organization is in some measure promoted by the character of the people who enjoy it. They are earnest and single-minded in the pursuit of music. They do not practise it for shew; nor is their aim any thing but the simple gratification of their own tastes. They love music better than themselves; and to this deep truth may be traced all, or nearly all, of their true beauty in its performance.

In England, education is mainly a matter of preparation, not for the enjoyment of future years, but for the exhibitions rendered habitual by custom; therefore, at least in its *female* application, its legitimate object is nearly forgotten, except in favoured instances; and even the best have a taint. It is easy to understand why, with this general tendency to the factitious, those arts which are principally cultivated as ornaments to the mind and habits, should be almost altogether regarded as mere means of admiration and distinction in society. What profanation! Is the power, for instance, of understanding and copying the beauties of the creation—a power so completely interwoven with our appreciation of the benevolence of God in making nature so lovely—is this high gift to be regarded only as a means of filling the portfolio or decorating the walls with its evidences, merely for the sake of the praises which they will draw from the visitor, perhaps the most indifferent acquaintance? Is it not rather, in addition to that degree of enjoyment which we may lawfully receive in giving pleasure to others, the depository of our own recollections of the fair world's surface, and the source to us and those we love of some of the holiest and most practical parts of thankfulness?

But, if painting, which is usually felt to be the more retiring accomplishment, be thus too often desecrated by vanity and thoughtlessness, in how much more danger is music, which almost requires the participation of others?

And yet, why should it be? Why should music, the pure, intellectual, heaven-promising art, be either made the occasion of rivalries and envyings, or of a fear and dread which takes away every association but that of pain from its existence?

My dear countrywomen! be sure that when you tremble at the thought of playing or singing 'in company,' there is only too much of your self-consciousness in the fear. It is true that a young, modest girl will feel, and ought to feel, a certain degree of timidity at first, in thus venturing beyond her blushing silence; but this feeling ought before long to yield to that sincere and simple love of the art, which must exist where there is any power given for its exercise: and if there be no natural power, there is no reason why any attempt should be made to supply its place by a perseverance and application which can only occupy valuable time. Nature is sure to direct well in such cases—and where she has given the ear, and the voice or the finger, she ought not to be neglected. But still she must be followed in the right spirit, or she had better be smothered or forgotten in her sweet promptings.

These remarks address themselves more particularly to the female part of our rising generation. For, in boys, the talent generally forces itself into culture from its own excess, and is seldom an understood part of education, as it is in girls, unless such excess should exist. Indeed, it is frequently repressed, as I think, most mistakenly, in the brother, for fear of its giving him a disinclination for more solid pursuits, or from other fears; while the sister is obliged to devote hours, daily repining hours it may be, to its practice, when she has none of the talent which makes it so delightful to the one denied its pursuit.

The cultivation of music, in very young men, can do them no injury, if other things more necessary are also cultivated; and they would be in danger if these other things were neglected, even though they knew not, or heard not, a note of music: while with the habits and pleasures of a pure mind, what can be a sweeter tie to home than the pursuit of an art eminently social, and from which most people receive pleasure, even if they cannot themselves participate in its exercise?

This singleness of purpose, this encouragement of music for its own sake, and for the pleasure of the domestic circle, which would prevent many an hour of bitter feeling, is as necessary for one sex as the other; but the habits of society direct the admonition more particularly to young females than to any other part of the community.

Sweet ones! let your object be thus simple and sincere, and you will never be unamiable in consequence of selfish rivalries—never be miserable in consequence of your fears. You will think of giving pleasure, not of exciting admiration;—and if you will only bestow a little real pains upon your practice, you will have no need to dread the criticisms of any learned amateur of your acquaintance. While playing, think of the meaning of the author—the ideas he has embodied in the music; you will then no longer find enjoyment only in sending your pretty little hands racing after each other in unmeaning *roulades*, but endeavour to do simply and earnestly what is before you, without hurry or confusion. Exercise the feeling of your hearts, and you will soon find a mine of pleasure undreamed of before. In singing, think of the poet and the musician as well as of your audience, and be satisfied with understanding and expressing their conceptions. Let your enunciation be distinct and unaffected—play your accompaniments as you find them written. You will then gratify the taste of every true amateur, however 'weak' or 'poor' your voice may be, or however circumscribed its compass: and, what is still better, you will enjoy the affection of all those who have souls for the beauty of sincerity. R.

A SERIES OF LAY SERMONS ON GOOD PRINCIPLES AND GOOD BREEDING: BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.—London, Fraser.

THE Ettrick Shepherd has produced a book replete with the simplicity and richness of genuine feeling and moral truth. There may not be in it the splendour likely to be expected from a poet, but it is covered over with a chastened brilliancy, mellowed by the softness of a generous and affectionate heart. It wants the polish of refined elegance, but it has the strength and good sense of a manly and unsophisticated intellect.

It is called ‘A Series of Sermons.’ It is not what sermons are, but what they often ought to be. We mean that our divines should handle topics such as those on which Hogg has written, and handle them occasionally somewhat in his manner. Sermons are not seldom about every thing but what most nearly concerns a Christian audience. They speak of all the moralities and all the sublimities on earth or in heaven, but they speak not sufficiently of every-day duties, and of the great principles and powers which conflict with Christianity and lead the world away captive. This comes in part of a timidity which fears to give offence by speaking directly to men’s business and bosoms; partly from the fact that sermons are mostly composed in the coolness of the study, when the mind is rather discursive than energetic, and inclined to the prettiness of a well-turned period rather than instinct with the weighty truths which might move and kindle an audience. Besides, the dignity of the pulpit must be sustained—as if utility were not the basis of all true elevation.

There is a conventionalism of topic and of manner in our pulpits, which—like all conventionalism—is barren of good. Gladly would we see it exchanged for simplicity, ardour, and common sense. Let our divines quit their ‘Preacher’s Directory,’ in which all that is hacknied is to be found—all the topics, about which no one, at least of a Christian audience, doubts, and on which all has been said that can be said—and said, too, or sung, till hearers have been compelled to be listless in very self-defence;—and instead, let them consult the ‘directory’ supplied by their own minds—their own feelings—their personal experience—their domestic joys, sorrows, difficulties, and encouragements, and by the workings of the great and complicated machine of society around them. The administration of the Gospel should vary with the varying aspects of actual life, and the minister that goes forth into the wide field of the world will never want topics for discussion, nor thoughts and words to make them interesting. And why should the ministrations of our pulpits be limited within what are termed religious subjects? There is religion in almost every thing, if we have an eye to see it and an alchymy to extract it. There is religion in every movement of nature—in every aspect of human existence—in all the multitudinous forms of animated life—in every season of the year and of the day—in every created object, whether the object be the apple-tree that graces the orchard, the bird that flies, the child that prattles, the storm that devastates, the wasting disease, the hues, the fragrance, the uses of the flower;—God is in all, and all may be seen in God. They are each preachers of wisdom.

If any one wishes to see how that wisdom may be brought to bear on human duties, let him sit at the feet of the Ettrick Shepherd, and hear him discourse to the young and to the old, male and female, of God's love and man's duty—of the humblest and the loftiest subjects—of 'reason and instinct'—of 'deistical reformers' and 'ill-natured reviewers'—of the cultivation of taste and the choice of books—of female attire, female loveliness—of true friends—of soldiers and war—of the nursery and noble halls—of schools and judgment-seats—of self-love and social—of youth—of age—of maturity, and all the glorious things of garden, field, country, town, hill, vale, and cataract. And let him note well the manner in which the thing is done. There is no finery, no affectation of originality, no balancing of sentences, no antithesis of words: but let us hear the Shepherd himself.

> 'I dislike all fine and splendid writing in prose, and admire plain common sense much more; therefore I advise you to give up the study of it, and cultivate that philosophy of the mind which investigates the hidden springs and sources of pleasure in reading; then you will find from the productions of genius pleasures of a purer kind, and at a cheaper rate, than by skimming over the lucubrations of hundreds of reviewers every year. Sit down to your book as you would to conversation, and never harbour an intention of triumph over the defects of your author; but divest yourself of all envy, and read to be pleased, and it is more than probable that you will be so.'—p. 285.

And that the writer knows the secret of relieving the sobriety of his disquisitions by an occasional story, may be seen by the following quotation:—

> 'Whenever the desire of victory is the motive of a colloquial combatant, the charms of an easy and agreeable conversation are at an end. We do not meet with our friends to fight a battle, but to be pleased and instructed. Every kind of wrangling ought to be excluded from the intercourse of friends, and the entertainer or president of a company ought to check it, at whatever expence of chagrin to the aggressors.
>
> 'The best rebuke that I ever heard of this sort, or ever shall hear again, was given by the late Dr. Barclay, of Edinburgh. He was a gentleman of great suavity

and mildness of disposition, and hated all kind of wrangling. So there was one day he had four other professors, five college students of first-rate talents, and myself, to dine with him. After the Doctor's wine began to operate a little, the young men contradicted their preceptors in almost every thing, always provoking a dispute. The seniors smiled at the young men's absurdity, and dropped the subjects. But at length two of them fastened on each other—an Englishman and an Irishman—and disputed so violently, that all social conversation was completely obstructed. It was about some point of moral philosophy, the decision of which did not signify a small pin; so their several arguments were utter nonsense. But at length one of them, after uttering a most obstreperous sentence, gave a blow on the table with his fist; on which Dr. Barclay's little terrier, that lay below it, got up, with a great bow—wow—wow! bow—wow—wow! bow—wow—wow! The Doctor gave it a gentle spurn, and with a face of the utmost good nature, said—"Haud your tongue, ye little stupid beast; I'm sure ye ken as little about it as ony o' them."

'The reproof was successful; the gentlemen's faces both grew red, but one of them joined in the laugh till the tears ran down his cheeks. There was no more disputing that night.'—p. 73.

After reading this, some of our readers may doubt if these sermons were ever preached. In fact they have so little of a technical character about them that one wonders why the writer termed his book a 'Series of Sermons,' as sermons now are. Perhaps it was to show what sermons ought to be, and the poet, as in the olden days of Christianity, may design to aim at correcting the divines. The aim is good and the execution good, setting aside a few things wherein the poet becomes himself conventional, and consequently unprofitable, by affecting the divine, and some other things, such as the above story, wherein the moralist descends to the jester, yet moralizes all the while; and, considering what pulpit harangues are, rather than what they might and should at least occasionally be, the book might, with more propriety, have been denominated 'An Old Man's Talk,' than a 'Series of Sermons.' It is just such talk as a good kind-hearted father of three-score years and ten, who had seen much of life in all its periods and all its varieties—the highest and the lowest—the educated and the uneducated, and had profited withal by whatever he had seen, heard, and felt, might be supposed to pour forth in the simplicity of his heart, and from his love of truth, virtue, and benevolence, to his children and his grand-children, his neighbours and their little ones, while seated in his easy chair, near the genial heat of a Christmas fire.

We conclude with the following, which is as true as it is beautiful.

'If we look into the female mind, we shall find virtues of a brighter hue, though not of the same colours of which we boast. We have greater depth of investigation; they, greater acuteness of perception. Our strength of mind is compensated by their liveliness. If we have more courage to brave danger, they have far more fortitude to meet distress. Our eloquence has more force; theirs has more persuasion. Their virtues are feminine, but as substantial and useful as ours. The Author of our nature, in his infinite wisdom, has fitted the several virtues to the station which he has intended the possessors of them to occupy, and they are so well fitted to it, that you never hear women rail against the married state as unmarried men frequently do. Gentleness and forbearance are so sweetly tempered and mingled in their constitutions, that they bear the hardships of their lot, however peculiarly severe they may be, without repining, or levelling a satire against such as are, by the generality of their sex, regarded as more fortunate.'—p. 258.

THE TEACHER.

She was an aged woman, and her seat
Was a low bench in the dim chancel aisle.
There, many Sabbaths, had I turn'd to meet
The deep, peculiar meaning of her smile.

A plaited hood half hid her thin grey hair,
Her dress was of the mode of days gone by,
Yet self respect, prompting to timely care,
Had almost hid the marks of poverty.

The lustre had departed from her eye,
Yet left a touching look of peace behind,
Which, like the twilight of a summer's sky,
Cast a soft, holy calm upon the mind.

Years had flown swiftly by. Again I trod
That lone church-yard as chimed the Sabbath bell;
I mark'd beside the path a new rais'd sod,
Without a stone, a name or age to tell.

The light was streaming through the painted glass,
Above white locks, and heads of golden hair;
All look'd the same as though time did not pass,
But she, I had so noted, was not there.

I joined a village group amongst the trees,
Some simple record thoughtfully to trace
Of her, who in that world which fancy sees,
Still looks upon me with her placid face.

The tale was short. She in her better days
Had been a Teacher in the Sabbath School,
Guiding young steps through the world's opening maze,
With loving hands and a most gentle rule.

Then learnt I too, how far in hall and cot
Her name was heard in earnest blessings still,
And round the hearth where she was unforgot
Young hearts grew strong her office to fulfil:—

How some the truths she taught had liv'd to prove,
And look'd on all things with her clearer view,
Felt with her feeling, lov'd with her warm love,
And in the likeness of her spirit grew.

Thus died, thus liv'd the lowly.—Is it so?
Is this to be a Teacher?—When the zest
Of youth is o'er, and life is ebbing low,
So far to labour in the midst of rest,

To pass away from earth, and yet to leave
In many hearts a stirring memory;
Though dead to speak, though pow'rless to achieve,
By many hands, good for humanity!

Is this to be a Teacher! Welcome then
To the white harvest field each living voice
That spreads glad tidings through the hearts of men,
And makes the mind in its own powers rejoice:—

Welcome the silent influence that comes
From far and near stamp'd on th' enlighten'd page,
Like winged words, leaving in hearts and homes
An heritance may bless a future age.

EXTRACTS FROM MY NOTE BOOK.

Sir,—I have for some time been revolving in my mind how I might aid your spirited efforts for the establishment of a periodical, in which the true, the useful and the beautiful should be blended and brought to bear on the great moral and spiritual interests of man. From the numbers of your work which have already appeared, you do not, I infer, want assistance in the regular and systematic developement of principles.* Your writers are possessed in an eminent degree of the attributes of thought and feeling, and of the power to make both bear on the mind and heart of others. Even, therefore, if I had the ability to produce papers of the character you have given to the public, I should decline to intrude on an occupied department. But, sir, I keep a Note Book, in which are things innumerable, both small and great, from the learning of Brahmin, Jew and Greek, to the details of the Sunday School. In a word, I am a dabbler in all sorts of literature, not exactly a bibliomaniac, yet fond of bibliography; not a rampant sectarian, yet an anti-Churchman and an anti-Trinitarian;—but if I have one taste more decided than another, it is a love of the benevolent; a love, I am sorry to say, more theoretical than active, yet by that very circumstance fitted, it may be, to feed the thoughts, and thereby prompt the energies of others. If, sir, I have any pretensions to appear in your pages, they are founded on my love of the benevolent. This influences me incessantly in the collections that I make; and I shall be pleased, if I am allowed to find in the pages of the *Christian Teacher* a medium of self-gratification, perhaps of some little public utility, by means of extracts from my Note Book.—For my first communication, I send you 'An Address delivered at the funeral of Rev. Bernard Whitman, of Waltham, near Boston, U.S., Nov. 8, 1834, by Rev. Saml. Ripley, of Waltham.'

Πολυπϱαγμων.

The melancholy occasion on which we are here assembled, my friends, demands more than ordinary notice—for he whose death we lament was an extraordinary man—he filled and nobly sustained a wider sphere of action than most men—he marked out and executed great and important plans, which had relation to, and influence upon, the highest interests of human beings, for time and for eternity. Most important and interesting associations were connected with his life—and his death has left a void in society, in the intellectual and moral relations of active life, which cannot, I fear, be so well filled by any other person.

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* While we accept our correspondent's offer, we do not agree in his inference.—*Ed.*

But, my friends, I have not come here to portray to you the character of your late beloved pastor, for you are all familiar with it; nor to make known to you his religious sentiments and the vast energies of his ever active mind and benevolent soul, for these have long been known to you in his preaching, his labors by night and day in the cause of truth and virtue; and his religious opinions, and the zeal with which he maintained them, are before the world in his published writings and discourses. No; I come not here to eulogize him whose best eulogy was his whole life and conversation in the world, which you have seen, and heard, and felt. My object now is to give some striking proofs of his deep, heart-felt piety, manifested through his long sickness, and at the hour of death;—to show you that he was supported by, and died in the faith by which he had lived. And in doing this, I fulfil the request of our friend, made to me a few days before his death. You will therefore receive what I tell you, as coming from him—'though dead, you will hear him yet speaking to you,' of his strong and unchanged convictions of religious truth and duty—his high and holy hope—his unfeigned humility and meek submission—his support and consolations —his bright, heavenly anticipations.

In one of my visits to him, not a fortnight before his death, I found him calm and composed as usual, and disposed to converse freely. I said to him, 'It has always been my hope that you would evince in your sickness the power, the supporting power, of the religious sentiments you have so consistently maintained, and I am rejoiced to find my expectations realized.' He replied, 'My religious sentiments are the same now that they were in health—the same I have always preached and maintained;—I feel the need of no other;—I find them able to support and comfort me, and they have never failed to console me. I believe farther, that they are a sufficient support for the Christian, in life and in death. I have asked myself seriously if I required any other support —if the belief of any other sentiments or doctrines were necessary to me. I examined the other day the Calvinistic doctrines, and tried to apply them to myself, to see if they could give me any more consolation or support; but I tried in vain; I could find no room for them, no need of them, no consolation in them; nor could I find them in the Bible. Few and simple, (said he,) are the essential articles of my belief—belief in God as my Father and friend, in his paternal and overruling providence—in Jesus Christ, as the all-sufficient Saviour and Redeemer—in the resurrection of the soul to eternal life—in a future retribution of rewards and punishments, according to the conduct and character of the present life. My faith in the immortality of man is strong and cheering; and I believe that it commences with his departure from this world—that the soul goes from this life to judgment in the presence of God. I believe man was made for happiness here and forever, and that Jesus Christ was sent upon earth to teach men, by his religion and example, his life and death, how to gain this happiness—that to be happy we must be good, and we can be good only by the influence of religious principles. I believe all is right that God appoints. As for myself, I have not now, nor have I had during my sickness, one moment's anxiety. I submit entirely to my physician and to the Almighty—whatever they direct I shall cheerfully do and submit to.' I observed to him, 'that although he was taken from his labors so early in life, in the midst of his plans of usefulness, still he had great cause of thankfulness to God, that he had been enabled to accomplish so much in a short time—so much more than most of us effected in a long ministry.' He replied, 'I am thankful; and I could have wished, had it been God's will, to have lived to do much more; for I had marked out much work which I intended to execute; I had prepared skeletons of a course of sermons, principally for the young, which I had hoped to fill out and preach this summer, and determined upon my plan of labors for some time to come. But God has ordered otherwise, and I bow to his will.' I reminded him of the last discourse which he preached to my people, a few weeks before he was confined by sickness, and which seemed to make a deep impression on all who heard it. 'Yes,' said he, 'that is the best method of enforcing moral and religious truth, by apt and familiar illustrations brought home to every soul. Had I lived, I should have preached more than ever in that way—the only way in which preaching, as it seems to me, can do much good. Indeed,' said he, 'I had just begun to learn how to preach. I should not in future have devoted much attention to controversy, because the time has gone by when I think it was needed. My preaching would be, for the most part, practical, illustrating the paternal character of God—the life and example of Christ—the importance of early religious education. That,' said he, with emphasis, 'is the *grand point*—that is the foundation of a religious character. I do not mean to say that I regret having been engaged in religious controversy; and though some things which I wrote, and some expressions which I used, may have seemed harsh and severe, I thought them necessary at the time, and that I was doing my duty to truth and religion; and I do not now regret the course I pursued.'

A few days after this conversation, I visited our friend again; I found him more feeble in body, but strong and bright in intellect, humble and resigned in spirit. He had expected my visit, and at once entered upon the most interesting of subjects, about which few are able to speak with calmness when they feel that the events of which they speak are soon to be realized, and the duties they suggest soon to be executed. I refer to this occasion, these solemnities, and the manner in which they should be performed. At this time he spake most feelingly of the kindness and attention of his friends, and of the people of his parish generally—of the kindness of many out of his parish, on whom he had no claims but the claims of humanity and Christian sympathy. He often talked to me of his people—how grateful he felt for their kindness and solicitude for him;—how happy his situation was in sickness compared with many others—that every want was supplied, every desire was gratified, even anticipated. And I can assure you, my friends, that it would have afforded him the purest satisfaction to have seen you, and talked with you often, had it been consistent with a prudent care of himself, and the endeavours used to restore him to health and usefulness. But after his return from his journey, and before his disease was decided to be incurable, it was absolutely necessary that he should be kept free from all excitement; and when all hope of recovery had left him, physical inability rendered it impossible for him to endure much company. But he did not forget you, even to the last; his chief concern was for you, your present, your eternal welfare. The last time I saw your pastor was the afternoon before his death—a day ever to be remembered by me. As I entered his chamber, a scene presented itself which made an impression on my mind which will never be effaced; just light enough in the room to enable his friend, who sat by his side, to read to him devotional hymns, and those beautiful and sublime chapters, the 14th and 17th of John and the 15th of Corinthians;—the calm and serene and holy expression of his countenance—the bright and heavenly lustre of his eyes—all spoke with an eloquence which language cannot describe, of peace and heaven within. I felt the place to be holy. I said to him—'You are highly favoured, my brother, in being so freed from suffering, that you can indulge those meditations, and pass your hours in those exercises which will shortly form your employment and delight for ever,—your heaven has already commenced.' 'Yes,' said he, 'I have indeed a foretaste of heaven—I have communion with heavenly sprits. Some of my dreams have been most delightful. When I leave my friends on earth, I shall only go to a larger family in heaven. If I had strength, I could talk; I could preach to those around me—I could pray and tell of my experiences—but I dislike all display. One short line expresses all I feel and wish to say—"Father, thy will be done"—that is enough.'

> 'Is this his death-bed? No—it is his shrine;
> Behold him there, just rising to a God.
> The chamber where the good man meets his fate
> Is privileged beyond the common walk
> Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven.'

In giving this relation of the religious sentiments and feelings of your late pastor—his grateful and affectionate feelings towards you—his deep concern for your spiritual welfare—I have done as he requested, and as nearly as I could, I have given you his own words. And do you not perceive the perfect consistency of his character? In every thing he has done, do you not see the *man* as he was, the *Christian* as he should be? I love to dwell on his character—his Christian character. Never have I seen more completely exemplified, the power of religious faith to sustain, cheer and console the Christian, than in him during the whole of his sickness—never have I witnessed such childlike submission to the will of God. The last moments of his life are confirmation of this; for when he perceived himself to be dying, he said—'O Father, receive my spirit, I die in peace with all;' after a pause, he added, 'My firm faith in Christ supports me now.' Who could witness such a scene and not exclaim—'Let me die the death of the righteous, and my last end be like his!' In this humble yet exalted and heavenly frame of mind, our friend closed his present being. And will it henceforth be said that the simple truths of the Gospel, as we believe them, are not adequate to support the Christian in life and in death—that they cannot prepare him for the eternal world? Has he not passed into the eternal world resting on this faith, in the firm belief of these religious sentiments? Consoled, supported and animated by these, he has gone to his Father and our Father, and commenced a wider and higher scene of duty and enjoyment in the world of pure and perfected spirits.

And now, my friends, though these walls will no more echo to the voice of him whom you delighted to hear—though that voice will no more be raised to quicken your faith and call you to duty—he still lives;—he lives, not only to God, and to the spirits of the just made perfect in heaven, but he lives to you; he lives to you in every good principle, which he nurtured in your souls, in every pious and benevolent impression he has made upon your hearts; though dead, he yet speaketh to you, as it were from the other world, in language more powerful than any he ever addressed to you on earth; the example of his active and benevolent life is fresh in your minds, and you will never forget the brighter example of his faith, humility, and resignation, in sickness and death; in all these he speaks, he exhorts, he encourages you. The thought of him will, no doubt, be associated with many a good resolution, with many a holy wish, with many a pious aspiration. When your faith is tried by ridicule and scorn, you will remember how manfully he defended it against its open and secret enemies, and you will feel safe with the anchor on which he rested. When you are strongly tempted to take the first dangerous step in the path that leads to death, you will hear his warning voice, and perhaps forbear. Yes, the good can never die; the veil of flesh cannot entirely separate them—they form but one great family; their home is with God; thither he has gone before you, and beckons you onward to the same mansions of peace and love and eternal joy.

OBITUARY.

Mr. Whitman possessed, in an eminent degree, all the elements of a *great* man. He was remarkable for energy and perseverance—a conviction of power—a strong conception of the object of desire, followed by unwearied efforts to attain it—zeal discouraged by no difficulties, but kindled and incited the more by them to vigorous exertion. Where was the man who felt more the power that was in him to accomplish whatever he resolved to undertake? to carry through and complete any work in which he thought it would be useful to engage? In this feeling of internal power and energy, he forgot that he was a man—he forgot that the measure of exertion must finally be limited by the strength of a mortal body. The spirit was gigantic, but its implements were made of flesh and blood. These were tasked to the uttermost, and at last gave out. They gave out, because they were of earth; but the spirit which directed and wielded them can never die. It still lives and acts, unshackled and unimpeded, in a wider and more glorious sphere—where, associated with kindred spirits in the noblest employments, it will continue to reach loftier heights in knowledge and virtue, and shine more and more unto the perfect day.

Mr. Whitman's uncommon independence of mind—a confidence in his own powers, enabled him to pursue truth fearless of consequences. Names, however great and learned—office and station, however high and sacred—had no influence to deter him from doing what he believed truth and duty demanded. He took his opinions from no man or body of men. He rejoiced when others approved and adopted his views, but he was willing to stand alone in defence of the right. The only ques tion he asked was—does duty, truth, religion, demand my aid?

He was remarkable for simplicity of character and fairness of mind.

He proceeded straight forward to his object, and lost self in the contemplation of it. He regarded himself only as the agent or instrument to effect the great end to which he had devoted his powers; he felt the mighty power of truth in his own mind, and reflected it back, clear and without disguise, to the minds of others. There was no disguise about him. He could not conceal what he thought and felt; you saw at once his own soul; you always knew where to find him. None could charge him with unfairness in the discussion or examination of any subject;—he made himself master of both sides of every question that was offered for his consideration. He was always ready and willing to renounce every theory—every opinion—which, upon examination, appeared to rest upon no sound foundation.

Mr. Whitman was truly a good man. All who knew him will bear witness that he was distinguished for a love of truth. His openness of character, his perfect freedom from all disguise, amounted almost to a fault. He could endure anything but artifice, forgive anything but falsehood; but against these his fair and upright mind was determined; he could not rest until he had searched out and exposed them. He loved truth for itself, its beauty, its loveliness.

They who knew him only from his controversial writings may, perhaps, have thought, that in his zeal for his own views of Christianity he overlooked its essence—meekness, benevolence, universal good-will. But all who knew the man will bear ample testimony to his liberal and benevolent spirit. He believed the happiness of man identified with the belief and practice of Christianity, in purity and simplicity. His whole soul was engaged in the cause he had espoused; he did nothing by halves. He abhorred deceit, and he could not but expose it and speak of it with indignation, wherever and whenever he detected it; but far—very far—was he from that narrow spirit which confines all goodness within the pale of his own creed. This was impossible, from his extensive experience, his knowledge of mankind in every gradation of society. He had passed through a great variety of circumstances. He had been intimately acquainted with the feelings, opinions, and conduct of different religious sects, and he had learned that goodness is the same thing in all men—that there are good men under every name and in every sect. He was always ready to acknowledge real religion, however irrational and erroneous he might consider the peculiar doctrines with which it was associated. And to the meek and mild virtues of his private life the deep sorrow of many a friend and relative is the best testimony. The remembrance of what he was, indelibly engraven on their hearts, is his most enduring monument.

The piety of Mr. W. was consistent with his belief. He believed true piety to consist—not in extravagant raptures—not in gloom and moroseness—not in long prayers and many professions; but in being about his heavenly Father's business—and no man was ever devoted to the cause of truth and goodness with more singleness of heart and purpose. He was, in a most remarkable sense, a practical man; and he maintained that religion should be associated with every occupation and every amusement—that there was nothing in common life which might not be done from the highest sense of duty. And we have seen, that the piety which led him to labour so earnestly in the cause of religious faith, temperance, good morals, the universal diffusion of useful knowledge and benevolent institutions, was a rod and a staff to sustain and comfort him, through the dark valley of the shadow of death. The spirit of humility and resignation taught by Jesus Christ was complete in him. With him, all was well that God appointed—every thing was right and for the best which a wise and holy Providence directed. He had no will opposed to the will of God.

There is one view which his friends love to take of his character—that he was favoured in his life and in his death. He had risen by his own exertions to the high rank he sustained in the profession to which he was attached. His progress was constantly ascending. No undertaking seemed too arduous to him, and he always succeeded in whatever he undertook. His labours were not impeded, nor the exercise of his powers cramped, by constitutional weakness or disease; for his bodily energies were equal to those of his mind. His sun went down, too early, indeed, for our wishes, but in unclouded brightness; and it has already risen to shine with fresh and increasing lustre, among celestial glories.

LADY HEWLEY'S CHARITY.

We have great pleasure in learning that there has been sent from Liverpool the full yearly sum formerly received in each case from the Hewley Charity, to the following places:—Congleton, Whitchurch, Ormskirk, Nantwich, Risley, Hindley, Lancaster, Chorley, Rivington, Bolton, Prescot. We also understand that it is intended to raise a sum of money in Manchester, in order to make up the deficiency created in other congregations in Lancashire and Cheshire, by the pending litigation; indeed we believe an effort would have been made before this, but that the two congregations in Cross-Street and in Mosley-Street have been most laudably engaged in raising a considerable sum—we hear it amounts to nearly £1500—for the purpose of erecting a building for a Day, an Infant and a Sunday School.

It is highly creditable to those who have subscribed that the sum for the current year has been sent to ministers who have suffered for conscience' sake; but for ourselves, we confess we shall not be satisfied if the whole loss they have incurred during the suit is not made up to them; it might be, would other congregations in Lancashire and Cheshire unite their efforts with those of Liverpool and Manchester. Nor can we allow ourselves to doubt that friends in other parts will be found to contribute towards at least abating the losses sustained by ministers in Yorkshire and the more northerly districts of the kingdom.—Subscriptions will be received by T. Bolton, Esq., Liverpool; and T. Potter, Esq., Manchester.

T. Forrest, Printer, Manchester

FEMALE EDUCATION.

The most beautiful statue that ever adorned the gallery of classic Greece, or Italy, was once a shapeless mass. The most glorious specimen of human nature that ever astounded or delighted the world, was once an uninformed and an undesigning infant. The most hardened miscreant that ever disgraced the name of man, was once a guiltless and ductile one. The natural abilities of the two were probably equal, for it requires great talent to consummate villainy. Education, direct or indirect, made all, or nearly all the difference between them. Would, that a picture of each mind, strong in contrast as tempest and sunlight, could be presented at one view to mankind; and the truth, that Education had made the difference, were inscribed beneath it, by the finger that wrote upon the wall in the festal hall of Belshazzar! Were it so, the great social body would stand erect in speechless awe, appalled less by the miracle than by the conviction brought home to its mute heart, how much evil it had occasioned or permitted, how much good it was capable of effecting. What is Education? Let it be understood to signify simply, that training, which every human being receives at the hands of his fellow-creatures. The youth, whose first lessons were softly whispered while his head rested on the maternal bosom, whose sunny hours of childhood were passed in listening to the affectionate admonitions of a father's voice; the one, whose vagrant mother suffered him, while yet in arms, to witness her gross deceptions, and many of whose early years have been spent in prison, imbibing a lesson of deeper treachery, have both received an education.—The intelligent and gentle female, who exercises for the comfort of her father's household the virtues she inhaled from the kindly spirit of her mother, and the wretched outcast of society, whose vain and thoughtless parents instilled into her mind that love of display, which has been its ruin, have both had their training, and they have brought forth the fruits.

Surely an education calculated to excite right feeling, to fix virtuous principles, and to form virtuous habits, is the most valuable gift, which one human being can bestow upon another. If ever society is to arrive at such a degree of perfection as that none of its members should be sunk in worse than brutal degradation; if ever a time shall come, when 'none shall hurt or destroy in the holy mountain,' 'when the lion shall lie down with the kid, and a little child shall lead them,' if ever humanity shall be, what it is capable of being, such an education must be the one great agent by which the glorious change will be accomplished. If there be any who do not wish for such a change he is an object only of compassion. 'The light that is in him is darkness, and how great must that darkness be!' Let every one who longs for such a state of things, though he may scarcely dare to expect it, fix his eye upon right education, as that 'star in the east,' whose rising foretells 'peace, and good will towards men.' It will shed its beams upon earth, and wherever they fall, Christ will be found in the power and spirit of his religion, shining forth in the lives of those, who have embodied that religion in their actions. A large portion of the ignorant and depraved are, we are almost afraid, beyond the reach of the better part of society to reclaim. Their feelings are crushed or perverted; their minds are degraded, and their habits are confirmed. Even in this class many exceptions might be found well worth the trouble of seeking; and to whatever extent the present generation may be out of the power of the social physician, it is certain that the next is in his hand. He has the clay, and he may mould it into any image; he possesses the sapling, and he can direct the bent of the oak; he holds the child, and he may command the man. May this consideration be deeply impressed upon the mind of every one, who has the training of an infant spirit given into his charge. May he never forget, that 'the children of this age will be the men and women of the next.' May he always bear in mind, that God and posterity will inquire of him, 'Where is thy brother?' and that it will be in vain to reply, 'I am not his keeper.' It is true that the *whole* responsibility of forming a character does not rest with those, who professedly undertake the task. There is an indirect as well as a direct influence over the young mind. There is the power of remote example, stronger sometimes than the persuasions of immediate precept—the education of circumstances, as well as of tuition. If parents or teachers could always command the situation in which a child should be placed, they might make him almost, if not altogether, such a man as they designed him to be. And though they cannot do this, they may do much by strengthening the mind to resist external influences, and by placing before it such motives as are not likely to be superseded by any, that uncontrolable circumstances can present.

The cause of much of that ill success which has attended the exertions of many may be found in the fact, that they have underrated the power of indirect education, and have not been prepared to meet its effects. They have been surprised at results, which they might have anticipated, had they properly calculated the causes that produce them. They have been too ready to imagine, that when they were not exerting their influence over the child, his mind must be quiescent; that if they were not teaching, he was not learning. But this has been a great mistake. The work of education on the immature mind is unceasing as the progress of time. Noticed, or unnoticed, it is always going on, noiselessly as the shadow passing over the dial-plate, yet like it, with a course it is impossible to arrest, almost as impossible to turn back. Others there are, who have attempted to combat the influence of external circumstances by leaving it no interval in which it could exert its powers. They have erred by governing over much, and by so doing have either irritated or perplexed the mind they sought to regulate, or have engendered in it a dependence upon their advice and support very unfavourable to decision of purpose or strength of character. These two errors might justly be called the Scylla and Charybdis between which the nurturer of childhood ought carefully to steer: but to describe all their dangers, and to endeavour to point out the means of avoiding them, would belong rather to a detailed system of education, than to a general view of it, and must be reserved for future consideration.

The work of education is naturally divided into many branches; not that there is one moral precept which is suitable to one sex, or to one rank in life, which would be unfit for another, but that the obstacles which prevent the lesson from making the desired impression are so different, under different circumstances, that it may require to be presented to the mind in another form. The writer of these thoughts earnestly desires to excite some interest in the subject of female education; not that the right training of one sex is of more importance than that of the other, but that there are circumstances in the present position of society, which render such interest peculiarly needful. It may be necessary to repeat, that nothing is farther from the writer's mind than the intention of prescribing different shades of morality for the different sexes. Even if a marked difference in the qualities of their minds actually existed, it would be the proper business of education to diminish that difference rather than to render it more distinctly marked. For since man receives his first, and consequently his strongest impressions from woman, whatever imbecility or error prevails in her mind will be perpetuated in his. Of our spiritual nature it may even now be said, that there is 'neither bond nor free, neither male nor female.' One code has been made for both by our divine Lawgiver. For both, he hath left the same exhortation, that they should follow his steps. From both, he will require the same account. To both, he has given the hope of the same glorious hereafter. Neither let it be imagined, that the mode of discipline which is desirable for the infant female would not be calculated to form aright the habits of her masculine companion. The human mind is always essentially the same. The child, of which sex soever it be, is a creature of impulse and imitation; sure to love and confide, if treated with gentleness and sincerity; prone to rebel and deceive, if made the subject of harshness and treachery. Each sex has its peculiar duties. Every situation of life creates in those duties some shade of difference; but the motives which lead to the right performance of them are always the same. If these have a due influence, if the great principles of right are indelibly fixed in the mind, it may safely be trusted to fill up the outline for itself, and to adapt its powers to the particular circumstances in which it is placed. It is, therefore, rather with reference to the social passion of woman than to any distinct characteristics of mind, that her education requires to be treated of under a separate head.

Previously to entering on the detail of any work, it is necessary to determine its object. Before we can appropriate the means, we must place the end steadfastly in view. The sculptor, who makes every touch of his chissel tell upon the marble, has, in his imaginative mind, the beau ideal of that beauty which he designs to leave impressed upon it; and the moralist, who would lead the girl step by step in her career, must possess a clear, lofty and animated conception of what should be the character of the woman. To define such a conception, however, is a task so difficult, that he who fails to accomplish it may easily be forgiven.

If there be one office more than another, which it is the peculiar province of woman to fill, it is to be the nurse of all spirituality. Inferior to man in physical powers, it is only when mankind are estimated according to the developement of their mental capabilities that she is felt to be his companion and his equal. Wherever great physical powers exist, there is a temptation to rely upon them, as sufficient in themselves to procure for their possessor a competent share of the necessaries and enjoyments of life. From such temptation woman is almost exempt, and it is at once her duty, her interest, and her pleasure to expedite the arrival of a period, when the superiority of mental energy over corporal exertion shall be universally recognised. If it were to exalt her own sex at the expence of the other that woman became the promoter of intellectual greatness, there would be a mixture of selfishness in her design, which would dishonour her lofty purpose; but it is for the interest of the whole human race that there should be a spirit abroad in the world, watching to hail every manifestation of mental power, to cherish every aspiring to moral elevation, to minister to every intellectual gratification; and how can this spirit be so well embodied as in the influence and exertions of woman?

In the present state of society the finer and better part of our nature is continually at war with the coarser and less exalted one. In the higher walks of life, ignorance in what true greatness and true happiness consist, and the temptation to indulge in the pleasures of sense, which the ability to purchase them presents, lead numbers to pass through life with scarcely a wish to exercise the glorious faculties, which lie dormant within them. In many of the lower, the extreme difficulty of procuring the means of subsistence takes off the attention from the cultivation of the intellectual powers; and even if competency be at length obtained, the desire for intellectual pleasures is often lost before the apparent opportunity for pursuing them arrives. With not a few, life is one continual struggle to live. The perpetual pressure of bodily wants makes the mind the most neglected portion of the man, solely, because it is the least clamorous; and the human being, with all his mental capabilities, is in danger of degenerating, if he have not already degenerated into a mere animal. The petty calculations which poverty demands, the inducements to indolence and trifling which riches present, have both a tendency to contract the mind and repress the warm feelings of woman; but if it is to be hers to mitigate the evils of one state, and to weaken the temptations of the other, the object of her education must be to raise her as much as possible out of the reach of their power. She must learn to break the enchantments of false pleasure, not by railing at its absurdity and littleness, but by cherishing that yearning after nobler and better things, which is seldom entirely suppressed in any human bosom. If her lot be cast beside the hearth, which is but scantily furnished with comforts, it must be her part to enhance every one, by the cheerful and willing spirit with which she performs the labour that is required in preparing it; by the alacrity with which she facilitates the enjoyment of those cheap and exhilarating pleasures of which Nature is prodigal, and by the delicate sympathy by which she encourages a relish for them. The refinements and elegancies of life, which are so grateful to the cultivated understanding, it is not always in the power of woman to gather around it, but so great is her controul over the domesticities of life, that if she have herself the taste and intellectuality to appreciate these moral luxuries, she is able in many instances to give

> ———————— 'their gilded seeming:
> Life is a wayward child, her mother task
> Is still to rock its cradle to sweet dreaming.'

It has been a very common error to believe, that in a female strength of mind is inseparable from self-will, that it is only while her understanding is uninformed that she will be meek and yielding. It is wonderful, that man has not yet discovered, that there is no obstinacy like that of ignorance, and that it is possible to be perfectly gentle without feebleness. The aversion to general education that exists, justifies the conclusion that he has not.

Another obstacle to the cultivation of the powers of woman has been the supposition, than in proportion as she became intelligent she ceased to be useful. Whether there has been any ground for such a supposition, or not, like the former objection, it is one which it would be useless to combat by words; one, which the really intellectual female will disprove by the whole tenour of her life. Her mind will be like a full-toned instrument, which descends to the lowest note of melody, and rises to the highest and clearest ones. If a woman shrink from performing the lowliest service which the infirmities of human nature require at her hands, it is not that her education has been too highly intellectual, but that it has not been sufficiently so. If her feelings had indeed approached the acmè of moral elevation, she would have rested her title to be respected upon something very different from the fact, that she had never been known to fulfil some domestic duty, falsely considered as degrading.

To console and assist the sickly and infirm, to cherish and instruct the young and ignorant, to give an air of beauty and neatness to the parlour, to regulate or perform the minute functions of the household with a liberal spirit and an economical hand, may all be necessary duties, and they are all strictly feminine ones. The latter may only be a means to an end, (a great evil has arisen from their being considered as the end itself,) but the rightly educated female knows that they *are* a means, and a very important one. A regular and well apportioned attention to animal wants, alike removed from tedious exactness and from bustling officiousness, is the best preparation for that calm and elevated state in which the mind most enjoys those pleasures, which are peculiarly its own.

The period has not yet arrived when woman in the humbler ranks of life can provide for such of her associates as seek for intellectual pleasures even the comfort of such a preparation for them. Still more distant, it is to be feared, is the time when she will sympathise and participate in the enjoyment. But the woman, whose opportunities of acquiring information, though as yet in some degree limited, are comparatively large, will have very imperfectly performed her duty if she do not seek to extend to her less favoured sister the advantages she does possess. She can do much, very much by instruction. How many females, whose lives are either a prey to *ennui* or consumed in unprofitable occupations, might spend their time with advantage to the community, and far greater enjoyment to themselves, in informing the minds, and in ministering to the comfort of the ignorant and the poor.

Had woman been earlier taught how much happiness and usefulness is to be found in this path; how many voices, that are never heard but in expressing the complimentary nothings of a morning visit, would have sounded cheerily at the threshold of a village school? How many doors that are closed in sullen weariness of the unsatisfying pleasures of the world, would have been open to the welcome step of the wayfarer, coming for advice and sympathy? How many hearts, in which a vain search for admiration has left an aching void, would have been filled with love for human kind, and would have found, what is far better than admiration, self approval? It may be alleged, that women, on account of their sedentary habits, peculiarly require social intercourse with each other. They do; but would their meeting be less pleasant if they had a subject of common interest to make such meetings worthy of their own intellectual powers?

It is too frequently objected to such pursuits that we are under no obligation to give ourselves up to the service of others. O, that such objectors understood, that the wisest part of selfishness is to surround itself with interests! The pleasures of benevolence, when once a relish for them has been acquired, are so great, that what has been said of prayer might justly be applied to them: 'If they had not been enjoined upon us as a duty, we should have sought them as a privilege, even though we had been obliged to say, "God forgive me for this deed."'

Woman can, indeed, do much by instruction; she can do more, far more, by example. Let it once be fully proved to the public mind, not by words but deeds, not by a dead letter, but by the living character, that knowledge does not interfere with due subordination, nor refinement with labour, and the prejudice against the mental cultivation of the whole human race will be for ever swept away.

When this work shall be achieved the strife will be, not in how thick a shroud of darkness the great mass of human intellect can be enveloped, but how vast a flood of light it can be brought to shed forth. When in one small portion of the globe the universal mind of man is turned to brightness, the reflection will be cast from land to land, till the whole earth be renovated by its vivifying influence. The talents and dispositions of individuals are so various, that they can never all be brought to the same standard of perfection. Yet, surely, if each were not only permitted but encouraged to aspire to the greatest moral elevation of which his mind is capable, the intelligent offspring of the Omniscient Creator, whether rich or poor, whether male or female, need only differ from each other 'as one star differeth from another star in glory'.

S. J. W.

THE ORIGINALITY OF THE CHARACTER OF CHRIST, A PROOF THAT HE CAME FROM GOD.

In our last paper on this subject, after having determined under what conditions the originality of Christ's character was, in strict justice, to be tested, we proceeded to draw a contrast between him and his disciples, as being, in so far as earthly influences were concerned, most nearly on terms of equality. Jesus was a Jewish peasant, and with Jewish peasants is, in strictness, to be compared. The result of the comparison was such as to authorize, if not demand, the belief that Jesus was sent of God.

It may, however, be urged by way of objection, that, after all, the pre-eminence of Jesus was only a pre-eminence over the peasantry of an ignorant and bigotted nation. Were this allegation true, the fact of his pre-eminence would remain the same, and the difficulty would remain the same of accounting for the existence of this pre-eminence without the interposition of the Divine power; still would the question recur, 'Whence hath this man this wisdom and these mighty works; is not this the carpenter's son?' We do not deny that if the allegation were well founded, it might do something to impeach the claim of Jesus to be the Saviour of the world, for if his excellence was merely relative to his own day and his own people, how, it might be asked, can he exhibit a model and a standard before each successive step of advancing civilization? No doubt that something like a satisfactory answer to this question might be found in the averment, that as the great principles of human nature remain the same in all ages, and under all circumstances, and that as the excellence of Jesus related not to the evanescent but the permanent features of character, so what was pre-eminent in Judea must be pre-eminent every where.

The allegation, however, is itself untrue. The contrast was made with the Jewish peasantry, because with them argumentative justice requires it to be made. But not the less willing are we to make it with any other men of any other nation and any other period. Whom will the opponent choose to put in competition with the carpenter's son? Not one of the ancient sages is there but is sullied with some defect of character, some folly of doctrine, some inconsistency of practice. If we are to turn to the lights of modern infidelity, we shall find more to blame than praise; and among those who, at the present day, neglect, if they do not deny the Gospel, in the ardour of their attachment to what they term philosophy, there is so much of mere theoretic speculation, not to say rashness and self-satisfaction, and, in many cases, so marked a contrast between their teachings and their lives, that we do not think the unbeliever would be benefitted by taking any one of them as his hero, and certainly *we* are by no means prepared to prefer their guidance to that of Christ. And low, indeed, must that man's standard of morality be, or great and powerful the pride of his intellect, who could choose to follow the glimmerings of his own mind, or the varying lights of philosophy, rather than place himself at the feet of the apostle of Galilee.

There is a higher standard of excellence than any we have yet alluded to;—it is the standard which the man of cultivation and refinement builds up, not out of actual realities, but the imaginings of his heart. We have all such a standard in our breast—an image of what is purely benevolent, of moral heroism and disinterested philanthropy—an image of chaste and lofty devotion, and the sublimity of mental power.

There is no risk in making the contrast with the highest and brightest of the creatures of man's imagination. The reality in Christ's character is superior to the fondest pictures the mind can paint, and how high soever may be the soaring of the wish or the fancy, he that is from heaven is still above all.

There is no one of the features of Christ's character on which we might not safely adventure the issue, though in order that full justice should be done to our argument, we ought to set forth, not a partial but an entire view of his excellencies. It is a singularity of his character that it is emphatically one. All its parts are blended and harmonized into one whole. And this unity itself, so unlike what we meet with even in the most highly cultivated, can in no way be accounted for except on the supposition that the spirit of God had breathed its subduing and according influence throughout the bosom of his Son. But limited as is our space, and reduced as we therefore are to selection, to what feature shall we point to challenge comparison? Shall we dwell on his entire sinlessness—a sinlessness which caused him to be designated as 'holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners,' and which enabled him to demand of his bitter enemies—'Which of you convinceth me of sin?' Shall we advert to his forbearance, a virtue even the elements of which he could not, under the most favourable circumstances, have found in a world, whose maxim was 'an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth,' and which, therefore, he must have learned of that Father who is long-suffering and ready to forgive—shall we advert to this forbearance, a virtue so foreign to the apprehensions of the men of his day, so difficult to exercise, and still more difficult to feel, yet so inwrought into his moral frame as to appear the spontaneous dictate of his affections, enabling him, under circumstances of the most aggravated outrage, when reviled not to revile again, when he suffered not to threaten, but rather committing himself to Him that judgeth righteously, to pray on behalf of his implacable enemies, 'Father, forgive them, they know not what they do.' Or we might dwell upon the happy union there was in his character, of softness and strength—softness for the endearing intercourses of friendship, and for pleading with the sinful on behalf of their own highest good—a softness which melted into tears at the tomb of Lazarus, and in the hour of agony cared for his mother about to be bereft of her beloved son; and strength, to declare the whole council of God amid difficulties the most complicated and formidable, to denounce the hypocrisy and wickedness of the very men who were eager to compass his death, and to enable him, in the force of an invincible purpose, to place himself of his own accord in circumstances which he knew must inevitably conduct him to a painful and ignominious end.

Equally striking and pre-eminent was his piety. Never before or since was contemplative and practical piety blended together in such just proportions. He sought his God in private, and in public he kept his will constantly before his eyes. His prayers were not words which passed away with the breath that uttered them, but the earnest language of the spirit which made him what he prayed to be, and invested his character with the graces on which his contemplations dwelt. He wanted to have what he prayed for, and because he asked in faith his prayer was heard. And forth from the watchings of the night or the meditations of early day he came, with the same freshness and vigour and beauty of holiness, as the type of his own choosing, the sun, displays, when rising from darkness he pours gladness over the face of nature.

But we will fix our contemplations rather on his benevolence, not because it is superior to any other of his excellencies, but because it is a power of which all men know something, and of the relative value of the several displays of which they are therefore the better able to form an estimate.

There are three qualities of the benevolence of Christ, to which we would invite attention, and on which we rest the claim of originality—its impartiality, its comprehensiveness, its devotedness.

The benevolence of Christ was impartial. By this is not meant that there were no persons whom he regarded with peculiar affection. To his love towards his mother we have already adverted, and the display of it which took place when he was on the cross surpasses in self-oblivion and tenderness any similar fact on record. And though the evangelical narrative is by no means abundant in details respecting the more private life of Jesus, it does not fail to afford glimpses which are deeply interesting themselves, and excite a regret that we have not fuller information. A more charming picture of the true refinements and true pleasures of domestic life can hardly be imagined, than that which appears to have adorned the house of Lazarus, the chief retreat and resting-place of Christ; and in the earnest, respectful and affectionate attentions which Jesus received during the current of his existence and at the time of his crucifixion, at the hands of several of his female friends, as well as the eager solicitude they manifested after his interment, are ample proofs of the loveliness of his demeanour amid the interchanges of friendship, and of the power he possessed to bind around him the affections of those who are distinguished by the gentler and more graceful qualities of our nature. But the warmth of Jesus' love expanded beyond the endearments of friendship; and if we were required to state on whom, in so expanding, it first and most readily alighted, the unhesitating answer would be, on the poor and the sinful. In fact, while Christianity was an administration of good designed for all, it was designed primarily and especially for those who were in physical or moral destitution. 'The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick,' was the principle which regulated the whole of the public life of Christ. Them that were lost he came to seek and to save; them that by reason of their poverty were cut off from the sympathies and resources of society, and left to starve in the highways and hedges of a prolific land, disowned by their relatives, neglected by the authorised teachers, and contemned by the selfish opulent, the formal pharisee, and the proud ecclesiastic; them whom the guilt of sin had contaminated, and who were consequently shunned as the leper was shunned—and yet not so much from the fear of the contagion, as from an inhuman contempt of the diseased; them whom the absurd decrees of natural dislike had put under the ban of society, irrespectively of merit or demerit, merely because the name of their people was uttered by one conformation of the lips rather than another, and their skin wore a dye less deep, and their eye burned with a less ardent flame;—these were the special objects of Christ's regards; and among the causes which conduced to his crucifixion, by no means the least powerful was found in the jealousy he excited in the minds of the authorities of Judea by his ceaseless attention to the outcast, the foreigner, and the sinful. Jesus honoured poverty by appearing as its friend; he passed by the palace to enter the cot, not that he disregarded the first, but because he knew he should meet with a welcome in the second, and because he knew that great as was the need of the inmates of the palace, greater still was the need of the inmates of the cot; and because also he was fully aware that since all the sympathies of the world are towards outward grandeur, it was needful that he who came to be the world's Saviour should give the weight of his influence, not to those who had, but to those who had not. In fact one of the great blessings of the Gospel is the counterpoise it affords to the influence of wealth and position. It is in the human heart to worship the idols which weakness on the one side and power on the other contrive to fabricate of 'gold, silver, and precious stones.' And what was needed was the introduction of a principle which should recognise moral worth in every rank and every nation, and teach the inherent value and dignity of the human soul by manifesting the deepest regard even to the sinful and abandoned. It is not to be understood by these remarks that Jesus limited the displays of his love even to the poor. His heart was wide enough to embrace his kind. He loved man as man. He loved the rich not because they were rich, but because they wore God's image and were subject to all the ills of humanity. And he loved his country not merely because it was his country, but rather because it was a portion of that family whom God had sent him to redeem. Far above all the distinctions of rank, nation and kindred, his love soared, to cast the reviving and renovating rays of its influence on the world. But while he had love for all, he had special love for those whose wants were special. How dissimilar is he in this marked feature of his character from even the best of men. There is not one of the ancient worthies whom his veriest detractor would venture to compare with Jesus on this point. The regards of them all were narrowed by natural or social prejudices. The contempt which modern unbelievers have evinced towards the poor, is matter of notoriety, and how far are they who profess to follow Jesus from manifesting the same impartial and catholic benevolence as runs through the whole of their master's life. Much is it to be feared that the impress of heathen narrowness is stamped deep on the soul of the Christian world; and while we are all ready to express our admiration of the impartiality of Christ's benevolence, how constantly and effectually is the flow of our love interrupted by every tiny barrier which fancy or fashion may have set up. But the inconsistencies of Christians are an unanswerable evidence of their master's pre-eminence, and a proof that what is of a nature superhuman must have had a divine origin. And if, from what Christians are we appeal to what they wish to be—to what in the hours of their happiest imaginings they picture forth as the perfection of benevolence—to what even those with whom benevolence is a fairy dream or an energetic passion, have devised as the standard for their own or for others' aspirings—can any of these fictions surpass the reality which was exhibited in the life of Christ?

To the comprehensiveness of the love of Christ we have been compelled to advert, in order to convey with precision our ideas of its impartiality; but no mere allusion can do justice to a subject before which feeling, and language too, confess their insufficiency, and which dictated those descriptions found in the letters of the first preachers of the Gospel to their converts, which, with all their force, warmth and brilliancy, seem to labour after a height and a grandeur which they cannot reach. Christ lived and died for man's salvation. What a pregnancy of meaning is there in this simple form of words! Who was Christ? A carpenter's son. What was the object of his existence? To save the world—the countless myriads that have been in all past ages, and that shall be in all ages yet to come—the countless myriads, not of one nation nor of one continent, but of the wide spread earth. And from what to save this multitude, which no man can conceive, much less number? From ills innumerable and destructive—from ills that war against man's peace, the peace of his bosom, of his home, of his country, of his race—which war against all the better tendencies of his nature, and reduce him into a most degrading servitude;—to save him from these, and moreover to invest him with the large, rich and undying good of moral, social and spiritual blessedness. In the one object of the love of Christ there is a grandeur which eclipses the fairest and brighest aims of moral heroism, and makes the human imagination sink in pleasing wonder at the sight. Whence this vast conception in the breast of a Jewish peasant? Whence the moral hardihood to proceed to carry it into execution? Could it have sprung from the exclusiveness of a nation who believed itself the sole objects of God's favour? Did it find its nursery in that temple all whose services went to foster the national pride, or among those cottages whose inmates long resisted even the voice which declared by miracle that God was no respecter of persons? And supposing that the imagination should, in some fond hour, enter into the heart of a modern philanthropist, would he fail to be accounted insane, should he attempt with his own resources to give effect to his fancies in a crusade against the complicated ills of a world lying in wickedness? Even had it been possible for a Jewish peasant to have conceived the idea of man's redemption, nothing but the extreme of madness could have prompted him to attempt its execution, except the consciousness that God was with him.

It remains to say a few words of the devotedness of Christ's benevolence.

It extended throughout his life, though displayed most luminously at its termination. So strong and bright and steady was the ardour of his love, that nothing could quench or even cool it;—not the sturdiest opposition of enemies—not the waywardness and indocility of associates—not the desertion and treachery of friends. He came to his own, yet his own received him not;—

still he kept firm to his purposes of benevolence The very persons he aimed to benefit proved his persecutors;—he not only harboured no revenge, but sought to return good for ill, and blessing for cursing. He offered himself as the teacher and Saviour of a nation whose authorities maltreated, derided, and at last executed him; yet, to the last, his feelings towards them remained those of pity and concern, and his conduct evinced the most divine benignity. These are not the words of eulogy, but a simple statement of facts; and if they sound lofty in our ears, this is but a testimony to the originality of Christ's benevolence, inasmuch as the very air of panegyric which they wear to us, shows the rarity and exceeding excellence of the character to which they refer. There are two features in the devotement of Jesus which merit special notice. It was premeditated and unique. From at least an early period of his ministry, Jesus saw the consequences to which his undertaking could not fail to lead. The hatred of the Jews was not long in declaring itself, and it was only by prudently avoiding a premature collision with the populace and the authorities, that Jesus prolonged his life to the brief span of at most three years; brief indeed, compared with the magnitude of the work his Father had given him to do. In reality there could from the first have been no doubt that the nature of the opposition which the mission of Jesus would compel him to offer to the pride, prejudices and interests of all ranks, and especially of the high and powerful, must, if honestly persevered in, issue in every species of suffering that malignity could devise. Yet Jesus never faltered;—indeed his conduct at the last was a voluntary surrender of himself into the hands of his enemies. In order to avoid death before his hour was come, that is, before he had done enough to establish his kingdom on the earth, he retired from the metropolis to the more northern parts of the land, where the power of his enemies was less, and his own influence greater; but when he had sowed the seed and watered the shoot, he went up to Jerusalem with the full prospect of destruction before his eyes, and 'became obedient even unto death.' It was a voluntary sacrifice then that Jesus made; nay more, it was foreseen and premeditated. He knew that his death was an essential part of that plan by which God designed to regenerate the world; and knowing this, he sought to live only so long as was needful to the execution of his mission; and then, if he did not seek to die, he knew that death must ensue from the steps he took in the way of duty.

Singular and unparalleled devotedness! Others have lost their lives in consequence of a course of conduct from which they could not honourably retire, and in the raging of passions which their own malignity or the efforts of others had lashed into fury; but Jesus yielded up his life in the tranquillity of blended love and holiness, and went calmly upwards to Calvary, when, so far as man was concerned, he might have lived in peace, if not triumphed on the mighty wings of a nation's burning desire for emancipation;—for what was there to prevent him from remaining quietly in Galilee; or if he had gone to Jerusalem, why should he not have availed himself of that enthusiasm which bore him into the city on the breath of popular favour, with loud hosannahs, as to the long expected and eagerly desired Saviour of the nation?

Original in being spontaneous, his benevolence was original also in respect of the objects for whom it was exerted, and the circumstances under which it was displayed. Jesus dies upon the cross—for whom? Others may have died in defence of their rights, or to avenge their wrongs; the poetry of history would seem to intimate that one or more had even dared to brave death instead of those who were endeared to them by the charms of friendship, and the certain record of the past tells us of those who surrendered their lives rather than abandon in peril a child or a parent; but Jesus perished in the midst of enemies, and on behalf of his enemies; in the assertion of no rights but those of humanity;—and though overwhelmed with insults and wrongs, with no feeling in his breast or on his lips but that of calm and unconquerable benignity. The instance is unparalleled and unapproached. The cross stands up in lone and mournful grandeur—albeit the radiance of heaven's own benignity crowns its summit.

Whence these mighty works in a carpenter's son—works as mighty and as glorious as that performed at the tomb of Lazarus or on behalf of the widow of Nain—works, the wonder and loveliness of which our own bosoms confess in the irrepressible emotions of awe and admiration which spring up within them while looking on the cross? Whence these mighty works? Is it fiction? What! the invention of Galilean fishermen? Could they create out of nothing, what, when seen and heard, they could not understand? Whence could they get the elements of this splendid fiction? From the ideas of their own narrow and sordid minds—from the images of their cottages, or the implements of their occupation, or the prejudices of their caste and their people? Fiction always bears a relation of similitude to reality. It is reality raised and brightened. But what reality had even the best educated Jew of the first century to serve as a basis on which to build the sublime structure of Christ's character? Shall we take Paul as that basis? Paul who had sat at a Gamaliel's feet, and was enriched with Pagan as well as Jewish learning? By what process, except by the one employed—the overpowering influence of miraculous agency—

could Paul's mind have been, even in imagination, enlarged by Jewish instrumentality to the dimensions of the capacious soul of Christ? But fiction is out of the question. To assign fiction as the creator of Christ's character is to suppose an incredible and an impossible cause—to suppose a miracle greater than all the miracles for which Christians have to account; while, besides, if ever there were narratives which on the very face repudiated the idea of fiction and wore the indubitable features of reality, they are the narratives of the New Testament. The objector, therefore, tells us nothing when he asserts that the character of Christ was a fiction. How came this fiction in existence? What mighty genius conceived and drew its lineaments? Let him be named, for he is a benefactor to humanity; he should be hailed with the loud acclaim of the whole race. We would bend our knee before him with the collected homage of all our faculties—for a fiction so sublime in itself and so good to man never dawned on the poet in the happiest moment of inspiration, nor on the philanthropist in the very ardour of his enthusiasm. But no! it is a reality. Far above nature though it be, it is eminently true to nature. The heart of man approves it in the admiration which it feels at its transcendant qualities. And good as the character would be even as a fiction, who or what shall declare its worth as a reality which once lived and breathed on earth, and is now glorified in heaven—not for the selfishness of its own aggrandisement, but for the completion of those purposes of love for which it was sent forth from the bosom of the Father? *r.*

ON EBENEZER ELLIOTT, THE POET OF HALLAMSHIRE AND OF THE 'CORN LAW RHYMES.'

(Continued from page 95.)

THE 'Tales of Night,' with the introductory satire of 'Peter Faultless,' which we noticed in our second article on the Poet of Hallamshire, not having succeeded in attracting public attention, Mr. Elliott shortly sent forth another publication of a higher order, entitled 'Love,' preceded by another satire aimed at a nobler mark than the Monthly Reviewers. This satire, under the name of 'The Giaour,' attacked no less a personage than the most popular poet of the day, Lord Byron. We are authorized to state, that it was written with the express intention of irritating Byron into some notice of it—a literary warfare with that great genius being, in the author's estimation, the most likely means of making him known, and he had no fear of measuring weapons with him in this species of encounter, in which he flattered himself, if he did not prove his equal, he should not be much his inferior. He had already tried his hand at invective, and found it strong—he had already wielded the trenchant blade of his irony to some purpose, and, as its edge had appeared both bright and keen, he had the ambition to flourish it again, in rival opposition to an antagonist who was himself 'cunning at fence,' and celebrated for his cutting strokes. He was, moreover, probably impelled to this contest by the bitter feelings engendered by disappointment, which generally deposits some portion of gall, even in amiable natures; and we shall not, perhaps, be far wrong in our judgment, if we suppose the acerbity of these feelings in him to have been increased by the irritation of envy, as he beheld from the dark shades of obscurity and poverty the bright sunshine of popular favour and fortune in which the noble poet was at that time basking. We believe, too, he had, for other reasons, no very friendly feeling towards Byron. He regarded him as an aristocrat by birth—as belonging to a privileged caste, full of hereditary pride, and from his social station naturally hostile to the people. He imagined he had imbibed a contempt for the lower orders with his mother's milk, and he thought this contempt was manifested in the spirit of some passages of his works, especially in his scornful allusion to Bloomfield, as 'the tenant of a stall.'* With these feelings was mingled a little personal pique. The two poets (utterly unacquainted with each other) once accidentally met in the Bank at Rotherham, during an unfortunate period of Mr. Elliott's life—the one a scented beau, in the height of the fashion, and the pride of life; the other in a humble garb, and with a disappointed spirit. The latter would naturally have, on this occasion, the feelings of Hotspur, when, 'smarting with his wounds,' he was encountered by a courtly lord, 'neat, trimly dressed, fresh as a bridegroom,' and the language of Shakespeare may, perhaps, be quoted as justly expressive of them.

——————— 'he made me mad,
To see him shine so brisk and smell so sweet.'

Byron cast but one glance upon him; it differed, probably, from that of the 'perfumed' courtier, who thought it

——————— 'unmannerly
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.'

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* We have little doubt that the *misanthropy* of Byron's poetry—the occasional heartlessness, and even ridicule, with which it alludes to human suffering and woe, further excited the indignation of a Bard who had himself experienced so much adversity, that the cords of his heart, like those of his lyre, might be said to be strung with pain, and to vibrate to every note of wretchedness.

But it seems to have been expressive of some feeling akin to it; the poet, at least, thought it one of utter scorn. 'The Giaour' probably sprung out of this interview—the germ of the feelings that dictated it may, we think, be traced to the deep impression this scorn, whether only imaginary or real, left on Mr. Elliott's mind.

It must not be supposed that a poet of such intense passion and deep sensibility as the author of 'Corn Law Rhymes,' was not feelingly conscious of the merits of Byron. He had a keen relish—perchance a secret jealousy—of them. There are features of strong resemblance between the noble bard and himself, notwithstanding some as strong points of difference, which must have produced in him a deep and kindred sympathy with the 'impassioned music' of this

'Lord of the realms of pathos and of soul.'

We know that such sympathy was excited in him by Byron's finest poems, and in 'Peter Faultless' he has eulogized their high poetical merit in lines worthy of it, one of which we have just quoted.

The following passage from the 'Village Patriarch' contains ample proof of his having duly appreciated the high qualities of this noble poet:—

——————— 'Byron is all fervor, rivalless
In might and passion. Woman's tenderness,
When woman is most tender, most deplor'd,
Moves not like his; and still when least divine,
He is a god, whose shrines shall be restor'd—
Apollo, self-dethron'd. His mind a mine
Where night-born gems in cherish'd darkness shine,
He—thrice a Ford, twice an Euripides,
And half a Schil'er—hath a Milton's power,
But not a Shakspeare's; strength and fire and ease,
And almost grace; though gloomy as the tower,
Around whose dangerous brow storms love to lower.'

Collected Works, vol. ii. p. 51.

The general injustice of 'The Giaour' he has tacitly acknowledged by the suppression of it, since the decease of its lamented subject, being of much too generous a nature to war with the dead. He has done more—he has shed the tears of the Muse over his hearse, and breathed the dirge of lamentation around his tomb, celebrating his genius, his patriotism, and his immortality in high-souled verse, such as the poet only can sing, and such as the spirit of the departed, if sensible to praise, would have listened to with pleasure, as worthy of his fame.

——————— 'Proud of his lyre,
We mourn the dead, who never can expire.
Proud of his fearless frown, his burning tear;
Proud of the poet of all hearts, who heard
The mute reproach of Greece; with zeal severe,
We scrutinize our least injurious word,
Nor longer deem his spleeny whims absurd,
His pangs ridiculous, his weakness crime.

Heaven's favourites are short-liv'd. Stern fate and time
Will have their victims; and the best die first,
Leaving the bad still strong, though past their prime,
To curse the hopeless world they ever curs'd,
Vaunting vile deeds, and vainest of the worst.
And he, who cannot perish, is no more!
He died, who is immortal, and must be,
To Time's slow years, like ocean to the shore,
The sun to heaven! He died where fell the free
Of ancient Greece; and Greeks his loss deplore.
There, where they fight, as fought their sires of yore,
In the great cause of all the good and great,
Liberty's martyr, England's—Europe's pride,
Girding his broken heart, he champion'd fate,
And laid down life.———
Beyond the deep he perish'd, far from all
That darken'd death with love: and though the wave
Leagued with his foes to mock his dying call,
His dust is where is heart was, when he gave
Years of defeated glory for a grave,
Sighing in death his deathless love and woe.'

Collected Works, vol. ii. p. 51, 2.

'The Giaour' is written in the heroic verse, and, with the exception of a few of the weaker passages, possesses all that concentrated force which arises from a powerful and happy combination of language, passion, and sentiment. There is a nervous vigour in the versification—an iron strength in the thoughts, though often pointed with all the sharpness of steel—an indignant burning in the words, which, however, sometimes seem to be uttered in a kind of poetic fury, too little regardless of the nature of its expressions—a magical rapidity in the transitions, and an unwearied ardour in the spirit of this poem, which would render it equal to any production of the kind, were it not occasionally degraded by terms and epithets beneath the dignity of satire, and occasional conceptions so strained and far-fetched as to be obscure. As, however, we do not consider it consistent with the character of a *Christian Teacher* to encourage that unamiable spirit that delights to dip its pen in gall, and with blackening hues depict the nature of man worse than even his crimes have made it—as we are, by both office and nature, inimical to the indulgence and expression, however striking and masterly, of those heart-burning passions which dry up in the soul the milk of human kindness, and ignite the brands of social discord and contention, which He who came to bring 'peace on earth,' and 'good-will towards men,' would for ever extinguish—and as we, moreover, do not feel ourselves authorized to evoke from the midnight shades, to which the poet, with strict justice, in the maturity of his manly judgment, and the increased correctness of his moral taste, has condemned them—the evil spirits that disappointment had raised in the night of his adversity to trouble and torment his soul, while he conjured with their forbidden charms, and wielded their unholy influence, to establish a reputation, which, to his honour be it spoken, was to be erected by loftier powers on a nobler basis;—under the impression of these feelings, and the limitation of these restraints, we shall give but two short extracts from this powerful satire, which, not being inspired by 'the instruments of darkness,' are highly honourable both to the head and the heart of the writer of them. The unfeeling attacks of Byron on Cowper and Bloomfield deserved severe censure, and the author of 'The Giaour,' has noticed them with that strong moral indignation which oppression and injustice of every kind never fail to excite in his humane and religious soul, that has a tear for every woe, and a prayer for every sin—excepting aristocratic contempt of humble worth, and heartless trampling on human weakness and woe.

'Insect and satirist! did God to thee
Impart a ray of that divinity,
Whence burn the universal suns of space,
And glows the soul in every seraph's face,
To light thee in the darkness of thy deeds,
And aid the blow from which a brother bleeds?
Reprove, if thou art sinless, child of earth!
But danger-nursed and sightless from thy birth,
Judge *not* thy brethren! for their sin is thine;
And "Vengeance," saith the God of all, "is mine."'

* * * * *

'Thou shalt not strew, and dare to look behind,
The dust of Cowper on the pitying wind.
Though keen the cold fang with which meanness tears
The helpless heart that fiery malice spares;
Though brother death-hounds deem the deed divine—
A deed not sham'd by deed of theirs, or thine—
The dead shall find a voice, the grave a tongue;
The asp that stings the lifeless shall be stung,
And, wringing hearts, shall find his own heart wrung.'

* * * * *

'When retrospection, in thought's lonest hour,
Recalls a spirit of transcending power,
Who pass'd unstain'd to heaven, though wretched here,
We write the name of Cowper with a tear:
And if ought mournful could in heaven have place,
There would his soul, methinks, retain a trace
Of pangs beyond endurance, yet endur'd,
Till the nerves snapp'd, and torture stood assur'd,
By speechless death, that his long task was o'er.
Methinks the natives of that happy shore
Would mark the stranger's aspect of distress,
And know him by his heavenly pensiveness.'—*Giaour.*

The commencement and the close of this extract, not surpassed in sublimity and pathos by any passage in the most inspired composition of modern poetry, were worthy of 'Love,' the poem, or rather poems, to which the satire in which they occurred was prefixed. Under this title were originally published three deeply affecting tales, with no other connexion than the golden chain of a common subject, the tender passion, prefaced by a general introduction in praise of love, which introduction, in the 'Collected Works' of our author, alone bears this name. The other poems are entitled 'The Letter,' 'They Met Again,' and 'Withered Wild Flowers.' These, with 'Love,' may be classed with 'The Exile' and 'Bothwell,' which we have already noticed, and together they constitute the most polished and exquisite of all Elliott's works. Some persons complain (we are credibly informed) that they cannot look into these works without meeting with harsh party politics, which compel them to close the volumes in disgust. They opened the book at the wrong page. Let them, if they want not politics, but sentiment, turn to these tales of 'Love;' and if they are capable of feeling any sympathy with human joy or woe, that sympathy, powerfully excited, will swell the breast with emotion, or wet the cheek with soft trickling tears—if they have any understanding for the lofty in poetical conception, any feeling for the impassioned in tender sentiment, any taste for the beautiful in imaginative description, they will be delighted, enchanted, bewitched. The poet will carry them, entranced, into the highest heaven of his art—in that sublime sphere where all who are borne to it feel the magic influence, and behold the splendid visions of the muse-inspired 'seer;' they will wander through flowery groves, breathing fragrance, and melodious with song; they will sometimes be led along the borders of green meadows, freshened by meandering streams, and sometimes carried to the summits of cloud-cleaving mountains, covered with the gloom of waving forests, or scattered with the huge fragments of Druidical stones, and hoary-headed rocks, older than the Flood; exhibiting, too, on their utmost height, a vast prospect of the ocean calm in sunshine, imaging the eternity of the good on its tranquil and extended bosom; or reflecting the black tempest that frowns upon the waves, lashed into fury by the tormenting blast, till they rage and foam and dash themselves against the hard cliffs, and mount up to the heavens as if, like the fabled Titans, they would scale their utmost heights, and violently take them by storm—appalling emblem of the mad frenzy, the dark impiety, the restless misery of passion and of guilt! All the imagery of the sublimest and of the most picturesque poetry will be found spread over these pages, like rich tapestry in an oriental hall—all that is solemn and pathetic in sentiment and description, resembling the sacred characters pictured in the spacious tombs of Memphis or Thebes, where kings lie buried amidst ruin and desolation—all that is most elevating in moral truth and religious hope, breathed in strains of holiest verse, such as ascends from the choir of some pillared temple, where 'the pealing organ' and 'the full-voic'd choir,' blending in harmonious concord, fill the soul with extacy and devotion. This is warm, and some our readers may, perhaps, be inclined to think, extravagant eulogy; but let them, as we have done, read these poems through, and, whilst fresh from the perusal of them, with all their power and all their beauty exerting a strong influence on the mind, speak of them as they deserve, and they will find it difficult to convey their admiration in a more subdued tone or more qualified terms. Campbell is not more polished, Byron not more impassioned, Montgomery not more pathetic, than Elliott, in 'Love:' the subject calls forth the tenderest and most melancholy sentiments of his soul, lavishly pouring over it the riches of its most sterling affections, like molten gold, warm and glowing from the heart, which, whilst retaining its heat and its brilliancy, is fused into splendid verse.

The author of 'Corn Law Rhymes' is known to many only as a political—we are happy that we can exhibit him as a *religious* poet. Devout and pious thoughts are to be met with in all his works—even in the 'Corn Law Rhymes'—and it is such thoughts that render his poetry most valuable to us. Politics are, indeed, highly important to society, and may, perhaps, be justly compared to the frame of man, as in the phrase 'body politic:' but *religion is his very soul*—the vital principle that gives to his existence all its health and all its grandeur, that elevates his hopes and brightens his prospects, that confers value on his pursuits, and communicates dignity to his destiny. Without religion there would be no beauty or magnificence in the universe; the sun would be dark at noon-day, and the moon would cease to give her light. It is religion that converts the spacious and lofty sky into the 'temple' of the living God, 'not made with hands,' and the earth into an abode of his spirit and his grace, whilst it throws over the universal face of nature the light of his countenance and his love. The poet who does not recognize this light in the glories of the heavens is worse than blind; and more than deaf, if he hears not the 'voice of the Lord God walking in the garden,' and whispering through the trees. Poet!—it is impossible he should be such, in the highest departments of his art, unless he has an eye, an ear, a soul, to see, to hear, and to perceive in all around and all within him—in the sunshine, and in the tempest, and in the deep recesses of his own mind, the visible and felt presence of the great Creator. How finely is this truth expressed in the following lines from 'Love!'—

'God of the soul! illumination, caught
From thy bright glance, is energy to thought;
And song, bereft of thee, is cold and tame,
The bard a cinder, uninstinct with flame.
But when the heart looks through the eye of Love
On Nature's form, things lifeless breathe and move;—
The dewy forest smiles, dim morning shakes
The rainbow from his plumage, music wakes
The dimpled ripple of the azure wave,
In fiery floods green hills their tresses lave,
And myriad flowers all bright'ning from the dews,

Day's earth-born stars, their golden beams effuse:
Transported passion bids rocks, floods, and skies
Burst into song, while her delighted eyes
To all they see their own rich hues impart;
And the heart's language speaks to every heart.'—vol. ii. p. 155.

'An irreligious poet is a monster;' Burns declared him to be such;—did ever such a monster, worthy of the name of poet, exist? Lucretius, it is true, disgusted with heathenism, wrote in defence of atheism; but his system did not destroy his poetry, only because he was not, as a writer, (nor, we believe, as a man,) thoroughly consistent with it. His finest passages were not inspired by his cold scepticism; witness the noble invocation in the very opening of his great poem, *De Rerum Natura*, to Venus, the fairest idol of the common faith of his country; nor was the excellent morality of many sublime precepts in his poem against the intemperate passions of the mind and the grovelling lusts of the body, the production of his atheistical principles. He is least poetical in those passages written in support of these principles; and it is only when he forgets them that his most splendid descriptions come out, like bright patches of verdure in the sandy desert. The barren uniformity of this poem, where it treats of its proper subject, is a sufficient proof of the withering influence of the atomic system, even on the soul of the highest poetical genius, and we require no better argument that poetry cannot exist without religion, than the fact that its spirit was extinguished in the soul of Lucretius by his God-denying creed, and that he was then only the great poet when he was adorning with the flowers of verse objects or sentiments inconsistent with the principles of that creed, or independent of it. Against this conclusion the example of Byron may, perhaps, be quoted; but, however sceptical on some subjects, Byron was a believer in the existence of a God and a superintending Providence, and in the immortality of the soul. Sufficient evidence for his belief in these great principles, which constitute the foundation of all religion, exists in his journals, preserved in Moore's 'Notices' of his life, and in his poems. His opinion on two of the above principles is thus recorded by himself:—'Of the immortality of the soul it appears to me there can be little doubt, if we attend a moment to the action of mind: it is in perpetual activity.'—'You have seen every trampler down, from Buonaparte to the simplest individuals.—It is an odd world; *but the watch has its main spring after all.*'

On the third and greatest—the acknowledgment of a God—we shall quote a few lines from the fine address to the setting sun in 'Manfred,' in which that luminous orb is represented as the work of the minister of the Almighty:—

'Most glorious orb! that wert a worship, ere
The mystery of thy making was revealed;

Thou earliest minister of the Almighty,
Which gladden'd on their mountain tops the hearts
Of the Chaldean shepherds, till they pour'd
Themselves in orisons! Thou material God!
And representative of the Unknown—
Who chose thee for his shadow!—*Manfred*, act iii. sc. 2.

We have quoted these passages—not in vindication of Byron's reputation, which bigotry long attempted to blast with false statements of his utter unbelief, as well as of the perfect wickedness of his character, though we shall be glad if they conduce to it—but to show that his example is not opposed to our conviction, that the highest poetry must be inspired by religion.

However this may be, Elliott's poems are full of her inspirations: whether he describes nature or man, God is ever present to his thoughts as the Creator of both, and the light of immutability illumes the darkest shades in his pictures of human calamity and grief, whilst all the forms of woe and pain, and even sin, which he so strongly depicts, are touched and softened and exalted by radiance from on high, as in the two following passages:—

'She slept—she sleeps: but light shall yet arise,
The eternal day-spring, on her nightless eyes;
And mercy yet may purify with pain
That wretch belov'd, and bid them meet again.'
The Letter, vol. ii. p. 197.

'How like a lily, stain'd with murder's gore,
Thy sorrow weeps! Yet, not for evermore
Shalt thou, a flower distain'd, with mourning bend
Through ages, rolling slow, of hopeless end,
And while the funerals of the stars pass by,
Still tremble in the blast of destiny.
Thy guilt hath tears, though darkest guilt it be,
And pitying Heaven hath mercy e'en for thee.'—vol. ii. p. 151.

This last idea of the 'wretch,' purified from sin, may be very shocking to some believers in what are, in our opinion, very erroneously called the peculiar doctrines of the Gospel, none of which, however, can be at variance with the fact that Christ came to 'save that which was lost.' These persons may raise a cry for more orthodox and evangelical strains; but there is ten times more true religion in Elliott's poetry than in that which is devoted to sectarian theology. His is the universal religion, whose free spirit brooks not confinement in the cloisters of a monkish faith, but makes the heavens and the earth its house of prayer, and sings sweet hymns under the open sky—that knows no creed but that of Nature interpreted by revelation, owns no brotherhood but that of all mankind, acknowledges no deity but the Father of all his creatures: and this religion is as much above that of exclusive sectarianism as Christ was superior to the Pharisee, as the all-present and all-blessing God stands infinitely pre-eminent above the senseless idol, confined to the narrow precincts of a grove, or the narrower limits of a fane. Under the influence of this cheering and elevating faith,

'He hears heaven's voice in every warbling grove,
And sees in every flow'r the smile of Love.'—*Love*, p. 154.

'Love' is introduced by a hymn—for such we deem the following sublime lyrical effusion—celebrating the power and presence of the Almighty in the desert:

'The stillness of Almighty Power is here,
And Solitude, the present Deity,
Throned on the hills that meet the bending sphere,
How silently!
Oh, look around thee! On those rocks sublime
Th' impression of eternal feet is seen!
These mountains are the eldest-born of Time,
Still young and green!
What nobler home, what holier company
For Love and Thought, than forests and the heath,
Where life's Great Cause, in his sublimity,
Dwells lone as Death?'—p. 153.

We wish the poem had contained another hymn, in the same measure and spirit, on the *Divine Love*, as manifested in the works of creation;* but we should have liked a whole book, illustrating the sublimest and most elevating truths, that 'God is love,' and that religion is love, as Elliott could magnificently have set them forth in his splendid poetry, refulgent as the sun blazing at noon-day; and we are persuaded such a book would have added a new and a still brighter lustre to his fame. It was not, however, consistent with the object of the poet to do more than touch upon this noble theme, as these tales are devoted to the description of *human love*—its virtues, its joys, its crimes, its sorrows, and its despair. The general subject is stated in the introduction to the second tale, 'They Met Again,' in this grand address to Love:—

'Oh thou, whose wings o'er-arch the flood of years,
That rolling, stain'd with crimes and mix'd with tears,
Whelms in his gulfs each unimmortal form;
Spirit of brightness, proud to span the storm!
Thy word, O Love, bade light and beauty be,
And Chaos had no form, till touch'd by thee!
Though call'd of old, the god of serpent wiles,
Thou source of sweetest, bitterest tears and smiles!
Thy voice endears to man the humblest home;
Fair is the desert, if with love we roam.
Where barks the fox, by golden broom o'erhung,
Where coos the fern-fowl o'er her cowering young,
Thee gloomiest rocks acclaim, with greeting stern,
To thee the uplands bow their feathery fern:
Shaking the dewdrop from his raptured wings,
The waking thrush salutes his mate, and sings:
With amorous lays the glad lark climbs the sky,
And Heaven to earth pours down his melody.
But in thy name when erring mortals sin,
A plague, a cancer, blackens all within,
Till life groans loud his hopeless load beneath,
And the soul darkens into worse than death.
Then Love's meek question meets with no reply,
Save the fierce glance in hatred's sullen eye:

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* Allusions, indeed, to this glorious attribute, are scattered through it like sun-beams, in such lines as these:—

'Thy word, O Love, bade light and beauty be,
And Chaos had no form, till touch'd by thee.'—p. 207.

Sad is the day, and sleepless is the night,
And the rose poisons like the aconite.
Earth's verdant mantle is become a shroud;
Sweet Eden's blushes vanish from the cloud;
The rural walk, that pleased when life was new,
Where pendant woodbines grow, as erst they grew,
Can please no more; the mountain air is dead;
And Nature is a book no longer read.'—vol. ii. p. 207, 8.

This sublime passage, we are inclined to think, should have been prefixed as a general introduction to all the poems, to Book I. This book is devoted to the celebration of the joys and virtues of love; and they are described in so masterly and affecting a manner as none but a fond and faithful husband, an affectionate and intelligent father, and a poet of first-rate powers could have described them. The heart of the writer dictated much of 'Love,' which the colder head could not have invented, or executed, without its warming influence: from the heart alone, speaking its fullness, sprung the following most exquisite passage, embalmed in the holy shrine of love-inspired verse, which will be consecrated to admiration and to memory, so long as there are parents with hearts to feel and to repeat, for the moral worth and domestic happiness of their own offspring—the ardent wishes it expresses in those soul-breathed aspirations, that swell and heave the breast with deep and fond emotion:

'Bless'd is the hearth, when daughters gird the fire,
And sons, that shall be happier than their sire,
Who sees them crowd around his evening chair,
While Love and Hope inspire his wordless pray'r.
Oh, from their home paternal may they go,
With little to unlearn, though much to know!
Them may no poison'd tongue, no evil eye
Curse for the virtues that refuse to die;
The generous heart, the independent mind,
Till truth, like falsehood, leaves a sting behind!
May temperance crown their feast, and friendship share!
May pity come, Love's sister spirit, there!
May they shun baseness as they shun the grave!
May they be frugal, pious, humble, brave!
Sweet peace be their's, the moonlight of the breast,
And occupation, and alternate rest,
And, dear to care and thought, the rural walk!
Their's be no flower that withers on the stalk,
But roses cropp'd, that shall not bloom in vain,
And hope's bless'd sun, that sets to rise again!
Be chaste their nuptial bed, their home be sweet,
Their floor resound the tread of little feet;
Bless'd beyond fear and fate, if bless'd by thee,
And heirs, oh, Love, of thine eternity!'—p. 156, 7.

The picture of connubial bliss, which shortly succeeds the preceding lines, is described in words of light bright as Hymen's torch when carried in the hand of Love; and it beautifully exhibits the Paradise which the good and the affectionate may yet enjoy on earth—the Paradise of home, the Eden of the heart, of wedded love and domestic happiness.

'Oh, bless'd, who drinks the bliss that Hymen yields,
And plucks life's roses in his quiet fields!
Though in his absence hours seem lengthen'd years,
His presence hallows separation's tears.
Or, clasp'd in dreams, for his delay'd return
Fond arms are stretch'd, and speechless wishes burn
Love o'er his fever'd soul sheds tears more sweet
Than angel's smiles, when parted angels meet:
To him no fabled paradise is given;
His very sorrows charm, and breathe of heav'n.
And soon the fairest form that walks below
Shall bless the name of parent in her woe;
Soon o'er her babe shall breathe a mother's pray'r,
And kiss its father's living picture there,
While the young stranger on life's dangerous way
Turns with a smile his blue eye to the day.
But where shall poesy fit colours choose
To paint the matron morning sprinkling dews
O'er half-blown flowers, that pay their early breath
In tribute to the Lord of life and death,
Who bids the lucid blush of nature glow
Till angels see another Heaven below,
Dimples the deep with every breeze that blows,
And gives its sweet existence to the rose?
   Maternal Love, best type of heavenly bliss!
Thou show'st the joys of brighter worlds in this,
When sons and daughters rush to thy embrace,
And Love is painted on each rosy face!
Ev'n in the vale of poverty and gloom,
Thy joys, like heath-flowers on the moorland, bloom,
But crown'd with knowledge, best Instructress thou!
Tuition smiles seraphic on thy brow.
What though Contempt, with simpering sneer aside,
Deems all thy teaching labour misapplied?
What though around thee move the slaves of gain
Who oft inflict, but seldom pity pain,
Still pointing, as they shake the sapient head,
At talent's rags, and learning's sons half-fed?
Thy children's worth, maturing day by day,
Thy children's glory, shall thy cares repay;
And they shall bless thine age with accents kind,
E'en as his daughter nursed Ferdoosi blind,
When three times thirty years and ten had shed
Illustrious Winter on his honour'd head.'—vol. ii. p. 158—160.

The whole of this delightful passage, considered as an eulogy on connubial love, if it has not the sublimity of Milton's, or the high finish of Thomson's celebrated panegyrics on the same subject, is superior to both in tenderness of sentiment and in truth of description. Elliott's picture possesses a charm which the drawings of the other great masters want;—are we asked what it is? Woman!—Woman, the divinity of home, who, in all her beauty, has succeeded to the empire of the ancient ugly Lares, exercising an influence more powerful and sacred than that which the spirits of the departed were supposed to exert upon the houses of their relatives, over which, after their mortal remains had been interred in them, they were supposed to hover for the protection of the inhabitants. What is home without the fond wife—the affectionate mother? 'Tis not the solitary house, however splendidly furnished or gaily adorned—neither is it the glowing stove, however warm or bright—

' 'Tis not the hearth, but that which makes it dear;'—p. 225.

And what makes it dear, but lovely and devotedly attached woman?

> 'Around *her* knees domestic duties meet,
> And fire-side pleasures gambol round her feet.'—*Montgomery.*

Woman, therefore, in his picture of domestic bliss, Elliott has justly made the prominent figure—the loving wife, welcoming her husband, after absence, with fond caresses and tears of rapture—the tender and virtuous mother, smiling on her new-born infant, pouring the 'dew of instruction' over its opening mind, and teaching its rosy lips to pray, finely imaged under that most beautiful metaphor—

> ——— 'the matron morning sprinkling dews
> O'er half-blown flowers, that pay their early breath
> In tribute to the Lord of life and death.'

And this is the secret of Elliott's superiority above even Thomson and Milton, in softness of touch and tenderness of colouring, in his more correctly delineated portrait of connubial love and bliss. In the Epithalmium of Catullus, on the nuptials of Julia and Manlius, there is a most exquisite picture of wedded felicity, anticipated and prayed for in the following verses:—

> 'Torquatus, volo, parvulus
> Matris e gremio suæ
> Porrigens teneras manus,
> Dulce rideat ad patrem
> Semihiante labello:
> Sit suo similis patri
> Manlio ——————
> ————————
> Et pudicitiam suæ
> Matris indicet ore.'

> 'Soon may a young Torquatus rise,
> The tiny image of his sire,
> Blending, with Julia's modest eyes,
> Her Manlius' brow and glance of fire:
> From his fond mother's bosom yearning,
> Stretch his small hands, with sweetest smile,
> To his glad father, home-returning,
> His little lips half opening in a smile.'

Yet even this family picture, so felicitously executed in the original, (of which our version is but a very feeble imitation, and to which no translation in English can do perfect justice, for want of the affectionate diminutives in the Latin)—even this fine grouping by Catullus, of the new-married parents and their infant, is not, we think, superior, if equal, to Elliott's description of the mother 'blessing the name of parent in her woe,' and 'kissing the living picture of the father,' in the face of the new-born babe, that

> 'Turns, with a smile, his blue eye to the day.'

The anxieties and cares of maternal love, 'whose very tears delight,' are beautifully illustrated in the cases of Cook, Watts, Chatterton, and Jones; the invocation on the last, to bear witness to the benefit he derived from his mother's instructions, we shall quote as illustrative of the endless gratitude due from every virtuous son to his maternal instructress, and as a just tribute of respect to woman, to whom we owe the best part of our education:—

> 'Where death-freed wanderers tread celestial shores,
> And silence, in eternal light, adores,
> Spirit of Jones! to earth-born Angels tell
> What sweet instructress taught her child so well.
> What earthly form is likest their's above,
> And, in thy teacher, bless Maternal Love!'—vol. ii. p. 161.

The power of love to sustain misfortune, and its fidelity in adversity, are finely described, and as finely illustrated and proved by noble instances of enduring and devoted attachment in woman, during seasons of great affliction and sorrow. Referring our readers to the poem itself for the illustrations, we can afford room only for the lines expressive of the general sentiments, which will afford an excellent specimen of the condensed and epigrammic style of versification, in which the sense terminates with the line or couplet, carried by Pope to the highest perfection, and, notwithstanding his strong censures of it, occasionally used by Elliott with great power, and corresponding effect.

> 'What power invincible, on earth, in heav'n,
> Like Love can strive with fate, like Love hath striven?
> Thou only spark in man that is divine!
> If thine is transport, Stoic strength is thine;
> And calmly canst thou smile on danger's form,
> Like rosy summer on the thunder-storm.
> Thine is the hand to act, the heart to dare,
> The soul to feel, the fortitude to bear,
> The breast that softly glows, or bravely bleeds,
> The voice that calls to fame, the step that leads;
> And time-tried truth and constancy, that prove
> He is no wretch who hath no friend but Love.
> How oft when man, his dream of splendour o'er,
> Sees his friend's dog assail him at the door,
> While, cold and crush'd, his heart within him dies,
> Love clasps him close, though hope despairs and flies!
>
> * * * * *
>
> Yes, Fortune's faithless wrongs may turn to steel
> The flattering foe, that well can feign to feel;
> The desperate heart may lean on torture's thorn,
> The sun be darkness to the eye forlorn;
> All may be hopeless gloom, around, above,
> All, save thy quenchless smile, heroic Love!'—vol. ii. p. 163, 4.

A still nobler passage succeeds this, descriptive of the power of Love to inspire heroic sentiments, which is superior to any similar description we are acquainted with in any poet—not excepting that of the Spanish Maid, who, smiling in 'Danger's Gorgon face,'

> 'Stalks with Minerva's step where Mars might fear to tread.'
> See *Childe Harold*, Canto i. LIV—LVII.

We cannot but conceive that, in writing this passage, having strong upon his mind the recollection of that to which we have just alluded, he determined to try his strength against the first poet of the day in sublime description, as he had previously done in invective, saying to himself, in the words of Shakespeare,

> 'Elliott and Byron!—what should be in that Byron?
> Why should that name be sounded more than mine?
> Write them together—mine is as fair a name;
> Sound them—it doth become the mouth as well;
> Weigh them—it is as heavy; conjure with them—
> *Elliott will raise a spirit as soon as Byron!*'

The magical power of the Muse, in calling forth, from the 'vasty deep' of the soul, forms of beauty and of terror, to charm or appal, was never more strongly displayed than in those of the 'infant Tell,' as he listens to the tale of his country's wrongs, 'clanging his small drum,' and 'half assuming his little wooden brand;' and of the majestic Matron, whose husband had been slain in the patriotic defence of his native land, and whose child had perished in consequence of the famine produced by the hostile invasion of its enemies, 'climbing with Thalestrian port the leaguered wall,' and on the war-fiends below 'shaking from her widow'd tresses shame and woe.'

> 'Love! when red Battle, o'er the stormy crest
> Of free Helvetia, roll'd his eye unbless'd,
> Thou heard'st thy sons on God and Freedom call,
> Thou saw'st thy sons in Freedom's conflict fall.
> The infant Tell, when that sad tale is told,
> Lowers, with indignant front, his locks of gold,
> Clangs his small drum, with despot-daring hand,
> And half assumes his little wooden brand;
> Rage, wonder, grief, his guileless heart surprize,
> And all the mother swells into his eyes.
> Then, when th' horizon flamed, a flag of doom,
> When pale affright heard breeze-borne horrors boom,
> When blazing hamlets spoke of havock near,
> And beauty paid her hero with a tear,
> What wonder if the virgin helm'd her head,
> Rush'd to the field with thundering vollies red,
> And, by her lover's side, a martial form,
> Tower'd the Bellona of the battle-storm?
> So, when around thy home war's banners fly,
> And patriots on the threshold fight and die,
> The Matron, then—her dreadless husband slain,
> And dead the famish'd child, that lived in vain—
> Climbs with Thalestrian port the leaguered wall,
> Where Death rides sulphury on the whirling ball,
> Fires her loud tube, and on the fiends below
> Shakes from her widow'd tresses shame and woe.'—vol. ii. p. 165, 6.

Having already occupied many pages, without having made much progress in this article, in consequence of the lingering delight with which we have dwelt upon the bewitching charms of 'Love,' we must hasten on more rapidly through the remainder of this delightful poem. Book II. commences with a fine description of the consolation to be derived from devoted affection in the gloom of adverse circumstances. It would be unjust to the author, the reader, and the subject, not to quote this description, which will teach, if any thing can, our ruder sex to value at its just price the faithful love of woman, and invariably to manifest towards her that tenderness and reciprocal fidelity, which her constant and all-enduring attachment so truly deserves: whilst it may reconcile those subjected to them to the hardships of indigence, by pointing out the domestic happiness which virtuous affection may enjoy under the humblest roof, the manly worth the toils of poverty may strengthen, and the splendid talents that may shine forth from its shades.

'Oh, faithful Love, by Poverty embraced!
Thy heart is fire, amid a wintry waste;
Thy joys are roses, born on Hecla's brow;
Thy home is Eden, warm amid the snow;
And she, thy mate, when coldest blows the storm,
Clings then most fondly to thy guardian form;
Ev'n as thy taper gives intensest light,
When o'er thy bow'd roof darkest falls the night.
Oh, if thou e'er hast wrong'd her, if thou e'er
From those mild eyes has caused one bitter tear
To flow unseen,—repent, and sin no more!
For richest gems, compared with her, are poor;
Gold, weigh'd against her heart, is light—is vile,
And when thou sufferest, who shall see her smile?
Sighing, ye wake, and sighing sink to sleep,
And seldom smile, without fresh cause to weep;
(Scarce dry the pebble, by the wave dash'd o'er,
Another comes, to wet it as before;)
Yet, while in gloom your freezing day declines,
How fair the wintry sunbeam when it shines!
Your foliage, where no summer leaf is seen,
Sweetly embroiders earth's white veil with green;
And your broad branches, proud of storm-tried strength,
Stretch to the winds in sport their stalwart length,
And calmly wave, beneath the darkest hour,
The ice-born fruit, the frost-defying flower.
Let Luxury, sickening in profusion's chair,
Unwisely pamper his unworthy heir;
And while he feeds him, blush, and tremble, too!
But, Love and Labour, blush not, fear not, you!
Your children, (splinters from the mountain's side,)
With rugged hands, shall for themselves provide.
Parent of valour, cast away thy fear!
Mother of Men, be proud without a tear!
While round your hearth the woe-nursed virtues move,
And all that manliness can ask of love;
Remember Hogarth, and abjure despair,
Remember Arkwright, and the peasant Clare.
Burns, o'er the plough, sung sweet his wood-notes wild,
And richest SHAKSPEARE was a poor man's child.
Sire, green in age, mild, patient, toil-inured,
Endure thine evils as thou hast endured.
Behold thy wedded daughter, and rejoice!
Hear Hope's sweet accents in a grandchild's voice!
See Freedom's bulwarks in thy sons arise,
And Hampden, Russell, Sidney, in their eyes!
And should some new Napoleon's curse subdue
All hearths but thine, let him behold them, too,
And timely shun a deadlier Waterloo!'—p. 169, 70.

The sentiment in this passage is further illustrated by the encouraging examples of Akenside, who 'breath'd the soul of Plato into British song,'—of Brindley, who, 'from hill to hill bade hair-hung rivers glide,'—and of Chantrey, 'the Phidias of the second Greece;'—all children of the poor, all inheriting from nature alone genius which wealth cannot confer, the gift of

Heaven, impartial in the distribution of its highest favours, and proving, by such impartiality, that the humblest son of poverty, who stands lowest in the world's estimation, and is possessed of the smallest portion of the world's goods, is, nevertheless, the child of its universal love, and the recipient of its distinguished favour. The last of the illustrations is too interesting and beautiful to be omitted: the passage is bathed in all the freshness of the summer shower it so admirably describes, and reflects the face of nature with as much truth as 'the silvery sheaf,' the 'mirror'd blush' of 'the wild rose' blooming on 'the dripping bush' beside it.

> 'The worm came up to drink the welcome shower;
> The redbreast quaff'd the rain-drop in the bower;
> The flaskering duck through freshen'd lilies swam;
> The bright roach took the fly below the dam;
> Ramp'd the glad colt, and cropp'd the pensile spray;
> No more in dust uprose the sultry way;
> The lark was in the cloud; the woodbine hung
> More sweetly o'er the chaffinch while he sung;
> And the wild rose, from every dripping bush,
> Beheld on silvery sheaf the mirror'd blush;
> When, calmly seated on his pannier'd ass,
> Where travellers hear the steel hiss as they pass,
> A milkboy, sheltering from the transient storm,
> Chalk'd on the grinder's wall, an infant's form;
> Young Chantrey smiled; no critic prais'd or blamed;
> And golden promise smiled, and thus exclaim'd;
> "Go, child of genius! rich be thine increase;
> Go;—be the Phidias of the second Greece!"'—vol. ii. p. 170, 71.

A noble passage succeeds this, showing that

> 'Love's noblest temple is the freeman's cot!'—p. 172.

and denouncing tyranny and oppression as totally destructive of it. After a passionate remonstrance against this state of things, in which we recognize the spirit and the power of the author of 'Corn Law Rhymes,' he calls upon Knowledge, inquiring when she will remove it, in this sublime address:—

> 'Oh Thou, whose brightening wing is plumed with light,
> At once that pinion's beauty and its might;
> Thou true Prometheus, by whose lore were taught,
> To fix on adamant the fleeting thought,
> Star-ruling science, calculation strong,
> The march of letters, and th' array of song!
> Twin-born with Liberty, and child of Love,
> Woe-conqu'ring Knowledge! when wilt thou remove
> Th' opprobrium of the earth—the chain'd in soul?
> When wilt thou make man's deadliest sickness whole?
> Lo! while our "Bearers of glad Tidings" roam
> To farthest lands, we pine in gloom at home!
> And still, in thought, I hear one whirlwind past!
> Still hurtles in my soul the dying blast,
> The echo of a hell of sound, that jarr'd
> The ear of Heav'n, as when his angels warr'd!
> Terrific Drama! and the actors men;
> But such may shuddering earth ne'er see again!
> Unlike her children, less than fiends or more!
> And one of scarcely human grandeur, bore
> World-shaking thunder on his sightless wing;
> But when thy spear assail'd his brandish'd sting,

He waned to half a Cæsar. Him the frown
Of ruin dash'd beneath thy axle down:
Then horror shook him from his death-like sleep;
Then vengeance cast him o'er the troubled deep;
And, on the winds of retribution hurl'd,
His demon shadow still appals the world!
When, Knowledge, when will mortals learn thy lore?
They plant thy tree, and water it with gore.
When wilt thou, when, thy power almighty prove,
And bind the sons of men in chains of love?
Rise, hope of nations, and assuage their ills!
This wills thy Teacher, this thy Parent wills.
For this, Love taught thy childhood in her bower,
And bade thee syllable her words of power,
Till brighten'd on thy brow sublimest thought,
And she, thy teacher, wonder'd as she taught.
Oh, rise, and reign, bless'd Power, that lov'st to bless;
Queen of all worlds, best name of mightiness!
Thy book of life to Labour's children give:
Let Destitution learn to read, and live;
And Independence, smiling on thy brow,
Sing hymns to Love and Plenty, o'er the plough!
Thy kingdom come! on earth let discord cease;
Come thy long sabbath of bless'd love and peace!'—p. 175—177.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CURATE.—A TALE.*

' Mutato nomine de te fabula narratur.'

My mother was the youngest daughter of a poor country curate, who had a large family, and but little to support them. His salary was not more than £15. per annum, and he was compelled to teach school in the little village where he resided, in order to eke out a maintenance, which was, after all, a very scanty pittance; his pupils being few, and his terms very low. The neighbourhood was thinly peopled, consisting chiefly of agricultural labourers, who could not afford to give their children an expensive education; and, though there were three or four substantial farmers, who sent their sons to the curate's school, they valued ' larnin,' as they called it, too little to pay even a moderate price for it. The profits arising from this source were so small that my maternal grandmother, the curate's wife, being an industrious and hard-working, though both a highly-talented and high-minded woman, to increase their income, washed and got up the fine linen and surplices of the vicar. This worthy vicar, who turned over to his curate all the laborious duties of his profession, such as preaching twice every Sunday, visiting the sick, and burying the dead, seemed to regard the converting the curate's wife into his washing-woman as an act of charity, of such high merit as to exonerate him from every other liberal action, and to justify him in the irregular payment of both his drudges. It was a common saying with him, when irritated by calls for money long due and withheld, 'You needy wretches eat me up;' though the truth was, that, like the celebrated Actæon, he was eaten up by his dogs and horses, being a great hunter; and by his vices, being a jovial liver. He was, indeed, too fond of gay company, and the indulgence of his own expensive tastes and appetites, to save any portion of his income (which was very considerable) for charitable purposes: like the rich man in the parable, he 'fared sumptuously every day,' and many a poor Lazarus, who would have been content with 'the crumbs that fell from his table,' was driven with outrage from his gate, and often pursued by some of his yelping hounds, purposely let loose upon all beggars who ventured to approach the vicarage, as the best means of preventing such vagrants, as the vicar indiscriminately called them, from being troublesome. Many a round oath, too, his Reverence swore, if he met one of them in his grounds; and it was reported, I have heard my mother say, that, being a country magistrate, he often committed the wandering beggar to prison. He entertained an utter contempt and hatred of every thing that bore the face of poverty, which he appeared to regard rather as a vice than a misfortune, and the delicate feelings of his poor curate were often hurt by the evident suspicion which he entertained of his honesty, whenever they met, especially if the meeting took place in his own house. 'Mr. Curate,' he would say, 'literary men have often been guilty of purloining their richer neighbour's books, forgetting the great commandment, "Thou shalt not steal;" and I will confess to you, I am always uneasy when an indigent scholar is in my library. I have great reason to believe my last curate, your immediate predecessor, filched more than one volume from my shelves: and I have made it a rule, ever since his departure, not to suffer any one in my employ to touch a single author in my possession, under any pretence whatever. Of course, I do not question *your* honesty; but you will see the propriety of not infringing this irreversible rule.' It was a rare occurrence for this despotic priest to invite his hard-working slave to dine with him; and when he did, he always treated him as a humble dependant: in his most condescending moments, he took care to remind his visiter of the vast difference there was between them, and in ill-humour his rudeness amounted almost to insult. His supercilious politeness often expressed itself in such terms as these, when recommending any favourite dish, or high-prized wine:—'Do not be afraid of it, Mr. Curate; you do not get such good things as these every day;' and his suspicious temper, when in a peevish mood, would betray itself thus:—'Take care, Mr. Curate, you do not mistake that napkin for a pocket-handkerchief. It is an error into which persons not accustomed to such accommodations are naturally enough apt to fall; but it is sure to be detected at my table.' Harsher observations were sometimes made, when, presuming on the vicar's good humour, the poor curate, who studied the '*molles aditus et tempora,*' the soft approaches to his heart, and the proper seasons for making them, ventured, in some sunny hour of grace, when the generally-forbidding countenance of his reverend superior was relaxed into a smile, to remind him that a portion of his scanty salary had long been due, and was much wanted: then the transient smile would be suddenly succeeded by a portentous frown, and the storm, gathering on the contracted brow and in the darkened features, would cast the lightning of indignant wrath from the kindling eye, and hurl the thunder of abusive rebuke from the convulsed lips of the burly priest, who paid no regard, at such times, to the admonition of St. James, that 'blessing and cursing' ought not to proceed from the same mouth. 'Why, Mr. Curate,' he would say, 'you are enough to provoke a saint. Is it not enough that you are eating the food from my table, and drinking the wine from my cup, without also wishing to take all the money out of my pocket? I am astonished at your impertinence and your folly. Who but the most senseless of human beings would ever think of disturbing the hours of social enjoyment by obtruding upon them such unpleasant matters of business? If you are not satisfied by receiving your salary as it is convenient to me to pay it, you may quit my service as soon as you please; there are plenty of your ragged brethren who will be glad to fill your place. I will not tolerate a dun in the person of a menial or a curate. By the Lord Harry, I will not! Take my oath upon it; and if there be any sin in it, put it to your own account. Was I not just now as cool as a cucumber, and were not my words as soft as butter? You would impose upon my good nature, and commit an act of larceny on my purse whilst I was drinking your good health. Such ingratitude is beyond all endurance. Leave my house, sir, or drown the hateful subject for ever in a brimming bumper to oblivion.'

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* A facetious story, miscalled an ' Autobiography,' having been lately published, by one who assumes the title of a ' Dissenting Minister,' intended to expose the evils of the voluntary system, we present to our readers another equally veritable story, touching upon some of the evils of the compulsory system, as illustrated in the history of a Country Curate. We have entitled it a Tale, but it might as properly be called ' Truth, under an allegory.'—Editor.

Alas! for the dependant and degraded portion of the clergy, such insults, instead of being resented with becoming spirit, must be overlooked—nay, apologized for—or themselves and families must lose their daily bread, and face all the horrors of destitution and famine. These professional quarrels were generally terminated by the alarmed and subservient curate protesting he meant not to give offence, and accepting, as a peace-offering, the proposed terms of reconciliation. The rosy wine, however, could not banish from the curate's mind the thorns which such irritating and unjust treatment had planted in it: the vicar's returning smiles, and increased suavity of behaviour, could not remove the uneasiness of his dependant, which was too manifest, through all the vain attempts he made to conceal it. 'Come, come,' the pacified vicar would say, 'you meant no harm, Mr. Curate, I dare say. The matter was ill-timed, but not ill intended. I can easily forgive an unintentional offence, even when it appears in a breach of good manners. You have not been initiated into the *etiquette* of the hospitable board. Gentlemen never talk of grave matters over their wine. It is the proper business of a guest and a feast to remove from the brow, not to plant on it, the wrinkles of care.—

"Explicuit vino contractæ seria frontis."

'The quotation, Mr. Curate, is from Horace, a favourite of mine in former years, when I studied at Oxford. You, unfortunately, were never at college, and I shall not, therefore, apologise for informing you that the meaning of the line is, that wine unfolds the wrinkles and dissipates the gloom of a contracted brow! We ministers—I mean, of course, those of us who have *livings*—are sometimes accused of being fond of the bottle—(fill your glass, Mr. Curate, and dont't be afraid of it)—and of indulging too much in the sports and vanities of life: but we have authority for it, which I have heard quoted a thousand times, at Oxford, by divines as well as scholars:—

"Nigrorumque memor, dum licet, ignium,
Misce stultitiam consiliis brevem:
Dulce est desipere in loco."

And which I will give you in a college version, made, it is said, by one of the gravest of our tutors; nor is it improbable, for at Oxford, Mr. Curate, and at Cambridge too, Wisdom does not refuse, occasionally, to jingle the bells of Folly. Not a few pranks has many a bishop played there, before he was crowned with the mitre and invested with the lawn; and many now residing there, who wear learned gowns, *laugh in their sleeves* at the starched prudery of those dull religionists who never smile, and look, for all the world, like "images cut in alabaster." But now for the version:—

"Ere the funeral torch of gloom
Darkens life, and shows the tomb,
Let Wisdom sport with Mirth awhile,
Leaving the labours of the school:
Whilst Prudence doth on Folly smile,
How sweet it is to play the fool."

'Depend upon it, Mr. Curate, they carry their morality too far, who would banish from life its innocent amusements. The mind requires relaxation and the body indulgence. Without these there can be no society or enjoyment. Come, one more glass before you leave me—as I see my time is nearly expired—and should you hear any of my unintelligent parishioners blame me as too free a liver, recollect the lesson you have just heard, and vindicate both the wisdom and virtue of my conduct. That, you know, is as much your duty, as my curate, as any other you have to discharge.'

Speeches of this kind, proceeding from the mouth of the rosy vicar, and touching upon many painful points, were not, of course, much relished by the worthy curate, who had studied only in the school of Christ, and had no reverence for classic authorities, even when quoted by his spiritual superior; but he did not dare to call in question the justice of the sentiments expressed in them, and was compelled, in fear of dismission, to sanction them by his silence. His subjection sometimes exposed him to greater insults than those I have hitherto mentioned, a few of which I will now record, as they are related in his Private Memoirs, written by himself, with the express intention of making known to the public, in the hope of relief, the evils to which poor country curates are exposed, and long preserved in the family in manuscript, as he could never muster a sufficient sum of money during his life to publish them. The manuscript has unfortunately suffered from the ravages of time and accident, many leaves having been torn out, and in those remaining the ink having, in some passages, faded so much as to render them almost illegible. Enough, however, is left to furnish a few more characteristic anecdotes illustrative of the misfortunes of this worthy man, and of 'the insults which patient merit of the unworthy takes;'—enough, too, if the world were honest, or governments wise, to redress the miserable grievances under which so many humble ministers in the Church have suffered, and something like which some may still suffer, from the whims, the bad temper, and the vices of their spiritual superiors, who, like the lazy drones, have fed to repletion on the honey of the hive, whilst the working-bees have been exhausted with labour, and sometimes famished with want.

The vicar, who, as before observed, delighted in the sports of the field, was equally fond, as may indeed be conjectured from what has already been related, of the pleasures of the table; and after the chace, he not unfrequently regaled his fox-hunting friends with a sumptuous dinner. On such festive occasions the curate was sometimes invited, *to afford the company amusement*. The vicar was fond of practical jokes, and the curate being a man of very simple and unsophisticated manners, a sort of Parson Adams, was an admirable subject to play them upon. He was, therefore, on these gala-days at the parsonage-house, the butt of all the rude jokes of its reverend owner and his jovial companions. Amongst the cruelties inflicted by his tormentors, at different times, on this harmless Christian, wholly unhackneyed in the ways of the world, one was, the mock respect they paid him. On going into the dining-room, the curate, with native timidity, would slink behind all the other guests, as if, in the humility of his soul, he considered every one superior to himself. This bashfulness, or modesty, (it was probably a mixture of both,) did not pass unobserved. The vicar, after whispering to some one nearest him, once said, 'Mr. Curate, stand up for the dignity of your cloth, and come forward; these gentlemen will make way for you.' On which all present drew themselves up into two lines, leaving between them a narrow path, through which the curate was called upon to advance, every one bowing to him with assumed respect as he passed along in confused disorder, but, at the same time, trying, at every step he took, by interposing a foot, to prick him with the spur with which each was armed, and to trip up his heels, so that he fell sprawling on the floor before he reached the reverend host, who, laughing with the rest at his misfortune, called aloud, amidst the roar of merriment, as he left the room, 'Well, Mr. Curate, when you have leisure to get up, and have arranged your dress, we shall be glad to see you in the next room, where the dinner is waiting.' Their modes of annoying this good man at dinner were numerous. That in which they most delighted was placing him at the head of the table by the vicar's sister, who, pretending to great gentility of manners, and having a very high opinion of herself, expected all those little polite attentions which the poor curate, in the confusion produced in his mind by absence and bashfulness, was sure not to pay her. This seat of honour was particularly assigned to him when the lady had before her any dish which was somewhat difficult to carve; and which, as the gentleman nearest to her, she would naturally look to the timid curate, ignorant, by the way, of all such arts, 'to cut up handsomely for her.' The wretchedness of the poor man in this situation may be more easily conceived than described, when the vicar called aloud from the bottom of the table, winking at his guests, 'Mr. Curate, I am astonished that a gentleman of your profound knowledge, being both a pedagogue and parson, should suffer a lady to weary herself in dissecting that large fowl, which requires both a strong hand and a skilful eye to carve without mutilation. Pray, sir, let us see how you can wield a knife and fork.' Whilst unable to stammer out an apology, and writhing in mental agony on his chair, the supercilious lady, turning from him with open contempt, to one of the most favoured persons in the company, would exclaim, 'I wish some *gentleman*' (making the word very emphatic) 'would take pity upon me; I dare say, Squire ——, Mr. Curate, who seems rather backward in affording assistance, will have no objection to change seats with you.' This sharp rebuke would rouse the curate into the commencement of an apology, which, however, he could never finish; and whilst he was stammering out, 'I beg—I beg—Madam'—he would be dislodged with some rudeness by the squire, and compelled to retreat to a lower part of the table, his eyes cast down in woeful shame, and his whole face blushing red as scarlet. The vicar, observing his confusion, and taking a cruel delight in aggravating it, would say, 'Well, Mr. Curate, I am sorry you have been rejected by the lady, but do not imagine you are sunk in her favour beyond forgiveness. We naturally supposed you could carve a goose as easily as you could cut up a quill. Well, sir, but you must positively make some atonement to the lady. You have not touched a glass of wine to-day, and yet one would swear all its redness had mounted to your forehead. The wine, John, to the curate.' Not being a man of quick parts, the curate never thought of challenging the lady, but filled his glass and drank it all off without saying a word to any one. On which the vicar would say to the quizzers around him, 'I told you he was a smart drinker.' The lady, on one of these occasions, incompetent to appreciate the curate's simplicity of character, and having little sensibility in her own, determined to avenge her offended pride by giving as much pain as possible to its passive victim. The curate was unfortunately fond of smoking;—he was seldom seen at home without a pipe in his mouth, and was sometimes found wandering with it in the fields. Oh! all ye venerable shades of mighty smokers—authors whose blotted sheets smelt more of the pipe than the lamp—parsons whose sermons were written under the inspiration of tobacco, why did ye not come, sailing on clouds of vapour, to the poor curate's aid, and choke his female persecutor with the thick fumes around you, before she uttered her calumnies, and insinuated her suspicions? 'I am surprised, Squire ——, that smoking should be tolerated in any grade of life, however low, in this enlightened country and these polished times: it is a most odious vice. I never knew any one addicted to it who was not lost in indolence and filth. It makes a man a sot, and degrades him to a brute. I trust, Mr. Curate, you no longer use the pipe. I have told you a thousand times it is a most ungentlemanly habit, and degrading to a clergyman: and yet I thought, as you sat beside me to-day, your clothes did not smell quite pure from this sin. May it be the scent only of former iniquity, difficult to remove, not of recent contamination!' The wretched curate writhed on his seat, under the agony inflicted by this home-blow, but made it a matter of conscience to acknowledge his fault, which he did in the laconic phrase, each word being uttered with a sort of gasp, 'I—I—*do*—smoke.' 'You smoke!' exclaimed Squire ——, with well-feigned astonishment, addressing the self-accused criminal, and then whispering to himself loud enough for the lady to hear, 'and we'll smoke you, old coger, before the evening is over.' The vicar, after having conversed a few moments with the squire, who had left his seat a short time for the purpose of a little secret communication with him, proposed to his sister to indulge the curate for once with a pipe, 'which,' said he, 'after all you have said against it, is really not so vile a thing as to be absolutely, and on all occasions, forbidden. Besides, it is the best method of making up your quarrel, being used, in some countries, as the emblem and harbinger of peace.' 'They must be *savage* ones, I am sure,' responded the indignant lady, 'and unless you wish to drive me from the room, and make me keep my chamber for a week, I beg you will not suffer this house to be tainted with the suffocating and noxious fumes of tobacco.' The vicar made no reply, but nodded at the curate, with a meaning smile, which seemed to intimate that the pipe should be introduced when his sister had left the room; and in fact, she had no sooner retired at one door than a servant, as if the order for it had been previously given, entered with it at another. The squire having returned from bowing the lady out of the room, immediately exclaimed, on seating himself at the vicar's request in the chair his sister had left—'That's right—hand Mr. Curate the pipe, for which I see his mouth is already watering.' 'Wait a moment, John,' interposed the vicar, 'we have not yet drunk my sister's health, and I insist upon Mr. Curate doing so, and returning thanks for her absence too, before he is indulged with his favourite amusement. "No song, no supper"—no speech, no pipe.' The proposed toast had no sooner been duly honoured, by each gentleman drinking off a bumper, than there was a general cry—'Now, Mr. Curate, your speech.' In vain the much-tormented man protested he never made a speech in his life, and was utterly unable to make one on such a subject. 'It is all malice, gentlemen,' exclaimed the vicar, 'because my sister wanted to deprive him of the pipe;—he is naturally very eloquent, and I am sure I have given him a good subject. Come, Mr. Curate, you must not be too resentful—forget and forgive, you know, is the especial duty of our profession;—I shall certainly report you to the lady, unless you speak to the toast.' At this last remark, up sprang the curate, being actually more afraid of the lady than the appalling situation in which he was now placed: but just as he was about to open his mouth, the squire bawled out, all around him immediately joining in the cry, 'Mount the table, Mr. Curate—mount the table. All great speakers on public occasions mount the table, as you parsons mount the pulpit. You will speak better for a little elevation; and we shall look up to you with more reverence, even as to the prophet on Mount Pisgah.' Perceiving that there was no escape from such an ascent, the reluctant curate was forced by the pressure of many hands upon the table, and held there amidst a roar of laughter. He had, however, no sooner reached this dangerous eminence, than the laughter sunk into suppressed titters, the squire and vicar enjoining silence. After a short pause, during which the perplexed curate seemed meditating a descent rather than a speech, the latter gentleman, in a very solemn and formal tone, called upon him to favour them with his remarks. 'Why—really—sir—I am at a loss—in this unpleasant—I mean unusual—situation—both—for ideas—and—for—words. I'—"Hear him, hear him, hear him," now resounded from all quarters. 'I—I—I—I—I'—between every 'I,' the "hear him's" increased in number and in loudness, till, though his lips continued to move, his voice was purposely drowned amidst clapping of hands, kicking of feet against the floor, and all the varied sounds of mock applause. The poor curate all the while was making violent gesticulations, apparently imploring to be let down, whilst a servant under the table, (having previously removed the glasses from that division of it on which the speaker stood,) gradually undid the clasps that held it fast, till, on the vicar's calling out, 'For pity's sake, gentlemen, let him descend,' the leaf of the table gave way, and down the wretched man was precipitated headlong to the floor. Immoderate laughter again convulsed the whole party, whilst the squire called out, 'What! fallen from his high estate?' To which a number of voices replied, in a tragic tone, 'Fall'n! fall'n! fall'n! fall'n! fall'n!!' This terminated the joke, the vicar pretending to be much offended that his curate had been so roughly treated, and ordering the servant, as soon as he had raised him gently from the floor, to present him with a pipe. 'And fill it, John, yourself, that Mr. Curate may have no trouble whatever in doing it, as I am sure he must be completely exhausted with the extraordinary exertions he has made for the amusement of the company: and John, place a pint-decanter of the best claret beside the curate for his own especial use. You are a moderate man, I know, Mr. Curate; but if you will limit yourself in quantity, I am determined it shall be made up to you *in quality*.' The claret, which had a very suspicious appearance, was placed beside the unsuspecting curate, and the servant commenced filling the pipe at a sideboard, tittering to himself all the while he was performing the operation, when the vicar rose to address the company. 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'each of you will find a decanter of somewhat more ample dimensions than the curate's, suited to the more healthy capacity of your stomachs, placed at his elbow. This arrangement has been made to save the trouble of circulating the wine round the table, and to prevent the possibility of any sly fox amongst you drinking less than his bottle; as much more as you please. This laudable custom of apportioning to each man his proper quantity, I learnt, amongst many other good things, at college, where the soberest man drank his bottle;—it was the most moderate parson's quantity, Mr. Curate, and many of their reverences were not content with it. The study of Greek was universally considered as a very *dry* one, and Porson proved it such by the large libations he made to Bacchus. Students looked up to his example, and learned tutors followed it. Wine and brandy were considered as the fountains of the Muses, from which the purest inspiration was derived; and if, as would sometimes happen after long and deep potations, any one breathed hard and thick, "*Delius inspirat*," a college wag would exclaim, "The god inspires him;" if another, swelling with rage, spoke in a louder voice than usual, "*Majorque videri, nec mortale sonans*," some other wit would cry out—"He seems greater than a human being, nor does his voice sound like that of a mortal;" if the whole company happened to be talking in an exalted key all at the same time, we were sure to hear, above all the noise, bawled out from stentorian lungs, "*Ruunt totidem voces, reponsa Sibylla*"—"So many voices rush forth, the responses of the Sibyl." At these jovial parties, Pope's lines often contributed to our merriment, quoted as authority for vinous inspiration:—

> "Here shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
> But *drinking deeper* sobers us again."

These were indeed "nights with the gods;" but I forget myself in fond recollections of dear Oxford. The object of my rising, gentlemen, was to propose a toast;—and let me here observe, Mr. Curate, a few toasts must go round, in honour of Bacchus, before you offer up your heathen sacrifice to the smoky idol of your worship. I give you, then, with all due reverence, as in duty bound, and in a brimming bumper, as most appropriate, "Our immaculate Universities, the *Alma Maters* of our Bishops, and the best supporters of our Church."' Thunders of applause followed this truly parsonic speech; at which the curate stared as one stunned and appalled, almost doubting the reality of what he heard—after which, the vicar left the room for a short time.

During his absence, Squire ——— rose, and thus addressed the company:—'Gentlemen, as I see the chair of our worthy host is vacant, I beg leave to propose his health. He is a man just after my own heart. We were at college together, and he was always the same good companion he is now. There is no cant about him. He loves his glass, and he is not ashamed of owning it. He can ride as hard and drink as long as the best of us. He has the noblest stud of horses and the best-bred dogs in the neighbourhood. Who can beat him at riding or coursing? There isn't a gentleman twenty miles round who has a finer ring-fence to his estate, or a more generous spirit.'—(Here the curate groaned audibly, but his groan was fortunately drowned in the loud applause of the other guests.)—'He is, moreover, a true Church-and-King man to the back-bone. He hates the Dissenters as he hates the devil. He's a Tory every inch of him, and burns those rascals the Whigs with the fire and faggot of his indignation. He's just the man, as I said before, after my own heart. I trust he will some day be a bishop. Here's to his health—may he long live to be an ornament of the Church and a pillar of the State. Gentlemen, "The Vicar," with three times three,' &c. The roar of voices was tremendous—the glasses flourished in each bawler's hand flashed like lightning—the room re-echoed—the table and floor trembled—the curate stood, like a man reft of his senses, overtaken by a thunder-storm, and not knowing how to escape from destruction. The portentous clamour at length ceased—all, with faces flushed and spirits heightened (except the curate's, whose countenance was pale as death, and whose soul sunk in despair) were again seated, when the vicar entered. The squire informed him that they had had the honour, in his absence, of drinking his health, with three times three. He acknowledged the compliment in an appropriate speech, full of classical allusions, in praise of good cheer and of the squire, whom he pronounced to be the very man whose happiness was celebrated by Horace, in his praises of a country life:

'Beatus ille qui procul negotiis
Ut prisca gens mortalium
Paterna rura bobus exercet
Solutus omni fœnore.'

'"How happy the squire"—I give you my own free version, gentlemen, made in especial honour of the virtues and felicity of our Vice. With your permission I will sing it:—

"How happy the squire, like the good men of old,
Who loved their own pleasure more than fame—aye, than gold;
Who plough'd their own acres, their fathers' before,
And thrash'd their own corn on the ancient barn-floor:
Liv'd far from the town in some sweet country nook,
Left to lawyers the gown, and to scholars the book;
And to statesmen the court;—who were knighted or earl'd,
They car'd not a fig; they were free of the world."

'Gentlemen, such a jovial and independent man is the squire; and if he does not, as the poet goes on to describe, drive the wild boar into the nets,

> ——— "trudit acres hinc et hinc multa cane
> Apros in obstantes plagas,"

no one knows better how to start sly Reynard from his hole, or to come in first at his death. Many a brush together we have had for his tail, and many another, I trust, we shall have, *sub Jove frigido.* "Neck-or-nothing" is the word with us, and if we should some day chance to break the wind-pipe over a five-barred gate, or go down in some deep and rapid stream—why, gentlemen, we have had our pleasure, and we have no wives to lament our fall. Oh! Mr. Curate,' said the vicar, observing his agitation, 'I had forgotten you. You seem to be in pain. You look as pale as a ghost. I beg pardon—John, is the pipe loaded? Give it to the curate. It is, I know, Mr. Curate, your specific for all complaints, and I trust it will restore your spirits and ease your mind, suffering, no doubt, just now, from "hope deferred," which, as we all know—and none more than those of our profession—"maketh the heart sick."'

The curate, without uttering one word in reply, took the pipe which the servant offered him, and was about to light it at the candle that stood nearest him on the table, when the squire thundered out in a tone that startled him from his purpose, 'Nay, that's too bad, Mr. Curate; you needn't be in such a hurry. Remember you are in the company of gentlemen. Use the spell that's beside you.' The spell was adroitly thrown on the ground, as if by accident, by the person who sat next the curate. The curate, in endeavouring to pick it up, stumbled, hit his head against the table, and broke his pipe into a hundred pieces. This misfortune, however, was soon remedied; another pipe was given him, and, after a little further tantalising delay, was at length lighted. The curate seemed more composed—the smoke issued abundantly from his lips, and the good man appeared to have resigned himself to tranquil enjoyment. The vicar and squire winked at each other—the servant, who had filled the tube, grinned behind his master's chair—there were rising smiles on the faces of those who sat nearest the reverend host and his supporter, and an important whisper seemed to go round the table. Talkative tongues became almost silent, and curious eyes were turned with anxious gaze towards the curate, who sat, o'er-canopied with a cloudy vapour, apparently unconscious that he had become an object of intense scrutiny. At length there was a loud explosion. The smoker, roused from his deep reverie, sprung up in wild alarm from his chair, as the pipe, shivered into a thousand fragments, blew out of his burnt hand towards every quarter of the room. The smell of gunpowder was strong and suffocating. Two of the candles were blown out, and the smoke spread widely and thickly through the apartment. The vicar cried out, in assumed alarm—'Angels and Ministers of Grace defend us!' The squire exclaimed aloud—'The devil's in the pipe, sure enough—he has flown away with it, and left his scent behind him. In the foul fiend's name, Mr. Curate, what *is* the matter?'

'Gentlemen,' replied the now highly-offended and indignant minister, 'I know not. You yourselves appear to me to be acting the part of demons. I cannot, sir, (turning to the vicar) suppress my indignation. I am shocked at much I have heard, and I am ashamed of my own pusillanimity for not speaking sooner. I leave you, ill, from the effects of this drugged wine—for drugged I am sure it is;—burnt by the explosion of the pipe—heartless trick, like many other you have played me, for which you ought to blush, if you can; and exhausted, both in mind and body, by the many cruel and unprovoked insults you have put upon me. These I forgive you, much pain as I have suffered from them; but I must denounce what I consider profanity and sin. Gentlemen, be warned even by so simple and ignorant a man as I am: out of the mouths of babes the Almighty has ordained strength. As you value your immortal souls, do not degrade them by brutality and prostitute them to vice. You may live thus, but thus you cannot die!'

Big tears rolled down from the eyes of the good man, as he thus spoke, regardless of all consequences, under an inward impulse which he could not resist. The vicar was evidently alarmed by this speech. The whole company was moved. The servant, who had been employed in the perpetration of the practical jokes, stood awe-struck and grave. The squire rose from his seat, and approached the late object of his ridicule. 'Mr. Curate,' said he, 'we have used you hardly, but it was all in good humour—we meant you no harm. The tricks were mine. Our worthy host is not to blame. It is but a slight purgative that was infused into the wine—do not fear it. I am sorry I have caused you any pain.' The squire held out his hand, which the curate, being the most forgiving man on earth, shook warmly, whilst he wept bitterly. The vicar also approached in considerable agitation, and addressed his humble dependant in a manner very unusual with him. 'Mr. Curate, I beg your pardon, if you are hurt. I confess we have been too regardless of your feelings and your character. John shall see you home. Here (drawing him to a corner of the room, and lowering his voice) is the salary due to you for the last twelve months. It will, I trust, be more regularly paid in future. Let what is past be forgotten.' Thus was vice rebuked in its high career, and the curate retired triumphant, all the gentlemen standing, in sign of respect, as he left the room. The orgies, however, continued to a late hour. The admonition of the curate was forgotten or disregarded, and a desire for revenge took the place of momentary regret.

I find this painful record of the day entered into his Private Memoirs: 'Dined this day with the vicar—a day of utter wretchedness—of unparalleled misery. Every delicate feeling wounded. Every indignant passion roused. Treated as a child, and played with as a fool. The dignity of my profession degraded, and the mildness of my nature trampled on. Ridiculed—insulted—tormented! Exposed to the laughter and contemptuous scorn of servants. Worse than all—Thy holy name, my God, blasphemed—Thy sacred commandments derided, in Thy minister's house, and in Thy servant's hearing! Oh, my wife—my children; but for you, not another day would I continue in this man's service. "Oh, that I had wings like a dove!—then would I fly away and be at rest."'

On the morning succeeding the night of debauch at the vicarage, its unworthy master and the squire were closeted together in the study. The result of their long conference was, that it would be advisable for the vicar to dismiss his curate as soon as he conveniently could, and, in the mean time, by means of their confidential servants, to disseminate reports to his disadvantage, which might prepare the minds of the vicar's parishioners for his dismissal. Lest the events of the preceding evening should transpire, it was agreed upon as a proper measure, in self-defence, to give it out that the curate was intoxicated, and in that state mistook harmless jokes and accidental occurrences, for intended insults and deliberate persecution. To render this tale the more plausible, it was deemed expedient to insinuate, that his inveterate habit of smoking had gradually induced a habit of drinking, as well as of general indolence and incapability for discharging, to the vicar's satisfaction, the duties of his office. That no suspicion, however, of the origin of these calumnies might be excited, it was further determined upon that the vicar should be more than usually complaisant to the curate, and that presents should be occasionally sent him, as a blind, both from the vicarage and the hall, the squire's residence—amongst which an occasional dozen of wine should not be forgotten. If any of his neighbours saw him drinking wine at his own house, it was hoped this would give greater plausibility and currency to the reports disseminated against him; 'and thus,' said the squire, 'we shall " kill two birds with one stone," seal up the curate's eyes, (which are not very clear-sighted), " close as oak," and dupe the neighbourhood.' The vicar greatly approved of this wicked counsel, but feared the curate's wife would see further than himself, 'for, in truth,' said he, 'she is a very sharp-witted woman, and she has a tremendous spirit, and nothing will stop her tongue when it is once set a going.' 'Women,' the squire replied, after musing a short time, 'are easily caught, if you go the right way about it. Their love for their children is a passion, and their love for dress almost equals it. Throw yourself occasionally in the way of her brats, and scatter halfpence amongst them, and speak kindly to them—stroke their heads, and tell them they are almost as pretty as their mother. Never mind whether she's good-looking or not—she'll take in a little flattery. Then you must send her a fine cap and a silk gown, now and then, with the vicar's compliments—I'll bet my life you win her over to think well of you.' The vicar laughed aloud. 'Why, Jack,' he exclaimed, 'she's my washing-woman. I've made her acquainted with suds, and shall I now send her silks? However, something must be done. As to the brats, they've often run from the flourish of my whip, and I question whether they would let me come near enough to them, either to give them money or stroke their heads;—the last is an operation I should wish to decline. I might, to be sure, send a message for the eldest lad to come to the vicarage, to be examined as to his progress in learning. Well, on the whole, with what modification circumstances may require, your advice seems excellent. I'll try its effects. It just strikes me, Jack, that you and I should make capital statesmen. What a fine web of policy we've woven this morning!—but I've a sort of superstitious feeling about me that whispers—" The wicked shall fall into their own snare." ' 'Ha! ha! ha! ha!' burst in a loud horse-laugh from the squire. 'Conscience-stricken, i'faith, thou art, sir priest: but, you know, we mean these people no harm. All's done only to get rid of them in a decent way *for you*, and when they leave the place, we can make up to them a little loss of reputation by a somewhat more than little present. Well—now I've helped you all I can, I must go. Don't fail to have the curate at the vicarage now and then—be a little more respectful towards him—and be sure not to touch his weak points too acutely. Let him drink when he comes.'

Thus ended this Christian conference. The reports that were soon in circulation gave the poor curate much pain—injured his school—and somewhat lessened the number of his hearers at church. The emissaries of his enemies were very active in throwing out insinuations against him in every quarter, and always on the alert to turn every accidental circumstance to his disadvantage. Weak, or ill-disposed lads amongst his pupils were sifted as to his behaviour in school;—it was elicited from them that he sometimes closed his eyes as if he were dosing over the lessons—that he occasionally had a mug beside him when he was smoking—that he did not always lay down his pipe precisely at the moment the school-hours commenced—and that he had bottles in a small cupboard which seemed to contain something like wine. These circumstances, exaggerated and misrepresented in every possible way, were made the ground of serious charges, all tending to prove that the curate was too much devoted to his pipe and to his glass to attend either to his scholastic or pastoral duties. It is true he did go many miles to visit the sick; but it was thought his visits should have been more frequent. It was allowed he was regular in his attendance at christenings and funerals; but some complained that he hurried over the services. It could not be denied that he preached every Sunday; but then it was said his sermons were either not his own, or not exactly what they should be. There were sharp-eyed critics, too, amongst the vicar's and squire's domestics upon his manner in the pulpit. Some said he often looked half-asleep; others were sure he did not speak distinctly. A few maintained that he did not stand upright like a sober man, and that his tongue often tripped in speaking as if he had not full power over it. One unfortunate afternoon, being seized with a sudden indisposition, he had to come out of the reading-desk for a few minutes; and on returning to it, he made some slight mistake in the lessons, which he read with less ease than usual. All this was eagerly repeated after the service, as an infallible proof of his being inebriated even in the church. There was a party that believed these false accusations, but still there were many who maintained his perfect innocence; and amongst these, some of the clearest-headed persons began to suspect the truth—that a conspiracy had been formed against him. Still scandal did its base work; and though guiltless, he was injured in reputation and in pocket. His number of scholars lessened daily, and the wants of his large family—a family of eight children—were very poorly supplied. To add to his grievances, it was reported he lived in too expensive a manner for his limited income. His wife's dresses were particularly objected to;—'How extremely imprudent and unbecoming in a poor curate's wife to be dressed in a silk gown, a lace cap, and a Leghorn bonnet!' There were hints thrown out that she could not have got these fine things in an honest way—but few believed them;—whatever other faults the curate and his wife might be supposed to have, their honesty was so well established as to be above suspicion. One of those who most bitterly condemned the Sunday dresses of the curate's wife, was the squire's housekeeper. This lady was very fond of finery, but could bear to see no one smart but herself; and as the wife of the curate was a very fine woman, and looked quite handsome when well dressed, the housekeeper was extremely envious of her respectable appearance and good looks. She had one day the impertinence to wait after service in order to speak to the curate on the subject; but she used some art in her discourse. Instead of herself condemning his wife's dresses, she represented every one else as doing it. 'For my part,' said she, 'I wish every one to dress as they please, but I don't like to hear those I respect spoken against. I can assure you, sir, your wife's expensive dresses are a common topic of conversation and censure in every family with which I am acquainted. It was but the other day that the squire's own sister said to me myself, as I was seeing that all was right in master's drawers, "Have you not observed, Mrs. ——, how very much too fine the curate's wife is on a Sunday—I wonder *she* should ape the airs of a gentlewoman—though a poor curate's wife, she is almost as well dressed, excepting a few trinkets, as I am, and she looks so proud withal, too. I wish some one would give her a good talking to—she wants taking down a peg, that's certain." I thought it would be kind, sir, to tell you this; she will take it better from you than from me. It is purely out of regard for you that I have taken upon me to tell you how much your wife is blamed—and yourself, sir, too, for that matter;—I hope you will not be offended. Good day, sir.' More than one address of this kind reached the curate's ears, and I need scarcely add, wounded his heart. His whole existence was wrapped up in his wife and children. He had chosen the former for her good qualities, and he had found them increase with years. Her homely virtues and faithful affection had cheered and blessed his humble home;—her moral courage had enabled her to support their misfortunes without fretfulness or repining—and her strong intellectual powers had often rendered her a useful counsellor and firm support in times of perplexity and trouble. She was, besides, the mother of his children, and he was most devotedly attached to her. In his eye she never could be too well dressed, and he was deeply hurt at any reflection cast upon her. An illness, rather felt than visible, had been creeping upon him for some time, and he, was therefore, more strongly affected with this charge against so beloved an object, than he otherwise might have been. It preyed upon his mind night and day, like a disease. Imagination exaggerated it into something like guilt. His dreams were haunted by dark accusers, bringing the gravest charges against the virtue of the wife of his bosom. He awoke in horror—and found her sleeping innocent beside him. He shed tears over her as she lay unconscious in repose. He thought of all the cruel things that had been said, and all the cruel things that had been done against them for years. He shuddered over the recollection. He became feverish. Delirium seized upon him, and he raved, insensible to all that was passing around him for three days. On the fourth he awoke to the joy of beholding his wife and children bending affectionately over him, and watching his wants. They looked to him as angels may be supposed to look to a man just risen from the dead. He had no words to express his happiness—he embraced them and wept. His recovery was slow—a languor and depression hung about him which he could not shake off. He seemed, however, to gain strength, and he delighted to wander in the fields. The cheerful prospect of nature seemed to do more towards invigorating and enlivening him than all nursing and all medicine. One morning he had wandered alone, further than usual from his dwelling, and having seated himself on a stile, had fallen into a deep reverie. He was suddenly aroused from it by the bay of dogs. The hunters soon appeared at a distance, and both dogs and men seemed at a stand. The fox had eluded them. After a few moments the cry was raised—'Yohoaks—tallyho—he's yonder—after him, boys!' Both men and dogs came in a direct line towards the invalid. He started from his seat. The idea took full possession of his mind that they were in chace of him. The squire rode headlong before the rest, within a few yards of the place where he stood. Then, shouting at the utmost height of his voice, he exclaimed again, 'Yohoaks—tallyho!—he's here—he's here:' after which he lowered his tone some little, and addressing himself directly to the curate, whilst he reined in his horse—'Eh! Reynard—be off man—use all your speed—or you'll have the dogs on your hind quarters in a giffey.' The night at the vicarage at this moment rushed, in all its horrors, on the mind of the invalid, weakened by sickness: he saw his old tormentors at hand—he believed them capable of doing any thing to injure him—he felt an irresistible impulse to fly from them. The idea of being murdered by the men, or worried by the dogs, flashing through his mind, gave a sudden vigor to his frame and swiftness to his feet. He fled, urged on by fear, like a stag pursued by the hunters, in a direct line for his cottage, which was just visible in the distance. At this moment the dogs came up to the squire, smelling in vain for the traces of the fox, and relaxing their speed. The hunter in vain encouraged them forward—they were already exhausted with the day's exertions, having been many hours in the fields, and almost run off their legs. There was no tempting scent to make them forget their weariness, and they understood not what was intended. At length one of the strongest of them, accustomed to be set on beggars that approached too near the vicarage, seeing the flying curate, who was, as usual, clad in a very humble garb, and hearing the squire's repeated shouts, 'After him, Jowler, after him,' set off full speed, and the rest of the hounds followed. 'Now, sir priest,' said the squire, turning to the vicar, who had just come up with some of the other huntsmen, 'we shall have a chace worthy of Nimrod. Ha! ha! ha!—see how he runs—capital sport this—he's as fleet as a buck—where did he get his legs?—I'll be hanged if he is not over yon high fence—there Jowler goes after him—well done dog!—well done parson!—now the rest are over—hie forward, Juno—brave bitch—she's on him—now Jowler!—now Juno!—down with him—they have him—forward, forward, gentlemen—yohoaks, tally-ho!' All the huntsmen spurred on their horses, the squire and vicar keeping a-head of the others. The dogs had seized fast hold of the curate's coat-laps, which not being made of very strong materials, were soon torn off and scattered about the fields; while his pockets, containing some crusts of bread, furnished a very agreeable meal to the sharpened appetites of the dogs, who had got possession of them. During this short delay of his pursuers, the curate, now frantic with alarm, hurried forward with accelerated speed, like Orestes flying from the Furies. His feet scarcely appeared to touch the earth. Terror seemed to have furnished him with wings. He flew rather than run. The ostrich could scarcely have exceeded the velocity of his flight. Hedges and ditches seemed to offer no obstacles to his progress. The thorns tore his flesh, but he did not feel them. Fragments of his clothes were left on every briar, but he regarded them not. His shoes were lost in the mud—his hat rolled in the mire, but he delayed not to gather them up. Over ploughed fields his course seemed as rapid as on the green sward. The leaps he made over high gates were astonishing. The most expert tumbler could not have cleared them with greater celerity or ease. The principle of gravity seemed overcome in the rapidity of his course. He darted along with the swiftness of an arrow—with the lightness of a feather. He delayed not an instant to take breath. He turned not his head a moment to look at his pursuers. All the powers of his soul and body were concentrated in one effort. He had but one thought—one object. Every thing was forgotten in the intense conviction that he was flying for his life. The earth seemed to give way beneath him. Objects reeled around. His ears were full of strange sounds. His heart beat like a hammer. His breast heaved like the ocean in a tempest. The cold air rushed into his gasping and distended mouth, with the chillness of ice and the sharpness of a sword. He was agonized with pain, that pierced his sides like a pointed spear. Still on he went, pursued by dogs and men at the utmost stretch of their speed. He reached, unharmed, his cottage-door. It was closed. He rushed against it with all his strength, and burst it open, shivering the latch that had confined it. He reeled like a drunken man into the interior, and sunk exhausted into an ancient arm-chair that cracked beneath his weight. All his strength left him in a moment. He was helpless as an infant. His wife and children gathered round him. He could not answer their inquiries. For some moments he was unable to utter a word. He mustered up all his strength. His efforts were portentous. He seemed, in the strong convulsion of his soul, to be throwing off the weight of mountains. He at length succeeded in gasping forth at intervals, and with the greatest difficulty, 'Abominable!—monstrous!—driven before their dogs!—hunted to my own dwelling!—my heart is broken. Go out to them, Jane—invoke God to thine aid—in his name repel the invaders of domestic peace and virtuous poverty.' He feebly pointed to the door with his finger—his hand fell—his eyes closed—he sunk into a swoon. At this moment the noise of his persecutors was heard approaching. Dogs and hunters rushed towards the cottage, with shouts and yells as if they would take it by storm. The curate's wife tore herself from her husband's side, where she had been supporting him, and, committing him to the care of a neighbour, who happened to be in the house, she hastened out, bidding two of the eldest children to hold the door, which she pulled to after her. Just as she had reached the outside, the two dogs, Jowler and Juno, came up at full speed, followed at the heels by the squire and the vicar. They seemed making direct for the door of the cottage, between which and them but a few yards intervened. The mistress, however, of that cottage had come forth to defend it—alone, indeed, and unarmed; but with that dauntless courage, which the occasion was fitted to inspire. Her head, from which her loosened hair fell in disorder around her shoulders, was uncovered and raised—her cheek was flushed—her nostrils were distended—her eyes seemed to emit forth sparks—her bosom heaved with strong emotion. She moved forward, with a firm step and a severe brow, in the direct track of the dogs and hunters, opposing herself to their further progress.

She stood like an ancient Sybil, secure in her own power, raising her hand and lifting up her voice with an authority which none could resist. Her form swelled into majesty, as these impassioned words burst from her lips:—'Call off your hounds, ye savage hunters of men!—is it not enough that my husband is dying, that I am all but a widow, that my children are all but fatherless, through your brutal sports, but must you actually give up our bodies, alive and breathing, to be devoured by your dogs, on our own hearth-stone? Call off your brutal hounds, unless you would have the curse of the widow and the fatherless light on your guilty heads!' At this moment the other hunters, with the rest of the dogs, came up at full speed, and just as they had arrived at the spot where the squire and vicar stood amazed at the bold demeanour and impassioned address of the curate's wife, the children, having heard the loud tones of their mother's voice, rushed from the house and surrounded her on all sides; the eldest, a fine boy, about twelve years of age, placing himself in front of her, and striking the two foremost hounds with a hedge-stake, which he grasped firmly in his hand. A wall of fire could not have more effectually preserved her. The most heartless of the hunters reined in their steeds at this affecting sight. The squire called off the dogs, and then advancing forward to the spot where the dauntless mother stood, encircled by her children, as with a living zone, he exclaimed aloud, with some degree of agitation in his voice—'Woman, who art thou?' 'I have told you already,' she replied, with indignant energy, 'and would you pretend ignorance? I thought I had been known to all here. I am the wife of the excellent man you have hunted like a wild beast to his own door. I am, too, the daughter of a clergyman. My mother died at my birth. I lost my father before I was capable of understanding the misery of being an orphan. My childhood was friendless; my youth was wretched and oppressed. I grew up to womanhood, in hard servitude. I was rescued from bondage by the virtuous father of these children. He raised me to the honourable condition of his wife. I swore fidelity to him at the altar. I have borne an equal portion of all his sorrows and his labours. I have served him in health and tended him in sickness. This arm has encircled him for fifteen years. The bonds that unite us have been multiplied and strengthened in misfortune. Those sacred and endearing bonds you have all but severed. Your oppression has ruined his health—your cruelty unhinged his mind. You have made him the object of insult—the subject of calumny—the victim of poverty. His good and gentle nature you have rudely trampled upon. You have put him to all sorts of shame and grief. You have ill-treated him at the hospitable board. You have even administered deleterious drugs to him in the wine of your festivity. This was not enough—in your savage sports, you have hunted his steps with your hounds to the very door of his cottage, and all but stained it with his blood. Cruel men! who have sucked the milk of woman, without imbibing the feelings of humanity. If my husband dies, it is your deed!'

These impassioned words had scarcely escaped from the lips of the undaunted woman, when a storm, which had been for some time collecting, drove the hurried clouds in dark and agglomerated masses over the frowning sky. The wind, rising in its fury, whistled and shrieked and roared. The trees, which grew around the cottage, bent their struggling heads beneath its rage, and dashed their creaking and riven branches against each other, like a madman inflicting desperate blows on his naked body with his bare arms, writhing and contorted in frenzy. The horses trembled in every limb before the cold and sweeping blast, and scarcely kept their ground. The dogs put their tails beneath their legs, and hung down their heads and ears dejected and shivering. The hunters looked to the impending tempest with eyes upturned in terror, and scarcely maintained their seats on their saddles, bending their bodies almost to the necks of their coursers, and clinging with firmer grasp to the tightened reins. A tremendous peal of thunder at length rolled in long and awful reverberation through the vast hemisphere, attended by successive crashes of stunning loudness, as if long trains of artillery, on some wide battle-field, had been discharged, 'with double cracks,' in opposite quarters, rending the firmament, and shaking the earth as to its centre. Fierce flashes of rampant fire preceding and accompanying the terrible explosion, winged the red bolts of the storm, as if the predicted hour of nature's dissolution was at hand, when 'the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat; and the earth, also, and the works that are in them, shall be burnt up.' The hunters, like men stunned with some dreadful calamity, gazed on each other's countenances, crest-fallen and silent, as if seeking the confirmation of their fears, that 'the day of judgment and perdition of ungodly men' had arrived. The vicar seemed the most strongly moved, seizing, in the agony of his alarm, on the squire's bridle, whilst his friend regarded him not, apparently lost in deep thought. The only person who retained presence of mind was the curate's wife, who stood amongst her timid children, now clinging to her garments, undaunted in conscious innocence, and believing that heaven had miraculously interfered in their favour. Under this impression, which gave additional dignity to her deportment and increased solemnity to her tone, she added, her shrill voice mingling with, and heard above, the storm:—'Hearken! ye guilty contemners of the Divine Power, in the person of his minister—ye violators of the home of virtue and of love, who have defied Heaven in the pride of your hearts and the recklessness of your mirth; in the great name of Him whose indignation is thus loudly proclaimed, I charge you to leave this spot.'

The vicar instantly requested his friends to depart, and was the first to set them the example. The rest of the party, with the dogs, hastened off the ground in considerable disorder and agitation. The mother and her children were left alone. Gratitude to their Almighty Protector swelled in the hearts of all the group—even of the very little ones—and tears rolled from their eyes. They hastened, fearful and sorrowing, into the cottage. I shall draw a veil over the affecting scene that followed. The reader must imagine it. The lamentation of the children and the shriek of the widow shortly announced that the husband—the father—was no more!

This melancholy fact was no sooner known, than the whole neighbourhood was up in arms. - The cry of indignation burst from every hamlet and every cottage. Groups of peasants and labourers were seen talking together in the fields, with dark countenances and threatening aspects. To avert the anticipated evil, and to manifest his regret for what had happened, the squire commenced a subscription for the widow and her children, putting down his own name for £50. The vicar engaged to educate the eldest son, and send him to college. Written statements of their benevolent designs were circulated through the country, in which it was declared that the death of the curate was wholly accidental, his own flight having caused the dogs to pursue him, which the hunters followed for the express purpose of preventing any injury to the person of the departed. But the agitation continued. The vicar became alarmed, and, by his servants, gave out assurances of his deep affliction for the fatal accident, as it was termed, and his liberal intentions towards the family of his late curate. These were received by the mob with disdain. At midnight the vicar was awoke by a dreadful howling, from his disturbed slumbers. He sprung up in great alarm, and beheld with horror a lurid glare of reflected light illuminating his whole apartment. His attendant rushed in, pale and trembling, crying out, in breathless haste, 'The stables are in a blaze, sir—the dogs and horses are howling in the flames!' The vicar groaned aloud—adding 'My beautiful horses!—my matchless hounds! Let us hasten to their rescue!—I'll save them, if it be at the expense of my own life.' He threw a night-dress around him, and advanced a few paces towards the door of the chamber. His resolution failed him. He stood a moment irresolute. Voices were heard as of men approaching the house;—at first suppressed—then louder and louder—till a distinct cry arose, 'The vicarage!—the vicarage!—fire the old fox in his den!' He seized his servant's arm and fled, again and again exclaiming—'My matchless hounds! my beautiful horses!—the first in the hunt, the fleetest on the course!—my pride! my joy!' The wrath of the indignant peasants, which blazed more fiercely with the increase of the conflagration, seemed extinguished in the ashes of the ruins it left reeking in the morning light. Their vengeance was apparently satisfied with the havoc they had made; and the more relenting expressed some regret at the destruction of the horses, till they were reminded by others of the many crops they had trodden down, and the fences the hunters had so often injured in the chase. A few began to entertain some fears for the consequences of their conduct, and the squire contrived to ascertain the state of their feelings. He therefore dropped it into the ears of the most timid, by means of his agents, that they had exposed themselves to the chastisement of the law; at the same time insinuating, that if no further injury was done, he would endeavour to persuade the magistrates, of which the vicar was one, to overlook their offence. An understanding of this kind was at length established between the parties, and all agreed that the day on which the curate was to be interred should be a day of peace and reconciliation, as most suitable to the melancholy occasion and the meek spirit of the departed. A minister was engaged from the nearest town, to perform the last mournful rites over the remains of the curate.

The morning of the day of interment was remarkably fine; not a cloud obscuring the blue sky, from which the sun threw his brightest beams, as if to shed a splendor on the mournful ceremony, in honor of the virtues of the departed, and to cheer the depressed spirits of his bereaved family, who were about to take a final leave of all they most loved on earth. The widow and the fatherless chlildren were insensible to such consolation. The lustre which shone through the panes of the cottage-window into the room in which the dead was laid out in his coffin, only more clearly shewed them his lifeless features; and as they bent over his pale corpse, weeping and disconsolate, the sunbeams that gilded the tears they shed, found no entrance into their minds. With great difficulty, and not till after having frequently returned to renew the soul-harrowing parting, the widow was torn from the corpse, struggling with an emotion that seemed as if it had almost deprived her of reason, and surrounded by her children, whose cries of grief increased and aggravated her sorrows. The mother, however, rose superior to the wife; and when summoned to attend the funeral to the church, she had regained the firmness of her character, and walked with a collected mien and a steady step. It was evident, however, to all who beheld her, that this was a mighty effort, made in compliance with a strong sense of duty. She appeared to the spectators in the funeral procession to be shrunk in size and lowered in stature. Her cheek, so recently flushed with indignation, and naturally rosy, had faded to the paleness of despair. Sunk within herself, she appeared to be entirely insensible to the large assembly of people around her;—like one walking in a dream, whose bodily eye is shut, and whose mind is awake only to what is passing within itself. She uttered no sob, and she shed no tear, all the time the procession was moving forward. At the grave-side, however, as the body was lowered into the ground, her agitation became so strong as to shake her whole frame; and as the sexton scattered the earth on the coffin, when those affecting words were repeated by the minister—'Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, and dust to dust,' her suppressed feelings could be no longer restrained;—she uttered a loud shriek, and fell fainting on the upturned soil. In a state of insensibility she was conveyed to the carriage of the squire, who, under the pretext of shewing respect to the memory of the curate, had ventured to attend the funeral, having previously offered the use of the carriage to the widow, who had refused it. By the direction of its owner, she was now placed in the carriage with her children, and driven gently home. After her departure, the minister, having concluded the burial-service, and pronounced the benediction, addressed a few words of conciliatory advice to the crowd assembled on the occasion. 'Though,' said he, 'the circumstances that attended the death of your excellent minister were such as to favor misapprehension of its nature, and under the impression it made upon your minds, you were excusable in feeling no slight degree of indignation; yet rash and culpable, indeed, was your subsequent conduct, in following the impulse of your passions, and cruelly sacrificing the poor dumb animals, that could not expostulate with you in their own defence. Your conduct was the very reverse of that which would have been approved by the meek disposition of your departed friend, or is consistent with the unresisting spirit of Him whom you acknowledge, in the highest sense, as your teacher and your Saviour. I am authorised to state, that if you henceforth conduct yourselves peaceably, no further notice will be taken of your highly-reprehensible conduct, even by those who have been most injured by it. I trust, therefore, you will now—having witnessed the honorable interment of your friend in consecrated ground—disperse quietly to your homes, and not, by further deeds of violence and injustice, disturb the repose of this tranquil grave, or make your own, when you come to die, as die sooner or later you must, uneasy and unblessed.' In a short time the crowd dispersed, and thus ended the agitation.

The affair was indeed, longed talked of amongst the peasants, but the strong indignation it had at first excited soon died away, and many were inclined to consider it altogether, what the parties implicated in the business were anxious to make it appear, as purely accidental. The vicar, however, did not venture to return to the neighbourhood, even after it had become quiet. The destruction of his horses and his dogs, and his own personal danger, he could never forget or forgive to the last day of his life, which, it is said, was shortened by this event. He was heard to exclaim bitterly against it, often using the very same exclamations he uttered on the night of his flight—'My matchless dogs!—my beautiful horses!—the first in the hunt—the fleetest in the course.' Not many months after his departure, he exchanged livings (greatly, it was said, to his own loss) with a clergyman of less secular habits, who came to reside near the village, at a new vicarage, which he caused to be erected in a romantic spot, not removed above a short drive from the church. The old vicarage was never rebuilt: its ruins were regarded by many as an awful monument of the vengeance providence inflicts on guilt; and even to this day they are shunned by the countrymen, it being superstitiously believed by the peasants, that the yells of hounds and the rampant fury of horses are heard there on stormy nights mingling with the blast.

A few weeks after the curate's interment, a plain, but neat, tombstone was erected at the squire's expence over his grave, on which was inscribed this simple memorial—'HERE LIES A FAITHFUL SERVANT OF GOD.' This, however, did not satisfy the friends of the departed, and in a short time some bold hand added a direct and affecting allusion to the sufferings he had endured in life, and the persecution that occasioned his death.

INNOCENT WOUNDED HART!
THY EARTHLY RACE IS RUN;
REPOSE NOW IN THE GREEN PASTURES OF ETERNAL LIFE,
AND DRINK ENDLESS JOY AT THE FOUNTAINS OF LIVING WATER!

RECOLLECTIONS OF SCHLEIERMACHER.

SCHLEIERMACHER was one of those highly-gifted individuals, whose commanding and original intellect carries light and harmony and life into every region of thought and action which it traverses. With an activity that spread itself in many and various directions, he acquired distinction and ascendancy in all. He was a learned theologian—an eloquent preacher—an eminent philosopher and philologist. To the general public he was known as a spirited writer on the most important occurrences of the day; and in his peculiar circle, as a man of business, he was singularly beloved and esteemed.

It is not our intention to furnish a biography of Schleiermacher. We shall confine our observations to the very extraordinary influence which he exercised on theology and the state of religion in Germany. In this respect, the service which he rendered to his age was unique and unparalleled. Dr. Neander,* the celebrated ecclesiastical historian of Berlin, announced to his class the recent intelligence of the death of his revered instructor and colleague in the following terms:—'We have lost a man, from whom henceforth a new epoch in theology will be dated.' In fact, Schleiermacher marks the transition in the theology and religion of Protestant Germany from the purely negative agency of the destroying criticism of the last generation to the positive results of that renewing and consolidating reformation which is now visibly in progress. 'The peculiar duty of the present day,' says one of his disciples, 'is to collect anew and invigorate with fresh life, those elements of an inward and positive Christianity, which for a long period were dissipated and powerless. This is only to be accomplished by the continual advancement of theological learning; which, the further it is pursued, will the more completely separate from the original word of God all that is merely human, accidental and unessential—all that is imperious and arbitrary; without sweeping away the letter and the form, will awaken in it a living spirit of activity and freedom—and, by unfolding in its height and depth a full understanding of the Divine word, will close the door for ever against contradiction and doubt.'

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* Neander was originally a Jew, and assumed his present name on his baptism, in allusion to his change of faith—νεος ανηρ.—T.

Schleiermacher's youth fell within the period when the criticism first awakened by Semler in Christian history, and by Kant in philosophy, commenced its salutary warfare on the withered and hideous orthodoxy of an earlier age. It was also the period in which, as by a thunder-storm after a long season of serenity, all the elements of society, civil, literary and ecclesiastical, were thrown into violent commotion; and ancient forms, usages and institutions were shaken to their foundations. Schleiermacher, though reared in the peaceful bosom of a communion,* the furthest possible removed from all participation in the revolutionary changes that were passing over Europe, could not remain a stranger to their influence, since he inherited from nature one of those stirring and independent spirits, which create agitation where they find none, and whose native element is free enquiry, searching and doubt. But with all the impetuosity of his bold and exploring mind, which forced him out of the quiet retirement of his home into the agitations of the time, and compelled him, when he entered the larger society of a Protestant church and university, to take an active interest in all the doubts and questionings of that sceptical age—he still retained unaltered within him the secret power of a pure and honest heart, and a deep inward religiousness of spirit, which had been early nourished by the influences of his primitive faith. Of his obligation to these early influences, he thus speaks in his Discourses on Religion:—'Piety was the maternal womb, in whose dim sanctuary my young being was nourished and prepared for the world, that was as yet shut out from it; here my spirit breathed ere it passed into the region of knowledge and experience, that was reserved for it. The piety thus imbibed came to my aid, when I began to sift the faith of my fathers, and to clear away from my thoughts and feelings the rubbish of former generations. It stood by me, even in those moments of doubt, when the God and the immortality of my childhood faded away from my mental eye; it guided me, without the consciousness of a definite end, into the scenes of active life; it taught me the secret of maintaining as a consistent whole, with all my excellencies and defects, the inward holiness of my character; and to its lessons alone am I indebted for the blessings of friendship and love.'

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* Schleiermacher's parents belonged to a Moravian community in Silesia.—T.

Schleiermacher's whole life was swayed by two mighty principles—piety and the love of truth. To reconcile them with each other, he regarded as the peculiar problem of his age, and the endeavour to solve it was the one great labour of his life. In the pursuit of this object, he adopted the difficult process of separation, tracing back both elements, in their distinct peculiarity, to the deepest and remotest point of unity. He separated theology and philosophy—faith and speculation—church and state, with all the dialectic acuteness, which distinguished him: but, at the same time that he assigned to each object its appropriate sphere—the sphere, in which each might unfold and perfect itself undisturbed by the other—he held fast with no less firmness and precision the great conviction of every believing mind, that as both objects are one in the deepest root of our spiritual nature, so their ultimate reconcilement and the final perception of their entire unity must be the necessary result of every sound development of their separate working and tendency. But as he considered this unity of faith and reason, neither as a speculative axiom, which could be assumed *in limine* as the basis of every course of enquiry, nor as an easy prize, of which every slothful and superficial thinker might possess himself by half snatches without difficulty—but as the endless task and last result of the universal search after truth in every department of human existence; it easily happened, that as he was seen to be chiefly employed in this work of separation as the duty, which lay immediately before him—the less observing were inclined to class him rather among the disturbing and destroying—than among the really healing, reconciling and restoring—spirits of the age. This was, however, to mistake the actual tendency of his exertions. Schleiermacher was a reformer in the noblest sense of the word—one, who not merely threw out enlightened views, but laboured incessantly to embody and realise them in his own practice. Schleiermacher would have been great in any line. The state offered him a more brilliant career than the church; and any other science might have seemed better adapted to his genius than theology, in which, more than in any other, there prevailed at that time a deficiency of education, and a style of controversy, that was destructive and revolting. Nevertheless theology was his choice. His strongest feelings impelled him to it. From his earliest years religion had been the central point of his boundless mental activity; his love for it grew with his age; his philosophical and philological studies were not simply the resource and the luxury of his leisure hours, but were constantly applied to adorn and complete his mastery in theology and the church. He first attracted notice in the sphere, which he afterwards filled with such eminent usefulness and distinction, by the publication of his celebrated 'Discourses on Religion, addressed to the educated among its despisers.' They appeared for the first time in 1799, and two other editions followed in 1806 and 1821. This work belongs in great measure to the age which produced it, and bears the impress of the circumstances under which it arose. It was precisely the period when it was considered the mark of spirit and good breeding, rather to attack religion, and especially revealed religion, or at most to recommend it to governments as a useful means of holding the people in subjection, than to defend it as the necessary foundation and support of all true cultivation of humanity. The prevailing schools of theology, whether orthodox or heterodox, were ill fitted to remove these frivolous prejudices against religion. The mode in which Schleiermacher handled this subject, was a direct product of the training, through which he himself had passed, and a faithful image of his own individuality. Conscious of possessing religion in the inmost depths of his spirit, as something previous to all philosophical speculation and to all action, as the deep well-spring of both, he could not regard it as the product, or as the mere filling up, of the development of our outward and sensitive nature. He revered it as an inherent, independent and ruling principle in man, whose proper and original seat was in the feelings—feelings which constituted the focus and centre and deepest root of his whole spiritual being. But in giving this wide and comprehensive definition to the idea of religion, he did not omit to shew that this idea could be rendered practical and living in human nature only by some positive communication and the forms of an outward communion. In these Discourses, the influence of Schleiermacher's close study of the works of Plato, Spinoza, Kant, Jacobi, and Fichte is very conspicuous; but it did not oppress the flow of his own thoughts—it rather aided him to give greater force and prominence to the expression of his own individuality. He has indeed been sometimes reproached with Pantheism; and to those who do not consider the peculiar design and bearing of his work, a few passages may seem to sustain the charge. But it must be recollected that the Discourses were written in the early period of his mental progress—that they were designed rather as a vindication of religion in general, than of Christianity in particular—and should take their place in the vestibule of theology, or, as it were, in the court of the Gentiles. Had he written them subsequent to the publication of his '*Dogmatik*, they would probably have assumed another form. They contain, however, nothing at variance with the fundamental doctrines of his Christian theology; so that, when he gave to the world the third edition of them in 1821, on comparing this production of his youth with his riper thoughts, he took occasion, in his notes, to explain, modify, and claim indulgence for many things, which he had said, but saw no reason to regret or surrender a single essential point.

Previous to 1804, he was known only within a narrow circle as a strictly learned theologian; but in that year he became Professor of Theology at Halle, and excited the greatest attention and the most devoted enthusiasm among the young men who attended his lectures, and who expressed in all quarters their admiration of the new light which he had kindled in their minds. In addition to systematic and practical theology, he applied himself with peculiar earnestness to the exegesis and criticism of the New Testament. These studies he had pursued deeply and comprehensively, but more in their Greek and Christian relations than with reference to Hebrew and the Old Testament. He was by no means devoid of learning, in the stricter sense of that word; but this was not precisely his *forte*. He read carefully whatever bore upon his peculiar department, but more to select than to accumulate. Imbued with the spirit of Plato, he aimed directly at the living idea—the pervading principle—of an entire subject, which lay before him; and when he had apprehended it, he sought to clothe it in the purest and most appropriate form; so that the results of his theological enquiries came out as a finished and skilfully-digested whole, unencumbered by the constraint and oppressiveness of a load of learned citations. Of this description is his 'Critical Essay on the so-called First Epistle of Paul to Timothy,' written in 1807. With this specimen of his critical powers he made himself known for the first time to the learned theological world;—but it was the specimen of a master.

From the time of Semler, the historical criticism of the canon had been handled with great freedom. The critical difficulties of that epistle, especially in its historical relations, had not escaped notice, and Schmidt of Giessen had not hesitated to express his doubts of its authenticity. Still the essay of Schleiermacher was new and unique in its way. It might be considered as the first transplanting of the genial criticism, of which Bentley had furnished so masterly an example in classical learning, to the literature of the New Testament. Hitherto theologians had been accustomed to subject only those books to the doubts of criticism, which had been reckoned by the ancient church more or less as *antilegomena*. But where that ancient testimony was unanimous in favour of the authenticity of a writing, as in the case of the first epistle to Timothy, there even Semler's school did not venture upon a doubt. In order to obviate the historical and exegetical difficulties of this epistle, recourse had rather been had to hypothesis than suspicion. Schleiermacher boldly adopted a decided tone of critical divination. He refused to avail himself of the aid, which the failure of this epistle in the canon of Marcion might have afforded him. As he had attained to his suspicion by a close and connected study of the epistles of Paul, and by thoroughly penetrating into the apostle's spirit and manner, so his arguments against the authenticity were drawn from internal grounds—from perceiving a discrepancy between the style of this epistle and Paul's peculiar mode of speech and thought—from its want of connexion—from the incongruity and indistinctness of its historical allusions—and from the suspicious appearance, which it wears of a compilation put together in imitation of the two other pastoral epistles. The criticism in this essay is so acute, and the statement of the argument so animated and forcible, that on a first impression we are almost compelled, in spite of ourselves, to yield assent to its conclusions. When subsequently we come to examine it more in detail, we perceive, it must be confessed, the weakness of particular points and the rashness of some assertions ;—we do not feel perfect confidence in a mode of criticism, which treats the epistles of Paul like the writings of a classical author, presupposing in us the possession of an exact type of Paul's epistolary style ; and amidst the acknowledged scantiness of our notices respecting him, a complete acquaintance with the whole range of his historical relations ; still, notwithstanding the powerful objections, which have been advanced by the younger Plank and others against Schleiermacher's criticism, the entire force of it has by no means been repelled, and the authenticity of this epistle has sustained a wound, which no succeeding vindication has been able to heal. In the boldness of his criticism, however, Schleiermacher still observed a mean. When, at a later period, Eichhorn rejected all the three pastoral epistles as unauthentic, Schleiermacher remarked that this was exceeding due bounds ; and that, in giving up the two other epistles, the ground for doubting the authenticity of the third was also relinquished.

The historical criticism of the canon of the New Testament always continued a favourite pursuit with Schleiermacher. In 1817 he gave to the world the first part of his 'Critical Essay on the Writings of Luke,' in which he discusses the difficult problem of the origin of our three first Gospels. It is well known, that since the time of Lessing, this problem in a succession of hypotheses has been almost exhausted; and yet, so far from being solved, has only been rendered still more enigmatical. Schleiermacher brought back this enquiry from the airy region into which Eichhorn's hypothesis had carried it, to the solid ground of history and exegesis. His own hypothesis is, that our three first Gospels must be regarded as independent collections of previously-existing memorabilia of greater or less extent. This hypothesis he endeavoured, in the first instance, to establish in the Gospel of Luke. By a profound analysis of the structure of this Gospel, and by a comparison of it with the two others, he attempts in the most acute manner to discover the original form and character of the memorials, which constitute the text of the Evangelist, and to determine the mode in which Luke proceeded to arrange and combine them. It has been objected to him, that in this attempt his inferences often discovered more acuteness than probability. But it was characteristic of Schleiermacher's mind to push every view which he embraced, with all his native acuteness, to its utmost length; and there is this advantage in enquiries so conducted, that they at least shew us how far we can go. Whether his hypothesis be ultimately established or not, the service which Schleiermacher has rendered to the prosecution of this important enquiry, must always be acknowledged with gratitude.

The two pieces, to which we have just alluded, furnish occasional specimens of Schleiermacher's exegetical method. His peculiar excellence in this department was most conspicuously displayed in the professor's chair. Here he united great philological tact and acuteness with a warm and living interest in our canonical books as the only original source of a pure Christianity. He was accustomed to declare, that the absence of a strong and Christian interest in the subject was as injurious to all sound exegesis as the want of philological knowledge. He considered it the specific object of interpretation, rightly to conceive every individual thought in its relation to the idea of the whole, and thus to retrace, as it were, the very act of the writer. The grammatical or historical elements which entered into the solution of this problem, he usually pre-supposed in the minds of his hearers, or at least employed so far only as they were directly involved in the act of interpretation, and then proceeded at once to the construction and representation of the thought and its connexion. In his public lectures, he satisfied himself with merely deducing from this construction the simple form of the thought. Its relation to practical Christianity—to the evidences, or to doctrine—he left to be considered in discourses appropriated to the subject; and in this latter respect, his sermons contain a treasure of exegetical lore. His scientific interpretation was eminently dialectic, and rested on the assumption, that the strictest laws of reasoning and construction were observed by the writer himself. In this kind of exegesis Schleiermacher was a perfect master.

The office of a good interpreter involves two distinct—apparently incompatible, but in fact, mutually indispensable—operations of the mind; first, such a complete yielding of ourselves to the spirit of a writer, as enables us, for the time, to lay aside the associations of our own age and country, and to lose ourselves completely in him; and secondly, such an active effort of self-appropriation, as gathers all these foreign impressions distinctly under our own consciousness, and qualifies us to re-produce, through the medium of our own individual conceptions, a clear and vivid image of the writer's mind. The two operations may be designated respectively as the active and the passive; and they are rarely, if ever, combined in their highest perfection in the same person. In those who possess the greatest facility of transporting themselves into the thoughts and feelings of others, there always remains behind a relic of their own individuality, which interferes with the perfect objectivity of their understanding, and he who merely surrenders himself to the influences of another mind, without individually appropriating them, wants the power to interpret what has been impressed upon him, and to communicate it intelligibly to others. Schleiermacher belongs to that class of interpreters who rather draw out to themselves the thoughts of other writers, than allow their own thoughts to be swayed by them; for such was the force and originality of his mind, which impressed itself on every subject presented to it, that it hindered him from surrendering himself with sufficient self-forgetfulness to the authors before him, to be able to re-produce their thoughts with perfect fidelity and exactness. Of all the New Testament writers, Paul was most in harmony with his peculiar genius, and to the right understanding of this apostle he has the most largely contributed. Imperceptibly, Schleiermacher sometimes converts the apostle into himself, making him argue with the same close logic and write with the same exact art. Nevertheless, even where he is led astray by the very vigour of his own intellect, we cannot but feel that he has infused a more copious spirit of life into the exegesis of this apostle, than a hundred other critics, whose want of energy and originality keeps them from falling into similar errors.

The foundation of the University of Berlin, in 1810, constitutes an important epoch in Schleiermacher's theological life. It was a fortunate occurrence, that from the time of its origin he was placed at the head of its theological faculty. His admirable tract* on the German Universities was not without its influence in determining the character of its institution. The spirit, which he was desirous of infusing into it, he expressed, soon after its opening, in a pamphlet, which he entitled 'A brief Exposition of the Study of Theology, designed as an Introduction to a Course of Lectures, 1811.' As Schleiermacher's idea of theology was more comprehensive than that of his contemporaries, his exposition must be considered as relating rather to the future than the present. In this sense, it is a really prophetic work, the spirit of which will gradually pass into fulfilment with the developement of theological science and ecclesiastical institutions. The views announced in this pamphlet he has more largely unfolded in the work, which crowned and terminated his theological labours—'An Exposition of the Christian Faith, according to the Principles of the Evangelical Church,' of which the first edition appeared in 1821, 22, and the second in 1830, 31. The great excellence of this work has been considered to consist in the prominence, which it gives to the positive character of Christian faith in its relation to spiritual life. It has been objected to it, that the exegetical basis on which it rests has not been laid out with all that breadth and fulness that could be wished, and that it does not set forth with sufficient distinctness the idea of Christianity, as it may be deduced in its original form from our canonical books. But this defect, if we can so call it, is intimately connected with a capital excellence in Schleiermacher's system, that it does not consider the essence of Christian doctrine as finally shut up within the limits of the primitive letter, but as borne along in the full, free, and expanded stream of the spirit, diffused through the whole historical existence of the church. The only pure source of this he finds in the life and teachings of the Saviour himself—he recognizes nothing as Christianity, which does not flow from that source: but convinced, at the same time, of the unceasing agency and influence of Christ's Spirit in the church, which illustrates his word and his history, he does not hesitate to accept as truth whatever is universally admitted and believed in the church as Christian.

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* In this tract Schleiermacher insisted on the right of unlimited freedom of teaching, to the exercise of which, at least in some of her universities, Germany is indebted for the very great progress which she has made in moral and theological science.—T.

This work has been justly celebrated for its enlarged and lofty spirit of toleration, which rises to the utmost extent that is possible above all those contrarieties of opinion, which divide the Christian world, and, without disguising their existence, shews clearly how the common principle of Christianity may express itself equally in them all. The times are rapidly approaching, when this comprehensive charity, which breathes in Schleiemacher's work, will be more and more required, as the proper means of maintaining Christian communion, in opposition to that spirit of division, exclusiveness, and dogmatism, which has hitherto distinguished most theological schools. Schleiermacher has even been charged with setting too wide the limits of Christianity, and, in the extensiveness of his Christian love, with weakening the force of essential truth. But such an observation could only come from those, who cannot understand the difference between charity and indifference. He who, like Schleiermacher, holds fast the essential distinction made in the Gospel between sin and grace—insists so decidedly on the necessity of divine forgiveness in Christ—puts forth with such prominence as the central point of his system the absolute and exclusive sinlessness of Christ, as he appears in the living light of history—so unreservedly and consequentially excludes the heretical deviations of Ebionitism and Docetism—of Manichæism and Pelagianism—so clearly asserts and applies the principle of Protestantism without denying the element of truth in Catholicism—such a man can be accused of indifference only by the most miserable intolerance and the most slavish adherence to the letter. If ever the deistical rationalism of the earlier theological schools sustained an overthrow, it was in this work of Schleiermacher's; the wound inflicted on it by his *rational* as opposed to the *rationalist* scheme, it will never survive.

Two short pieces of his yet remain to be noticed:—one, 'On the Doctrine of Election,' with an investigation of the Augustinian and Calvinistic theories respecting it, which appeared in the first number of the *Berlin Theological Journal* for 1819; and another, 'On the Opposition between the Sabellian and Athanasian Representations of the Doctrine of the Trinity,' which terminated the series of the same journal in 1822. In both of them we perceive the traces of a mind disciplined by profound researches into the history of Grecian philosophy. To the last we are indebted for some new lights on the earliest history of the doctrine of the Trinity. The former appeared at what might be deemed an unseasonable juncture, when the union of the two Evangelical confessions—the Lutheran and the Calvinistic, in the Prussian states, had been recently grounded on the assumption of the principle, that the consequences drawn by Augustine and Calvin from the doctrine of election were capable of being reconciled, and when, consequently, the discussion of the question might seem calculated rather to disturb than consolidate the union. But Schleiermacher considered that the question had not been finally set at rest—that it must remain a subject for future deliberation, and that he was, in fact, promoting the objects of the union, by furnishing the materials for its ultimate adjustment.

It was not as an author alone that Schleiermacher exercised a great influence on the theology of his day; in his academic prælections he opened many new paths of inquiry, and unfolded many original points of view. His lectures on the life of Jesus furnished an example, which has since been imitated in other universities, and seem in particular to have given occasion to the work of Hase on the same subject. All the various topics which are embraced within the range of theological science—practical theology, which he taught regularly—ecclesiastical statistics, of which he was the first to present a strictly scientific idea—the critical and historical introduction to the New Testament, on which, from time to time, he lectured, and which he always enriched with some original suggestions—and, finally, Christian morals, to the elucidation of which he contributed by his criticism of ethics, and by his dissertations in the 'Memoirs of the Berlin Academy of Sciences;'—all these branches of knowledge owed a new life and stimulus to the enthusiasm which his prælections universally inspired.

Schleiermacher combined in a wonderful degree the qualifications of the theoretical and the practical theologian—the activity of the zealous pastor with the profound researches of the man of learning. The genius and erudition, which he cultivated in the study and displayed from the chair, were crowned on the Sunday by his eloquent preaching of the divine word, and all through the week were variously interwoven with the humbler duties of his parochial charge, and with the catechetical instruction of the young. For any other man this would have been too much; he must have neglected some of these duties from their very multiplicity: but it was not so with Schleiermacher. He was never heard to complain of being oppressed by his numerous avocations, or of finding one interfere with another. On the contrary, he seemed to find in one a refreshment, and new life for entering on another. To crown all—notwithstanding his incessant occupation, as a pastor, a professor and an author, he was frequently in society, and entered heartily into its spirit. He never brought with him into the circle of his friends the gloom and taciturnity of the closet, but was always the cheerful, animated and instructive companion. He astonished every one who knew him, by the variety and the perfection of his endowments.* T.

(To be continued.)

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* Abridged from 'Erinnerungen an Dr. Friederic Schleiermacher von Dr. Friederic Lücke,' from the 'Theolgische und Kritiken.'

OBITUARY.

Died, on February 20th, in the thirty-second year of her age, Mary Ann, the beloved wife of Charles Talbot, Esq., of Kidderminster, and eldest daughter of Henry Hollins, Esq., of Pleasly Works, Derbyshire. The early life of this excellent lady was distinguished by an earnest desire of knowledge, which increased with ripening years, and manifested itself in an ardent love of truth, particularly moral and religious truth, pursued by diligent and almost severe study, from a conviction of its importance for the due regulation of the life and manners, and the acquisition of that character, which is most influential in society, and most conducive to its best interests; but more especially, as the means of virtue and present happiness, and of preparation and fitness for a better state. It would not be easy to convey to those who had not a personal knowledge of the deceased, a just notion of the high degree of intellectual and moral attainment which she had acquired, or of the estimation in which her opinion and judgment were held by those who knew the care and deliberation with which that opinion was formed, and who were qualified to appreciate the soundness and correctness of that judgment. It might be truly said, that her whole life was regulated by the principles of Christian morality, and that her habitual temper and disposition were moulded by that law of love which it prescribes. A life so pure and blameless, so truly virtuous and benevolent, might be expected to terminate with that composure and satisfaction which make the transition from the present to a future tranquil and happy. The views which she entertained, certainly from inquiry and conviction, of the doctrines of the Gospel were strictly Unitarian—simple, consistent, and rational—and those which she believed to be justified by the teachings of Christ and his apostles; and these were the bases of her hope and joy in life and in death. From these, as she explicitly declared, she derived that perfect acquiescence in the will of the supreme Arbiter and Disposer of all events, which reconciled her mind to the short period that was allotted to her earthly existence, and enabled her to contemplate her early entrance into the mansions of the grave with the serenity of Christian faith. Though possessing a deep sense of the importance and value of life, and a corresponding attachment to it—qualified in a peculiar manner to adorn the station which she occupied, and to contribute essentially to the welfare and happiness of her friends and connexions—though feeling that respect and affection for them, which had increased and strengthened with her increased ability to estimate their value—and, though esteemed and loved, in no common degree, by those who had the happiness to share in her acquaintance and friendship, she was able to meet the prospect of a temporary separation from them, with the confident assurance that the spirits of the just will be united in a better state, never to be separated any more, in which happiness will be unalloyed, progressive, and everlasting. After a long period of illness, often attended by a considerable degree of suffering, she calmly fell asleep, doubtless to awake to a joyful immortality, leaving nothing to her nearest and dearest friends to regret but their own loss, moderated by the conviction that *that* loss must be her greatest gain, and accompanied by the devout and fervent wish that their last end and future prospects may be like her's.

Mansfield. J. W.

DISSENTERS' MARRIAGE BILL.

THIS measure has met with a better reception in the House of Commons than, as we think, it deserves. We object to the extravagant fee of five shillings to the clergyman, for merely registering the marriage; we object to the clergyman's being employed at all as the registrar; we object to the imposition of the oath. And why make the broad distinction this Bill, if it passes, will make, between the marriages of Churchmen and Dissenters? Ought not the object of legislation to be to remove existing distinctions rather than to create fresh ones? The tendency of the measure is to disconnect religion from the marriage ceremony—for few parties, comparatively, will take the trouble of adding a religious service to the legal celebration. Let, then, the Dissenting Minister be, *pro tanto*, a magistrate, and the civil and the religious act can be performed at the same time; or, if the State will regard marriage only as a civil contract, let its requirements be the same both towards Churchmen and Dissenters, and leave each to associate such religious sanctions or observances as they may think proper. We think it very desirable, that every possible means should be taken, at the earliest period, for making known the opinions and wishes of Dissenters, in relation to the celebration of marriage.

T. Forrest, Printer, Manchester

CHRISTIANITY IN THE PAST AND THE FUTURE.

If Christ was God's prophet, his prayer, 'Father, thy kingdom come,' contains the promise of its own fulfilment. If Christ was right in calling God, 'Father,' still more does it contain that promise. The prophet of Providence, to whom the sheet of the future was unrolled, when he taught humanity to approach heaven by prayer, first awakened devotion's heart by naming the paternity of God; and instant from the doctrine, as if by a natural suggestion of thought, sprung the prayer for the rapid evolvement of the glory that is wrapped in it, as a flower is wrapped in its seed. 'Our Father in heaven:'—if so—then, 'Thy kingdom come, and thy will be done by thy children on earth as by thy children in heaven.' And as the prayer passes down from age to age, a manual of piety, it witnesses to the fact, that when Jesus led his followers into the immediate presence of the invoked Eternal, he deemed the holiest garb in which the spirit could be robed was that of filial love petitioning for universal progress—that God would be with his children as a father indeed; and that the most quickening influence to be drawn from solemn approach unto Him who holds the fates of the future in his hands, was the thought of advancement, the vision of our nature's glory issuing from the glory of Him whose image that nature is. He who utters these words of prayer, of the Lord's prayer, in faith, virtually passes through these two states of feeling—he lifts from the earth a steadfast gaze into the heaven of promise, and gives his spirit the refreshment of a generous confidence that all below must become like to all above; and then, when he has fed his heart's desire, by an upward look to God, and an onward look to Providence, he feels that the prayer has involved him in duties; and having said in hope, 'Thy kingdom come,' if he would not be false to the spirit of his own supplication, to that hope he must add energy, and do something towards the accomplishment of his own petition by sanctifying himself, and expel, at least from the kingdom within, every rebel impulse and every alien state. And thus is there a prophecy—a prophecy of man's advancement—embodied in that truth, God's paternal nature, which is the gate of prayer; and sublimest expectations for ourselves and for our race are intertwined with those words which daily vehicle our souls to Him from whom no blessing is too great to be expected, and who frowns upon no aspiring, provided only it is pure. But man interprets Providence, not from prophecy, but from facts. From signs in the heavens, be they ever so clear, he shifts his restless, unsatisfied eye to the signs on the earth, and there he sees realities most unlike the visions of his meditation, when he closed his eyes on the outward world, and saw all things in God—there he sees not humanity as bathed in promise, a linked brotherhood in the bosom of impartial and paternal love; he sees troubled and countless streams of human destiny that seem to have no common source, no common issue—there he hears not with charmed heart the accents of Him, the Prophet of hope, who spoke of the one fold, and the one shepherd; he hears the voices of repulsive and discordant groups, between whom immediate sympathy is next to impossible—and there, amid the speckled aspects of our species—amid varieties of nature and of character that have raised the question, whether man be sprung from a common origin—amid lines of sepation that insulate each mass, making every people a cluster of factions, and elevating very trifles into frowning and impassable barriers, whilst Christianity, the restorer, seems to halt in her onward march towards universal dominion, as though Christ had described his religion literally, when he said, 'Think not that I am come to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword;'—amid these several perplexities there are presented the terms of a problem to which man's sagacity can scarce give a determinate answer, and whose varying conditions he cannot harmonize with that simple, paternal, universal plan, to which, if the gospel is true, they are all subservient.

We present this question now only so far as Christianity is connected with it. It is not the general subject we aim to grasp, but this particular subject—How has the gospel, in its character of a supposed revelation, been affected by the past?—how, from present appearances, is it likely to be affected by the future?

Our first object, then, is to relieve our hopes from Christianity of any damping or dimming influence that whatever is unsatisfactory in the past, may have spread around them.

There would seem to be an impression that Christianity, if true, ought to have produced certain effects on human character, which, in point of fact, it has not produced, and hence, on the principle, 'that by their fruits ye shall know them,' the suspicion steals in, that if tested by its results, it would be difficult to show that it is a mighty engine of Providence. But the practical test, 'by their fruits ye shall know them,' is not, and never can be, a test of opinions; it is a test of men. 'By their fruits ye shall know them,' may determine of many a man that he is not a Christian; it can never determine of Christianity that it is not true, though it may determine that it has no practical influence in this heart or in that. There are other truths—political truths, economical truths, moral truths—whose practical influence is nothing, or next to nothing; yet they are truths still. Certain expectations were entertained of Christianity, and these expectations are disappointed. Why were they ever entertained? Here are two facts—a certain amount of expectation, and the failure of that expectation. The first goes to the honour of Christianity; the second goes to the dishonour, not of it, but of as many as recognized its fitness to produce great results, and then took it into their hearts so coldly that it produced nothing. Here is a statement of the case.—Human nature contemplates Christianity, we may suppose for the first time, to discover what is in it; it feels impressed as it reads; and as representation after representation of life, duty, Providence and God, flash upon the conscience and the heart, it determines that influences of such a character, if real, must manifest themselves in the grandeur of their moral effects; but when these effects do not follow, the very nature which felt its potency to produce such effects, from the absence of these effects now infers its falsehood. This is vicious reasoning; the moment we admit that Christianity, if true and believed in, would work mightily and develope great virtues, Christianity is no longer on its trial—it is now ourselves who are on our trial. The responsibility is now not its, but ours; by admitting that it is fitted for certain results, we become accountable for those results—and their absence or their presence are no longer tests of it: they are tests of us. The polished and fine-wrought weapon is unused in its secret place, and is then pronounced not genuine, because those spiritual foes abound against which there was no direction of the keenness of its edge. There is a fiction of the imagination which we would attempt to expose. We speak of Christianity as if it was something real; we personify it—we conceive of it as a spiritual agent maintaining a war with evil, and wielding the energies of the living God; and around this strange and floating fancy have gathered vague and magnificent expectations, whose disappointment has vexed our confidence in this impersonated power—and because the results are far from according with this kind of conception, we begin to doubt the reality of an influence whose true nature and modes of operation we never rightly conceived—and we suppose that Christianity itself has failed, when it is only our visionary notions of it that are proved to be feeble thinking and idle dreams. Christianity is not an agent—it is an influence. It has no existence but in the heart it impresses, and that heart, not it, is the responsible being—responsible for all the fruits that influence is fitted to foster. And as reasonably might we conclude that the laws of the material and the moral universe were but fancies, because the directions they would impress on human character and conduct are often blindly and insanely violated, as conclude the gospel to be invalidated because the fitting results of its influences are so little apparent. It makes no pretensions in its own person—it only enables us to make pretensions, and to apply it if we will—it is no embodied power battling against evil—it is simply a few truths inscribed on a leaf of history, which, if transcribed on the heart's living tablets, would pour around our nature a new order of influences, and sustain the spirit to the pitch of its own revealings; but if not so transcribed, it is not in fault—it is no less true, and, if believed, is no less mighty. No truth is invalidated because of the poverty of its actual fruits, for these depend, not on the truth itself, but on its reception—and therefore the claims of Christianity are nothing the weaker because humanity is so far from Jesus Christ. Prove that there is no essential aptitude in the gospel's representations of human relations with God and happiness, to make men like Jesus—and then you overthrow its authority—but until that is proved, any argument drawn from its partial operation determines nothing about the inherent power lodged in the truth; it only determines the extent to which the truth has been earnestly adopted and believed. The difficulty might require an answer, if the question of providence was before us; but to the truth of the gospel it is no more an objection than to any other truth which is not universally received, or is not productive of its full effects where it is received.

The weak point of this argument may be supposed to be in this, that Christianity contains a prophecy of its own universality, and that the present condition of the world promises no speedy fulfilment of that prophecy. But it ought to be added, that Christianity contains a prophecy, also, of that very retardation, and that not more distinctly is Christ pointed out as the consummation of all things, than are pointed out those obstructing and prevailing influences of intervening temptation, which are classed together under the graphic name of Anti-Christ. If the gospel prophecies the coming of the Lord Jesus, it prophecies also the delay of that coming. We cannot divine all the reasons of Providence for placing under such varied influences the varied portions of his family; but we see that it is consistent with the simplicity which is characteristic of God's government, that revealed light should have but one centre—that the streams of moral life should issue from one fountain, as from a mighty heart, and thence diffuse themselves to the extremities, slowly though it be—just as we see brighter truths dawning first on gifted intellects, and then passing down to inferior minds; and we see that this law of progress is never violated—that the gospel, like all other refined truth, requires for its reception a certain preparation of mind; and in whatever moral wilderness knowledge raises its voice, it is the precursor of Christ—and we see new avenues of intercourse opening every where, to connect remotest regions and make near the ends of the earth; and thought, generated in silence, taking wing and carrying its freight of wealth to another hemisphere; and so far are we from having any difficulty on the subject, that we could not resist the conclusion, even if we would—that light is essentially diffusive—that the spirit of commerce, that great assimilator and extender of liberal sympathies, the spirit of enterprize and of love, are fast hastening to make of humanity one co-operative family—that the nations are about to meet, to interchange amongst each other the gifts and blessings of each clime, and that, since what is truth for one mind must be truth for every mind, then, if Christianity be true, they have only to meet, for the voices of earth and heaven to mingle in the song, ‘The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ, and he shall reign for ever.’ The destiny of the gospel, where it is not, thus resolves itself into the question, What are its prospects where it is? If it prevails here, it must become universal; if it becomes dearer to man here, as he becomes a nobler being, and spreads his interests more widely, and lifts his affections above dying things—if its evidence is untouched by every new test which the progress of discovery introduces—if it looks brighter when placed in the light of brighter thoughts, and religion becomes a deeper want of our nature, as that nature grows mightier, and has more that it loves and would fain not lose—then, since ‘God has made of one blood all the nations that dwell on the face of the earth;’—since ‘we have all one human heart’—we want only channels of conveyance, and these are every where opening, to bring these affinities together, and to shrine Truth in its rightful place—the temple of every soul. It is probable that, looking abroad, many symptoms might be discovered more favourable to the reception of a pure religion than at any other period. There is no such thing on the earth as a healthy superstition, vigorous with the blood of youthful life—weakly, superannuated and traditional, the existing superstitions would seem to need little more than exposure to air and light to moulder into dust and be swept away on the free winds of thought. Look to India—that home of mythology—for an instance of a religious rite being abandoned without a struggle, and be assured that whenever a great superstition consents to such an exposure of its weakness—such an acknowledgment of unnecessary atrocity in its former ceremonial—its day of vigour is gone, it has relaxed its hold on the popular sympathies, and is ready to die. But we embarrass not our argument with considerations so indefinite. We take the common origin of human nature and the consequent universality of truth, and as we see the spirit of exclusion—of separation—of monopoly, departing from the earth, and leaving free access to every blockaded region, and man for mutual good brought nearer to his fellow, we would bless the Father of All, that by the time truth has been separated from its many unhappy combinations, and has gathered up its mighty strength, abundant channels may be open to pour it into the hearts of all people.

The evil feature in the religious aspect of these countries is, that it is sectarian. Men are not satisfied with the freedom of individual opinion—they become partizans of their own views, and thus enlist on the side of error, and, worse still, enlist on the side of truth, that dreadful class of obstructions with which religion can have no natural connection—party feelings. By sectarianism we, of course, do not mean diversity of opinion—for wherever there is diversity of mental and moral power that must be found; it is in elevating these differences into causes of separation and exclusion—in restricted charity and straitened sympathies—that the sectarian temper is manifested.

In reflecting on the future history of Christianity, it is impossible to overlook the probable consequences of what is so distinctly intimated in the signs of the times—that one of these obstacles must, ere long, be taken out of the way. We conceive that nothing that is future can be more certain than that the Establishments of these kingdoms exist only until information on the subject is so widely diffused, and the popular mind becomes so familiarized with the expectation of a change, that when it comes it will produce no disturbing sensation. Whoever wishes that change to be peaceful, should now promote the discussion of it as widely as possible. This is the signal use of agitating great principles before the time for their realization has arrived, that, when it does arrive, they are so intermingled with the popular sentiment that the mighty reforms which spring from them drop at last as quietly as the dew from heaven. In religious and social progress, they are the pacificators, who, by the constant agitation of thought, are prepared, and prepare others, for needful changes: they are the disturbers and the disturbed who refuse to look onwards, and therefore receive these changes, when they come, as a convulsion and a shock.

Any thorough improvement in the faith or discipline of a church is not to be looked for, so long as that church lives in the nation's eye, and would draw the world's notice on its confessions of imbecility or of error. It is hardly to be expected, that in presence of the public—in its very place of pride—it should make acknowledgment of its weakness, and unrobe and humble itself before the world. There are within the Established Church of England noble elements of knowledge and of power, if there was only breathed upon them a free current of liberal influences, and liberty to obey them—there is in its ministers a higher scholarship and a higher level of severe culture than any, or than all the sects could boast—to be attributed, doubtlessly, to that very exclusiveness which has prevented others from possessing their advantages and drinking from the same springs;—but still elements of good. Let then every factitious and unnatural support be taken away—let but the healthful spirit of competition breathe through our churches, and each faith, left to its own resources, take its place in proportion as it supplies popular wants and corresponds with the sympathies of the common heart—and it is not to be calculated what new and healthful elements the Christianity of the land would take up—what new life it would imbibe into its heart—with what pliability it would stretch its forms and remodel its stately but antique usages—with what vigorous and graceful movements it would adapt itself to the intelligence of the age, and seek, in its day of regeneration, to win back to its bosom those whom, in its day of imbecility, it had disgusted and estranged. Let the Church and Dissent stand on the same ground, and then the interest of both will resolve itself into the question how they may best meet the spirit of the times, and draw towards them the most earnest love and the brightest intellect; for these will take their place as the true strength of a cause, when monopoly is withdrawn. It is very possible that this advantage must be purchased at some cost of evil. The sectarian sentiment, flushed with the excitation of triumph, is but too likely, as an immediate effect, to assume a haughtier front of spiritual arrogance, and to rush into some new extravagance; and the Establishment, reduced to a sect, and of course anxious then to be popular, is but too likely to use more freely than is wise those modes of influence which are readiest at hand —the vulgar, the inflammatory and the coarse. An increase of fanaticism, a heated temperature, may thus be the first result of coming changes; but this ferment will work itself off, and the causes of contention existing, not in the present but in the past, will fall at last out of remembrance. Meanwhile other minds may be maturing the forms of truth, and standing aloof from the new rivalry of parties, carry a comprehensive spirit into religion and life, and, when the contending factions shall have discovered their folly, exhausted their poor controversy and sunk into silence, will be ready—without ostentation—without any thing of that air of superiority which awakens sleeping pride—to share with them their light; and truth may at last obtain a hearing on its own merits, and spread itself imperceptibly over minds that, disengaged from party objects, are at length open for its reception.

In anticipating the fates of the gospel, we attempt not to fix the form which Christianity is eventually to assume, because we feel assured that none of its present forms is sufficiently comprehensive—sufficiently tender of our whole nature, to be a fit type of the reality. We believe that every form of faith which has a strong hold of the human heart has something in it worthy of being preserved, and that the spirit of Christianity is eventually to reconcile all parties by including the distinctive attributes of each, and disposing in harmony what they had disposed in attitudes of opposition. We believe that divisions and sects have multiplied, because each and all are unfaithful to some of the elements of our common nature, have neglected some of its aspects which ought to have been considered and provided for; and that when Christianity is studied only in Jesus, there will at least be peace and unity of spirit, because, though none may understand it all, each will find what he seeks—a full provision for his own wants.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SCHLEIERMACHER.

(Continued from p. 263.)

Schleiermacher was eminently distinguished in the pulpit; and his sermons are a practical application of the principles, which he has laid down in his work on Dogmatic Theology. It has been sometimes said of him, that he was not the same man in the pulpit, as in the professor's chair, and in his strictly scientific* writings. The charge is unjust. His sermons are a supplement to his '*Dogmatik*,' furnishing that detailed exegesis of the New Testament, in which the latter has been sometimes considered as defective. Of the distinction, which is frequently made between doctrinal and moral preaching, Schleiermacher knew nothing. As in his scientific theology, he admits only a relative distinction between dogma and ethics, and always asserts the closest connexion and mutual influence of the two—so, in his sermons, he insists on the most intimate union between principle and action, and traces Christian benevolence to its source in Christian faith. 'The precision of his ideas,' says Dr. Sack, in the "Studien und Kritiken" for 1831—'and the distinctness of their relations, combined with the refinement and dignity of his style—the rich flow and unction of his spirit, set off with an ecclesiastical taste and propriety—gave a peculiar force and a most salutary impressiveness to the statement of his inmost convictions and fundamental principles. It cannot indeed be disguised, that the whole structure of his language was rather characterised by a certain antique nobleness of expression, than by that biblical earnestness and simplicity, which is more peculiarly appropriate to the Christian sermon. This circumstance arose from his having too much neglected the study of the Old Testament, which is an exhaustless source of riches for the homiletic style in all its higher and more animating appeals. It might be said of him, that he had too little Orientalism in his conception and expression of an idea—not enough of that quality, which makes the style of Herder, with all its defects—especially in his earlier writings—so irresistibly attractive. Where he attempted a scriptural rhetoric, he was rarely successful. His power lay in another direction—in the truth and the gentleness, in the subduing energy and faithfulness, which breathed through his words and urged them from the heart.'

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* The term *scientific* is applied in Germany to whatever is taught as a system, in a synthetic exposition of first principles.—T.

Schleiermacher never wrote out his sermons, before their delivery. All that have been printed, were taken down in shorthand; and two of his young friends were constantly employed in performing this office for him. To this extent indeed his sermons were not purely extemporaneous productions—that he meditated them for several days previously, and by the time he had to preach, had fully drawn them out in his own conception. But he put nothing down on paper—at least in the latter years of his life—except on Saturday evening, the text and the subject, and, at furthest, the leading heads of the latter very briefly expressed. This he called making his memorandum; and so prepared, he went into the pulpit. Here the discourse assumed its definite form and full development—and sprang into life under the combined influence of previous reflection, the animating impression of the assembled congregation, and the ever-present mastery of a powerful intellect over the order of its thoughts and the treasures of speech. It was most interesting to trace the progress of his discourse—to mark, how he began, calmly and deliberately—collecting and arranging his thoughts in a familiar and conversational tone; and then, when he had spread out, and drawn together again, as it were, the entire net of his ideas—how his eloquence became more rapid and concentrated, and poured itself forth in a richer and fuller stream, the nearer he approached to the warnings or encouragements, which wound up his address. Such was his command of language, that he was never heard to correct himself, or to employ a wrong word. He was perfectly free from the usual faults of extemporary preachers. There was no uniformity—no repetition—in his manner and style. Those, who heard him, felt that his preaching realised their highest conception of pulpit eloquence. He was fond of long and involved periods; but, if the fulness and interest of his matter had left time to observe his manner, every one would have remarked, that in the most complicated sentences, he never missed the precise word, which the moment required, or lost the clue, which guided him safely to the close. A friend once asked him, how he had acquired this wonderful talent; and he replied, that he had early perceived, how much the force and freshness of a discourse was impaired by being tamely repeated from memory,[*] instead of issuing from the present fulness of the spirit; and that, to remedy this imperfection, he had begun by omitting to write out the conclusion of his sermon, and so proceeded, step by step, backwards, as a person gradually lays aside the warm clothing, to which he has been accustomed, till at length the whole discourse became extemporary, and he had attained the most difficult point of opening it without any written assistance.

On hearing Schleiermacher once, the impression occurred, that he was not sufficiently popular, and must be unintelligible to the less educated part of his audience. But this impression passed away, on hearing him repeatedly. He required, indeed, some previous qualifications in his hearers; not much more, however, than an acquaintance with the Scripture and a close attention. By the freshness and animation of his mode of address, and by his constant application of the deepest Christian principles to practical life—to domestic events—and to the actual circumstances of the church and the country, he succeeded in arresting the attention even of the less cultivated; and, although his audience consisted chiefly of the higher classes, yet persons of an humbler rank, and from other congregations, were seen amongst the regular and most serious attendants on his ministry. Hearers of this description continually increased at his church; for his preaching, like his theology, was unceasingly in progress; and, as he grew in years, became distinguished for greater warmth, earnestness and simplicity.

Before the want of a liturgical reform became generally felt in the Protestant churches, Schleiermacher awakened attention to the subject, and promoted improvement, as far as it was possible, within the limits of his own congregation. Feeling that the sermon and the hymn-book should form a living whole of devotional impression, the unity of which was impaired by the deficiencies of the received hymn-book—with a view to remedy this evil, he caused appropriate hymns to be printed for every morning-service, which he himself selected with great taste and skill from that rich storehouse of sacred poetry, which the Reformed and Lutheran Churches of Germany possess.[†]

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[*] The Protestant clergy in Germany, we believe universally, preach without notes, and, for the most part, *memoriter*.—T.

[†] Protestant Germany early felt the close alliance of music and poetry with religion. Luther himself cultivated both these arts, at least in their connexion with the Church—and with success. In both of the communions, Lutheran and Reformed, singing occupies a more important and a larger place in the earlier part of the service, than is usual in

His flock thus became gradually familiar with the most beautiful hymns, and his own mind was exercised and prepared for the share which he subsequently had in drawing up the New Berlin *Gesangbuch.*

In the catechetical instruction of the young he took the most active concern. His addresses on *Confirmation* were an object of eager interest and attention, especially in the higher ranks; and he possessed an extraordinary power of kindling a lively zeal for Christianity in the bosom of youth. This devotion to the young he seemed to consider as the chief duty of his pastoral charge, out of the pulpit; not that he neglected the other duties connected with it, but it was the peculiar turn of his mind, rather to let himself be sought by those, who were drawn towards him by confidence and affection, than to distribute his regards unsolicited and indiscriminately among all the members of his immense congregation. Any failure of attention, of which he might thus seem to be guilty, towards his particular flock, he more than compensated by his ever active participation in the general concerns of the Church. He regarded each separate congregation, as a living organic part of the universal Church, which must sympathise with the whole body, in health and in sickness; and we find him, accordingly, at an early period, directing the activity of his mind to the consideration of reforms in the entire ecclesiastical system of Protestant Germany.

In 1804, he published anonymously—though the traces of his vigorous intellect soon betrayed the author—'Two respectful suggestions concerning the actual condition of the Protestant Church, with an immediate reference to the Prussian States.' In the first of these suggestions, he considered the possibility and the desirableness of an union between the two Confessions, the Lutheran and the Reformed. He pointed out the evils of their then existing separation, as nourishing. on the one hand, a superstitious scrupulousness, and, on the other, irreligious indifference—as unfavourable to the general interests of morality and civilisation—and as fraught with evils to the state and to education, which it was high time to consider the means of obviating. He endeavoured to shew, how this union

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England, either within or without the Establishment. These *Kirchenlieder*, or Church-songs, constituted the favourite lyrical poetry of the Germans in the centuries immediately following the Reformation. People of all ranks and professions, learned and unlearned, noble and vulgar—theologians, jurists, princes, ladies—made their contributions to this department of literature; so that at the opening of the eighteenth century, these *Kirchenlieder* amounted to more than 33,000, and the number of authors exceeded 500. See *Bouterwek's Geschichte der Deutchen Poesie, etc.*, vol. i. p. 498, who gives some curious details on the literary history of these *Lieder*, in a Note. From this immense collection, the various *Gesangbucher* now in use have been extracted. These sacred songs are distinguished in general by a venerable and devout simplicity of style ;—and when sung by the united voices of a large congregation to the grave and solemn melodies, which have been associated with them, form one of the most affecting and impressive parts of the Lutheran service.—T.

might be effected; and he placed it on grounds, which would leave undisturbed the difference in doctrine and ritual, by which the two Confessions are distinguished, and secure to every man an unrestricted freedom of faith and action. In proof of the practicability of his scheme, he referred to the successful realisation of a similar union among the Moravians.

The second suggestion related to the means of obviating the decline of religion. It contains a vivid picture of the corruptions and abuses, which existed both in the mode of conducting public worship and in the character and condition of the clergy, together with a great variety of hints and proposals for reform, which, since the religious reaction, that may be dated from 1814, have in part been realised, in part have become the object of deeper interest and consideration. It exhibits the germ of those ideas, which ten years later Schleiermacher more fully developed, asserted with greater energy, and diffused through a wider sphere.

Soon after 1817, Schleiermacher was elected president of the Synod of Berlin; and one of the chief subjects of its deliberation was the future reformation of the church, of which the union of the two Confessions appeared to be an indispensable condition. With a view to this end, the Synod issued an official declaration relative to the solemnization of the Lord's Supper, which was to be celebrated by it on the 30th of October. Of this declaration Schleiermacher was the author; and he therein represents the projected union, as the establishment of a religious peace, brought about, without the unprofitable and distracting comparison of doctrinal peculiarities, by a joint participation of both Communions in the holy Sacrament. Clear and convincing as were the grounds which Schleiermacher had advanced in this declaration, they were fiercely attacked by Dr. Ammon of Dresden, who ridiculed with bitter irony the united celebration of the Eucharist. Schleiermacher rebutted him with his own weapons; for in such cases his mode of treatment was always what physicians would have called *homöopathetic*.

This was not the only controversy, into which Schleiermacher was drawn, in consequence of his efforts to promote reform, and the union of the two Confessions. Statesmen of the old school were alarmed at these ecclesiastical movements, and dreaded the formation of a hierarchy, that should become too predominant in the State. The indiscretion and precipitancy of some theologians gave a colour of plausibility to these fears; and subsequent to 1819, when the indications of a revolutionary spirit were supposed to be betrayed, a visible re-action took place in the question of ecclesiastical reform—on the supposition, that the time was not yet arrived for practically adjusting it—of which the first fruits and earliest signal appeared in the publication of the 'New Prussian Liturgy and Service.' The tendency of this re-action was to obstruct the accomplishment of the union and of further changes in the constitution of the Church. Schleiermacher fearlessly placed himself at the head of an opposition to these measures of the Court, and gave his views to the world in 1824, under the assumed title of Pacificus Sincerus. In this pamphlet, he revived the discussion of the almost dormant question of the connexion between Church and State, and threw such interest into it, that ever since, it has been the occasion of an animated interchange and conflict of the most opposite opinions among jurists and theologians. Apparently, his opposition was without effect, since the views of the re-action party were adopted; but he continued his resistance, till their application was modified and softened; and at length, suspending the controversy, from the belief that an important point had been gained, he gave in a qualified adhesion to the Liturgy and Service. In the last years of his life, Schleiermacher was unexpectedly drawn into controversy with Cölln and Schulz of Breslau, two individuals, with whom he would willingly have lived in peace. The approaching festival, in commemoration of the granting of the Augsburg Confession, had induced these distinguished theologians to point out the evils and inconveniences of retaining that ancient symbol of faith, and to enquire, whether an opportunity did not now occur of substituting for it some bond of evangelical union better adapted to the feelings and intelligence of the age. Schleiermacher, although fully coinciding in their views of the desirableness of leaving the great principle of Protestantism wholly unrestricted,—nevertheless protested, in a letter addressed to them, against the wish they had expressed, that the antiquated should be superseded by more modern formularies. The most vulnerable point in this letter was, where Schleiermacher, to shew the inefficacy of orthodox creeds and formulæ for the exclusion or rectification of rationalism, endeavoured to prove, that persons of different opinions might bring themselves to accept and use the prescribed service and liturgy—that is to say, in their own sense and meaning, without authorising in every case the unqualified assertion, that they were wanting in sincerity and honesty, or guilty of mental reservation. It was to be expected, that such a remark would draw forth some animadversion. A periodical of the day charged him with hypocrisy, laxity and jesuitism; this did not surprise him: but he was visibly annoyed, at being called upon, by the two Professors of Breslau, in their rejoinders to his letter, to reply to their reasonings and prolong the dispute.

To this topic, and to some other charges of inconsistency and contradiction between the earlier and the later Schleiermacher, he alluded in the preface to his 'Sermons preached on occasion of the festival of the Augsburg Confession, 1831.'—'I will not wholly acquit him,' says one of his friends, 'of having furnished some cause for the misconceptions, to which he was subjected: but his answer sufficed for those, who knew the man—who knew, that his nature was utterly hostile to all hypocrisy and double-dealing, but at the same time, that he had a supreme contempt for a slavish worship of the dead letter.—I cannot accede to all his interpretations of the present meaning of our received symbols; but I share in his cheerful anticipation of an approaching state of the Church, in which an unity of faith and doctrine may consist with a living and unrestricted freedom.'

The same friend thus describes the impression made upon him by a personal intercourse with Schleiermacher. 'I saw him for the first time in the spring of 1816. That moment I shall never forget. For some months previous I had conversed with him by letter. The first effect of his presence resembled that of his letters—indicating more of a friendly earnestness, than of an overflowing warmth of heart. The embarrassment and awe, with which I at first approached him, gave way only by degrees to a different feeling, and was for some time rather increased by a nearer observation of those wonderful powers, which his features and his conversation so distinctly announced. But a softer impression was the result of longer intercourse. Whoever sought him cordially, he himself soon welcomed with an equally cordial reception; and it was then not simply the cheerful and animated style of his conversational address, which allayed the overpowering impression of his gigantic intellect, but still more the native amiableness and benevolence of his mind, which opened itself simply and naturally to every one, in whom he saw reason to repose confidence. His spirit of love, however, was not a womanly softness, expressing itself in a constantly smooth and winning speech—but a sustained and noble fire, which not merely penetrated the minds of others with a soft magnetic power, but sometimes also struck them as with an electric shock. Those who did not understand this peculiarity of his nature, occasionally felt themselves repelled from a closer intercourse with him; but he says of himself, that he had never lost a friend, who had once entered thoroughly into his heart. Benevolence was in fact the ruling principle of his character; and with all the acuteness of his reasoning powers, the poignancy of his wit, and the bitterness of his irony, which supplied him with such formidable weapons in controversy—the essential well-spring of kindness in his heart was never corrupted. I know no one, who possessed so truly generous a toleration—so comprehensive a charity—one, who was so entirely disposed to judge with tenderness and forbearance every gradation of merit and the most opposite tendencies of mind. With all the masculine energy and decision of his own intellect, he was always ready to find out and to acknowledge what was good in others. When I lived with him in Berlin, in spite of being perpetually misunderstood and misrepresented himself, he was always the first, wherever he saw desert in his contemporaries, whether in the Church or in the Universities—to bestow upon it heartily its full meed of praise. I remember more than once, how wisely and gently he corrected younger men, when they had allowed themselves an unfair and intolerant judgment upon others; "Do not be unjust to the man," he would say, "in his own way, he is valuable and meritorious."'

Like all men, who are zealous for truth and devoted to good, Schleiermacher was ardent and sometimes bitter and fierce in controversy. Once convinced that a contest was necessary, he threw himself into it with the whole force and unreserved individuality of his nature. He never shrank from the consequences of his hostility. If the cause was a good one, he cheerfully encountered them, as the condition of undertaking it. His bravery, in such cases, was greater than his prudence. Prudent as he was sometimes charged with being—the prudence of truckling and cowardice he always despised.

Few men, in any age, have written and done so much as Schleiermacher. This was partly due to the wonderful rapidity and precision of his mental operations. What he wrote for the press, flowed from his pen so finished and perfect, that he had never occasion to make an erasure. None of his sermons or lectures cost him more time than was required for a thorough meditation of the subject. A slight memorandum sufficed for him, even in lectures on the History of Philosophy. He was remarkably economical in the use of time, and thus found leisure for the whole range of his numerous engagements. In his latter years, he was sometimes heard to complain, that he could not execute all he wished. But those, who do most, are often the readiest to make this complaint, and the physical capacity does not increase with years. Schleiermacher inherited from nature a weak, tender and diminutive frame—in the latter part of his life, often affected by sickness. But he kept it in wonderful subjection,—and, even when suffering from disease, made it obedient to the endless demands of his active spirit. In pedestrian excursions, he was ever foremost—in the evening, the last to retire—and in the morning, the earliest to proceed. He has been known to preach and to lecture, when labouring under spasms in the stomach, without any of his hearers perceiving it. This Socratic ascendancy of the mind over the body formed a part of his inmost being, and secured to him, even in advanced years, the enjoyment of a spirit of youth, which enabled him, to his latest breath, to take an active share in the duties and the pleasures of life.*

Some persons imagined, that they could perceive an alteration in his manner, and a breaking down of his spirit, during the last three years of his life, occasioned by the shock he had sustained, in the loss of his only son. But a friend, who knew him well, has remarked, that the power of his mind over his feelings never forsook him; and that after, as well as before this event, he always preserved the same Christian σωφροσυνη and self-controul.

During his last illness, he was distinguished by a mild and collected tranquillity, and by a punctual obedience to every direction, without a murmur of impatience or fretfulness. One day, on awakening from a slumber, which had been procured by opium, he called his wife to his bed-side, and said, 'Though I am in a state between consciousness and unconsciousness, yet in the depths of my spirit I pass the most delicious moments. I am lost in profound speculations, that are in harmony with the holiest religious emotions.' The feeling of his dying hour was illustrative of the endeavour of his whole life. Unceasingly he had sought to trace the ultimate unity of religion and speculation—modestly, however, and cautiously—not as an assumed axiom, but an ultimate aim; and, as his reward, he received a secret intimation of this great truth in those moments, when the outward man perishes, that the inward man may have free and unencumbered access to the presence of God.

As his end approached, his whole mind seemed more serenely penetrated by the spirit of love. 'To my children,' said he, 'I leave the benediction of John: Love one another;' and then, addressing his wife, 'I commission thee, to greet all my friends, and to tell them, how deeply and tenderly I have loved them.'

As the indications of approaching death became more decided, he put his two forefingers on his left eye, as he often did in moments of deep reflection, and began to speak:—'We have the atoning death of Christ, his body and his blood.' Then raising himself in bed, as his features brightened, and his voice became clear and strong, he said, with a priestly solemnity:—'Are you one with me in this faith?'—to which his family and attendants replied with a loud *Yes.* 'Let us then take the Lord's Supper! but quick, quick, we must not be particular about the form.' When the bread and wine had been brought, he gave them, with the appointed words, first to every one present, and lastly to himself,—and said, in a firm and distinct tone: 'On these words of the Scripture I rest; they are the foundation of my faith.'

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* In reading this description of Schleiermacher, we are reminded of that fine triplet, in which Dryden has immortalised the intellectual restlessness of Shaftesbury:—

> 'A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
> Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
> And o'er-informed the tenement of clay.'

After he had pronounced the blessing, he turned his eye, with the tenderest expression of affection, first on his wife, and then on the rest, and said: 'In this communion of love let us continue one.' He laid himself back on his pillow—and a glory reposed on his features. After some minutes, he said: 'I cannot now remain longer here.' Having asked to be placed in another position, he was laid on his side; breathed deeply two or three times—and life ceased. Meanwhile, the children had been brought in, and were kneeling round his bed. His eye gradually closed upon them in peace. 'Happy are the dead, who die in the Lord.' T.

A DREAM.

(IMITATED FROM THE GERMAN.)

Cho. Θροει τις κακων τελευτα μενει;
Electr. Θανεῖν ————————————.

EURIP. OREST, 18

METHOUGHT I saw a fair and innocent child,
Reclining on a bank of sunny flowers,
Her light hair streaming to the breezes wild,
As thus she joy'd her in the summer hours;
And she had twin'd a wreath of jessamine,
And smiled, and bound it in her locks of gold,
And looked into the glassy brook, that rolled
All playfully beside—and smiled again.
Dear infant! in a world so bright and fair,
Why shouldst thou haply live to find affliction there?

The scene had changed:—A mother sate alone
Beside her sleeping babe—pure as the dream
Of him o'er whom she watch'd;—methinks the tone
Of that soft voice, that breathes his requiem,
Is all familiar to mine ear;—that eye?
It is the same—but calmer—holier now;
And it hath fled—that untold witchery,
That sate in smiles upon her infant brow.
Oh! faithful bosom—loving and beloved—
Tho' skies are dark without—THY peace shall be unmoved.

There is a gentle being—lies within
That hushed and darkened chamber—the bright wreath
Of smiles that wantoned on her cheek is gone
For ever from that treasured form—and Death
Hath fixed its impress there—the eloquent eye,
Now mute and passionless, shall charm no more;
And cold and pulseless does that fond heart lie,
But faintly imag'd in the love it bore.
Farewell—thou sainted spirit—Death for thee
Hath lost its boasted sting—the grave its victory!

H. H.

ANXIETY IN RELIGION.

'What must I do to be saved?'—*Acts* xvi. 30.

Whatever may have been the precise feeling with which 'the keeper of the prison' uttered these words, it is quite evident, from the answer returned to them by Paul, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house,' that the apostle made them the occasion of turning the jailor's mind to the high interests of eternity. Following his example, I purpose to avail myself of them, in order to treat of the nature and importance of the state of mind usually denominated religious anxiety. And I do this the rather, since it is a subject which has been much perverted or misunderstood. Upon all questions of religious inquiry the candid and serious mind has only to abide by the plain teachings of the Scriptures. Between the Word of God and the pious feelings of the awakened and regenerated mind there is mutual sympathy—a perfect and beautiful accordance. I request you then, reader, before you peruse this discourse, to employ those means of grace which will enable you to bring your mind into a fit state to receive religious impressions, and thus render your meditations of permanent benefit to your soul.

And first—what is anxiety? To this question it is not difficult to give a satisfactory answer. Anxiety, I would say, denotes that state of mind which is composed principally of *hope* and *fear*. We hope to obtain a certain object, but we also fear there is a danger of losing it; hence naturally arises the feeling of anxiety. Now, if this feeling enters largely into the experience of men in the secular concerns of life—as most assuredly it does—how very natural for us to indulge in similar feelings in regard to our religious welfare and eternal destiny. If we find our hearts anxious about our possessions—our prospects—our children—in short, about every thing we call ours in the present life, how can we possibly fail, upon serious reflection, to cherish the same feeling in regard to the regeneration of our hearts and the salvation of our souls?

I know that this subject is looked upon by some with a secret suspicion, and by others it has been treated with silent contempt. To indulge a religious anxiety has been supposed to be inimical to soundness of understanding, and indicative of a mean and effeminate spirit. Nothing can be more false than such representations. Indifference to religion and the immortal interests of man can claim no alliance with real philosophy—with thought and moral greatness. I would refer to the lives of eminent and holy men—men alike distinguished for learning and piety—and ask whether the anxiety which they felt for their spiritual interests either cramped their intellect or broke their spirit? How came some of the most ardent reformers in the Church of Christ to indulge privately in the most absorbing solicitude relative to their religious state and prospects, if anxiety is a mark of imbecility and meanness? I admit that much fanaticism and fallacious excitement have been manifested in every age of the church; but let not these things be confounded with genuine religious solicitude. The former result from ignorance and fear operating on minds naturally sensitive, whereas religious anxiety is, if I may so speak, one attribute of every great and elevated mind. It is a feeling planted in the heart by serious inquiry, and it is nourished there by the sanctifying influence of the Holy Spirit.

I would ask those who doubt the necessity of anxiety in the concerns of religion, whether the formation of a religious character and disposition is of such easy attainment as not to call forth any anxious feelings whatever? In the progress of human life are there no temptations, no trials, no dangers, no fatal rocks, upon which faith may become shipwrecked and character ruined? The way to heaven is a *narrow* way, thickly beset with snares and difficulties on either side. Oh, how great and numerous are the dangers which threaten the Christian in his journey through life! There are temptations without and evil influences within. Religion, therefore, is not of such easy attainment as some are wont to believe. It is unquestionably the most difficult, yet the most valuable acquisition that we can make. It addresses both our hopes and fears, and the union of these constitutes anxiety.

Contemplate the actual condition of man in relation to God; and are there not just and reasonable grounds for fear and trembling? That condition is one of enmity—estrangement—sin. In consequence of having forfeited, by wicked works, all claim upon the Divine favour, man becomes at once exposed to the unmitigated consequences of his actions. In this truly awful condition the Gospel is addressed to him—salvation is offered him. Alike destitute and undone, having lost all sense of the Divine favour, with what inexpressible joy does he first hear the sound of pardon proceeding from the lips of a Saviour! Thus awakened to a sense of his danger, with what anxiety does he attend to the conditions upon which salvation is promised! He finds no room for trifling or indifference. At this crisis every thing valuable to an immortal nature is either to be gained or lost. No wonder, then, the Scriptures speak so solemnly and decidedly, when our danger is unspeakably great. Hear its instructions: 'What shall it profit a man if he should gain the whole world and lose his own soul.' Would you know what exertions are necessary for the salvation of the soul? Go to the great Teacher; hear him say, 'If thy right eye offend thee (or cause thee to offend) pluck it out and cast it from thee, and if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off and cast it from thee: for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell.' Again—'Strive to enter in at the straight gate; for many, I say, will seek to enter in and shall not be able.'—'Labour for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life.'—'Fight the good fight of faith.'—'Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me.' What a solemn importance should be attached to these impressive admonitions! How awful are many of the metaphors employed! Will any one now say that salvation is an easy task;—that a few good wishes—the discharge of common duties, and a little exertion are sufficient? Fatal delusion! Nothing, be assured, will enable you to 'lay hold on eternal life' but persevering and indefatigable exertion.

Reader, do you cherish in your bosom the anxiety which prompts you to ask, 'What must I do to be saved?' Have you had 'fears and tremblings' relative to the salvation of your immortal soul? Have you felt the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and the plague of your own heart? In a word, have you been born again—born from above by the regenerating influence of the Holy Spirit? If not, 'you are still in your sins—in the gall of bitterness, and in the bond of iniquity.' Sinner, awake; eternity is at hand! Your present situation is dangerous and awful beyond description. The day of grace will be quickly followed by the night of the grave—'the house appointed for all living.' 'Work, then, while it is day; for the night cometh, in which no man can work.'

> 'Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
> 'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
> Secure, insensible;
> A point of time—a moment's space,
> Removes me to that heavenly place,
> Or shuts me up in hell.

O God, mine inmost soul convert!
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.'*

There may probably be some that will read these remarks, who are just beginning to indulge the anxiety which prompts them to ask, 'What must I do to be saved?' To such—and I pray that the number may be increased—I will address a few words of direction and encouragement.

And first, your present situation is one of great interest and importance. A new life is beginning to be developed in your heart. You have asked yourself the questions, 'Whence am I?' and 'Whither am I hastening?' You have felt the intolerable burden of sin, and the awful condition in which you have been placed by moral transgression. Alarm has filled your mind, and sorrow has taken possession of your heart. In this dejected and miserable state you have been directed to the Saviour for peace and deliverance. You have gone to him in penitence and tears; with a faith, perhaps, not unmingled with distressing doubts. In a word, you have been seeking salvation, and have felt as you ought to feel—anxious in so solemn a work. My advice to you is, cherish this feeling: let it gain strength every day, until it has accomplished in your soul the great work for which it was sent. Look upon this state of mind, I beseech you, as a heavenly visitation. Regard it as the appropriate work of the Holy Spirit of God, and seek and pray that it may be carried on to a happy and glorious termination. Anxious inquirer, trifle not with your present feelings. If you do, it will be at the peril of your soul. The great lesson which you have now to learn is to cherish and deepen your religious impressions. You have reached a momentous crisis; you may be saved, or you may be lost. Every thing depends on the turn which is now given to the work already begun in your heart. Oh, then, banish a spirit of indifference as your greatest enemy. Suppress all risings of doubt and suspicion as to your acceptance with God. Believe—firmly believe, that in your case salvation is possible, and resolve in God's strength to obtain it. But that you may understand the precarious ground on which you now stand, you must know also that a relapse is possible. Without the greatest diligence, you may—you will go back. Thousands are probably now mourning, in a state of perdition, over lost impressions. May not this prove your case? And be assured that it will, unless you take the necessary means to prevent it. One of the chief of those means, for a beginner, is to cherish a religious anxiety.

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* These impressive lines were composed by the Rev. Charles Wesley, whilst standing on the furthermost point of the rock that forms the Land's End, in Cornwall.

To further the work of grace thus auspiciously commenced, the diligent study of the Scriptures is absolutely necessary. Knowledge is to the mind what food is to the body—its sustenance and support. Without knowledge the soul cannot grow into a healthy state meet for heaven. Study, then, the sacred Scriptures, the grand depositories of Christian truth. Begin and continue this exercise in the spirit of humility and devotion. Read, in order to acquire the knowledge which shall direct and comfort you. The Scriptures alone, when aided by the blessed influences of God's Spirit, are able to make men wise unto salvation. They contain the revealed will of our Father in heaven; they give us correct views of his character and government, relate the wonders of his grace, and state, in language which all can understand, the conditions upon which he has promised to grant pardon to the sinner. The grand—the all-comprehending doctrine of the Scriptures, is salvation;—that is, deliverance from sin and from all its dreadful consequences, both in time and in eternity. Salvation by grace is the distinguishing doctrine of the New Testament. Man could not merit, even were his obedience perfect, the blessings promised in the Gospel. Much less can the repentance and faith of a sinner, be they ever so sincere, entitle him, from mere considerations of merit, to the infinite blessings comprehended in salvation. Oh, no.—Eternal life is the gift of God, through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. 'For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God; not of works, lest any man should boast.'

Trembling and awakened sinner, inquire with the most solemn anxiety for the way in which God is willing to save you, and rest contented with God's way. Beware of self-pride, that besetting sin of our frail nature; it will lead you astray from the simplicity of the truth, and prevent you from going in true humility and repentance to the cross of the Redeemer. Accustom yourself to think of God under an abiding sense of your absolute dependance. Acquire a knowledge of your heart. Be more anxious to discover your sins, especially those of a secret nature, than to talk of your virtue and good dispositions. In fine, strive to feel more and more your need of a Saviour, and the perfect adaptation of the Gospel to all the wants of your soul. You will thus acquire clear and scriptural views of the mediatorial office and work of Christ. Such knowledge is essential to future progress. And when you see at what pains—if I may so speak—the Deity has been, in order to reclaim the guilty, and to bring them again into his favour, you will gain additional motives to love and obey him. The plan of our redemption required for its efficacy the sacrifice of the Son of God. This was not, indeed, to make God merciful, or to render him willing to bestow pardon; but simply to show, first, his abhorrence of sin, and secondly, to open a way in which he might, consistently with all his attributes, 'be just, and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus.' For 'he hath made him to be sin (a sin offering) for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him.'

Conviction and repentance must always be accompanied with a sincere and earnest faith. This state of mind is essential. Without it no advance can be made in the Christian life. It matters not how gracious may be the offers of salvation, if we do not credit the testimony by which they are confirmed. I am not, however, recommending here the merely cold and formal assent of the understanding to the general truth of Christianity. By faith, in its scriptural sense, is meant that divine principle of the mind which takes within the range of its operation all the higher and better affections of our nature, and which, in the season of trouble and distress, says to our hearts, 'Trust in God.' Do you again ask, 'What must I do to be saved?' The answer is, 'Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' Many, we fear, never go further than conviction, combined, perhaps, with some feeling of contrition. This, however sincere, is not enough. All the agonies of mind you ever felt, all the tears you ever shed, and all the prayers you ever uttered, will in no way help forward your salvation, without an earnest, lively, practical faith. The proclamation of divine mercy runs thus: 'Repent of, and forsake your sins; believe in Christ as the Saviour of sinners, and trust in God for salvation.' In the plan of our redemption, faith forms an essential part. 'He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life, and hath the witness in himself.' Our Lord, when he commissioned the apostles to promulgate his religion, said, 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature; he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be condemned.'

Another necessary means of advancement in religion is prayer. Inquirer after salvation, have you a place for private meditation and prayer? Do you sometimes withdraw from the observation not only of the world, but also of your most intimate friends, to hold secret converse with your Father in heaven? If you are really in earnest for the welfare of your soul, this is, without doubt, your habitual practice. The injunction of the Saviour, 'When thou prayest enter into thy closet,' was unquestionably given with a view to cherish the growth of an inward spiritual religion, and the prayer of faith constitutes the very essence of such a religion. It is a certain means of purifying the heart from the dross of sin, and of bringing down upon the humble supplicant the refreshing dews of heaven. It constitutes one principal condition on which God has promised to assist his weak and offending creatures, and to grant even pardon to the sinner. Prayer also tends to fortify the mind against the power of temptation, and to give man the victory over his appetites and passions. This solemn duty once neglected—this sacred privilege left unimproved—will be sure to let into our hearts the enemy of souls, to complete the awful work of our eternal ruin. Be found, then, much in private communion with God. Meditate on his goodness when you lie down, and praise him for his mercies when you arise. Thus, 'pray without ceasing,' and 'in all your ways acknowledge him, and he will direct your paths.'

The public means of grace ought specially to be valued and sought after. By the preaching of the gospel the work of salvation is often begun and carried forward to a happy termination. But here a caution or two may be necessary to beginners, and perhaps to others more advanced in the Christian course. Never make a practice of attending a place of religious worship from motives of curiosity. Recollect the only object that you should have in view is to worship God in spirit and in truth, and to seek with all earnestness the peace and improvement of your soul. Take heed also how you hear. One reason why the public services of God are so dull and unprofitable is, that no previous preparations have been made to render them otherwise. Would any sensible man enter into the presence of his sovereign, without previously considering the manner in which he should conduct himself? And yet multitudes, sabbath after sabbath, rush thoughtlessly into the awful presence of the King of Kings! Prepare your mind then by private meditation and prayer, for the interesting and profitable exercises of God's sanctuary;

> 'Nor mock him with a solemn sound,
> Upon a thoughtless tongue.'

Be careful, too, as to the state of mind in which you hear the preaching of the word. I would by no means recommend an indiscriminate reception of every thing that may be uttered from the pulpit. This would be absurd, if not absolutely pernicious. The judgment should be constantly exercised, and great care taken, that you drink only of the 'pure milk of the word.' And whilst you 'prove all things,' be solicitous 'to hold fast that which is good.' But be equally careful that you fall not into the other extreme; that of hearing with a captious and critical ear. This practice, though it may sharpen your wits and render you a clever disputant, will never humble your mind or improve your heart. Beside, such a habit will render you unsocial in the daily intercourse of life, and deprive you of many of the kind feelings and sympathies of your fellow-men. I would lay it down as a general truth, that he who hears critically the preaching of the word, hears unprofitably.

Be careful also as to your studies and religious reading. Avoid the thorny path of theological controversy. To one who is just beginning to seek in earnest the salvation of his soul, such disputations will do infinitely more harm than good. To the really serious enquirer, all the essentials of the gospel and the way of life are sufficiently plain. And I believe from my heart, and rejoice in the conviction, that the fundamental principles of the Christian faith, as they affect the salvation of men, are to be found in common in all religious communions. Learn then to cultivate in your breast the spirit of Him who said to his followers: 'By this shall all men know that you are my disciples, if ye have love one to another.'

Lastly: in the employment of the means of grace with which we are mercifully favoured, seek to possess an abiding sense of your entire dependence upon God, and the necessity of divine aid. Without his aid our strength is but weakness and our wisdom is folly. We ought ever to cherish the feeling of absolute dependence upon God, for life and breath and all things. Many, alas! fatally err in relying on their own sufficiency; when, in reality, all our sufficiency must be from God. Without his spirit and blessing, nothing is wise—nothing strong. And whilst we are exhorted 'to work out our own salvation with fear and trembling,' may we never forget this vital truth—'that it is God who worketh in us both to will and to do of his good pleasure.'

Anxious enquirer after salvation, continue to cherish your solicitude. Persevere in the way in which you have already entered; and may the grace of God go with you as your firm support. Amidst all the vicissitudes of human life, and whilst passing through the dark valley of the shadow of death, remember that to

'Patient faith, the prize is sure,
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.'

[In pursuit of that usefulness which is the first object of our desires, we have resolved on occasionally presenting our readers with a discourse of such a character as may be suitable either for individual improvement, or family reading, or for delivery in small Congregations where there is no regular Minister. The one we now publish, we have had printed in a separate form, for distribution as a tract—price 3d., which may be had at the Publisher's and the Printer's.]

A CHAPTER FOR CHILDREN.

'THE BLIND RECEIVE THEIR SIGHT.'

'Mamma,' said Fanny Mowbray one day, as she and her sister Lucy were sitting at work with their mother, 'what was that story which papa was reading to you at breakfast this morning, about a poor blind girl? It sounded very curious and interesting.

Mamma.—It was, indeed, my love, both interesting and curious. It was an account in the newspaper of a little girl at Liverpool who had been born blind, but had lately been operated on by a surgeon there, and in consequence had gained the blessing of sight.

Fanny.—Operated upon, mamma, I do not understand what that means.

Mamma.—I will try to explain it to you. This little girl's blindness was owing to a particular part of the eye, which is called the crystalline lens, and which is in general transparent, being opaque.

Lucy.—Oh, mamma, what a set of hard words! Fanny may understand them, perhaps; but I am sure I don't.

Mamma.—A little patience, my little girl. In the first place, do not you know what transparent means?

Lucy.—Yes, mamma, what you can see through. Glass is transparent.

Fanny.—And I suppose, then, opaque must mean the contrary to transparent, though I do not think I ever heard the word before;—what you cannot see through. Am I right, mamma?

Mamma.—Quite right, love. Now then you can easily understand, that if that part of your eye which is transparent, and through which you look at things, were to become opaque, you would not be able to see. Just as, if instead of the glass in the window there was only a shutter, you could not see the garden, or the trees; because the wood, of which the shutter is made, is opaque and not transparent. Now in some people the crystalline lens in the eye becomes opaque by degrees, perhaps not causing blindness for some years. But in the case of this little girl, she had been born with this defect, and of course she had never seen at all, till the operation which is called *couching* was performed; first on one eye, and then some time afterwards on the other.

Lucy.—Another hard word, mamma! What is couching?

Mamma.—Couching consists in pushing the opaque crystalline lens carefully downwards out of the way, so as to leave an opening for the light to enter; just as we remove the window-shutter to let in the light. Sometimes, I believe, the crystalline lens is taken out altogether;—but whether taken out, or pushed down, the effect is the same—light is let into the eye.

Fanny.—Why is the part of the eye which is pushed down or taken away, called the crystalline lens?

Mamma.—Both from its transparency, in which it resembles crystal, which is, you know, a clear transparent pebble, like glass; and also from its form, in which it resembles a particular shaped piece of glass, which is called a lens. There are lenses of many different shapes; but that one which the crystalline lens resembles, is called a double convex lens, because both sides of it are convex. Do you know what convex means?

Fanny.—Yes, mamma: if I peel an orange so as to leave one half of the peel whole, the outside of it is convex, and the inside concave.

Lucy.—Well, that sounds very grand, indeed! The outside of the orange peel concave, and the inside convex! I shall remember this, that I may astonish my cousins with my learning when I next see them.

Mamma.—If you remember it no better than that, they will be more amused at your ignorance, Lucy, than astonished at your learning. However, of the two, I would rather that you should betray your ignorance than display your trifling knowledge.

Lucy.—Oh, mamma, you know I was only joking. But how was I wrong? I thought I had repeated exactly what Fanny said.

Mamma.—That is just your usual fault, Lucy—repeating, instead of understanding. If you had attended to what Fanny said, you would have understood that it is the outside of the orange peel which is convex, and the inside concave. You may easily remember the difference by thinking of a cave or cavern, which is hollow, and so is the inside of an orange.

Fanny.—But, mamma, I wanted to hear about the little girl, and we seem to have quite forgotten her, in all this explanation about the cause of her blindness. How delighted she must have been when she first saw! How beautiful every thing must have appeared to her!—and how much pleasanter she must have thought it to look at things, than only to feel at them! How much easier to walk about in the light, than to be groping and feeling her way like a person in the dark! Do you know, mamma, I think it would be almost worth while to have been blind for the first years of her life, in order to have enjoyed the very great delight of seeing for the first time.

Lucy.—I know what I should have done the first thing; I should have run to the looking-glass to look at myself, that I might know what sort of a face I had.

Fanny.—No, I should have wished still more to see papa, and mamma, and you, Lucy: I should have run up to you and given you a kiss.

Mamma.—And in so doing, you would most likely have run against every chair or table which might chance to be in the way; and if you did at last get safely to Lucy, you would be just as likely to kiss her nose or her ear as her mouth.

Lucy.—Oh, mamma, how could that be, when she would see, you know?

Mamma.—Because, though she would see, she would never have been accustomed to use her sight, but would have always supplied its place by her other senses of hearing and feeling. She would at first have no idea of size or distance. If you were standing close to her, and I at some distance, she would think we were both the same size; nor would she find out, without feeling, that one of us was much nearer to her than the other. You must remember, that never having used her eyes, but always having distinguished things by feeling at them, she could not for some time judge of things without the help of her hands. For instance, suppose you, Lucy, had been born blind, and had, by such an operation as I described to you, gained your eyesight, and that your papa and I both stood before you, at the other side of the room, and did not speak, should you know which was your papa?

Lucy.—Oh, mamma, how can you ask such a question? To be sure I should.

Mamma.—Well, how should you know?

Lucy.—Oh, mamma, why you are so very different, you know; your dress is so different; and then papa is much taller than you are; and you wear a cap, and he does not.

Mamma.—And if you had never seen a cap, how should you know, when looking at one for the first time, that it was not a part of the head, and fast to it like hair? And though you might perceive a difference in our dress, how should you know which dress was your papa's, and which mine? I will tell you what I believe you would do; you would directly put out your hands to feel at us, and at first be surprised that you could not reach us; for you would have no idea, from your sight alone, that we were out of your reach. Then if you came nearer, so that you could touch us, you would begin to feel at our faces and our dress, and would in that way find out which was papa.

Fanny.—Mamma, this seems very surprising to me as well as to Lucy. I should like very much to know if this little girl made many such mistakes at first.

Mamma.—There is a short account in the newspaper of some of her mistakes and difficulties. The first thing that she happened to see, after gaining her sight, was a halfpenny, and for a long time she called every thing round a halfpenny. While she was blind, she had been accustomed to find her way quite easily in all the streets in the neighbourhood of her home; but after she could see, she was often extremely puzzled amongst them; and whenever this happened, she used to shut her eyes and *feel* her way, and then she had no longer any difficulty.

Fanny.—How very curious! Yet when one thinks about it, it seems very natural.

Lucy.—Natural, Fanny? Why to me it seems the most unnatural thing in the world to shut one's eyes in order to find one's way!

Fanny.—Yes, to *you*, no doubt it would be so; but remember you have seen all your life. Can you tell us any more about this little girl, mamma?

Mamma.—I am sorry that I do not remember any thing more about her: but if you are interested in the subject, I can give you an account of a boy who had likewise been blind from his birth, and on whom this same operation of couching was performed by Mr. Cheselden many years ago.

Both girls.—Oh do, mamma.

Mamma.—This boy was between thirteen and fourteen at the time he was couched. When he first began to use his sight, he had no idea at all of distances; and having been accustomed to touch every thing that he felt, he thought that every object which he saw touched his eyes. He could not, by merely looking, distinguish difference of form. If you placed before him a square thing and a round one, he could not, without feeling, tell which was the round one. When he was told what things were, he used to observe them very attentively in order to remember them: but when you think of the very great number of things constantly before his eyes, you will not wonder that he was often much puzzled to remember them. There is one amusing instance of this mentioned. He had frequently been told which was the dog and which the cat; but had so often forgotten, that he was ashamed to ask again; so one day he caught up the cat, which he knew by feeling, and looking at her for a long time very attentively, he set her down again, saying, 'There, puss, now I shall know you another time.'

Lucy.—I think the cat would know him too. How she must have been surprised to be so stared at. Well, mamma, do go on.

Mamma.—One thing which surprised him very much, was, that all those things which he liked best were not always most pleasing to his sight. He had expected that every person whom he loved would be beautiful; and that every thing which was good to eat, would also be pretty to look at. He had great difficulty to obtain a knowledge of the size of things; every thing seemed to him very large. The room he was in appeared to him so large, that though he knew it was only a part of the house, he could not imagine the house itself to be any larger. —Before he was couched, he had so little idea what sight was, that he had not expected any particular pleasure or advantage from it beyond that of being able to read and write. He had already so much pleasure in walking about in the garden, breathing the fresh air, smelling the fragrance of the flowers, and listening to the singing of the birds, that he had no idea this pleasure could be increased.

Fanny.—There, however, mamma, he must have found himself mistaken. He could not possibly help being delighted, when he saw, as well as heard and felt, all these things.

Mamma.—Yes, I believe he acknowledged the pleasure to be far greater than he had ever thought possible; every new object was a new delight to him; and his gratitude to Mr. Cheselden for being the means of his gaining this pleasure was so great, that he could not for many months see him without shedding tears of joy.

Lucy.—I do not wonder at that, I am sure. What a beautiful world he must have thought this to be! And the first time he saw the sun set, and then the moon rise, oh how delighted and astonished he must have been! How I should like so see them now for the first time!

Mamma.—I am afraid you are like many other people, Lucy, too much accustomed to consider things as more curious, or more wonderful, because they are new or not very common.

Lucy.—Why to be sure, mamma; how can we help being more struck with a thing when it does not come every day as a matter of course?

Mamma.—At first sight it may seem so. But what do you mean by 'things coming as a matter of course?'

Lucy.—Oh, mamma, you know what I mean—when they come every day—naturally. The sun rises as a matter of course every morning; and the moon and stars appear every night as a matter of course.

Mamma.—Do you mean that they come by their own power or will?

Lucy.—Oh no; I know that it is God who causes the sun to rise and set, and the moon to shine by night. But still, when a thing happens so constantly, one thinks less about it.

Mamma.—I fear this is indeed the case, Lucy; and yet surely, if you consider a little, it will appear a much more wonderful thing that the sun should for thousands of years constantly rise every day and set every night, without any mistake or change, than it would have been if it had risen only once, or occasionally. Our surprise might perhaps in that case have been greater; but our gratitude and admiration at the goodness and power which are shown in its *daily* appearance, must surely be much stronger than if we saw it perhaps only once or twice in our lives. Just consider what confusion and distress would be occasioned, if, for only a single day, the sun should not make its appearance, and the whole earth should be left in darkness?

Fanny.—We should be like so many blind people, but without having had *their* experience to teach us how to feel our way, or how to distinguish things by the touch.

Lucy.—And, oh, how anxiously should we watch to see if it would appear again the next morning; and with what delight should we see its first faint light in the east!

Mamma.—Yet does it not seem a little ungrateful that the very constancy of this blessing should make us unmindful of it? And that because we are enlightened every day by the sun, we should be less thankful than if we received its light once a week, or once a month? Oh, my dear children, never let the regularity and constancy of God's gifts lead you to consider them as 'matters of course.'

Fanny.—Indeed, mamma, I had not thought much about this before; but now I hope I shall never see the sun shine again, without feeling grateful to God for continuing this blessing to us.

Mamma.—Not only this constant rising and setting of the sun, Fanny, but every thing around us is one continued miracle. This is forcibly and beautifully expressed by Cowper:—

'What prodigies can Power Divine perform,
More grand than it produces year by year,
And all in sight of inattentive man!
Familiar with the effect, we slight the cause,
And in the *constancy* of nature's course,
See nought to wonder at. Should God again,
As once in Gibeon, interrupt the race
Of the undeviating and punctual sun,
How would the world admire! But speaks it less
An agency divine, to make him know
His moment when to sink and when to rise,
Age after age, than to arrest his course?
All we behold is miracle: but seen
So duly, all is miracle in vain.'

Lucy.—Oh, mamma, they are beautiful lines. I will learn them off and repeat them to papa when he comes home. But there is one expression I do not quite understand. 'How would the world *admire*,' sounds as if we should be rather pleased at the sun's standing still. Now we might be astonished, but we should be more frightened than pleased, I think.

Mamma.—I am not surprised at your feeling rather puzzled at this use of the word *admire*, as it certainly is generally understood in the sense you mention; but it is also used to signify astonishment or wonder at a thing: though perhaps in general more by old writers, than modern ones. If you will learn these lines, Lucy, I will give Fanny some which express much the same feeling, though they are in prose, and perhaps you may think in rather an old fashioned style. They are taken from Bishop Hall.

'If the sun should arise but once to the earth, I doubt every man would be a Persian, and fall down and worship it; whereas now, it riseth and declineth without any regard. Extraordinary events each man can wonder at. The frequency of God's best works causeth neglect. I will learn to note God's power and wisdom, and to give Him praise of both, in his *ordinary* works: so those things which are but trivial, shall be wonders to me.'

Fanny.—I think I like this even better than the poetry; I like it all the better for its being old fashioned; it makes me remember it more easily. But there is one word here, mamma, which puzzles me, as the word *admire* did Lucy in the poetry.

Mamma.—I think I can guess which word you mean: is not it '*doubt*'?

Fanny.—Yes, mamma: to doubt means to hesitate, does not it?

Mamma.—Yes; but it is also often used, and especially by old writers, in the sense of to suspect, or to fear: and this seems to be the meaning in this place.

Lucy.—But, mamma, what is meant by saying that 'every man would turn Persian,' and worship the sun?

Mamma.—The Persians formerly worshipped the sun as their principal deity. No doubt they had been struck by the splendour and usefulness of this beautiful globe, and with a more excusable ignorance than that of many idolatrous nations, believed that to be itself a God, which to us is only a proof of the power and goodness of God. But now to return to our blind little girl, or to the blind boy. Does any thing I have told you about them remind you of a passage in the New Testament, and make it clearer to you?

Lucy.—I know what you mean, mamma: Elymas the sorcerer was struck blind, you know. There is a print of him in our large book of Bible prints, in which he is stretching out his hands to feel his way, because he cannot see.

Mamma.—Well, Lucy, and how does what I have told you make you understand this better? I suppose you knew before that when a person was blind they could not see?

Lucy.—Oh, yes, mamma, to be sure, I knew that: but this picture was the first thing that came into my head, and so I thought you must mean that.

Mamma.—Again, Lucy, your old fault: talking without thinking. Can you tell, Fanny, to what I refer?

Fanny.—Why, mamma, there is a long account in St. John's Gospel, you know, of a man who was blind from his birth being restored to sight by our Saviour. But there is not anything mentioned about how he felt, or whether he had any difficulties on first seeing. And yet, I suppose, he must have had some.

But stop a moment—I think I recollect something else. Oh yes, mamma, now I am pretty sure I know what you mean. I do not remember exactly where it is mentioned, but I do remember that in one instance, when our Saviour had caused a blind man to see, he asked him what he saw, and he answered 'I see men as trees walking.' I have often wondered, in reading this, what it meant. But now I understand that at first this blind man would be puzzled as to the size and distance of the things he saw, just as the boy was. I suppose, however, he must have been always blind?

Mamma.—That is not mentioned; but it most likely was the case: or if he had become blind while quite a child, the effect on first recovering his sight would be the same. The account of this miracle is in Mark's Gospel, chap. viii. 22—26. And this simple remark of the blind man's seems to me a strong proof of the truth of the miracle. If any one had *made* the story, they would never have thought of putting in a circumstance which no one would previously have supposed likely to be the effect of the sight being restored. If a person had been inventing the story, he would have been much more apt to dwell on the delight of the man on being able to see, and on the perfection of his sight after he had gained it. But we now know that this very circumstance of the men appearing like trees walking, was the most natural thing in the world to happen to the man, before he had learned, by the use of his sight, to distinguish the distance and size of objects. Thus it always is, that the more knowledge we acquire, and the more experience we gain, the better are we able to judge of the value and truth of all our Saviour's words and actions.

Fanny.—There is one thing which yet puzzles me, mamma, about the operation of couching. If the crystalline lens forms a part of all eyes, it must be of some use; and in that case, how do people do without it, when it has been either pushed down or taken out altogether?

Mamma.—You are quite right, my love, in supposing that the crystalline lens is of use: one of the great beauties of God's works is, that they are all made with the design of being useful; nothing is created without some intention, and that intention is always a kind one, always, in some way or other, promoting the comfort or happiness of the creature. The crystalline lens is of so much use to the eye, that it has been found necessary to supply its loss by the very thing from which I told you it took its name—a lens of glass, made in that form which I also told you was called double convex. These glasses, set as spectacles, supply the place of the natural crystalline lens in the eye.

Lucy.—Oh, then, every body that wears spectacles has, I suppose, been couched, and lost the crystalline lens.

Mamma.—Again I must say a little more thought, my little girl: you must not suppose any such thing, for you would be much mistaken. People wear different sorts of spectacles to assist their sight in various ways, without having been always blind, and couched for this blindness. You would hardly understand, perhaps, all the reasons why different sorts of glasses assist different people's eyesight. But I may just tell you generally, that some persons are what is called short-sighted; that is, they cannot see an object unless it is placed very near their eyes; others are, on the contrary, long-sighted: and as both these defects are very inconvenient, spectacles have been invented, the glasses of which are so formed as to remedy them in some degree, if not entirely.

Fanny.—What a curious thing an eye is, mamma! How beautiful to look at, and how very useful! The father might well tell his children in that amusing paper in 'Contributions of Q. Q.' what a curious and valuable instrument he had brought with him from London!

Mamma.—He might indeed; there are many other very curious facts about the eye, which I might mention to you; particularly as to the difference in its form and structure in different animals, in order to make it more suitable to their various modes of life; but I think you will both have heard quite as much as you can remember now. Perhaps I may tell you something more on this subject another day. Meantime, I will relate to you a story which I met with lately, and which has something to do with the operation of couching. In order to understand it, you must take notice that the blindness which is caused by the crystalline lens becoming opaque, is called a cataract.

Lucy.—A cataract! I shall think of a waterfall, and then I shall remember the word. Well, mamma, now for the story. I hope it begins, 'once upon a time,' like all the old fairy tales. I do so like that beginning: it puts me in mind of the time when I used to get out the green-backed book, full of all the wonders of Cinderella, Tom Thumb, or Jack Hickathrift, seat myself in my snug little corner behind the sofa, and think of nothing but fairies, and giants, and wishing caps, and all such charming things.

Mamma.—Well, though mine is a true story, and has nothing to do with either giants or fairies, it shall begin in your favourite manner.

Once upon a time, then, there lived in one of the valleys of Switzerland, an old farmer, called Philip Stroer. He had been an industrious hard-working man, and had a large family of children, who all rewarded his care of their education, by growing up good and virtuous, and by their warm and respectful affection for him. His eldest son, Charles, especially, was the support and comfort of his father as he grew old and infirm. But within the last few years a great misfortune had been coming on the old man by degrees. A cataract had been gradually forming in his eyes: his sight became more and more dim, till at last he could hardly see at all. Philip Stroer, though a good man, was not a very enlightened one; he fancied that because God allowed him to lose his eyesight, it would not be right in him to take any means to recover it; forgetting that in almost all cases, whether for the nourishment, clothing, or comfort of our bodies, God gives us the means of supplying our wants, but leaves it to us to make use of them. Philip might almost as well have left his fields unploughed and his corn unsown, because he might say that if God wished us to have food, he would give it us.

As the disease made its gradual advances, Charles beheld with the greatest grief the state to which his father would soon be reduced. In vain he urged him, in the most affectionate terms, to seek the assistance of some skilful surgeon, or oculist—as those persons are called who make the eye the great object of their study and practice. Old Philip was on this point quite immoveable: he said, 'his frail body was in the hands of God, and He might do what he chose with it.' Meanwhile he became more and more helpless. He had for some time not been able to do any thing more than walk about his fields; and now he could not even do that without some one to guide him. Just at this moment, to the utter astonishment of every one, Charles disappeared from the farm! All wondered that such an excellent and affectionate son should have left his aged father, at the time of all others when his presence seemed most necessary to him: and poor old Philip himself was at first nearly overcome by his grief. But at the end of a week, he received a letter from Charles, dated Munich, in which he told his father, how distressed he had been at leaving him, but that it was absolutely necessary; and that he must beg his pardon, forbearance, and patience for some months; promising at the end of this time to explain the reasons of his absence. The blind old man felt deeply the loss of his son: and much as he trusted to his good principles and his strong sense of religion, he could hardly help fearing sometimes that the young man had got into some scrape or other.

Month after month passed on, and still the lost son did not return. At last a whole year had gone by, and the poor old man began to despair of again seeing his beloved Charles, when, one fine autumn morning, as the poor blind man was sitting in his arm-chair at the door, he heard an exclamation of joy from his daughter, who was at her work near him; then he heard Charles's voice, and the next moment his son was at his feet, asking his pardon for his absence, and his blessing on his return. And now the mystery of his long absence was explained. Finding his father would not be persuaded to put himself under the care of any oculist, he had resolved to learn how to perform the operation of couching himself, hoping that this might induce the old man to consent to try the effect of it on his eyes. He had accordingly gone to an eminent oculist at Munich, had told him his story, and had begun directly, under his directions, to learn and practise all that was necessary for his purpose.

He passed whole days in the hospital at Munich, and was often obliged to deny himself almost all food, in order that he might appear in a decent dress, so as to be able to attend the lectures given there. At length he obtained a paper, signed by the oculist, and stating that he was quite capable of performing the operation of couching, and with this he returned home.

Overcome by this proof of his son's devoted affection, the old man no longer refused to submit to the operation. You may suppose how great was Charles's anxiety while he was performing it! He was, however, quite successful: the old man was restored to sight, and again looked upon that son who had now become dearer to him than ever; and what Charles's feelings were, when he beheld his father restored to sight, and heard him bless God for having given him such a son, I need not tell you: you can easily imagine his happiness, and his pious gratitude, and the satisfaction with which he looked back on the year he had spent at Munich. D. K.

WARDLAW'S CHRISTIAN ETHICS.*

THIS work, which has reached a second edition, is the first-fruits of an annual lecture recently instituted at the Congregational Library in London, for 'the promotion of ecclesiastical, theological and biblical literature in that religious connection, with whose friends and supporters it originated.' The lecture aims at 'the character of academic prelections, rather than of popular addresses,' and is intended to afford a scope for the talents of men, who, though not in high repute as preachers, from their intellectual competency and moral worth might be both qualified and disposed to discuss subjects of interesting importance, not included within the ordinary range of pulpit instruction. Its promoters express a hope that, with due encouragement, their lecture may rival the celebrated foundations of Boyle and Waterland and Bampton, in the National Church.

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* 'Christian Ethics, or Moral Philosophy on the Principles of Divine Revelation. By Ralph Wardlaw, D.D.' London, Jackson and Walford.

So far the object is good, and no lover of enlightened investigation could but wish success to it. For our own parts, we opened, with much eagerness, the volume that was to give us a sample of the style and matter of this lecture; nor did the name of its author abate our interest, for we were sure that a publication of Dr. Wardlaw's would faithfully reflect in its pages the state of learning among the Congregationalists; and, further, we felt that his co-operation was a pledge that the best energies of the denomination to which he adhered would be put forth, so that an inquiring observer might form an accurate estimate of their present situation, and their probable future attainments.

Dr. Wardlaw's literary reputation was already sufficiently high, and the present publication does not derogate from it. But we must say that we have been grievously disappointed; we cannot claim him as an auxiliary in the noble task of enlarging the province of human investigation and knowledge; in fact, all his ability and learning are employed in establishing principles that forbid active mental exercise as an unpardonable sin.

The work, so far from being a system of 'Moral Philosophy upon the Principles of Divine Revelation,' ought rather to be designated 'Moral Philosophy superseded by Orthodox Doctrines,' meaning by the latter term, not the doctrines which a man derives from the Bible, but those which certain infallible teachers propound as vital to salvation. We would be the last persons in the world to deny that all our conclusions and inferences, with whatever strength of conviction they present themselves, should yield, without the hesitation of a moment, to the expressly declared word of God. He knows what things are, better than we can do ourselves, and to attempt to set up our own notions in opposition, would be an act of downright contradiction; nay, the imputing to him of falsehood. In conceding, however, thus much to Dr. Wardlaw, we would reserve the right of determining for ourselves what is God's revealed declaration; we would not make Scripture its own sole interpreter, but would bring to its elucidation common sense, and a survey of our own nature, and of the works of God in creation, which is the elder Scripture. Dr. Wardlaw and his friends judge of the truth of the evidences in favour of Christianity by their reason: by their reason they determine what are its peculiar doctrines; by their reason, in fact, they learn that Scripture and this distinguishing faculty of our nature have nothing in common, and then, by a parricidal act, they suppress their reason, as a thing not to be used; they discard it as an engine that will inevitably, by its recoil, destroy those that have recourse to it. To say nothing of the fallacy contained in this method of arriving at his conclusions, it is extremely arbitrary and arrogant in Dr. Wardlaw, and those who are of the same household of faith, to prescribe what shall be the issue of our inquiries —to say that they alone see the precise bearing and the just limits of a principle upon which others act in common with them.

The principle with which the author commences, is that moral philosophy ought never to be studied apart from Christianity. And certainly, when we bear in mind that the design of revelation is a moral one—that the depraved state of mankind, and the hopelessness of any reforming process, mainly required its communication, it does seem somewhat of a solecism to frame, for Christian men at least, a system of morals upon a basis of which the teachings of the Gospel do not constitute the main part. Even if we keep revelation out of view, and profess to build entirely upon principles founded in our nature, we must be indebted to this source for many of our moral axioms. Before the advent of Jesus Christ, they were not developed, even to the wisest and best of inquirers; and though they were not created by revelation, but had an existence from the commencement of time in the nature of things, still, if they were then first discovered and authoritatively announced, it is a very foolish piece of affectation, if not an act of gross ingratitude to the Source of all Light, to avoid mention of the communication he has made to his creatures, in framing a rule of conduct. And then, again, men are necessarily so much influenced in their actions by the force of the motives that are set before them, and by the prospects opened out to their view, that we may consider the character of virtue as changed along with the varying circumstances of the individual—not absolutely, because its principles are immutable as the throne of God himself—but relatively. A Pagan has not the same views and hopes as a Christian believer; his scope of action is consequently restricted; the other world does not exist to him, or not with the same certainty, as to his better instructed companion, so that more may be justly demanded at the hands of the latter than of the other; and in laying down a rule of life and assigning a reach of moral progress for the one, motives must be applied and examples proposed which to the other would have no efficacy. What would be very estimable in an uninstructed heathen, would be very inadequate in a Christian; the standard of virtue in both cases would not be the same: so that, upon the whole, we are inclined to the opinion that no universal and absolute definition or rule of virtue can be established.

On this point we, therefore, concur with the author of 'Christian Ethics.' Many of those who have written upon the subject of morals, have, in our judgment, made a profitless expenditure of time and thought in determining what is virtue, and in endeavouring to frame their definition so that it shall take in men in all states and under all circumstances. Revelation does not render unnecessary the study of morals; but, on the contrary, guides and advances it. The New Testament chiefly furnishes practical examples and specific rules, from which we derive broad and universal principles of action. Moral philosophy, on the other hand, may be designated the science of virtue; but it must look to revelation for many of its axiomatic principles, so that they ought to be studied conjointly. The systems of Pagan sages, Cicero, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, are rather valuable as repositories of the unassisted discoveries of reason, than as a fund of absolute and immutable principles, from which men of all succeeding ages may draw.

So far we give our suffrage; but when our author alleges that the literal interpretation of Scripture must be taken as an infallible guide in matters of philosophy—nay, must put aside all philosophising whatever—and that his own dogmas must be taken as Scriptural truths—for that is one of his axioms; and he repeatedly declares that he will not hold argument with those who cannot find in the Gospels the doctrines of the fall, and redemption by the atoning blood of Jesus—we are constrained to demur. Believing, as we do, that sound philosophy and the Divine Word can never teach opposite lessons, we rejoice to think that the two may be made mutually explanatory. Dr. Wardlaw himself, in one passage, (p. 29) says, 'I would lay it down with all the certainty of an axiomatic principle, that divine revelation and true philosophy can never be really at variance: that is only false philosophy that fears revelation, or that revelation needs to fear;' and yet, in the preceding pages, he argues on the assumption that this contrariety may exist, and instances the prevailing disputes respecting the origin of mankind from a single pair, together with the geological discussions now prevalent, which he would decide, 'not upon principles of philosophical examination,' but by the statements in the Mosaic books.

We come now to the grand peculiarity of his system. The fall, and the consequent depravity of the human race, are the distinguishing doctrines of his theological creed, and, in his judgment, ought mainly to direct us in framing a system of ethics.

As man is depraved—depraved both in nature and moral perception—he contends that two sources of error are occasioned; the object from the examination of which we derive our principles is depraved, and is consequently an erroneous standard; and, again, the moral judgment of the creature who is to institute this examination is vitiated, and his deductions cannot be attended with honesty or integrity. Upon this 'radical error' in moral systems he dwells at much length, for he occupies a space of 125 pages, out of a volume containing 368, exclusive of the notes and illustrations. After noticing several of the ethical systems, both ancient and modern, and endeavouring to evince their fallacy by reason of this omission, he enters upon a detailed examination of the theory of Bishop Butler; he finds a striking resemblance between it and the stoicism of Zeno, and resolves both of them into living according to nature.

Now as, in accordance with his positions, nature is depraved and conscience perverted, the rule proposed is nugatory. Until nature is renewed and conscience purified, they cannot furnish any guidance to virtue. We confess ourselves utterly at a loss to discover how it is, since this depravity is universal, that the deductions of Dr. Wardlaw are more trust-worthy than those of the eminent individuals upon whom he animadverts. If they extol nature, he depreciates it; but that circumstance does not give sanction to his peculiar views. If he contend that he has partaken of the renewing influences of the Holy Spirit, and the scales have fallen from his eyes, he conveys an insinuation that all other moral writers are unregenerated—Butler among the number. If Butler, by the phrase 'living according to nature,' intended nature in its purest state, the objections against him fall to the ground; and that he meant any thing else cannot be supposed. The judgment of Butler was as unbiassed, his moral perception as vivid, and his knowledge of human nature as correct, as Dr. Wardlaw's. Why, then, should his critic, agreeing, as he professes to do, with every thing that is said, if predicated of human nature regenerated, labour so pertinaciously to prove that this is a 'radical error' in the system? Our surprise has been very great at the earnestness with which he presses this point: the credit of orthodoxy does not depend upon its establishment, as is evident from the fact that some of his own communion are here in opposition to him; and most assuredly his own theory would be much improved in simplicity and intelligibility, if this excrescence were done away. It throws distrust not only on the reasonings of his adversaries, which is what he intends, but also upon his own. If this depravity does exist, his own arguments, built upon it, can be no more solid than those in which that fact is kept wholly out of view. The mere circumstance that he takes a humiliating view of human nature, while others look at it in a more cheerful aspect, affords no presumption that he is in the right. It is the regenerating influence of the Holy Spirit alone that can purify his reason and understanding, and it is only when this purification has taken place that he can reason with force and accuracy. But neither do those who differ from him mean nature in its rudest and most debased state: he has no right to deny that they have partaken of those regenerating influences, by virtue of which he claims deference to his own dogmas, so that there is nothing radically erroneous in their describing virtue, to be living according to nature and the suggestions of conscience, for it is only, we must remember, nature in its best state, and conscience that is awakened and purified. Perhaps the Doctor felt a parental fondness for a new idea, and fancied that his readers would attach to it an importance commensurate with his own partiality. For our own parts, so far from coinciding with him, even if we belonged to that class of the Christian church to which he does, we should regard his position as tending to produce universal scepticism. So far from upholding that implicit deference to divine teaching which, with him, is the essence of piety, it seems to us calculated to falsify every deduction that reflection or observation might make respecting our duty to our fellow-creatures or to our heavenly Father.

Our readers will be impatient to learn what foundation the Doctor would build upon, in place of those which he so unceremoniously demolishes. When, however, we tell them the will of God, they will exclaim, this is nothing new; Paley assigns the same rule, in common with a host of others that might be mentioned. But Dr. Wardlaw will have it that our only source of ascertaining the Divine will, is the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament. Such is the depravity of our nature and of our moral perception, that we could not derive any correct deductions from observation of the material world; passion and prejudice and sin would add distortion to every thing about us. It is the revelation of God alone that can give us truthful views, and direct our thoughts and contemplations to the right point. Yet, bad and corrupt as we are, the Doctor admits that we are not rendered so wholly perverse as not to be able to understand the written word in the holy oracles; and in this express manifestation, we are recalled from sin, and the means are pointed out how a right mind may be renewed within us—an enlightened conscience, and a power of discriminating between right and wrong be imparted.

To our unsophisticated apprehensions, how ingenious soever this hypothesis may be, it savours more of the system-monger than of the unbiassed and sedulous inquirer after truth. If, amid the moral corruption of our race, there is yet left a redeeming power by which we can judge aright of the revealed word, and follow the guidance which it proffers, why should not a ray of light from the same source illuminate our understanding when we look round upon the material creation, where the Divine attributes are not less clearly manifested, and the Divine will, to a certain extent, not less distinctly indicated? Before we receive the Bible as the Word of God, we must examine the pretensions which it puts forth to be so regarded; we enter upon this investigation, be it remembered, in our unregenerate state, and yet are not prevented from coming to a right issue. Why, in moral truth, should we be competent to judge, and yet not be enabled to take a correct estimate of our own nature, and read aright the book of natural religion? Why should its guidance be withheld when we travel out of this track? You say the spirit is given only in answer to prayer, a doctrine which is derived from revelation; but when our eyes are once enlightened, so that we can view God aright and read his revealed word with correctness, why may we not bring that knowledge to bear upon matters not spoken of in Scripture, but which strongly offer themselves to our notice, and which we cannot turn our attention away from? Why should a reflecting man for ever keep his thoughts on one class of subjects? It is as though religious investigations unfitted us for all other inquiries, or as if they could not endure any test but one of their own proposing.

The scheme of the author of 'Christian Ethics' is then, we think, proved to be in many points faulty. It takes for granted the scriptural authority of those tenets which a considerable and intelligent and respectable section of the Christian community discard, as being 'commandments of men:' it leaves those who are willing to acquiesce in the representations which it assumes at the absolute mercy of their spiritual instructors, and introduces among our worshipping societies the most debasing feature of Popery, the doctrine of infallibility. But this is not all; it casts obstructions innumerable in the attainment of a knowledge of duty. The precepts of the Gospel are comparatively few in number:—if the express sanction of Jesus were required for every act in which we had occasion to engage, we should be frequently, very frequently at a loss.

The historical form in which the Gospel is revealed precludes a long array of moral precepts adapted to all the possible exigencies of men in all ages. The peculiarities of Eastern institutions and manners must be attentively considered in expounding the sacred pages. It is by the spirit, more than by the letter, that we must be guided; and even in cases where a direct command is found, that command not unfrequently requires to be modified, ere it is capable of present application.

To supply the want of actual precept in the Gospel, it does not seem unreasonable to have recourse to the subsidiary test of utility. All God's acts towards his children tend to their greatest happiness upon the whole; and, surely, when there is no express direction, we may be allowed, rather than remain for ever in suspense, to infer the propriety of actions from their tendency to advance our spiritual well-being. But, no; the Dr. will not tolerate so narrow, so uncertain a criterion. That there is utility in action he does not deny; but this is merely a manifestation of the nature and tendency of moral principles. The rule, according to him, is 'prodigiously too vast and complicated to be brought into application by our minds, or by the mind of any creature.' Of utility, as 'the sole criterion of the value of human actions', this might be true; a thousand things would prevent us from forming a correct estimate with respect to some of the most important events of our life; but it cannot be justly predicated of occasional reference to this test, when a surer guide cannot be had. If virtuous conduct and utility, using the latter term in its best and most comprehensive sense, be essentially connected, so as to be convertible terms, we do not, we confess, see why, in a case of emergency, we may not, by a reflex process of reasoning, argue from the tendency of a thing to its propriety. Virtue would else be a very arbitrary affair: moral distinctions would be done away; we should look upon the Supreme solely as an assertor of his will; we should not be able to enter into the spirit of his dealings, and to rejoice in our relation to him as a relation of similarity, and strive to approximate to him in spirit and in likeness. True, the Dr. labours to guard against the imputation of teaching that the Divine will is irrespective of moral distinctions; but on this and other occasions, he so carefully cautions his readers against carrying out to their full length the admissions he is compelled to make, and fences round so completely the principles which he lays down, that we fancy we detect a lurking suspicion in his own mind, of the unsoundness of his hypothesis. He will not allow any one to canvass his positions but himself; no deductions must be drawn, but those which he himself sanctions. As a magician stands in awe of the phantom which he has conjured up, and would fain suppress those very intimations for the sake of which he evoked it, Dr. Wardlaw, after he has laid down his system, seems afraid of the conclusions that legitimately spring from it, and which, to a certain extent, he admits, and protests against every inference that is not in strict accordance with it. But, to let that pass; why should any point of view be forbidden, whence men may obtain a glimpse of the Divine character, and a knowledge of his wishes? What is this, but to circumscribe our field of action, to cramp our spiritual efforts, and lessen our admiration of the Divine benignity and wisdom? The will of God is the rule; that will is not capricious, but guided by the tendency of the thing commanded to good; yet we must, on no account, make this observed tendency auxiliary to the discovery of it, we must refer exclusively to the Bible, and we must read the Bible with the full determination to find in it those doctrines, and those only, which Dr. Wardlaw propounds as essential to salvation.

A Chapter of the work contains some good remarks in proof of 'the identity of morality and religion.' We joyfully agree with the greater part of what is set forth in it; and it gives us no small gratification to find something common to us, with a writer who is zealous for the truth as it seems to him, and an able and assiduous labourer in the vineyard of Jesus. The treating of ethics apart from the Gospel, has done much to encourage the prevailing notion that the two are distinct, that the divine and the moral philospher have each a distinct province. 'There can,' says he, 'be no morality without religion, because every moral duty resolves itself into a dictate of divine authority; and it is only from regard to that authority that it can be duly performed;' so much enters into human action besides its immediate and remote consequences, our connection with God is so intimate, our love of him, for what he is and what he has done for us, must enter so largely as a motive into our conduct, the origination of all things from him and their return to him connect whatever belongs to us so essentially with him, that he who does not often refer to God, resembles the man who refuses to go to the fountain head when it is accessible, and is content to draw from the polluted stream. Some of the noblest and most refined incentives to duty are lost to all, but the devotional man: none but the pious can yield a disinterested obedience, an habitual attention to the calls and the claims upon him; can be moderate in prosperity, resigned in adversity, prepared to live, and ready to die. On these accounts we join with the writer on whom we have animadverted, in deploring the existing divorce between religion and morality: we cordially respond to his sentiments that 'morality is religion in practice; religion is morality in principle'. We would have every preacher of the Gospel an ethical philosopher; and every ethical philosopher a religious teacher.

The investigation of this work has inspired us with a livelier conviction than we ever before felt, that what is called orthodoxy is any thing but the 'spirit of power and of a sound mind.' If the conclusions to which we have followed the principles of this 'Master in Israel' be legitimate, can any thing be more chilling to all the best faculties and affections of the soul? more calculated to produce a complete prostration of the understanding, and to leave men wholly at the mercy of their spiritual advisers? All that light is shut out which revelation and nature reflect upon each other—all those bright views of heaven which, as if by way of favour, are vouchsafed to the contemplative man, when he retires into the private recesses of thought, and considers his nature and condition in the world—and which he would not exchange for kingdoms—are denounced as light 'which leads to bewilder and dazzles to blind.' Is it not deplorable that our mental and our moral progress should be thus curtailed; that philosophical and theological researches should be thus set at variance; that a man, if he would be reputed to be a good Christian, should be interdicted from examining the wonderful works of God, and deriving rapture, and fresh love, and renewed faith, and increased determinations of obedience from the examination? We repeat that our grief at reading this publication has been extreme; our grief for the deprivation under which our fellow-creatures labour in being denied access to so many sources of moral improvement, and also at the injury done to the 'faith delivered to the saints.' Nor is our grief lessened, by the reflection that all these doctrines are promulgated *ex cathedra*; for though a disclaimer of implied sanction by the Congregational Body of every doctrine and statement put forth in the lecture is prefixed to the volume, it is impossible not to believe that the tenets of Dr. Wardlaw, in the main, have the hearty concurrence of that denomination of Christians. The diversities of sentiment hinted at between him and some of his fellow-believers are not vital; they do not reach to the spirit and main scope of this work. But we will not despair: truth is mighty, and, in God's due time, will prevail. Meanwhile, it is the duty of those who feel assured that they hold it, to bear their hearty testimony in its favour on all occasions, and to use the best endeavours that a good God puts into their power to bring to pass this glorious consummation.

G. L.

ONCE MORE SING TO ME, SISTER.

The daylight to my eyes is dimming fast,
  A mist obscures earth's beautiful and grand;
Yet would I bear clear memories of the past,
    On to the spirit-land.

The rainbow, with its many-coloured dyes,
  I can remember in my parting hour;
I can recal the silent star-lit skies,
    And the sweet-scented flower.

Still on me peals the ocean's mighty roar,
  Still rise the mountains telling all of God;
Before me beam loved faces, now no more—
    Gone to the still abode.

I shall be with them ere the sun's last ray
  Hath touched the earth with beauty. Once more
Sing to me, Sister, ere I pass away,
    Unto the Sabbath-shore.

When we two dwelt beside our father's hearth
  In girlhood's days, how joyous was thy voice!
'Twas dear to me, as sunbeams to the earth,
    Still calling to rejoice.

Thou and the lark were mates in minstrelsy—
  When the fresh morning opened every flower,
Ye warbled matins with glad harmony,
    A welcome to the hour.

Like silver bells ringing athwart the air,
  Thy tones came gushing from a thankful heart,
And in the jubilee of all things fair
    Took up a happy part.

And when thy song-fellow was in his nest,
  And night, the solemn night, was drawing nigh,
'Twas thine to raise, ere yet we went to rest,
    The holy hymn on high.

Fain would I bear the memory of thy song,
  A warbling as of old, when I depart—
The echoes of thy sweet voice, clear and strong,
    Are silent in my heart.

Oh! wake those slumbering echoes once again—
  Breathe forth, breathe forth the hymn of other days—
Fond tones! how oft they'll mingle in the strain
    Which happy spirits raise! G.

QUAKERISM IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

It is with no small regret that we record our conviction that the Quakers of this country have now for a long time been declining from their primitive simplicity. In saying this, we do not allude to a certain approximation, which the wise in these matters profess to have seen, to the modes of other people's apparel and to other observances of ordinary life;—and we know not how far the assertion we have heard may be true, that even the most rigid adherent to the cut and colour of the olden time is found to surpass others in scrupulosity as to texture and quality, making up, by a sort of compensation, the want of conformity in figure by the richness of the material. It is also reported, and we hope truly, that Quakers no longer eschew as carnal the accomplishments afforded by social and intellectual cultivation, and are in these things fast progressing towards an equality, if not a rivalry, with society around them.

It can be nothing but a pleasure to us to witness the disappearance of all external badges of distinction between Christians; and though we are very far from interfering with the conscientious observances of any, yet we claim the right of expressing the wonder we have long felt that persons who profess to attach peculiar importance to spirituality in religion, should ever have imagined that the colour or the shape of a garment had any thing to do with a Christian's duty. As inconsequential is the reasoning involved in their practice, that because Fox and Nayler, some centuries ago, dressed in drab and collarless coats, after the fashion of their day, therefore all posterity must be faithful to a stiff cut and a dreary hue. We do not deny that it is a Christian's duty to avoid expensive and silly fashions; but we question if our 'Friends' avoid either in their broad-cloth attachments, and we think they actually break a law of Christianity when they affect any outward appearance which recalls, however undesignedly, the practices of those who were condemned of old for enlarging their phylacteries and other things, the language of which went to say, 'Stand by, I am holier than thou.'

If, therefore, the allegation is true, that Quakers love what is superior in quality as much as others, for ourselves, barring excess, we should have no sorrow for the fact, as it would bring them within the verge, and thereby within the sympathies, of ordinary life. And the greater the progress they make in what is solid and refined in intellectual pursuits, the more should we think they ought to be at once praised and congratulated, holding, as we do, that a cultivated mind is in harmony with the purposes of the Gospel.

The loss of simplicity to which we have alluded, and by which they are rapidly parting with their only valid ground of distinction—their only worthy characteristic—consists in a growing conformity with some of the worst features in what is termed the religious world. In their better days, one of their most distinguished men, Penn, was authorised in making the following appeal on their behalf—an appeal which would prevail more in their favour than the most rigid formalities or the severest mortifications:—'This is a noted mark in the mouth of all sorts of people concerning them—they will meet, they will help, and stick one to another. Whence it is common to hear some say, "Look how the Quakers love and take care one of another!" And if loving one another and having an intimate connexion in religion, and constant care to meet to worship God and help one another, be any mark of primitive Christianity, they had it, blessed be the Lord, in an ample manner.'* The actual state of the body, however, both in England and the United States, is but too ample a proof that the spirit of Antichrist has extensively leavened the lump with those passions which lead to dissensions, uncharitableness and divisions. It is with much pain that a conviction of this depravation has forced itself on our mind, but recent circumstances, and the publication of a work to which we shall allude more particularly in a short time, leave no room to doubt that they are fast parting with the power of the Gospel, to take up with a form, and lending themselves to increase the unclean mass of evil feelings that agitate the Christian world.

There was also a time when the same writer was warranted in the boast he made of him and his being free from the shackles of humanly-devised creeds, and much do we desire that his appeal in favour of religious liberty could come home with power not only to those who, like the author of 'The Beacon,'† condemn every one who cannot read the Scriptures with their spectacles, but to all those of the body who, in imitation of one of the worst features of other Christian denominations, have given their sanction to the issuing of an authoritative creed; and thus, while the more enlightened throughout Christendom are emancipating themselves from the bonds in which they were held, and by which Christianity itself was made to halt and lag in the rear of advancing civilization, should assume, of their own accord, shackles of which others had grown ashamed, and place themselves in the rear of Christian improvement and in the van of religious corruption. The last may be thought a strong phrase, but it is no stronger than some of their own patriarchs have used on the same subject; and it is not so strong, we verily believe, as, could these departed worthies see their sons' sons putting on bonds of their own fabrication, they would now utter from the poignancy of their grief. Let those who think we are wrong in this, peruse Penn's remarks in his 'Address to Protestants.'‡ 'A third great cause of persecution,' he says, 'is, that men make too many things necessary to be believed to salvation and communion; *persecution entered with creed-making*; this I think to be a temptation upon men to *fall into dispute and division*; and then we are taught, by long experience, that he that has most power will oppress his opinion that is weaker; whence comes persecution; this certainly puts unity and peace too much upon the hazard. The "one thing needful" was Mary's choice and blessing: may it be our's, and I should hope a quick end to controversies, and consequently to persecutions.' 'I cannot see how those persons can be excused in the day of God's judgment, who make men heterodox or heretical for refusing to subscribe their articles of faith that are not in Scripture terms, who in the same time offer to declare their belief of *God, Christ, Spirit,* man's lapse or fall, repentance, sanctification, justification, salvation, resurrection and eternal recompense, *in the language of holy Scripture.* I must say it is preposterous and a contradiction that those who desire to deliver their faith of truth in the language of truth shall not be reputed true believers, nor their faith admitted.' Again: 'O that we could but see how many and how great defeats Satan hath given to the work of God in the hearts of men! What desolations he hath made by this one evil, controversie, begot of opinion, and used for it! He must be a man of brass that could refrain from weeping at these calamities. And truly I must desire to take leave sometimes to bewail this broken condition of Christendom, and to bestow my tears in secret upon these common ruins; and I beseech Almighty God, with a soul sensibly touched with the mischiefs that naturally flow from this practice, to awaken you to a most speedy and serious consideration of your present standing, and amendment of your miscarriage in this and all other points that concern your good and his glory. Put away wrath! Away with clamours! Away with arrogance and impatience!'*

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* Penn's Works, vol. i. p. 868, edition 1726.

† 'A Beacon to the Society of Friends, by Isaac Crewdson.'

‡ Vol. i. p. 815.

We recommend the passage from which the last quotation is extracted, and indeed the whole of the 'Address to Protestants,' to the writer of the 'Beacon.' The address is one of the most powerful pleas we any where know in favour of Christian liberty, while it is conceived and executed in the finest spirit of Christian charity. What a contrast between it and the spirit displayed by 'Isaac Crewdson'—a spirit, we trust, not yet—nay, never to be, participated by the general body of English Quakers. His book is, indeed, 'a Beacon,' pointing to the avoidance—not of what he deprecates, but of what he displays—not of the errors of others, but of his own misguided spirit. It is full of the virus of theological rancour. No term too bad for those whom he assails. If he has other arguments besides hard words, he never seems more at home than when he rails. 'Heresy,' 'blasphemy,' infidelity,' 'delusion,' 'awful presumption,' are the bugbears he spirits up, with impeachments of motives and charges of wilful and wicked perversion of scripture and scripture truth.

Our readers may wish to know what has so grievously disturbed the composure of his 'meek and quiet spirit.' Multitudes of his communion in the United States have been so faithful as to think for themselves, and so honest as to avow their convictions. This he cannot endure, and therefore, in the true spirit of a little Pope, he falls foul of them in the roughest manner. ‘But they differ from him.’ They do; and—*hinc illæ lacrymæ:* hence this fierceness of assault. ‘But they are in error.’ That the writer of the ‘Beacon’ knows not, except he be infallible. Suppose them, however, in error, why should they be denounced? Is it not in ‘the spirit of meekness’ that those who err should be corrected? ‘Isaac Crewdson’ has preferred the spirit of persecution;—we say advisedly, the spirit of persecution. We do not say he has the will—we know he has not the power—to incarcerate or burn those whom he has attacked, but he has done what he could to injure their characters, and we have yet to learn that a man's character is much less dear to him than life itself. Nor is it less true that he has done his very best to prevent the views he entertains from being espoused by those he has so unmercifully assailed. Let him hear Penn once more:—

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* Vol. I., p. 751.

> ‘Let us not put so miserable a cheat upon ourselves, nor such an affront on Christianity, as to think that a most gentle and patient religion can be advanced by most ungentle and impatient ways. I should sooner submit to an humble opposition, than to the greatest zealot in the world; and rather deliver myself up to him that would modestly drop a controverted truth, than to such as seek tempestuously to carry it. To disorder the mind in a controversy, is a greater mischief than to carry the point can be a benefit, inasmuch as it is not to be religious to apprehend rightly, but to do well.’*

And had we not a suspicion that this worthy Quaker's notions will be considered out of date by modern zealots, we would do more than quote for the benefit of ‘Isaac Crewdson’ the remark of Penn:—

> ‘Men that are angry for God, passionate for Christ, that can call names for religion and fling stones for faith, may tell us they are Christians if they will, but nobody would know them to be such by their fruits; to be sure they are no Christians of Christ's making.’ †

We have already said that the cause of ‘Isaac Crewdson's’ ire is to be found in the astounding fact, that others of the Quaker community have presumed to differ from him. If wrong there be in this, he cannot be right, for he differs from them as much as they differ from him. Before, however, offering any more remarks on his extraordinary production, we shall notice, briefly, the state of things which has provoked him to give utterance to his intolerance.

While the Quakers in England have been gradually approximating to the worst religious peculiarities of the age, those of America generally remained true to the principles and sentiments which characterised the founders and early worthies of their body, maintaining unimpaired their religious liberty, their adherence to the Scriptures as the only standard of truth upon earth, and consequently holding the Christian doctrine in something like the simplicity and purity in which it is presented in the word of truth. A body, however, had meanwhile been growing up in the midst of them, who, infected with the corruptions of English sectarianism, and breathing the spirit of intolerance, began to make rude assaults on the rest. 'The intolerants,' who were the minority, manifested their bitterness by doing what 'Isaac Crewdson' has done, charging 'that venerable minister, Elias Hicks, with preaching sentiments and doctrines he never uttered, and otherwise grossly misrepresenting him.' It is not our intention to lead our readers through the squabbles that ensued, nor to exhibit in detail the multiform ways in which the self-styled orthodox sought to annoy their brethren in Christ. It is a repetition of the old story of infallibility against moderation—of the virulence of those of ampler creeds against those of less:—

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* Vol. I., p. 816.

† Page 815.

> 'It is, however, of the first importance to fully understand the points at issue between the contending parties. Some, and indeed I may say almost all, who are not well-informed on the subject, apprehend the principal cause of the divisions in the Society has been a discordance in the speculative belief of the doctrine of the Trinity, Atonement, and Divinity of Jesus; and also as to the belief of the primitive Quakers on these subjects. The true cause of the dissension is of much greater amount; it is a contention for the right of conscience on the one hand, and a flat denial of that common right on the other.'*

We do not deny that the majority, in the free exercise of their Christian privileges, were led to interpret the Scriptures in relation to the unity of God differently from the sense put upon them by the minority. The 'Address,' agreed on at an aggregate meeting held in Philadelphia, 1827, says—

> 'Doctrines held by one part of the Society, and which we believe to be sound and edifying, are pronounced by the other part unsound and spurious. From this has resulted a state of things that has proved destructive of peace, and in which the fruits of love have been blasted.'

But the mildness of the spirit of the assailed contrast painfully with the acerbity of the assailants:—

> 'The period has fully come,' say the former in their 'Address,' 'in which we ought to look towards making a quiet retreat from this confusion, and we therefore recommend to you deeply to weigh the momentous subject, and to adopt such a course as truth, under solemn deliberation, may point to in furtherance of this object, that our Society may again enjoy the free exercise of its rights and privileges.' 'We feel an ardent desire, that in all our proceedings our conduct towards all our

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* Christian Inquirer, No. XIX.

> brethren, on every occasion, may be marked with love and forbearance; that, when reviled, we bless; when defamed, we entreat; and when persecuted, that we suffer it.'

And notwithstanding the charges of such accusers as the author of the 'Beacon,' they declare—

> 'We think proper to remind you, that we have no new Gospel to preach, nor any other foundation to lay than that already laid and proclaimed by our forefathers, even "Christ within, the hope of glory"—"the power of God, and the wisdom of God."'

Equally explicit is the averment they make of their attachment to the Scriptures, in opposition to the false charges repeated by the writer of the 'Beacon,' who seems to have taken a pleasure in raking together the accusations made by men of his own spirit in the United States.

> 'We are also constrained to declare, that we know none amongst us who deny the Scriptures. Should any such be found, we recommend them to the particular care of the Society, that by suitable labour they may be convinced of their error. How could we escape the charge of hypocrisy, should we deny the Scriptures, and at the same time call, as we do in the queries, for a frequent perusal of them in our families? We highly esteem these invaluable writings, and desire that all, and more particularly the youth of our Society, may become more acquainted with their interesting contents.'*

In relation to the Atonement, in which also 'Isaac Crewdson' laboriously misrepresents the Hicksites, they affirm in the same Epistle—

> 'We can, in sincerity, adopt the language used by William Penn; viz.:—"However positively we may regret or deny our adversaries' unscriptural and imaginary satisfaction, let all know this, that we pretend not to know any other name by which remission, atonement, and salvation can be obtained, but Jesus Christ the Saviour, who is the power and wisdom of God.'"

Notwithstanding a certain inkling of Greek which peeps modestly forth in a note, we confess ourselves unable positively to affirm that 'Isaac Crewdson' is fitted, whether by mental power, furniture, or discipline, to discharge adequately the duties of the office he has assumed, and sit as judge in the criminal court of theology; but we have no hesitation in saying, that with those parts of the science of rhetoric which teach the art of wounding an opponent's character, he has a practical acquaintance, and is skilled in figures of speech, the use of which we should have looked for last among the body of Friends. Of the use of one of these figures, 'the Nickname,' found most efficient, especially when argument is scant and proof fails, we have already given specimens. Next in power is 'the Insinuation,' which consists in gently and indirectly intimating what it might cost you your character to assert. Thus it would be indiscreet, in the face of a reclamation to the contrary, to say that an opponent denied the truth of the Scriptures;—the danger is avoided, and your end answered, by insinuating that he 'pretends' an attachment to them. On the failure of 'the Nickname' and 'the Insinuation,' recourse may be had to 'the Misinterpretation,' by which you will take care that your enemy, how fair soever his seeming, should be represented as acting from bad motives and pursuing bad ends; and the representation is not to be set forth in lengthened charges; one word will do the work far better—one word here and another there skilfully interspersed in your *candid* observations. Then there is 'the Misquotation,' not the vulgar practice of false transcription—this is for only inferior artists, but such a gradual deviation from your opponent's meaning as shall pass unperceived, and at last land you safely on the shore, and leave him floundering in the waters; in other words, shall lead the reader to a conclusion exactly in conformity with your wishes, but the remotest possible from what the writer intended. We are not writing a treatise of Rhetoric, otherwise we should give examples of these literary excellencies from Isaac Crewdson's 'Beacon.'

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* Epistle from the Yearly Meeting of Friends, held in New York, 1829.

But let us do him justice. 'Isaac Crewdson' is no ordinary sportsman in the Christian Church. Not content with even a rifle, he does not take the field except with a park of artillery, and, but for the frightfulness of the slaughter, there would be something sublime in the devastation he makes by unchristianising some 150,000 persons, 'Friends' too, at one discharge.

We have no intention of wasting either our own or our readers' time, with going through the *rudis indigestaque moles*—the shapeless and unseemly mass—which this accuser of the brethren has heaped together. And well may we be excused from the task, as who knows not that nothing is more easy than to vamp up charges out of picked and garbled extracts, especially when comments are adroitly and at will appended, with a due seasoning of hard words, well-feigned solicitude, and a fair show of candour. A specimen of our author's logical skill, and a notice of his principal charge, shall conclude our article. 'Isaac Crewdson' accuses the Hicksites of 'asserting' that 'we should turn our backs on the Scriptures.' What is the proof? This passage: 'We must turn our back upon them.' Upon what? A note of 'Isaac Crewdson's' gives the clue: '*We suppose* the Scriptures.' So that his charge is built on his own supposition, and yet he has the hardihood to accuse the Hicksites of '*asserting* that we should turn our backs on the Scriptures.' But for the supposition of this honest polemic the innocent word 'them' might have referred to any or all of the things in the Universe.

In page 151 we met with a passage which excited our interest no little; and we thought from its tenor, that these dreadful Hicksites had committed some monstrosity of opinion, if not the unpardonable sin itself; but we soon found that it was merely a little play of logical skill, and wondered at our own simplicity. 'It is earnestly to be desired,' says Isaac Crewdson, 'that few readers will join in this impious conclusion with regard to themselves. We here see God's salvation rejected;'—then comes—'pride of being wise above what is written'—'deadly gulf of Deism,' &c. &c., enough to frighten any common mind. Now whence this alarming strain? Elias Hicks is represented to have used these words: 'Now this is religion enough for me. It completes the work of our salvation: to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with our God, so as to live under his will and direction, humbled under a sense of our dependance upon him.' This is the 'impious conclusion' so pathetically bewailed by 'Isaac Crewdson.' The reader will perhaps hardly believe it possible, except he sees it with his own eyes; but it is in the 'Beacon,' and its writer, by a profundity of logic altogether unparalleled, has fetched an 'impious conclusion' out of a Scriptural truth, for we remember some where in the Bible to have read these words—'What, O man, doth the Lord thy God require of thee—but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?'

The accuser's great charge against the Hicksites is, that they attach undue importance to the influence of God's illuminating influence in the human soul, and hence depreciate the authority of the Scriptures. Now it is no little curious that this is the very accusation that was brought against the Quakers themselves in their early history, and so long as they retained unimpaired their distinctive peculiarities. We go farther, and say what we can abundantly prove, that the essential feature of Quakerism consists in the exaltation of the light within above every other rule or guide; and the fact we believe to be, that Hicks and his followers are much more nearly in unison with the early opinions of the Quakers than are those who, like 'Isaac Crewdson,' have conformed to the spirit of a prevalent orthodoxy. With the Hicksites are the great Quaker authorities—their accusers are with the 'religious world.' Hicks was desirous of keeping Quakerism to its virgin purity—'Isaac Crewdson,' adhering to existing corruptions, assails him as a traitor to the faith. This puts the finishing hand to the accuser's uncharitableness, for his impeachment involves in its reprobation, not the Hicksites merely, but the great and the good of the best days of Quaker influence.

With the peculiar views of either party, we have for ourselves no concern; but this we must say, that the spirit manifested by our English 'Friend,' is not 'the spirit which is from above;' and deserves rebuke more than all the errors of doctrine into which the weakness or the ignorance of the human mind has carried society.

It remains only to show that the light within, as a paramount authority, is the doctrine of Quakerism. Penn, in his 'Rise and Progress of the People called Quakers,'* assigns as their 'fundamental principles,' as 'the right way to peace with God,'

> 'The light of Jesus Christ within them, the seed and leaven of the kingdom of God, near all, because in all, and God's talent to all; a faithful and true witness and just monitor in every bosom. The gift and grace of God to life and salvation, that appears to all, though few regard it; the only blessed means appointed of God to quicken, convince and sanctify man.' 'The corner-stone of their fabrick; and indeed, to speak eminently and properly, their characteristick, or main distinguishing point or principle, viz., the light of Christ within as God's gift for man's salvation.'

And in his discourse 'Of the General Rule of Faith and Practice,'† after shewing that the Scriptures are not 'the rule,' he concludes the rule to be,

> 'Emanuel, God nigh to us by the spirit of his Son; and this admits not of any book or literal rule or judge to come between that indwelling spirit of light, life and wisdom from God and the soul, as its rule of faith and practice.' 'And because it is the unutterable goodness of God to people in these latter days, as the sum of Scripture prophecy, *thus* to make known himself, we are incessant in our cries unto them, that they will turn their minds inward, (now abroad, and taking up their rest in the externals of religion,) that they may hear his heavenly voice and knocks, and let him in, and be taught of him to know and do his will.' 'Let not men, then, in their dark imaginations, with their borrowed knowledge from the *mere letter* of Scripture, contend against the sufficiency of what they obey not; neither have tryed, and so cannot judge of its power and virtue and efficacy, which works out salvation for as many as are turned unto it, and abide therein.'

Indeed the pages of Penn supply a constant comment, and afford a constant support to the views of Hicks and his followers, while they serve as an ample reply to the charges and railings which 'Isaac Crewdson' has brought together against them. If Penn was right, Elias Hicks cannot be wrong: and if Penn was right, 'Isaac Crewdson,' and those who think with him, are the innovators, at the very time that they are attempting to bring dishonour on the names which have long been enshrined in the veneration, not only of their own body, but of all true Christian people.

One more authority—Sewell, in his 'History of the People called Quakers:'—

> 'Their chief principle, in which they differ from the generality of

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* Vol. I., p. 864, 5, 6.

† Vol. I., p. 593, *et seq.*

modern Christian Societies is, that every man is enlightened with the Divine light. The Quakers believe this light to be the same that the apostle calls "the grace of God, that bringeth salvation, hath appeared unto all men." "Take heed to the light," thereby we understand that each one, minding the counsel *of the light in their souls*, may learn to fear God.'*

In a representation of their doctrine, published in the year 1693, they declare—

'We sincerely profess our faith in God by his only begotten Son, Jesus Christ, as being our light and life, *our only way to* the Father; the author of our living faith in the power and goodness of God; and the inward sense of this Divine power of Christ and faith in the same, and the inward experience, is *absolutely necessary to make a true*, sincere, and perfect Christian in spirit and life. And this light, life, or spirit of Christ within, is sufficient to lead unto all truth. It is true that we *ought not to lay aside*, nor any way to undervalue (but highly to esteem) true preaching and the holy Scriptures. Though we had the holy Scriptures, and a belief of Christ crucified and risen, &c., we never truly knew the mystery thereof, until we were turned to the light of his grace and spirit within us; we knew not, until he opened our eyes and turned our minds from darkness unto his own Divine life and light within us. We neither do nor may oppose the *sufficiency* of the light or spirit of Christ within, to the outward helps supplied by the holy Scriptures and divinely-inspired ministers of Jesus Christ.'

In the 'Light upon the Candlestick,' given by Sewell in the addenda to his second volume, there are these passages:—

'We direct thee, then, to look within thyself, and have a regard unto that which is within thee—the light of truth. It is all one to us whether ye call it Christ, the Spirit, the Word, seeing these all denote but one and the same thing. Here it is thou must be, and not without thee. Here thou shalt find a principle, certain and infallible. This is the preaching to every creature under heaven, though they have never read or heard of the Scripture. This is it which leads man in truth into the way of God—brings him into union with God, wherein all happiness and salvation do consist. Go, then, without thyself, O man; thou hast no means to look for by which thou mayest know God. Thou must abide within thyself; to the light that is within thee thou must turn; there thou wilt find it, and no where else.'

Much more to the same effect might be added, but enough.

'Isaac Crewdson' may have grown wiser in his day and generation than were the great lights of his church. Their opinions we have no wish to fasten on him or his; but it would have been more creditable to him, had he designed to become a new 'Light upon the Candlestick,' to have gone about his purpose directly, pointing out the errors of his forefathers, and offering his new prescriptions for salvation on their own merits; rather than, as he has done, to assail as a 'desolating heresy,' opinions which are much more nearly than his own in accordance with the distinctive doctrines of Quakerism. His production is one more to the myriad of illustrations, which the annals of the Church present, of the truth of the following passage, taken from 'Some considerations humbly offered to the people called Quakers, relative to the bill for restraining the licentiousness of the Press:'—'History and experience have taught how the obscure term *heresy* hath been turned and *stretched* against *primitive Christians, martyrs, and famous reformers.*'*

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* Vol. II., p. 575, 6.

† P. 496, *et seq.*

BLANCO WHITE'S CONSIDERATIONS ON THE LAW OF ANTI-RELIGIOUS LIBEL.†

We regret that the pressure of matter, from one consideration or another, claiming admission into our present number, prevents us from doing any thing like critical justice to the pieces whose titles will be found below; and yet our desire to bring them under the immediate notice of our readers, will not allow such delay as might enable us to give a less inadequate expression to our sense of their merits. They are the productions of one who has earned an honourable name in the theological and the literary world, and who, following out with the integrity which distinguishes both his intellectual and moral character, the principles which led him to renounce the religion of his earlier life, has at length been brought to espouse those views of Christianity which are commonly known under the designation of Unitarianism. Reserving any remarks we may have to offer on the very interesting history of his mind, till he has made, what we understand he intends, a public avowal of his matured religious convictions, we shall do no more at present than express the admiration we feel, not so much at the results of his long, deep, and anxious inquiries, as at the honesty and self-denial he has evinced, in surrendering, at the call of duty, the refinements and gratifications of an intercourse which was endeared to him by time and friendship.

Those of our readers who remember the manner in which we spoke of Mr. White's 'Second Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion,' noticed in our second number—and especially those who have read the work itself—will be prepared to expect, in his 'Considerations on the Law of Anti-religious Libel,' the purest spirit of Christian liberty, recommended with no ordinary power, and in great felicity of style. The reality will be found to realize their expectations.

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* Sewell, Vol. II., p. 541.

† 'The Law of Anti-religious Libel re-considered, in a Letter to the Editor of the *Christian Examiner*, by the Rev. Joseph Blanco White, M. A., of Oriel College, Oxford.' Millikin, Dublin; Fellowes, London.—'An Answer to some Friendly Remarks on the above, by the same Author.'

The publications referred to are a temperate, argumentative, and forcible expostulation, addressed to the editor of the *Christian Examiner*, in consequence of a review published in that work of 'John Search's Considerations on the Law of Libel in Religion.' Mr. White thus expresses the feelings which actuated him in undertaking the defence of religious liberty:—

'Whatever affords the slightest countenance to the principle that the man who feels convinced of his being in possession of revealed truth, has a right to exert whatever portion of temporal power he may happen to possess in preventing other men from reasoning against that conviction, brings to my mind associations and recollections so deeply painful, that I am hardly able to check the expression of my internal suffering. On the other hand, finding myself to be one, (I will not say singular), but certainly somewhat remarkable living instance of the effects of that principle, against the happiness, against the most unquestionable natural claims of men who love *truth*, and respect their own intellectual rights; seeing, also, that my strength is fast declining by age and long severe bodily suffering, I am irresistibly moved to enter my solemn protest against the intolerant opinions which, to my utter regret, I hear proclaimed in that very country, and by those persons who are most alarmed at the intolerance of the Church of Rome.'

In his 'Collective View,' the author gives a summary of his strictures and arguments, which, in our want of space for a notice in detail, we shall take the liberty to condense:—

Those who believe that every government has a right to limit the liberty of speech in matters of religion, should not assume this position as an axiom requiring no proof. The argument, from the natural authority of parents to choose a religion for their children, has no force as an analogy, and involves a contradiction to the pretended axiom: no force as an analogy, because the subjection of childhood is *in every respect*, and is *temporary;* that contended for, *partial* and *perpetual;* it is a contradiction to the axiom, for if governments have a right to limit religious liberty, they have that right in regard to parents. The assertion of a right in each supreme government to limit the expression of opinions concerning religion, is logically inseparable from the notion that all religions are equally true and equally false. An equal right in governments to sanction any religion by penalties, necessarily excludes the consideration of *abstract* truth. That right must exist, whether the governments choose right or wrong.

The notion of a *right* is inseparable from that of a correlative *duty.* If governments have a right to enforce, the subjects are bound to obey. If, therefore, a Mahometan be converted to Christianity, he would be guilty of a moral offence, should he proceed to make his countrymen Christians. Then every English missionary commits a moral wrong.

Finally, as it is a fact that our angry passions are ready to rise up whenever we are charged with error, the patrons of penal laws for protecting Christianity have a strong ground for suspecting the source of their zeal in favour of such laws. And it seems clear that by the right of the supreme government to establish and protect a religion, they understand the right to do so when the government *is on their own side.* In other words, they plead for the penal support of their own passions and their own convictions.

EXTRACTS FROM MY NOTE BOOK.

If the 'Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge' had done no other service than proved the occasion of calling forth rivals in the important work of simplifying knowledge and extending its advantages, they would have deserved well of their country, not to say their kind. Among these rivals, not the least worthy is 'The Committee of General Literature and Education, appointed by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.' Its publications, generally, are both good and low-priced. The following I can, from my own knowledge, recommend:—'Conversations of a Father with his Children;' 'Readings in Biography;' 'Readings in Science;' 'Readings in Poetry;' 'Domesticated Animals;' 'Three Weeks in Palestine and Lebanon;' 'Scenes and Sketches from English History;' 'English Grammar;' 'Easy Lessons on Money Matters;' 'Hints for the Formation and Management of Sunday Schools;' 'The Instructor.'

While I am on the subject of the exertions of Churchmen on behalf of popular instruction, I may also introduce one or two other of their minor productions. '*A Few Words on Lying*' contains little that is bad, much that is good, and more that may be made useful by a parent or teacher, who would avail himself of the materials it presents, as topics for conversation with the young. In the preface to '*Faith and Practice*' is an admission which implies an important change of opinion in a quarter where it *was* usual to condemn all selections from the Scripture as 'mutilations of the Word of God.'

> 'The Bible in its naked form is, perhaps, hardly adapted to assist them (the young) in the pursuit of religious knowledge. Under this impression, the author conceived it might be useful, under the heads of the various duties incumbent upon us, to select some of those texts of Scripture which more particularly refer to them, and thus, at one view, manifest to those who, by their age, are incapable of reading the Scriptures with judgment, the authority on which such duties are prescribed.'

In addition to this, which is the main object of the work, there is given 'a slight sketch of some of the "reasons for the faith that is in us."' What is that 'faith?' The reader, perhaps, is prepared to find me answer—'A new edition of the Church Catechism,' or 'The Thirty-nine Articles condensed and simplified.' No such thing. It is simply, the faith in Jesus as the Son of God. True, there is here and there a phrase which savours of what is called orthodoxy; but in its general tenor the book is harmless in this respect, while the reasons are solid which are assigned on behalf of the truth of Christianity, and the articles of 'faith and practice' which it lays down, are such as every Christian child ought both to know and obey, being none other than are warranted by the Scriptures themselves. For family and sunday-school instruction the work is excellent.

Societies such as those I have now referred to possess an advantage, both in regard to price and quality, which can scarcely be shared by private individuals. The command which they have of an extensive sale enables them to offer their productions at a low charge, and also to engage the pens of those who are eminently fitted to write in each department. Yet they are not without successful rivalry in individual enterprise and benevolence. Of this I may mention, as a proof, '*Easy*

Reading Lessons,' part the first and second—than which I know no book more competent for the purposes designed by the accomplished writer, presenting, as they do, an easy gradation of lessons for acquiring the art of reading, while they win the learner onward by the interest they excite, and instruct him by the information they supply. The authorities of at least one nursery have given the preference to these '*Easy Reading Lessons,'* over even Mrs. Barbauld's excellent books for children.

'*Reflections on Unitarianism, by the Rev. W. J. Kidd, Curate of St. Anne's, Manchester. Whittaker, London.'*—Mr. Kidd's 'Reflections' reflect on no one but himself and the 'two judicious and respected friends' who urged him to publish them. How the advice could have been given by persons of competent judgment—or how Mr. Kidd, with but even a small portion of self-knowledge, could have adopted it, we confess ourselves at a loss to imagine. Of the belief of those on whom he has volunteered an assault, Mr. Kidd is ignorant; with the history and merits of the Trinitarian controversy, he appears unacquainted; in general theology and scholarship, he betrays a mind scantily furnished; and of all attempts at reasoning that we have witnessed from the pen of an educated man, his enjoys the unenviable distinction of being among the worst. It is not Unitarianism that he has assailed, but the imaginations of his own mind; for Unitarianism, equally with Mr. Kidd's views, admits a 'threefold'—nay more, maintains a manifold 'development of the divine essence,' as well as the sinfulness of man, the necessity of regeneration and sanctification through faith in the death of Christ. Except, therefore, he had defined his ideas with greater precision, and acquired a less incorrect knowledge of the principles he has assailed, Mr. Kidd would have done well to save himself the trouble he has taken. The publication of his book shows that he and his advisers have more zeal than discretion; and, did we think it worth our while, we could easiy adduce from his pages evidences of inconsequential argument and ungrammatical constructions, sufficient to show that he would be more profitably employed, both for his 'congregation' and himself, in the perusal of 'Whately's Logic,' 'Whately's Rhetoric,' and 'Blair's Lectures.' We recommend to him the study of these works, that he may train his mind to habits of correct thinking and correct writing; and when he has, in addition, made some progress in theological lore, he may—should he, perchance, have any thing to offer distinguished by originality of thought or vigour of style—find Unitarian divines not indisposed to enter the lists with him. Meanwhile, his book can do no harm, and as little good.

'*The Sunday School Reward Book, Part First. London, Longman.'*—This little volume consists of selections from the new version of the Psalms, with the corresponding verses from the Bible and Prayer-Book, accompanied by Notes from Bishop Horne's Commentary, and suitable Reflections. Having been found very useful in the school for which it was originally drawn up, it is offered to the public in the hope that it may be of equal use to others. The plan and the execution are good.

'*Christ's Holy Gospel; a Lecture, by Jerom Murch. London, Hunter.'* —The title has been chosen in consequence of the litigation instituted in Chancery by the Calvinists, to get possession of property left by Lady Hewley for 'Poor and Godly Ministers of Christ's holy Gospel.' The writer's object, which he has pursued in a temperate and interesting manner, is to show 'that the Scriptures afford no warrant for the exclusive conduct of our Trinitarian brethren, and that there is every thing in the doctrines of Unitarianism to render those who disseminate them worthy of being considered 'Preachers of Christ's holy Gospel.'

Mr. G. Kenrick, in his '*Political Establishment of Christianity Inconsistent with the Precepts of its Founder, a Discourse; Hunter, London*'—has shown that he is too faithful to his principles as a Dissenter, to be turned aside from avowing them, either by the example of others, the fear of having his motives misinterpreted, or of the odium which the advocacy of unpalatable truths is sure to call forth from those who are concerned in the maintenance of existing abuses. I admire both the integrity of his conduct and the manner in which he has managed his argument. Πολυπραγμων.

MANCHESTER MINISTRY TO THE POOR.

The Second Annual Meeting of the Members and Friends of the Society instituted in Manchester for the support of a Home Missionary, or Minister to the Poor of this populous town, was held in the Cross-street Chapel, on Thursday evening, the 16th April; Mr. James Aspinall Turner in the Chair.

In opening the proceedings, the Chairman said that the proposal to establish a City Mission in this town was received with so much interest, that a sufficient sum was soon raised to carry the plan into execution; and its promoters had been particularly fortunate in meeting, in Mr. John Ashworth, with an individual well qualified to undertake the office of a Minister to the Poor. That he had well performed his duty would be obvious to all from the interesting extracts from his monthly reports, which would be read to the meeting.

The Rev. J. G. Robberds, Minister of the Chapel and Secretary to the Institution, then read the report of the Committee, from which it appeared that Mr. Ashworth had made 3684 visits to the homes of the poor, from the 26th March, 1834, to the 19th ult.; making a total number of visits, since the commencement of his ministry in January, 1833, of 8570, and a monthly average of 330; but with due allowance for times when he had been prevented going his usual rounds, the number of homes that were regularly receiving the benefit and consolation of his friendly visits, and which might be said to be under his pastoral charge, could not be fewer than 350; and on the small average of only four inmates to each, as many as 1400 persons of different ages might be considered as brought within the reach of his influence. The number who attended a public worship which he conducted fortnightly had increased during the year from about 25, to between 40 and 60, consisting chiefly of persons who had before worshipped nowhere. The Sunday school instituted under his superintendence was full of scholars, and well supplied with teachers. A society had also been formed, consisting of operatives, for reading and mutual instruction, which numbered 110 members, who subscribed a halfpenny each weekly to purchase books, and by the aid of donations had begun to form a useful library. The whole of the society's funds expended by the minister in relief, in aid of the Sunday school and library, and a subscription to the Ardwick and Ancoats Dispensary, had not reached £50. in fifteen months. A variety of highly interesting extracts were read from the reports of Mr. Ashworth, which showed the beneficial effect of judicious efforts like these for reclaiming the poor and vicious. By the treasurer's account the receipts appeared to be £271. 11s., and, deducting the expenditure of the year, there remained a balance in the treasurer's hands of £66.

In moving the adoption of the report, Mr. JOHN EDWARD TAYLOR said there was no part of it in which he more fully concurred than that which enforced the importance of paying peculiar attention to the proper training up of the children of the poor; for it was upon them that this and other societies must chiefly operate. And it should be the endeavour of all who were in a higher station so to educate their children, as that they should feel that degree of interest which would lead them to devote a portion of their own time and means to the prosecution of that work in which, so much to his own credit, Mr. Ashworth was engaged, and in the prosecution of which it was to be hoped he would long continue.

Mr. EDWARD SHAWCROSS moved that the members of this society receive, with great satisfaction, the announcement by the Committee of Mr. Ashworth having consented to continue in his present office, and they desire to express, together with their cordial thanks to him for his persevering and valuable services during the past year, their earnest hope that he will be spared for the like exertions for many years to come.

The Rev. J. R. BEARD, in seconding the motion, said he could not but express his satisfaction that the Ministry to the Poor directed its attention chiefly to their moral and spiritual wants. Experience had shown that pauperism increased with the increase of societies for its relief. In Boston, whence the idea and the impulse were derived, which led to the institution of the Ministry to the Poor, it had been found necessary to abstain from giving alms in connection with the instrumentality devised for a moral reformation. From a 'Report of the Committee of Delegates from the Benevolent Societies of Boston,' he would read two resolutions, which would show the conviction which inquiry had forced upon them :—

'That, notwithstanding the great number of such (benevolent) societies, and of funds devoted to charitable uses, in this city, pauperism has increased to an extent which calls for the immediate and serious investigation of all those who feel an interest in this most important subject.'

'That the existing mode of dispensing public charity by societies, which act without concert, and which have no knowledge of each others' doings, is wholly inadequate to relieve the real and just wants of the poor, and is highly injurious to society at large, by encouraging extravagance, idleness, and vice.'

The evil appears to have arisen, not from any want of care in each individual society, but from the facility afforded by the existence of many societies, having no point of union and no co-operation, to paupers for obtaining their livelihood by applications to each in turn.

'So long (says the report) as all the various benevolent societies in the city act independently of each other, in visiting the poor and bestowing their funds upon them, so long, it is plain, it will be utterly impossible for any committee, with all their scrutiny into appearances, to ascertain with certainty the real deserts of any individual they may visit, The poor find out how many societies there are, and how ignorant they are of each others' doings, and take advantage of this ignorance for their own benefit. Those who have the least moral principle and the most art stand the best chance of obtaining the largest share. The chances of obtaining a large supply of necessaries from those societies that do not co-operate together are, in the opinion of the poor, so great, that they are often unwilling to agree to accept the bounty of any one association, though it may be adequate to all their real wants.'

The consequence has been an organization among the different societies which it is hoped will prevent these abuses. A similar organization, Mr. Beard thought desirable in all the large towns of this country; and even individuals, if they were not careful, might foster pauperism by administering in succession to pretended need. For himself, he thought it much better to go at once to the causes of pauperism by endeavouring to diffuse intelligence and reform the character. Here every individual might work with a certainty of good, and without fear of doing harm. And to show the meeting what might be effected by individuals, even in the humbler walks of life, he would read some extracts from a report handed to him by a benevolent member of his own congregation, Mr. John Jones, who, with the aid of a few friends, had for some months past contributed to the real welfare of several poor families.

'When, in August, 1834, I commenced visiting, I set out high in hope; for I had frequently noticed that towards Tuesday—about the time they had no more money to spare for the public-house—the leisure time of the labouring men in my own neighbourhood seemed to hang heavy upon their hands, and I thought that if I could accommodate them with an interesting book, it might do them good and beget a taste for reading, and lead to habits of sobriety. I have not been disappointed. During the last eight months I have visited from 50 to 64 families every week, chiefly on the Sunday, as far as my time would allow, and the rest on the week evenings. If it be asked, "Is there any ground for encouragement?" I answer, "There is." When I think of the pleasure and gratitude with which they receive my visits, the eagerness with which they receive my books, and the good will and friendly feeling with which they receive any advice or admonition, or pressing invitation to attend a place of worship, I repeat, "There is encouragement." When I think that two whom I visit have, for the last three or four months, entirely abstained from intoxicating liquors, and that one of these was formerly much addicted to drinking; and when I hear his wife say, she never knew him read so much before, and his boy tell his mother how comfortable they now are, I say "This is encouragement;" and when I think that in others the habit of intemperance is much weakened, and that I frequently find them preparing to go to a place of worship, and sometimes see them sitting in my own place of worship, I ask, "Is not this encouragement?" But this is not all; it is in times of distress and sickness and bereavement that the heart feels its loneliness, and its need of sympathy and encouragement; and it is at these times, especially, when called upon to pray with the sick or the dying, that I witness the good effects of the visiting plan. Oh, how I long to see the day when it will be more extensively in operation—when men of stronger nerve and clearer intellect than the humble individual who now speaks will be found ready to engage in the work!'

Mr. JOHN ASHWORTH, in acknowledging the good wishes of the meeting for his welfare and success, called upon the employers of operatives to exert their influence to prevent their hands from indulging in excessive drinking, and to avoid paying the wages of their workpeople at the public-house or the beer-shop. He thanked the ladies and gentlemen who had generously supplied him with wearing apparel and other things useful in his mission, observing that a cast-off garment was as good a donation to the poor as even food.

The Rev. WM. GASKELL observed, that by means of this society they might be assured that good would be done, which was more than could be said of many others called charitable, which, with the best intentions, spent their strength in fruitlessly contending with the effects, instead of endeavouring to cut off the sources of evil.

The Rev. J. G. Robberds, in noticing the great abuses of public charity, said he had that day heard of recommendations to the Manchester Lying-in Charity sold by applicants at a shilling each.

The usual business of the society having been transacted, the proceedings terminated, there being a general feeling, and indeed expression of gratification at the extent of good effected by the labours of Mr. Ashworth, with so small an expenditure of pecuniary means.

DISSENTERS' MARRIAGE BILL.

Copy of a Petition to the House of Commons in relation to the proposed changes in the Marriage Law, from the Unitarian Congregation, Greengate, Salford :—

'That your petitioners are of opinion that it is the duty of a paternal government to rule with strict impartiality all classes of his Majesty's subjects, and consequently to do away, at the earliest period, all existing distinctions connected with diversities of faith, and especially to avoid creating new distinctions in any measure designed as a remedy for actual grievances.

'That with this view of the duty of a British Legislature, your petitioners cannot consider the proposed measure of Sir Robert Peel for regulating the Marriages of Dissenters to be constructed on a proper principle, inasmuch as in its operation it would be found to create a marked and prejudicial distinction between the marriages of Dissenters and those of Churchmen, causing the one to be regarded as more respectable, if not more sacred, than the other, and by the additional trouble required on the part of Dissenters in the ceremony of marriage, occasioning impediments to its performance, offering a fee to conformity to the Established Church, and thus inflicting a penalty on Dissent, to the decrease of its influence and the retardation of its progress.

'Your petitioners therefore pray, that your Honourable House will sanction no measure but such as, being based on the recognition of equal civil rights for religionists of all classes, shall put Churchmen and Dissenters on precisely the same footing in relation to the marriage ceremony.

'While, however, your petitioners prefer this request, they are most anxious not to infringe on the mental freedom of others; and they humbly conceive, that the granting of their petition would in no way interfere with the religious convictions of any of his Majesty's subjects, if the Legislature should, in its wisdom, devise a plan which, requiring only a well-authenticated registration of marriages, should, by making the ministers of religion of all denominations the civil functionaries, give each person the opportunity of adding such a religious service as might in each case be desired.

'To construct a satisfactory measure for this purpose, your petitioners conceive almost impossible, in the existing state of the law; and they, therefore, pray your Honourable House to institute a system of efficient Registration, extending to Births and Deaths, as well as to Marriages, for all his Majesty's subjects in the United Kingdom.'

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

'On Female Education,' and 'Philosophy for the People,' in our next.—Those whose articles are postponed, will, it is hoped, excuse the delay, which is occasioned by a press of matter.—In obedience to the wishes of many of our friends, we intend to give more space than we have hitherto done, to brief notices and articles of intelligence, for which purpose communications are solicited.

A Sermon on War, by Dr. Channing, will appear in the next Number of the *Christian Teacher.*

Errata in the last Number.

Page 204, line 10, for 'passion,' read 'position.'
— 224, — 15, — 'immutability,' read 'immortality.'
— 226, — 18, — 'its fulness,' read 'in its fulness.'
— 240, — 43, — 'Sibylla,' read 'Sibyllæ.'
— 243, — 4, put an 'a' before 'heartless.'

T. Forrest, Printer, Manchester.

ON FEMALE EDUCATION.

> ———‘ Only taught by love to love,
> Seems childhood's natural task;
> Affection, gentleness, and hope,
> Are all its brief years ask.’ L. E. L.

Having contemplated the female character as it may be, a happy blending of utility and beauty, of strength and sweetness, the mind naturally reverts to the means by which such a character may be formed. To obtain a distinct idea of them we must turn our thoughts to the infant in the cradle, and follow the young inheritor of woman's frailty and tenderness, through the succeeding years of childhood and youth. We must look upon the system of domestic education as it generally is, before we can venture to conclude what it should be; and account for the disappointments which have arisen, before we can hope to avoid such in future.

There is perhaps no class of persons who have a stronger claim upon our sympathy and tenderness, than those who, possessing kind hearts and good intentions, have, nevertheless, made some fatal mistake in the grand business of education. That such mistakes frequently are made, is a subject rather of regret than surprise, as it often happens that those to whose lot it falls to form the habits of young children, are persons who have had no experience in the all important work which they undertake to perform.

Almost all that is wrong in the dispositions of the young, may be attributed to one or other of the following causes. The false kindness, or the harshness, of those upon whom they have depended for happiness in the early years of life. The former is an error that we almost love while we deprecate it, it is so evidently the overflowing of affection and amiability. The latter we can only forgive in the hope that so unnatural a line of conduct has been unwillingly adopted, with a view to escape the evils that have been found to accrue from too great indulgence. The progress of the first error we trace far more in sorrow than in anger.

The young mother receives her infant from the hands of Providence with rapturous gratitude. She feels for it unbounded affection; she thinks, very naturally, that too much love and affection cannot be shown to it, and that nothing else can be wanting to make it, as it advances to maturity, all she could wish to see it. If she be the self-denying creature which is almost implied by the name of mother, her first impulse is to make any sacrifice of personal ease and convenience to the well-being of her child. If she have observed little of children and their habits, she unhesitatingly concludes that the most unremitting attention is necessary, that her treasure must be continually caressed and amused, and cannot be expected to be happy, or even quiet, unless it be engrossing the undivided care of, at least, one individual. The first disappointment arises from the baby being observed to become fretful, but this is quickly attributed to the pains of dentition. It soon begins not only to know its mother, which is delightful, but to cry piteously whenever it leaves her. The trouble which this propensity occasions is overlooked by the fond parent for the sake of the feeling it manifests, which she mistakes for the first glimmering of filial affection. She even indulges herself occasionally in giving the child into the arms of its nurse, or a stranger, on purpose to witness its anxiety to return to her own. The father, mean time, cannot help being annoyed at the increasing demands made upon his wife's time; but he perhaps knows as little about education as she does, and if he be amiable and well-principled he is willing to make great sacrifices for the sake of his child. The pleasure of hearing the little one prattle, for a long time compensates both parents for the pain of hearing it scream; but as these screaming fits become more violent and protracted, fears are entertained for the effects upon the little tender frame. One improper indulgence after another is granted merely to avoid them, and the mother learns to think herself happy if she can get through a day without eliciting any thing worse than a sullen murmur, or a peevish whine.

Perhaps another little claimant makes its appearance, and the same game is played over again; nay, even a third and fourth time without much difference, except that when there are many to clamour for attention, there is great difficulty to know how to apportion it without awakening that jealousy which always co-exists with such a state of things.

With children who are accustomed to every indulgence, the indulgence itself is not enough, it requires comparison to give it a relish. 'My dear, you shall stay to supper, and your sisters will do nothing of the kind,' we have heard an affectionate and well-intentioned mother say, by way of bribe, to a refractory child, taking care, however, that the sisters did not hear. The straits to which such mothers reduce themselves would surpass the belief of those who have never witnessed any thing of the kind. They are compelled, in a sort of self-defence, to make promises it is impossible to keep, and often for the sake of husband or friend to purchase present peace by the most injurious concessions.

Through many years of such a toilsome pilgrimage a mother is supported by the belief, that whatever else is wrong, the love of her offspring is her own. 'How naughty you are, that you will not go to Miss B——, when she is so kind as to notice you, but she is so attached to me she will not leave me for a moment,' is the common language of the affectionate deceived woman, and then she snatches the little rebel to her bosom, and looks up in her friend's face with a pleased smile, as much as to say, 'You see, though she is disobedient, she is so fond of me that in time I shall be able to make her all I wish.' Alas! that time will never arrive upon such a system. In a little while the veil begins to fall. The mother finds that even her exhortations to abstain for her sake, to do something for the love of her, are disregarded, and a slight service is often refused if attended with the smallest self-denial. Still she flatters herself that all will be well. 'The children are but young,' she observes: when they are old enough to appreciate all the sacrifices she has made, and her great love and anxiety, they will feel and act very differently; yet year after year passes away and no evidences of such feelings appear.

During all this time the erring parent does not escape reproach. Friends are not usually slow in dropping hints about spoiled children, even if they have in former times abetted the spoiling by indiscreet praise. The old adage, 'Spare the rod,' &c. is ever and anon sounded in her ears. Maiden aunts are apt to observe, that in their days things were very different; and Job's comforters are always at hand to predict what the young people will be when they begin to direct their own affairs.

How any one can endure continually, almost without resistance or attempt at change, so much internal and external disquietude, seems almost a mystery; but a mother's heart is very strong to bear what is, or appears to be, for the happiness of her children. They only can solve that mystery, who know with what intenseness it is possible to love a child;—how every thing around it, and belonging to it, acquires a peculiar, an almost sacred interest;—how, for its sake, the joyous smile and glistening eye of every other child seems like the sunshine and dew of Paradise;—how the ringing laugh of infancy, that comes echoing and dancing through the summer woods, calls up by association a thrill of delight, such as even the voices of birds and streams could never have awakened. Truly has it been said of many a little one—

'His very foot has music in't,
When he comes up the stair.'

There is not in nature a more beautiful and holy feeling than the love of woman for little children. It can, indeed, 'bear all things, hope all things, endure all things.' But if by the mother, the nurse, or the teacher, this feeling be manifested in a wrong way, however sacred may be her devotion to her charge, a day will come when the spell will be broken, when she must awake to the conviction, that the being she has watched, cherished, all but idolized, is selfish, heartless, and only attached for its own gratification; that the fruit of all her tenderness and care, which was so pleasant to the eye, is ashes to the taste. This is indeed a melancholy picture;—would that it were not a true one!

When that conviction comes to such a mother as has been described, she has a negative consolation in finding that the children of some criticising friend, who always insisted that *the spirits of children ought to be broken*, are no more amiable than her own—that they have in many respects the very same faults. Perhaps that friend also is becoming sensible that she has erred in her manner of educating, and the two talk over their grievous disappointment, in unmixed astonishment, that such opposite modes of conduct have led to the same results. The fact is easily explained. The subjects of both methods of education become *selfish*. That of the one, by feeling her gratification the one great object of interest to others, till it becomes so to her own mind;—that of the other has learnt to care much for herself, because she has wanted confidence that those around her would care for her. She has been always on the defensive, and 'dear is the helpless creature we defend.' Both are keen exactors of attention. One, because she has acquired an appetite for it which is not easily satisfied; the other, because she distrusts that any will be voluntarily yielded. Both will probably look upon themselves through life as injured beings. The victim of mistaken indulgence will always find the measure of respect and deference which she will meet with in society, far below what she expected and considers as her due. The one who has endured coldness or austerity, will discover that measure to be so much above what she anticipated, that she will either look upon it with suspicion as the cloak of some sinister design, or she will arouse all the bitterness of her own spirit by comparing it with the conduct of those who were the tyrants of her infancy.

If these dispositions were the only evils that resulted from too rigorous government, it might seem as if the sterner system were the least mischievous. There would be hope that the individual would at length feel her proper level, and enjoy the consideration she received all the more for previous deprivation; but the disposition to concealment and mean subterfuge, which is engendered by severity, can seldom or never be eradicated from the mind.

It has been observed long ago, that 'the most chastised children rarely make the best men.' Neither will it be found that those who have endured the most, are the most fitted for endu rance. A happy childhood gives an elasticity to the spirit which it seldom loses in after life, and which endues it with a capability of sustaining pain and sorrow greater than any that is derived from premature experience of suffering. The childhood of the over-indulged is not happy, since the desires of the child always outrun the parent's power to gratify, and in this particular also, the extremes meet. It sometimes happens that education is a compound of both evils. The fretfulness which overweening attention induces, is occasionally met by a sharp rebuke, or a sudden blow, which is not unfrequently compensated, as is thought, by some extra indulgence. The consequences of this, perhaps, provoke a repetition of the violence; and thus the life of the child is made a scene of vicissitudes, such as would be trying to the temper of the wisest adult.

We pass over the probable effects of any such treatment on the mind of a boy, as it is not of his education we are treating, and only inquire what results we may expect in the female character. How many do we find in the world in whom those results are obvious. Single women, dependant and repining; wives, who, at war with themselves, are unable to provide for the domestic peace of their husbands; mothers, who, incapable of ordering their own conduct aright, are little calculated to guide that of their offspring?

There perhaps never was a greater cruelty perpetrated with a kind intention, than the bringing up of children in a way to unfit them for their future lot in life. Exactly what that lot will be, it is not in the power of parents to foresee; but since their children are human creatures, it is certain that it will be in some degree one of difficulty and trial.

The spirit of a child, especially of a female one, is tender and sensitive; easily crushed, as easily brought, like a hothouse plant, into a state of morbid sensibility. In the little one of the gentle sex, there is often a shrinking delicacy, and a love of ease, which indispose the mind for vigorous or continued action. Let not the affectionate parents flatter themselves, that by their own labour they can supersede the necessity of exertion, at least for the weaker part of their offspring. Let them not dream that they can ward off from their timid maidens the evils they leave them without ability to sustain. It may not be. Even though they toiled night and day, though they exclaimed with the energy of Byron,

'A parent's love thy griefs would free,
And ask its wounds again for thee.'

Let not even the wealthy look upon the young and tender females of their family in the fond and vain belief that they can always shelter them from the cares, the anxieties, and the sorrows which are peculiarly the portion of woman.

'Her lot is on them: to be found untired
Watching the stars out by the bed of pain,
With a pale brow, and yet an eye inspired,
And a true lip of hope, tho' hope be vain.
Meekly to bear with wrong, to cheer decay,
And oh! to love thro' all things.'

Does any inquire, Am I to be ungentle to my child, because the world will be unkind? Am I not to minister fondly to her, because she must one day minister to others? Kind and gentle mother, no such sacrifice is required of you. Let every word that is said to a child be spoken in love, let every attention which is paid to it be paid willingly, but let them not be too frequent. For your management of your little ones the grand panacea would be, *Let them alone.* Do not fear but your maternal feelings will lead you to interfere quite enough in their pursuits; the danger is that you should interfere too often. There cannot be too great stress laid upon the maxim; 'Relieve all the real wants of a child, and disregard all its fallacious ones.' It is very possible to do this without harshness. If what a child asks for is proper and attainable, it is better to give it to it whether it cries or not, without obliging it to ask often; if it be improper, to refuse calmly and decidedly, and after that not to be moved by entreaties or tears. To attempt to quiet a child, only prolongs the struggle. Children are so quick in observing, that they will detect a yearning look, or an anxious whisper, and attempt to work upon the feeling which prompted it. There is nothing on these occasions but leaving them entirely unnoticed. They are in some degree creatures of experience, however young, and will soon abandon a line of conduct which is always found to be unavailing. The hours of sullenness, and the paroxysms of passion, from which such a plan will save a child, are incalculable. We may learn a useful lesson from the poor. While most of their vices arise from their exposure to harshness and contumely, many of their virtues are produced by the salutary discipline, or rather the absence of discipline, just mentioned. For a picture of the female poor, we cannot do better than refer to Montgomery's beautiful chapter on Old Women. We love quotations; they strengthen us in our own belief; they show that some other spirit, perhaps a master-spirit, has gone thus far with us: to such we cling as the ivy to the oak.

'Old women,' observes the poet, 'poor old women are those who, taking them all in all, have lived less for themselves and more for others than any class beside of our fellow-creatures. Nineteen out of twenty of these are widows, who, since they were weaned from their own mothers' breasts, have been inured to hard labour, to unkindness, to personal affliction, to family troubles, to scanty clothing and frugal fare, if not to frequent want. Their hands have been diligent to minister to others, from their youth upwards—nay, from their very childhood, as shall presently be shown. . . . .

'A female child is born in a poor man's family, and there is joy even there at such an event—for nature will be glad at that time, however melancholy the prospect of futurity. If the infant be hardy enough to survive a few years of bad nursing, coarse fare, and perhaps cruel usage, from rude parents, or sordid relatives, among whom she has been left an early orphan—no sooner is she able to carry a child, than she begins to learn to nurse; her little arms are strained to clasp a baby half as big as herself, and her feeble knees totter beneath a burden which she kisses with transports of unfeigned affection, while it almost bears her down. Thus from the very lap she is taught by the sweetest feelings of nature, as well as by premature toil, the lessons of love, and the habit of sacrificing self-will and self-indulgence to the wants of others; she scarcely ceases to be an infant before she is initiated in the practical duties of a mother. Yet she is happy, because the sun shines, the shower falls, the rainbow shoots, and the birds sing for her: sleep is sweet, and play is pleasant, and food delicious. She has not yet found out the secret of being discontented with what she has, and coveting what she has not.

'She has, however, found out the secret of being happy—a secret which many in a higher rank would do well to purchase with half their wealth, yet they rarely will know it, or act upon the knowledge, unless it be revealed to them in early life.'

The foundation of all true happiness is a pure and lively faith, but its two great pillars are a worthy employment of time, and a relish for simple pleasures. It is needless to subject a child to privation, merely to inure it to hardship. There will always be found enow exercises for self-denial in the circumstances that naturally arise. It is worse than needless to encourage in it the increase of artificial wants. When a mother has released herself from the fear of harassing entreaties and passionate shrieks, she will have removed the great temptation to do this, and her mind will be free to reflect upon the amusements and employments of her little family. The young have a fountain of happiness within their hearts, which, if it be not choked up or polluted, will keep their path-way ever bright and green. They will be amused without any studied efforts. They will be happy, 'because the sun shines, and the birds sing for them.' This might be a touchstone. If they are not, there must be something wrong, either physically or morally.

With regard to their employments, there must be some hours devoted to receiving direct instruction; but excepting these, it is desirable, as they advance in years, to throw them more and more upon their own resources. To let them see and feel that there is important business to be performed in life; to excite a wish to assist in it; to set them an example of diligence and earnestness, and leave them to follow it (in some measure at least) according to their own devices.

A few years ago, it was the custom, in teaching a child to walk, to use a leading-string, and the delicate art in nursery was, to hold the band so easily that it should not be felt that while it was ready to act as a check in case of a false step, it should not destroy the confidence which a child ought to feel in itself when obliged really to walk alone. Something of this kind is wanted in the direction of the mind. The time will come when the young must try their own powers; and when can the experiment be so safely made, as while they are under the watchful eye of their parents?

It is a beautiful idea of childhood, that

> 'Affection, gentleness, and hope,
> Are all its brief years ask.'

But let it be understood, what kind of hope; for upon that depends the truth or fallacy of the assertion. If it be the hope to increase continually the powers of usefulness—to enlarge the means of communicating happiness—to conform more and more to the Divine example which is set before us, of purity, holiness and self-denying love—then let hope be the pole-star of existence, and affection the pilot that steers the vessel by its ray.

S. J. W.

FRAGMENTS OF PHILOSOPHY FOR THE PEOPLE.

To the Editor of the Christian Teacher.

Sir,—I fear you will be alarmed at the title which I have prefixed to this paper. Philosophy and Christianity are supposed to be at variance, and the word PEOPLE is rather democratical. But, probably, as the editor of a periodical, essentially opposed to inveterate prejudices, you are above these petty alarms. When St. Paul spoke against 'philosophy and vain deceit,' he must have meant one and the same thing by these two expressions; he must have used the figure called *hendiadys*, which, as all scholars know, abounds in the writings of the New Testament. As St. Paul himself made a constant use of all the philosophy he had acquired in the Rabbinical schools, he cannot be supposed to have condemned all philosophy whatever. The meaning of 'philosophy and vain deceit' must, consequently, be *vain and deceitful philosophy*—an evil of great magnitude, which, at that period, was present everywhere, but more especially in those parts of the Roman empire where Christianity was originally published. This was, indeed, the most fatal source of danger to the Gospel—one which the apostles themselves could not successfully oppose, as we find by the deep regrets which Paul has recorded. But *philosophy* is essential to man; the *love of wisdom*, or knowledge, is the great characteristic of a rational being; and any one who should condemn philosophy altogether, would deserve himself to be condemned as a blind and ignorant fanatic.

As for the word *people*, which I have used to express the class to which I wish particularly to adapt these fragments, I do not know any other which I could employ instead of it. It is the only word which can signify society at large, excluding the notion of particular classes, especially those which may be called *privileged*, because they are the most favoured by circumstances. In the present case, the word *people* is principally intended to exclude the accidental qualification of learning.

But, it will be asked, what have the people to do with philosophy? Now, that question betrays the total want of an enlightened and well-digested plan of general education under which the country suffers. Can a human being properly be educated, even in the lowest degree, unless he is made to acquire some knowledge of himself as a rational creature, *i. e.* unless he is made to reflect upon his own mental faculties? I will not deny that by merely calling those faculties into action, we may make them grow and unfold themselves. Indeed, this, with very few exceptions, is the only method which is employed in the highest kind of education known among us. But how strange, that men should be made to study every thing except themselves! The ancients, though much inferior in many things, were far above us in their consciousness of the importance of a certain knowledge which it concerned the poor as well as the rich, the old as well as the young, to possess.[*] This was that part of philosophy which teaches us to know ourselves. I do not use the phrase to *know ourselves*, in that devotional sense which has degraded it into cant. I do not allude to that affected humility which, with arched eye-brows, and in a whining tone, declares the utter corruption of the human heart; a declaration which, far from originating in any real knowledge of *self*, is only a contrivance to lose all perception of individual faults by casting them into that bottomless gulph of wickedness which is, theologically, made to belong to the *species*.

The basis of all education should be a really philosophical knowledge of our intellectual faculties. The degree in which this knowledge should be given, ought to vary according to the circumstances of the persons to be educated; but the manner of imparting its first rudiments might be one for all. We have only to observe the nature of all human language, and we shall perceive how obviously we are presented in it with the means of teaching a child the elements of mental philosophy; or, what is

[*] ——————— ‘Id quod
Æque pauperibus prodest, locupletibus æque;
Æque neglectum pueris senibusque nocebit.’—*Hor.*

more important, to teach him to study the faculties of his own mind, as they stamp their image (if we may use that figure) on every language used by man. An elementary grammar on philosophical principles, popularly written, would confer the highest benefits on the rising, and all future generations. Such a grammar, to be what I conceive it, should be the work, not only of a first-rate mind, but one also that could accommodate itself to the opening powers of *reflection* in childhood. The task requires, indeed, a thorough knowledge of mental philosophy; but a person accustomed to analyse his own ideas, and to trace them to their primitive sources, would find no difficulty arising from the tender age of the pupils. Where the mind itself is the object of observation, there is a great advantage in finding it not pre-occupied.

The elementary grammar, on philosophical principles, which I would recommend, should contain the first rudiments of logic. Nothing, I believe, would be easier than to induce children of a certain age to reflect on the operations of their own minds. That important part of education does not require the laborious exercise of memory, or the presence of any external means of study. The whole apparatus is within the mind itself, and does not require a deliberate act of the will to prepare it for use. Its activity being incessant, the student has only to turn his mind's eye inwardly, as the astronomer points his telescope to the heavens, and he cannot fail to find something going on that may instantly engage and reward his attention. The commonest expression may serve to exhibit the surprising structure of language; any assertion or denial may direct us to those immutable laws of thought which genuine logic investigates and defines.

The land rings again with the cry of reform, and every man has his own favourite plan of amelioration. I also have one of my own, and you will probably smile when I state it. Perhaps you anticipate me already with the question—'Is it to teach people *logic?*'—I think I hear the laugh that follows the interrogation; but I am not abashed.—Yes, Mr. Editor; let people be taught the nature of language properly, *i. e.* philosophically; let them be accustomed, from the earliest dawn of reflecting reason, not to take *words* for *things;* nor mere *symbols* of thought for copies or pictures of what 'eye has not seen,' and cannot see. Let them subsequently understand the mental process which the simplest proposition, either positive or negative, represents, and you will presently observe what a thick cloud of error begins to clear away from the face of the earth. Practical errors are invariably the offspring of mental misconceptions, and more than one half of those misconceptions arises from men's ignorance of the limited powers of language. Among Christian nations, (especially those who call themselves Protestants), there is not a practical evil connected with religion which does not flow, directly or indirectly, from misconceptions of language. The truth of this proposition must be obvious to any one who considers the *practical* character which all interpretations of the language of the Scriptures have assumed, for ages, among the most civilized parts of the world. Pestilence and famine have not been more destructive to mankind than certain biblical metaphors. The love of conquest has hardly shed so much blood among Christians as a few logical fallacies in the hands of divines.

I do not, however, intend to pursue this subject in detail. My wish is to draw the attention of thinking men to it. I shall, therefore, limit myself to a short illustration of what might be done, in the way of practical improvement, by diffusing some elementary notions of grammar and *logic* among the mass of the people. Whether the logical fragment which I am about to subjoin will be followed by some others must depend both on your acceptance and my leisure. But allow me now to say a few words as a more direct introduction to the short Dialogue which you will find below.

There is scarcely a person who can read who is not aware of the series of troubles which the Trinitarian controversy, especially as it is connected with the doctrine of the divinity of Christ, has brought upon the Christian world. Even at this present moment, and in spite of the progress of civilization, which *compelled* the legislature, not many years ago, to repeal the horrible laws against the impugners of the Trinity, there exists a smouldering fire of intolerance, which would devour the Unitarians, were it not that the spirit of the age—that mass of light which Providence increases daily by means out of the reach of human foresight, as well as of human resistance—compresses it within the hearts which mistake it for zeal. But where shall we find the true source of these troubles, and of 'the hatred, malice and all uncharitableness,' which they have nourished for more than seventeen centuries? The answer appears a strange paradox, but nothing can be more certain:—from a confusion of thought, which even a child may perceive, provided it is plainly stated. It was for a child that I once wrote a slight sketch of the following Dialogue. I stated the logical view, but did not think myself justified, at that time, to make the theological application of the principle it contains.

GRAMMAR AND LOGIC.

A DIALOGUE.

B. You have asked me, what is logic?—I cannot give a direct answer to that question; I want you first to endeavour to clear up in your head a notion which, under the appearance of great simplicity, is quite a riddle for most people. I wish to ask you this question: Can *one* thing be *another?*

E. Impossible. Every thing must be what it is, and nothing else.

B. How is it then, that you are constantly using the verb *to be*, so that you attribute the *being* of one thing to another? I heard you, just now, say, 'the milk IS sour.'

E. Oh! but the verb *to be* means quite another thing in that sentence.

B. What does it mean?

E. I find it very difficult to express my thoughts; but *to be*, in such sentences, does not signify that a *whole thing* is the *whole* of another thing. When I say, 'the milk is sour,' I wish to express that something which is called *sourness* is in the milk.

B. You have expressed yourself very clearly. Could you say, in the same manner, '*the milk* is *sourness?*'

E. No, no; that would be absurd.

B. What, then, makes such a great difference?

E. Oh! I know that. *Sour* is an adjective, and *sourness* (as all English words ending in *ness*) is a substantive.

B. Then it seems, that we cannot say of a substantive, that it is another substantive. I wonder how that is so, and what it is that prevents us?

E. I think it is our reason.

B. Very true. To say that one thing is another, *substantially*, or, to use more familiar language, *all in all*, is to say nothing: it is a *contradiction*, which means using language so as to *unsay* what you have said. It seems, therefore, that according to the nature of our minds, we distribute the names of things, or nouns, into two classes, which correspond to two classes of notions or ideas: the *substantives* represent things which the mind conceives as standing by themselves: the *adjectives* as *qualities* or *properties* which may be *added* to the substantive notions.

E. Are there really *substantive* and *adjective* things in the world?

B. We do not know any thing about the world, except in our perceptions—that is, in our minds, or, as it is more properly called, in our consciousness. If the mind, therefore, necessarily distributes certain of those perceptions into what we call substantives and adjectives, and, as necessarily, makes them submit to certain rules, when it expresses them in language, we must acknowledge those rules as fixed by God, who formed our minds. Unless, therefore, we renounce the first principles of our minds, and wilfully become irrational and insane, we must not say of one *substantive*, that it is another *substantive*. When we use the word *to be*, to join two ideas or notions, the one must necessarily be a *substantive*, and the other an *adjective*, or an *apparent* substantive, which, in reality, expresses an *adjective* notion. And now I may tell you what logic is. Logic teaches the rules according to which we may properly use the verb *to be*, in joining ideas to ideas. That verb, used logically, *i. e.* in the manner I have explained, is called *copula*, because it *couples* one idea with another. To understand the full extent of logic, however, would require more time and labour than we can afford at present.

E. I may easily suppose that. But, from what you have said, I cannot but think that my little grammar is wrong.

B. How so?

E. I'll tell you. In the list of substantives the word God stands first; but I now see that it must be an *adjective*.

B. Nonsense, boy: why do you think so?

E. Because mamma is constantly telling me that Christ is God. Now, if those two words are substantives, to say so would be what you told me before—a contradiction.

B. Well, I confess I cannot remove your difficulty.

E. I am sure you will find that she takes the word God to be an adjective; but, no—now I have it—it must be a substantive, like king, father, and so forth.

B. No, my boy; that will not remove the difficulty. The words you mention express a collection of certain *qualities;* and that is the reason why they may be *coupled* with substantives, as something added to the simple notion of the substantive. They are called *common terms.* Thus William (meaning a certain man) is king, signifies that such an individual has those powers and privileges which make up the notion of king. But *God*, expresses the *one* infinite Being himself. The word *God* is a *singular*, not a *common* term. Those, therefore, who say of any other, that he is *God*, either misuse the word, or if they employ it in a way similar to that in which we apply *king*, to two or more men, they certainly assert the existence of more than one God.* But this is enough. In exposing mistakes concerning the Supreme Being, we must be careful not to allow the feelings which all human absurdities raise, to weaken the profound reverence with which we should always speak of the Deity.

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* ‘None but a *common* term can be affirmatively *predicated* of *several* others. A singular term stands for *one individual*, as "Cæsar," "the Thames," (these, it is plain, cannot be said [or predicated] *affirmatively*, of any thing but themselves). A common term stands for several individuals, (which are called its *significates*), *i. e.* can be *applied* to any of them, as comprehending them in its *single signification;* as "man," "river," "great."’ —*Whately's Logic*, book ii, c. 1.

DR. CHANNING ON WAR.*

James iv. 1.—'Whence come wars and fightings among you?'

I ask your attention to the subject of public war. I am aware, that to some this topic may seem to have political bearings, which render it unfit for the pulpit; but to me it is eminently a moral and religious subject. In approaching it, political parties and interest vanish from my mind. They are forgotten amidst the numerous miseries and crimes of war. To bring war to an end was one of the purposes of Christ, and his ministers are bound to concur with him in the work. The great difficulty on the present occasion is, to select some point of view from the vast field which opens before us. After some general remarks, I shall confine myself to a single topic, which at present demands peculiar attention.

Public war is not an evil, which stands alone or has nothing in common with other evils. It belongs, as the text intimates, to a great family. It may be said that society, through its whole extent, is deformed by war. Even in families we see jarring interests and passions, invasions of rights, resistance of authority, violence, force; and in common life, how continually do we see men struggling with one another for property or distinction, injuring one another in word or deed, exasperated against one another by jealousies, neglects, and mutual reproach. All this is essentially war, but war restrained, hemmed in, disarmed by the opinions and institutions of society. To limit its ravages, to guard reputation, property and life, society has instituted government, erected the tribunal of justice, clothed the legislator with the power of enacting equal laws, put the sword into the hand of the magistrate, and pledged its whole force to his support. Human wisdom has been manifested in nothing more conspicuously than in civil institutions for repressing war, retaliation, and passionate resort to force, among the citizens of the same state. But here it has stopped. Government, which is ever at work to restrain the citizen at home, often lets him loose, and arms him with fire and sword against other communities, sends out hosts for desolation and slaughter, and concentrates the whole energies of a people in the work of spreading misery and death. Government, the peace officer at home, breathes war abroad, organizes it into a science, reduces it to a system, makes it a trade, and applauds it as if it were the most honourable work of nations. Strange that the wisdom which has so successfully put down the wars of individuals, has never been inspired and emboldened to engage in the task of bringing to an end the more gigantic crimes and miseries of public war. But this universal pacification, until of late, has hardly been thought of; and in reading history we are almost tempted to believe, that the chief end of government in promoting internal quiet, has been to accumulate greater resources for foreign hostilities. Bloodshed is the staple of history, and men have been butchered and countries ravaged, as if the human frame had been constructed with such exquisite skill only to be mangled, and the earth covered with fertility only to attract the spoiler.

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* 'A Sermon on War, delivered January 25th, 1835, by W. E. Channing.'—2d edition.

These reflections, however, it is not my intention to pursue. The miseries of war are not my present subject. One remark will be sufficient to place them in their true light. What gives these miseries pre-eminence among human woes—what should compel us to look on them with peculiar horror—is not their awful amount, but their origin, their source. They are miseries inflicted by man on man. They spring from depravity of will. They bear the impress of cruelty, of hardness of heart. The distorted features, writhing frames, and shrieks of the wounded and dying—these are not the chief horrors of war: they sink into unimportance compared with the infernal passions which work this woe. Death is a light evil when not joined with crime. Had the countless millions, destroyed by war, been swallowed up by floods or yawning earthquakes, we should look back awe-struck, but submissive, on the mysterious providence which had thus fulfilled the mortal sentence originally passed on the human race. But that man, born of woman, bound by ties of brotherhood to man, and commanded by an inward law and the voice of God to love and do good, should, through selfishness, pride, revenge, inflict these agonies, shed these torrents of human blood—here is an evil which combines with exquisite suffering, fiendish guilt. All other evils fade before it.

Such are the dark features of war. I have spoken of them strongly, because humanity and religion demand from us all a new and sterner tone on this master evil. But it is due to human nature to observe, that whilst war is, in the main, the offspring and riot of the worst passions, better principles often mix with it and throw a veil over its deformity. Nations fight not merely for revenge or booty. Glory is often the stirring word; and glory, though often misinterpreted and madly pursued by crime, is still an impulse of great minds, and shows a nature made to burn with high thoughts, and to pour itself forth in noble deeds. Many have girded themselves for battle from pure motives; and, as if to teach us that unmingled evil cannot exist in God's creation, the most ferocious conflicts have been brightened by examples of magnanimous and patriotic virtue. In almost all wars, there is some infusion of enthusiasm; and in all enthusiasm, there is a generous element.

Still war is made up essentially of crime and misery, and to abolish it is one great purpose of Christianity, and should be the earnest labour of philanthropy; nor is this enterprise to be scoffed at as hopeless. The tendencies of civilization are decidedly towards peace. The influences of progressive knowledge, refinement, arts, and national wealth are pacific. The old motives for war are losing power. Conquest, which once maddened nations, hardly enters now into the calculation of statesmen. The disastrous and disgraceful termination of the last career of conquest which the world has known, is reading a lesson not soon to be forgotten. It is now thoroughly understood, that the developement of a nation's resources in peace is the only road to prosperity; that even successful war makes a people poor, crushing them with taxes and crippling their progress in industry and useful arts. We have another pacific influence at the present moment in the increasing intelligence of the middle and poorer classes of society, who, in proportion as they learn their interests and rights, are unwilling to be used as materials of war, to suffer and bleed in serving the passions and glory of a privileged few. Again; science, commerce, religion, foreign travel, new facilities of intercourse, new exchanges of literature, new friendships, new interests, are overcoming the old antipathies of nations, and are silently spreading the sentiment of human brotherhood, and the conviction that the welfare of each is the happiness of all. Once more; public opinion is continually gaining strength in the civilized and Christian world; and to this tribunal all states must in a measure bow. Here are pacific influences. Here are encouragements to labour in the cause of peace.

At the present day one of the chief incitements to war is to be found in false ideas of honour. Military prowess and military success are thought to shed peculiar glory on a people; and many, who are too wise to be intoxicated with these childish delusions, still imagine that the honour of a nation consists peculiarly in the spirit which repels injury, in sensibility to wrongs, and is therefore peculiarly committed to the keeping of the sword. These opinions I shall now examine, beginning with the glory attached to military achievements.

That the idea of glory should be associated strongly with military exploits ought not to be wondered at. From the earliest ages, ambitious sovereigns and states have sought to spread the military spirit by loading it with rewards. Badges, ornaments, distinctions, the most flattering and intoxicating, have been the prizes of war. The aristocracy of Europe, which commenced in barbarous ages, was founded on military talent and success; and the chief education of the young noble was for a long time little more than a training for battle;—hence the strong connexion between war and honour. All past ages have bequeathed us this prejudice, and the structure of society has given it a fearful force. Let us consider it with some particularity.

The idea of honour is associated with war. But to whom does the honour belong? If to any, certainly not to the mass of the people, but to those who are particularly engaged in it. The mass of a people, who stay at home, and hire others to fight—who sleep in their warm beds, and hire others to sleep on the cold and damp earth—who sit at their well-spread board, and hire others to take the chance of starving—who nurse the slightest hurt in their own bodies, and hire others to expose themselves to mortal wounds and to linger in comfortless hospitals;—certainly this mass reap little honour from war: the honour belongs to those immediately engaged in it. Let me ask, then, what is the chief business of war? It is to destroy human life; to mangle the limbs; to gash and hew the body; to plunge the sword into the heart of a fellow-creature; to strew the earth with bleeding frames, and to trample them under foot with horses' hoofs. It is to batter down and burn cities; to turn fruitful fields into deserts; to level the cottage of the peasant and the magnificent abode of opulence; to scourge nations with famine; to multiply widows and orphans. Are these honourable deeds? Were you called to name exploits worthy of demons, would you not naturally select such as these? Grant that a necessity for them may exist; it is a dreadful necessity, such as a good man must recoil from with instinctive horror; and though it may exempt them from guilt, it cannot turn them into glory. We have thought that it was honourable to heal, to save, to mitigate pain, to snatch the sick and sinking from the jaws of death. We have placed among the revered benefactors of the human race, the discoverers of arts which alleviate human sufferings, which prolong, comfort, adorn, and cheer human life; and if these arts be honourable, where is the glory of multiplying and aggravating tortures and death?

It will be replied, that the honourableness of war consists not in the business which it performs, but in the motives from which it springs, and in the qualities which it indicates. It will be asked, Is it not honourable to serve one's country, and to expose one's life in its cause? Yes, our country deserves love and service; and let her faithful friends, her loyal sons, who, under the guidance of duty and disinterested zeal, have poured out their blood in her cause, live in the hearts of a grateful posterity. But who does not know, that this moral heroism is a very different thing from the common military spirit? Who is so simple as to believe, that this all-sacrificing patriotism of principle is the motive which fills the ranks of war, and leads men to adopt the profession of arms? Does this sentiment reign in the common soldier, who enlists because driven from all other modes of support, and hires himself to be shot at for a few cents a day? Or does it reign in the officer, who, for pay and promotion, from the sense of reputation or dread of disgrace, meets the foe with a fearless front? There is, indeed, a vulgar patriotism nourished by war; I mean that, which burns to humble other nations, and to purchase for our own the exultation of triumph and superior force. But as for true patriotism, which has its root in benevolence, and which desires the real and enduring happiness of our country, nothing is more adverse to it than war, and no class of men have less of it than those engaged in war. Perhaps in no class is the passion for display and distinction so strong; and in accordance with this infirmity, they are apt to regard as the highest interest of the state, a career of conquests, which makes a show and dazzles the multitude, however desolating or unjust in regard to foreign nations, or however blighting to the prosperity of their own.

The motives, which generally lead to the choice of a military life, strip it of all claim to peculiar honour. There are employments, which, from their peculiar character, should be undertaken only from high motives. This is peculiarly the case with the profession of arms. Its work is bloodshed, destruction, the infliction of the most dreaded evils not only on wrong-doers, oppressors, usurpers, but on the innocent, weak, defenceless. From this task humanity recoils, and nothing should reconcile us to it but the solemn conviction of duty to God, to our country, to mankind. The man who undertakes this work solely or chiefly to earn money or an epaulette, commits, however unconsciously, a great wrong. Let it be conceded, that he who engages in military life is bound, as in other professions, to ensure from his employers the means of support, and that he may innocently seek the honour which is awarded to faithful and successful service. Still, from the peculiar character of the profession, from the solemnity and terribleness of its agency, no man can engage in it innocently or honourably, who does not deplore its necessity, and does not adopt it from generous motives, from the power of moral and public considerations. That these are not the motives which now fill armies, is too notorious to need proof. How common is it for military men to desire war, as giving rich prizes and as advancing them in their profession? They are willing to slaughter their fellow-creatures for money and distinction;—and is the profession of such men peculiarly glorious? I am not prepared to deny that human life may sometimes be justly taken; but it ought to be taken under the solemn conviction of duty and for great public ends. To destroy our fellow-creatures for profit or promotion, is to incur a guilt from which most men would shrink, could it be brought distinctly before their minds. That there may be soldiers of principle, men who abhor the thought of shedding human blood, and who consent to the painful office only because it seems to them imposed by their country and the best interests of mankind, is freely granted. Such men spring up especially in periods of revolution, when the liberties of a nation are at stake. But that this is not the spirit of the military profession, you know. That men generally enter this profession from selfish motives, that they hire themselves to kill for personal remuneration, you know. That they are ready to slay a fellow-creature from inducements not a whit more disinterested than those which lead other men to fell an ox or crush a pernicious insect, you know; and, of consequence, the profession has no peculiar title to respect. It is particularly degraded by the offer of prize-money. The power of this inducement is well understood. But is it honourable to kill a fellow-creature for a share of his spoils? A nation which offers prize-money, is chargeable with the crime of tainting the mind of the soldier. It offers him a demoralizing motive to the destruction of his fellow-creatures. It saps high principle in the minds of those who are susceptible of generous impulses. It establishes the most inhuman method of getting rich which civilized men can pursue. I know that society views this subject differently, and more guilt should be attached to society than to the soldier; but still the character of the profession remains degraded by the motives which most commonly actuate its members; and war, as now carried on, is certainly among the last vocations to be called honourable.

Let not these remarks be misconstrued. I mean not to deny to military men equal virtue with other classes of society. All classes are alike culpable in regard to war, and the burden presses too heavily on all, to allow any to take up reproaches against others. Society has not only established and exalted the military profession, but studiously allures men into it by bribes of vanity, cupidity and ambition. They who adopt it have on their side the suffrage of past ages, the sanction of opinion and law, and the applauding voice of nations; so that justice commands us to acquit them of peculiar deviations from duty, or of falling below society in moral worth or private virtue.

Much of the glare thrown over the military profession is to be ascribed to the false estimate of courage, which prevails through the Christian world. Men are dazzled by this quality. On no point is popular opinion more perverted and more hostile to Christianity, and to this point I would therefore solicit particular attention. The truth is, that the delusion on this subject has come down to us from remote ages, and has been from the beginning a chief element of the European character. Our northern ancestors, who overwhelmed the Roman empire, were fanatical to the last degree in respect to military courage. They made it the first of virtues. One of the chief articles of their creed was, that a man, dying on the field of battle, was transported at once to the hall of their god Odin, a terrible paradise, where he was to quaff forever delicious draughts from the skulls of his enemies. So rooted was this fanaticism, that it was thought a calamity to die of disease or old age; and death by violence, even if inflicted by their own hands, was thought more honourable than to expire by the slow, inglorious processes of nature. This spirit, aided by other causes, broke out at length into chivalry, the strangest mixture of good and evil, of mercy and cruelty, of insanity and generous sentiment, to be found in human history. This whole institution breathed an extravagant estimation of courage. To be without fear was the first attribute of a good knight. Danger was thirsted for, when it might innocently be shunned. Life was sported with wantonly. Amusements full of peril, exposing even to mortal wounds, were pursued with passionate eagerness. The path to honour lay through rash adventures, the chief merit of which was the scorn of suffering and of death which they expressed. This fanaticism has yielded in a measure to good sense, and still more to the spirit of Christianity. But still it is rife; and not a few imagine fearless courage to be the height of glory.

That courage is of no worth, I have no disposition to affirm. It ought to be prized, sought, cherished. Though not of itself virtuous, it is an important aid to virtue. It gives us the command of our faculties when needed most. It converts the dangers which palsy the weak, into springs of energy. Its firm look often awes the injurious, and silences insult. All great enterprizes demand it, and without it virtue cannot rise into magnanimity. Whilst it leaves us exposed to many vices, it saves us from one class peculiarly ignominious,—from the servility, deceit and base compliance, which belong to fear. It is accompanied too with an animated consciousness of power, which is one of the high enjoyments of life. We are bound to cherish it as the safeguard of happiness and rectitude; and when so cherished it takes rank among the virtues.

Still courage, considered in itself, or without reference to its origin and motives, and regarded in its common manifestations, is not virtue, is not moral excellence; and the disposition to exalt it above the spirit of Christianity is one of the most ruinous delusions which have been transmitted to us from barbarous times. In most men, courage has its origin in a happy organization of the body. It belongs to the nerves rather than the character.

In some, it is an instinct bordering on rashness. In one man it springs from strong passions, obscuring the idea of danger. In another, from the want of imagination or from the capacity of bringing future evils near. The courage of the uneducated may often be traced to stupidity; to the absence of thought and sensibility. Many are courageous from the dread of the infamy absurdly attached to cowardice. One terror expels another. A bullet is less formidable than a sneer. To show the moral worthlessness of mere courage, of contempt of bodily suffering and pain, one consideration is sufficient;—the most abandoned have possessed it in perfection. The villain often hardens into the thorough hero, if courage and heroism be one. The more complete his success in searing conscience and defying God, the more dauntless his daring. Long-continued vice and exposure naturally generate contempt of life and a reckless encounter of peril. Courage, considered in itself or without reference to its causes, is no virtue and deserves no esteem. It is found in the best and the worst, and is to be judged according to the qualities from which it springs and with which it is conjoined. There is in truth a virtuous, glorious courage; but it happens to be found least in those who are most admired for bravery. It is the courage of principle, which dares to do right in the face of scorn, which puts to hazard reputation, rank, the prospects of advancement, the sympathy of friends, the admiration of the world, rather than violate a conviction of duty. It is the courage of benevolence and piety, which counts not life dear in withstanding error, superstition, vice, oppression, injustice, and the mightiest foes of human improvement and happiness. It is moral energy, that force of will in adopting duty, over which menace and suffering have no power. It is the courage of a soul, which reverences itself too much to be greatly moved about what befals the body; which thirsts so intensely for a pure inward life, that it can yield up the animal life without fear; in which the idea of moral, spiritual, celestial good has been unfolded so brightly as to obscure all worldly interests; which aspires after immortality, and therefore heeds little the pains or pleasures of a day; which has so concentered its whole power and life in the love of Godlike virtue, that it even finds a joy in the perils and sufferings, by which its loyalty to God and virtue may be approved. This courage may be called the perfection of humanity, for it is the exercise, result, and expression of the highest attributes of our nature. Need I tell you, that this courage has hardly any thing in common with what generally bears the name, and has been lauded by the crowd to the skies? Can any man, not wholly blinded to moral distinctions, compare or confound with this divine energy, the bravery, derived from constitution, nourished by ambition, and blazing out in resentment, which forms the glory of military men and of men of the world? The courage of military and ordinary life, instead of resting on high and unchangeable principles, finds its chief motive in the opinions of the world, and its chief reward in vulgar praise. Superior to bodily pain, it crouches before censure, and dares not face the scorn which faithfulness to God and unpopular duty must often incur. It wears the appearance of energy, because it conquers one strong passion, fear; but the other passions it leaves unmastered, and thus differs essentially from moral strength or greatness, which consists in subjecting all appetites and desires to a pure and high standard of rectitude. Brilliant courage, as it is called, so far from being a principle of universal self-control, is often joined with degrading pleasures, with a lawless spirit, with general licentiousness of manners, with a hardihood which defies God as well as man, and which, not satisfied with scorning death, contemns the judgment that is to follow. So wanting in moral worth is the bravery, which has so long been praised, sung, courted, adored. It is time that it should be understood. It is time that the old barbarous, indiscriminate worship of mere courage should give place to a wise moral judgment. This fanaticism has done much to rob Christianity of its due honour. Men, who give their sympathies and homage to the fiery and destructive valour of the soldier, will see little attraction in the mild and peaceful spirit of Jesus. His unconquerable forbearance, the most genuine and touching expression of his divine philanthropy, may even seem to them a weakness. We read of those who, surrounding the cross, derided the meek sufferer. They did it in their ignorance. More guilty, more insensible are those, who, living under the light of Christianity, and yielding it their assent, do not see in that cross a glory which pours contempt on the warrior. Will this delusion never cease? Will men never learn to reverence disinterested love? Shall the desolations and woes of ages bear their testimony in vain against the false glory which has so long dazzled the world? Shall Christ, shall moral perfection, shall the spirit of heaven, shall God manifest in his Son, be forever insulted by the worship paid to the spirit of savage hordes? Shall the cross, ostentatiously worn on the breast, never come to the heart, a touching emblem and teacher of all-suffering love?—I do not ask these questions in despair. Whilst we lament the limited triumphs of Christianity over false notions of honour, we see and ought to recognize its progress. War is not now the only or chief path to glory. The greatest names are not now written in blood. The purest fame is the meed of genius, philosophy, philanthropy and piety, devoting themselves to the best interests of humanity. The passion for military glory is no longer, as once, able of itself to precipitate nations into war. In all this let us rejoice.

In the preceding remarks I aimed to show that the glory awarded to military prowess and success is unfounded—to show the deceitfulness of the glare which seduces many into the admiration of war. I proceed to another topic, which is necessary to give us a full understanding of the pernicious influence exerted by the idea of honour in exciting nations to hostility. There are many persons who have little admiration of warlike achievements, and are generally inclined to peace, but who still imagine that the honour of a nation consists peculiarly in quickness to feel and repel injury, and who, consequently, when their country has been wronged, are too prone to rush into war. Perhaps its interests have been slightly touched. Perhaps its well-being imperiously demands continued peace. Still its honour is said to call for reparation, and no sacrifice is thought too costly to satisfy the claim. That national honour should be dear, and guarded with jealous care, no man will deny; but in proportion as we exalt it, we should be anxious to know precisely what it means, lest we set up for our worship a false, unjust, merciless deity, and instead of glory shall reap shame. I ask, then, in what does the honour of a nation consist? What are its chief elements or constituents? The common views of it are narrow and low. Every people should study it; and in proportion as we understand it, we shall learn that it has no tendency to precipitate nations into war. What, I ask again, is this national honour, from which no sacrifice must be withheld?

The first element of a nation's honour is undoubtedly justice. A people, to deserve respect, must lay down the maxim, as the foundation of its intercourse with other communities, that justice—a strict regard to the rights of other states—shall take rank of its interests. A nation, without reverence for right, can never plead in defence of a war that this is needed to maintain its honour, for it has no honour to maintain. It bears a brand of infamy, which oceans of human blood cannot wash away. With these views, we cannot be too much shocked by the language of a chief magistrate recently addressed to a legislative body in this country.

> 'No community of men,' he says, 'in any age or nation, under any dispensation, political or religious, has been governed by justice in its negociations or conflicts with other states. It is not justice and magnanimity, but interest and ambition dignified under the name of state policy, that has governed, and ever will govern, masses of men acting as political communities. Individuals may be actuated by a sense of justice; but what citizen in any country would venture to contend for justice to a foreign and rival community in opposition to the prevailing policy of his state, without forfeiting the character of a patriot.'

Now if this be true of our country, and to our own country it was applied, then I say, we have no honour to fight for. A people, systematically sacrificing justice to its interests, is essentially a band of robbers, and receives but the just punishment of its profligacy in the assaults of other nations. But it is not true that nations are so dead to moral principles. The voice of justice is not always drowned by the importunities of interest; nor ought we, as citizens, to acquiesce in an injurious act, on the part of our rulers, towards other states, as if it were a matter of course, a necessary working of human selfishness. It ought to be reprobated as indignantly as the wrongs of private men. A people strictly just has an honour independent of opinion, and to which opinion must pay homage. Its glory is purer and more enduring than that of a thousand victories. Let not him, who prefers for his country the renown of military spirit and success to that of justice, talk of his zeal for its honour. He does not know the meaning of the word. He belongs to a barbarous age, and desires for his country no higher praise than has been gained by many a savage horde.

The next great element of a nation's honour is a spirit of philanthropy. A people ought to regard itself as a member of the human family, and as bound to bear part in the work of human improvement and happiness. The obligation of benevolence, belonging to men as individuals, belongs to them in their associated capacities. We have indeed no right to form an association of whatever kind, which severs us from the human race. I care not, though men of loose principles scoff at the idea of a nation respecting the claims of humanity. Duty is eternal, and too high for human mockery; and this duty in particular, so far from being a dream, has been reduced to practice. Our own country, in framing its first treaties, proposed to insert an article prohibiting privateering; and this it did in the spirit of humanity, to diminish the crimes and miseries of war. England, from philanthropy, abolished the slave trade and slavery. No nation stands alone; and each is bound to consecrate its influence to the promotion of equitable, pacific and beneficent relations among all countries, and to the diffusion of more liberal principles of intercourse and national law. This country is entrusted by God with a mission for humanity. Its office is to commend to all nations free institutions as the sources of public prosperity and personal dignity; and I trust we desire to earn the thanks and honour of nations by fidelity to our trust. A people, reckless of the interests of the world, and profligately selfish in its policy, incurs far deeper disgrace than by submission to wrongs; and whenever it is precipitated into war by its cupidity, its very victories become monuments of its guilt, and deserve the execration of present and coming times.

I now come to another essential element of a nation's honour; and that is, the existence of institutions which tend, and are designed, to elevate all classes of its citizens. As it is the improved character of a people which alone gives it an honourable place in the world, its dignity is to be measured chiefly by the extent and efficiency of its provisions and establishments for national improvement—for spreading education far and wide—for purifying morals and refining manners—for enlightening the ignorant and succouring the miserable—for building up intellectual and moral power, and breathing the spirit of true religion. The degree of aid given to the individual in every condition, for unfolding his best powers, determines the rank of a nation. Mere wealth adds nothing to a people's glory;—it is the nation's soul which constitutes its greatness. Nor is it enough for a country to possess a select class of educated, cultivated men; for the nation consists of the many, not the few; and where the mass are sunk in ignorance and sensuality, there you see a degraded community, even though an aristocracy of science be lodged in its bosom. It is the moral and intellectual progress of the people, to which the patriot should devote himself as the only dignity and safeguard of the state. How needed this truth! In all ages, nations have imagined that they were glorifying themselves by triumphing over foreign foes, whilst at home they have been denied every ennobling institution; have been trodden under foot by tyranny, defrauded of the most sacred rights of humanity, enslaved by superstition, buried in ignorance, and cut off from all the means of rising to the dignity of men. They have thought that they were exalting themselves, in fighting for the very despots who ground them in the dust. Such has been the common notion of national honour; nor is it yet effaced. How many among ourselves are unable to stifle their zeal for our honour as a people, who never spent a thought on the institutions and improvements which ennoble a community, and whose character and examples degrade and taint their country, as far as their influence extends.

I have now given you the chief elements of national honour; and a people cherishing these can hardly be compelled to resort to war. I shall be told, however, that an enlightened and just people, though less exposed to hostilities, may still be wronged, insulted, and endangered; and I shall be asked, if in such a case its honour do not require it to repel injury—if submission be not disgrace? I answer, that a nation which submits to wrong from timidity, or a sordid love of ease or gain, forfeits its claim to respect. A faint-hearted, self-indulgent people, cowering under menace, shrinking from peril, and willing to buy repose by tribute or servile concession, deserves the chains which it cannot escape. But to bear much and long from a principle of humanity, from reverence for the law of love, is noble; and nothing but moral blindness and degradation induce men to see higher glory in impatience of injury and quickness to resent.

Still I may be asked, whether a people, however forbearing, may not sometimes owe it to its own dignity and safety to engage in war? I answer, yes. When the spirit of justice, humanity, and forbearance, instead of spreading peace, provokes fresh outrage, this outrage must be met and repressed by force. I know that many sincere Christians oppose to this doctrine the precept of Christ, 'Resist not evil.' But Christianity is wronged and its truth exposed to strong objections, when these and the like precepts are literally construed. The whole legislation of Christ is intended to teach us the spirit from which we should act, not to lay down rules for outward conduct. The precept, 'Resist not evil,' if practised to the letter, would annihilate all government in the family and the state; for it is the great work of government to resist evil passions and evil deeds. It is, indeed, our duty, as Christians, to love our worst enemy and to desire his true good; but we are to love not only our enemy, but our families, friends, and country, and to take a wise care of our own rights and happiness; and when we abandon to the violence of a wrong-doer these fellow-beings and these rights, commended by God to our love and care, we are plainly wanting in that expanded benevolence which Christianity demands. A nation then may owe it to its welfare and dignity to engage in war; and its honour demands that it should meet the trial with invincible resolution. It ought, at such a moment, to dismiss all fear, except the fear of its own passions—the fear of the crimes to which the exasperations and sore temptations of public hostilities expose a state.

I have admitted that a nation's honour may require its citizens to engage in war; but it requires them to engage in it wisely—with a full consciousness of rectitude, and with unfeigned sorrow. On no other conditions does war comport with national dignity; and these deserve a moment's attention. A people must engage in war wisely; for rashness is dishonourable, especially in so solemn and tremendous a concern. A nation must propose a wise end in war; and this remark is the more important, because the end or object which, according to common speech, a people is bound by its honour to propose, is generally disowned by wisdom. How common it is to hear, that the honour of a nation requires it to seek redress of grievances—reparation of injuries. Now, as a general rule, war does not and cannot repair injuries. Instead of securing compensation for past evils, it almost always multiplies them. As a general rule, a nation loses incomparably more by war than it has previously lost by the wrong-doer. Suppose, for example, a people to have been spoiled by another state of 'five millions of dollars.' To recover this by war, it must expend fifty or a hundred millions more, and will, almost certainly, come forth from the contest burthened with debt. Nor is this all. It loses more than wealth. It loses many lives. Now life and property are not to be balanced against each other. If a nation, by slaying a single innocent man, could possess itself of the wealth of worlds, it would have no right to destroy him for that cause alone. A human being cannot be valued by silver and gold; and of consequence a nation can never be authorized to sacrifice or expose thousands of lives, for the mere recovery of property of which it has been spoiled. To secure compensation for the past is very seldom a sufficient object for war. The true end is, security for the future. An injury inflicted by one nation on another may manifest a lawless, hostile spirit, from which, if unresisted, future and increasing outrages are to be feared, which would embolden other communities in wrong-doing, and against which neither property, nor life, nor liberty, would be secure. To protect a state from this spirit of violence and unprincipled aggression, is the duty of rulers; and protection may be found only in war. Here is the legitimate occasion and the true end of an appeal to arms. Let me ask you to apply this rule of wisdom to a case, the bearings of which will be easily seen. Suppose, then, an injury to have been inflicted on us by a foreign nation a quarter of a century ago. Suppose it to have been inflicted by a government which has fallen through its lawlessness, and which can never be restored. Suppose this injury to have been followed, during this long period, by not one hostile act, and not one sign of a hostile spirit. Suppose a disposition to repair it to be expressed by the head of the new government of the injurious nation; and suppose further, that our long endurance has not exposed us to a single insult from any other power since the general pacification of Europe. Under these circumstances, can it be pretended, with any show of reason, that threatened wrong, or that future security, requires us to bring upon ourselves and the other nation the horrors and miseries of war? Does not wisdom join with humanity in reprobating such a conflict?

I have said that the honour of a nation requires it to engage in a war for a wise end. I add, as a more important rule, that its dignity demands of it to engage in no conflict without a full consciousness of rectitude. It must not appeal to arms for doubtful rights. It must not think it enough to establish a probable claim. The true principle for a nation, as for an individual, is, that it will suffer rather than do wrong. It should prefer being injured to the hazard of doing injury. To secure to itself this full consciousness of rectitude, a nation should always desire to refer its disputes to an impartial umpire. It cannot too much distrust its own judgment in its own cause. That same selfish partiality which blinds the individual to the claims of a rival or foe, and which has compelled society to substitute public and disinterested tribunals for private war, disqualifies nations, more or less, to determine their own rights, and should lead them to seek a more dispassionate decision. The great idea which should rise to the mind of a country on meditating war, is rectitude. In declaring war, it should listen only to the voice of duty. To resolve on the destruction of our fellow-creatures without a command from conscience—a commission from God—is to bring on a people a load of infamy and crime. A nation, in declaring war, should be lifted above its passions by the fearfulness and solemnity of the act. It should appeal with unfeigned confidence to Heaven and earth for its uprightness of purpose. It should go forth as the champion of truth and justice, as the minister of God, to vindicate and sustain that great moral and national law, without which life has no security, and social improvements no defence. It should be inspired with invincible courage, not by its passions, but by the dignity and holiness of its cause. Nothing in the whole compass of legislation is so solemn as a declaration of war. By nothing do a people incur such tremendous responsibility. Unless justly waged, war involves a people in the guilt of murder. The state, which, without the command of justice and God, sends out fleets and armies to slaughter fellow-creatures, must answer for the blood it sheds, as truly as the assassin for the death of his victim. Oh, how loudly does the voice of blood cry to Heaven from the field of battle! Undoubtedly, the men whose names have come down to us with the loudest shouts of ages, stand now before the tribunal of eternal justice condemned as murderers; and the victories which have been thought to encircle a nation with glory, have fixed the same brand on multitudes in the sight of the final and Almighty Judge. How essential is it to a nation's honour that it should engage in war with a full conviction of rectitude!

But there is one more condition of an honourable war. A nation should engage in it with unfeigned sorrow. It should beseech the throne of grace with earnest supplication, that the dreadful office of destroying fellow-beings may not be imposed on it. War concentrates all the varieties of human misery, and a nation which can inflict these without sorrow, contracts deeper infamy than from cowardice. It is essentially barbarous; and will be looked back upon by more enlightened and Christian ages, with the horror with which we recal the atrocities of savage tribes. Let it be remembered that the calamities of war, its slaughter, famine and desolation, instead of being confined to its criminal authors, fall chiefly on multitudes who have had no share in provoking and no voice in proclaiming it; and let not a nation talk of its honour, which has no sympathy with these woes, which is steeled to the most terrible sufferings of humanity.

I have now spoken, my friends, of the sentiments with which war should be regarded. Is it so regarded? When recently the suggestion of war was thrown out to this people, what reception did it meet? Was it viewed at once in the light in which a Christian nation should immediately and most earnestly consider it? Was it received as a proposition to slaughter thousands of our fellow-creatures? Did we feel as if threatened with a calamity more fearful than earthquakes, famine, or pestilence? The blight which might fall on our prosperity, drew attention; but the thought of devoting as a people, our power and resources to the destruction of mankind, of those whom a common nature, whom reason, conscience, and Christianity command us to love and save, did this thrill us with horror? Did the solemn enquiry break forth through our land, is the dreadful necessity indeed laid upon us to send abroad death and woe? No. There was little manifestation of the sensibility, with which men and Christians should look such an evil in the face. As a people, we are still seared and blinded to the crimes and miseries of war. The principles of honour, to which the barbarism and infatuation of dark ages gave birth, prevail among us. The generous, merciful spirit of our religion is little understood. The law of love, preached from the cross and written in the blood of the Saviour, is trampled on by public men. The true dignity of man, which consists in breathing and cherishing God's spirit of justice and philanthropy towards every human being, is counted folly in comparison with that spirit of vindictiveness and self-aggrandizement, which turns our earth into an image of the abodes of the damned. How long will the friends of humanity, of religion, of Christ, silently, passively, uncomplainingly, suffer the men of this world, the ambitious, vindictive and selfish, to array them against their brethren in conflicts which they condemn and abhor? Shall not truth, humanity, and the mild and holy spirit of Christianity, find a voice to rebuke and awe the wickedness which precipitates nations into war, and to startle and awaken nations to their fearful responsibility in taking arms against the children of their Father in heaven? Prince of Peace! Saviour of men! Speak in thine own voice of love, power, and fearful warning; and redeem the world for which thou hast died, from lawless and cruel passions, from the spirit of rapine and murder, from the powers of darkness and hell! *

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* Reprinted from the second Boston edition, and may be had, price 6d., in a cover, of the Publisher and Printer.

THE MORAL CONDITION OF IRELAND.

SOCIETY in England exhibits a tendency to extremes which cannot but sadden those who, in the true spirit of Christian philanthropy, embrace the many as well as the few within the sphere of their sympathies. But Ireland is emphatically a land of contrasts:—the most benignant dispensations of nature; the utmost wretchedness of social life; a bloated hierarchy almost without a flock; a needy priesthood with the millions to superintend; the greatest part of the property in the hands of the alien few, while the mass are subsisting on a kind and an amount of food which are scarcely comparable to the crumbs that fall from the table of the rich, at the same time that provisions in profusion are sent out of the country; absentee landlords squandering the riches of the soil in distant lands, and greedy resident agents making their gain by grinding the faces of the population; the most generous impulses actuating the people on occasions, and on occasions the most deadly spirit of clanship manifesting its destructive effects; the property of the stranger and the traveller safe, all other property in peril;—such are some of the extremes displayed in 'Ireland in 1834'*—extremes which no good man can think of without the keenest pain, nor without a resolution to allow no opportunity to pass of exciting the public attention to the actual condition of Ireland, and thereby of seeking a remedy for her complicated and direful evils. We shall confine our attention to the moral wretchedness of the mass, and that extreme of poverty which is its parent. In order to condense as much information as possible in a small space, we shall give the substance of Mr. Inglis' observations, and leave the reader to make his own reflections:—

The streets of Dublin present strange and striking contrasts between grandeur and poverty. In Merrion Square, St. Stephen's Green, and elsewhere, the ragged wretches that are sitting on the steps, contrast strongly with the splendour of the houses and the magnificent equipages that wait without. I was extremely struck with the strong resemblances to the population of Spanish towns which the pauper population of Dublin presented. I saw the same rags and apparent indolence, the result of a want of employment and a low state of moral feeling: boys with bare heads and feet lying on the pavement, whose potato need only to be converted into a melon or a bit of wheaten bread, to make them fit subjects for Murillo; and houses and cottages in a half ruined state, with paneless windows, or no windows at all. I was also struck with the small number of provision shops. In London, every fifth or sixth shop is a bacon or a cheese shop. What would be the use of opening in Dublin a bacon shop, where the lower orders, who are elsewhere the chief purchasers of bacon, cannot afford to eat bacon, and live upon potatoes? I remarked the great eagerness of every one to get a little employment and earn a penny or two. After the cattle had been fed, the half-eaten turnips became the perquisite of the crowd of ragged boys and girls without. Many and fierce were the scrambles for these precious relics; and a half-gnawed turnip, when once secured, was guarded with the most vigilant jealousy, and was lent for a mouthful to another longing tatterdemalian. I visited the Mendicity Society, which may be considered a concentration of all the industrious pauperism of Dublin. Such institutions are a miserable make-shift for a legal provision for the poor, the sick and the infirm. There were 2145 persons on the charity, of whom 200 were Protestants. The finances were very low, and the directors were threatening a procession of the mendicants through the streets, by way of warming the charity of the citizens. This has been resorted to;—a most disgraceful expedient in a civilized community. What a contrast to the gaiety of Grafton-street, would be the filth and rags and absolute nakedness which I saw concentrated in the court of the institution!

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* By Henry D. Inglis.

In riding through Wicklow, I was seated next to the Protestant clergyman of an adjoining parish, who told me he was a considerable landowner, and spoke strongly of the discomfort of having a Catholic tenantry about him; which, however, he was doing his best to rid himself of. I found rents in Wicklow such as for the most part could never be paid by the produce of the land; and the small farmers, as well as labourers, barely subsisting. High rents were the universal complaint; the competition for land is but the outbiddings of desperate circumstances. One afternoon I walked up a mountain road, and reached a glen with several cabins in it, three of which I visited. The first I entered was a mud cabin—one apartment. It was neither air nor water tight, and the floor was extremely damp. The furniture consisted of a small bedstead, with very scanty bedding, a wooden bench, and one iron pot; the embers of some furze burnt on the floor; and there was neither chimney nor window. The rent of this wretched cabin, to which there was not a yard of land, was two pounds. The next cabin I entered was situated on the hill-side; in size and material it was like the other. I found in it a woman and her four children. There were two small bedsteads, and no furniture, excepting a stool, a little bench, and one pot. Here also were the burnt embers of some furze, the only fuel the poor of this neighbourhood can afford to use. The children were all of them in rags; and the mother regretted that on that account she could not send them to school. The husband of this woman was a labourer at sixpence per day;—eighty of which sixpences—that is, eighty days' labour, being absorbed in the rent of the cabin, which was taken out in labour; so that there was little more than fourpence halfpenny per day left for the support of a wife and four children, with potatoes at fourpence a stone. I entered one other cabin: it was the most comfortless of the three; it was neither air nor water tight, and had no bedstead, and no furniture, excepting a stool and a pot; and there were not even the embers of a fire. In this miserable abode there was a decently dressed woman with five children, and her husband was also a labourer at sixpence per day. This family had had a pig; but it had been taken for rent a few days before. They had hoped to be able to appropriate the whole of the daily sixpence to their support, and to pay the rent by means of the pig; but the necessities of nature, with the high price of potatoes, had created an arrear before the pig was old enough to be sold. The landlord might not be to blame;—he was a very small farmer of hill land, at twenty shillings per acre; and was just as hard set to live, and pay his rent, as his humbler dependant was.

In Gorey I found much to please me. There are many resident landlords—the condition of the people, especially of the farmers, is better than in Wicklow—but nothing approaching to constant labour is to be had. A loan society has been of great service. Artizans and labourers equally availed themselves of it; the shoemaker, for instance, obtained money to purchase leather; the countryman, to buy a pig or build a cabin. The sums lent are from £1 to £5, and are repaid by weekly instalments at the rate of a shilling for each pound lent; sixpence interest is also paid on each pound; and every borrower must give two joint securities, and produce a character from two householders, for honesty and sobriety. I found that the loans were repaid with wonderful punctuality, and that the society had not lost one penny. Could not something of this sort be done by the Government? Most of the cabins I visited in this neighbourhood boasted a pig; in many cases the result of a loan. Most of them were in styes, but some in the cabin, where, as Paddy says, he has the best right to be, "since it's he that pays the rint." There were here some clean neat cabins, the secret of which I found to be a premium offered by an agricultural society of from 10s. to £2 for the cleanest and most comfortable cottages.

Religious bitterness is carried very far in this neighbourhood, and this may mainly be ascribed to the recent institution of an Orange Lodge. Let Government be truly paternal, and there will be no occasion for Orange Lodges. The result of this ill-judged zeal are strikingly displayed at Gorey. There is a Protestant and a Catholic inn—known by these names; the Protestant and the Catholic Coach; and the very children, playing or squabbling in the streets, are divided into sects. This is miserable work, for which the Orange Lodge has to answer.

Before leaving Waterford, I visited some of the worst quarters of the town, and saw the most appalling misery. I found three and four families in hovels, lying on straw in different corners, and not a bit of furniture visible; the hovels themselves placed in the midst of the most horrid and disgusting filth. The heads of the families were out begging potatoes round the country.

About Thomastown, I found the condition of the people generally wretched. I met in my walks, wives and mothers begging about the country, carrying their sacks home with a few potatoes, and under their arms a little bundle of sticks—the only firewood they had—picked up by the road-side. They were not common mendicants, but the wives and daughters of labourers who could find no employment;—many had not even the means of obtaining seed to put into their little patches of potato grounds. The cabins were wretched in the extreme—many without even a pig in them. A new light had dawned on me. I used to be shocked at seeing a pig's snout at the cabin door, and thought it a proof of wretchedness; but I now began to bless the sight, and to pity more those who possessed no pig. Much might be effected, if resident landlords would more identify themselves with the people. This the proprietors of Woodstock have done; and as one proof of the influence of character, I may mention that the Catholic children of the village attend, without exception, the school of Lady Louisa Tighe, which is taught by a Protestant. It is not enough that landlords be resident; absenteeism would be imperfectly cured, unless they were philanthropic also.

In what state are the people of Kilkenny? I wish I could have contemplated their situation with as much pleasure as I did the city itself, and the natural beauties that surround it; but I am compelled to say, that I found the most wide-spread and aggravated misery. There were, when I visited it, upwards of 2000 persons totally without employment.

In the south of Ireland, I found that the whole of the lower and a great proportion of the middle class are repealers; and Protestants, who are few in number, quite as much as Catholics. It is, however, admitted that if employment were provided for the people, and absentees enticed or forced back, repeal would lose its force.

At a fair, about four miles from Kilkenny, I was particularly struck with the difference in the display of luxuries at an Irish and an English merry-making. Gingerbread and other dainties are exhibited at a race or fair in England; here I observed carts filled with good common household bread: this was deemed a luxury.

I never travelled through a more pleasing country than that which lies between Kilkenny and Callen, and I never entered a town reflecting so much disgrace on the owner as the latter. In so execrable a condition are the streets, that the mail-coach, in passing through it, is allowed twelve minutes extra; an indulgence which can surprise no one who drives, or rather attempts to drive, through it; for no one who has the use of his limbs would consent to be driven. And yet, will it be credited, that a toll is levied on the entrance into the town, of every article of consumption; and that not one shilling of the money so received is laid out for the benefit of the town? The potatoes, coal, butter-milk, with which the poor wretches who inhabit this place supply their necessities, are subject to a toll, which used to produce £250 per annum; but which, having been resisted by some spirited and prying person, who questioned the right of toll, the receipts have been since considerably diminished. It was with some difficulty that I obtained a sight of the table of tolls; but I insisted on my right to see it; and satisfied myself that potatoes and butter-milk, the food of the poor, pay a toll to Lord Clifden, who, out of the revenue of about £20,000 per annum which he draws from this neighbourhood, lays out not one farthing for the benefit of his people. I had not yet seen in Ireland any town in so wretched a condition as this. I arrived in it very early in the morning; and having been promised breakfast at a grocer's shop (for there is no inn in Callen,) I walked through the outskirts of the town and round a little common which lies close to it, and there I saw the people crawling out of their hovels,—they and their hovels not one shade better than I have seen in the sierras of Granada, where the people live in holes excavated in the banks. Their cabins were mere holes, with nothing within them (I speak of two which I entered) excepting a little straw, and one or two broken stools. And all the other outskirts of the town are in nearly a similar condition :—ranges of hovels, without a ray of comfort, or a trace civilization about them; and people either in a state of actual starvation, or barely keeping body and soul together. All this I saw, and cannot be deceived; and from the inquiries which I made of intelligent persons, the Protestant clergyman among the number, I may state, that in this town, containing between 4000 and 5000 inhabitants at least, 1000 are without regular employment; 600 or 700 entirely destitute; and that there are upwards of 200 actual mendicants in the town—persons incapable of work. Is there any one so blind as to contend, that this is a state of things which ought to continue; and that an absentee nobleman should be permitted to draw, without deduction for the support of the infirm poor, the splendid income which he wrings out of a people left to starvation or crime? An attempt was made by some philanthropic persons, to have the common inclosed and cultivated, which would have given some employment; but the project was unsuccessful. The great resisted it. And again, will any one say that Lord Clifden, or others situated like his lordship, ought not to be *forced* to consent to a proposal tending to give employment to those, whom his own rack-rents and ejectments have made paupers? Let any one who desires to see a specimen of an absentee town, visit Callen. And Lord Clifden is the more reprehensible, since he occasionally visits the country, and is not ignorant of its condition. It is true, that his lordship drives as rapidly through his town as the state of the streets will admit; but it happened fortunately that upon one occasion the carriage broke down, and this patriotic and tender-hearted nobleman was forced to hear the execrations of the crowd of naked and starving wretches who thronged around him.

I walked back to Kilkenny from Callen in the evening, without any fear of robbery, in a country where half the people are starving. Robbery, singular to tell, is a crime of unfrequent occurrence; and I look upon it, that a traveller is in less danger on the highways of Ireland, than in any part of the British dominions.

In Cashel, wages were only eight pence a-day, without diet, and numbers were unemployed. The population is about 7000—the number of Protestant communicants, 150. I heard bad accounts of the Protestant archbishop. He was universally disliked, even by those dependant upon him and of the same persuasion. He does no good, and, by all accounts, is a hard man; in every sense far over-paid by the ten or twelve thousand a-year which he enjoys. In his lordship's palace and gardens is all that can delight the senses. Sitting in the evening at the window of the inn, I saw a sight such as I never saw in any other part of the world—a lad twelve years of age so entirely in rags that he might as well have been naked. At a baker's shop opposite the inn, I saw very many children buy a half-penny worth of bread, and divide it into two or three pieces for the supper of as many.

There has been much exaggeration; but, doubtless, frightful instances of ferocity, hatred, and revenge have occurred, and I heard but one opinion as to the necessity of the Coercion Bill. Almost every outrage and murder that has disgraced Ireland, has arisen out of one of two causes—competition for land, or tithes. The first may be abated by finding employment for the people, but tithes are objectionable in any and in every shape. Nothing but their abolition will give satisfaction.

In Mitchelstown the distress was so urgent, that in order to prevent the actual starvation of hundreds, a public meeting was held, and a subscription entered into. An investigation followed, and laid open scenes of the most aggravated misery. In a town of 5000 inhabitants, 1800 were found in a state of starvation. Of these, 1200 were unemployed labourers and their families; the remaining 600 consisted of the aged, the infirm, widows and their children. Besides the 1800 in the town, nearly 1200 more were in destitution in the immediately surrounding country. These facts are well worthy the attention of those who are hostile to any system of poor laws.

On the Duke of Devonshire's property at Lismore, ejectments, with their attendant cruelties, are unknown. I am sorry I cannot say so much for many other landlords. 'I am deucedly fatigued this morning,' said an attorney, upon whom a lady called one *Monday* morning: '*Yesterday* we had some tough work; thirty-eight ejectments to put into effect, and a world of trouble they cost us; so tenacious were some of the people, that we had to pull down the roofs about their ears.'

Marriages, in the south-western district, are contracted at an earlier age than in any part that I had ever visited. Fourteen and thirteen are common ages for the marriage of girls; fifteen is not considered at all an early age; and there are instances of their having been contracted at so early an age as twelve. I am far from saying that these early marriages are universally encouraged by the Catholic priesthood for the sake of the fees; it is, however, frequently the case.

At the Tralee sessions, which I attended, there were 1470 causes entered for judgment, and this was not considered a heavy list! Seventy-seven of this number were ejectments, and the tremendous remainder was chiefly made up of breaches of contract—indicating, I fear, a woeful lack of veracity and just dealing, and a most indomitable spirit of litigiousness. Nor was I less struck with the list of criminal cases handed to me. One hundred and ninety-nine criminal cases at a quarter sessions, for one half of the remote county of Kerry!!—and of these, 174 cases implying the undue exercise of physical force!! The chief source of this crime is in the spirit of clanship—arising from assemblages of persons who fight with, and maim, and kill each other. These factions create far more disturbance and bloodshed than any of the associations for illegal purposes. I was in this county at the time of the memorable affair of Balybunian, when nearly two score persons were driven into the Shannon, and drowned, and knocked on the head like so many dogs. Such premeditated fights ought to be put down by the strong hand of the law. The great causes of these disturbances are the same as those which answer to the call of political agitation—imperfect civilization, and want of employment. I have little doubt that healing measures, coupled with an extensive and practicable system of education, and aided by a strong police, will gradually diminish the necessity for special measures of coercion. Let Government act with moderation; let the tithe question be settled; let the extremes of all parties be discouraged; let Irish interests not be sacrificed to a paltry economy; let the infirm and the aged poor be cared for; let the superabundant labour of Ireland be employed on her extensive wastes; let public works be undertaken; let agitation for all dishonest purposes be firmly met, and agitators scorned; let the Church be wisely but thoroughly reformed; let the Government show a sympathy with the real evils of the country, and a determination—spite of landlords—spite of Church dignitaries—spite of agitators of all kinds—to do justice, and Ireland will continue but a little while longer, the distracted, poverty-stricken, crushed, and unhappy land which a century of neglect and misgovernment has made it.

In the country between Tralee and Listowel, the children which I saw standing about the cabin doors, or tending the pigs or goats, appeared altogether regardless of covering; several I noticed with nothing but shirts, apparently unconscious that clothes were any comfort; and one boy with neither shirt nor any nether garments whatever, with nothing but a jacket, and a great rose stuck in the button-hole.

I attended the assizes at Ennis: the sight was most painful. The most numerous class of cases are homicides perpetrated at fairs, called fair murders, by rival clans. Want of veracity is almost universal;—if positive falsehood will serve the end of faction, it is resorted to unblushingly, and on the largest scale. The most striking defect of character exhibited at an Irish assize, is a perfect contempt of human suffering, and an utter disregard of the value of human life. Weapons of the most deadly description are brought into court as evidence—sticks and whips loaded with lead, and stones that might crush the head of a horse. The same ferocity which was exhibited at the fight is brought into court; false oaths are substituted for weapons; and by these, witnesses seek to avenge the death of a relative, who has been more unfortunate, but probably not less criminal, than the accused.

In Limerick, I spent a day in visiting those parts of the city where the greatest destitution is said to exist. I entered upwards of forty of the abodes of poverty; and to the latest hour of my existence I can never forget the scenes of utter and hopeless wretchedness that presented themselves. Some of the abodes I visited were garrets; some were cellars; some were hovels on the ground-floor, situated in narrow yards or alleys. I will not speak of the filth of the places; that could not be exceeded in places meant to be its receptacles. Let the worst be imagined, and it will not be beyond the truth. In at least three-fourths of the hovels which I entered, there was no furniture of any description, save an iron pot—no table, no chair, no bench, no bedstead; two, three, or four little bundles of straw, with, perhaps, one or two scanty and ragged matts, were rolled up in the corners, unless where these beds were found occupied. The inmates were some of them old, crooked, and diseased; some younger, but emaciated, and surrounded by starving children; some were sitting on the damp ground, some standing, and many were unable to rise from their little straw-heaps. In scarcely one hovel could I find even a potato. In one which I entered, I noticed a small opening leading into an inner room. I lighted a bit of paper at the embers of a turf which lay in the chimney, and looked in. It was a cellar wholly dark, and about twelve feet square: two bundles of straw lay in two corners; on one, sat a bed-ridden woman; on another, lay two naked children, literally naked, with a torn rag of some kind thrown over them both. But I saw even worse than this. In a cellar which I entered, and which was almost quite dark, and slippery with damp, I found a man sitting on a little sawdust. He was naked: he had not even a shirt; a filthy and ragged matt was round him. This man was a living skeleton; the bones all but protruded through the skin: he was literally starving.

In place of forty hovels, I might have visited hundreds. In place of seeing, as I did, hundreds of men, women, and children in the last state of destitution, I might have seen thousands. I entered the alleys, and visited the hovels, and climbed the stairs at a venture; I did not select; and I have no reason to believe that the forty which I visited, were the abodes of greater wretchedness than the hundreds which I passed by. I saw also another kind of destitution. The individuals I have yet spoken of were aged, infirm, or diseased: but there was another class fast approaching infirmity and disease, but yet able and willing to earn their subsistence. I found many handloom weavers, who worked from five in the morning till eight at night, and received from a task-master from half-a-crown to four shillings a-week. Many of these men had wives and families; and I need scarcely say, that confinement, labour, scanty subsistence, and despair, were fast reducing these men to the condition of the others, upon whom disease and utter destitution had already laid their hands. The subsistence of these men consisted of one scanty meal of dry potatoes daily.

I will only add one other instance of destitution. Driving in the neighbourhood of Limerick, on the Adair road, in company with a medical gentleman, the apparition of a man suddenly appeared by the side of our car. The gentleman who accompanied me knew him: he had been a stone-breaker, but had become infirm, and at length utterly disabled by disease from labour: his cabin was close by; and we ascertained that he and his family had subsisted during the last three days on the leaves of that yellow-flowered weed which grows among corn, and which is boiled and eaten with a little salt. I think I have already mentioned the use of this weed for a similar purpose, by the destitute poor of Kilkenny; or, if I have not, I ought to have done so.

I think it is impossible for me to select a better opportunity than this, to advert briefly to a topic, on which I have not hitherto offered any direct observations. I look to the disputed question, whether there be, or be not, a necessity for some legal provision for the poor: and I confess, that with such scenes before me as I have at this moment, it does seem to me an insult to humanity and common sense to doubt the neccessity to which I allude. I might carry the reader back with me, to gather arguments from Kilkenny, Waterford, Cashel; and, indeed, from almost every town, village, and hamlet, that has lain on my way; but the situation of the poor of Limerick is at this moment fresh in my memory; and I ask any man of ordinary intelligence, whether such a state of things can or ought to be allowed to continue? Why should Lord Limerick, in Ireland, be exempt from the duty which Lord Limerick, in England, must perform? Why, under the same government, should men be allowed to starve in one division of the empire, and not in another?

I found, in one part of the county of Longford, great want of accommodation for the Protestant congregation. I allude to the parish 'of the Union of Kilglass.' There is monstrous abuse here. The bishop is rector, and draws from four to five hundred pounds per annum; and yet there is no church or Protestant service in the parish. His lordship, on being respectfully written to on the subject, replied, that there was service in the next parish.

I found great want of employment at Balinasloe; eight pence, without diet, was the highest rate of wages; and many laboured for six pence, but even at this full employment was not to be had. A gentleman offered to procure, on an hour's warning, a couple of hundred labourers at four pence, even for temporary employment

I had an opportunity of conversing with many landlords in Galway, and regretted to find among them little sympathy with the poor. I also found amongst them generally the greatest terror of any legislative provision for the poor. The great cause of this and of the oppression of the landlords throughout the west of Ireland, is the improvidence of the upper classes. So many of them are distressed men, that their own necessities force them to be hard on their tenants, and prompt them to grasp at the highest rent offered. Thus every class which lives by land becomes necessitous: improvements, where every shilling is wanted by the farmer to pay his rent, and by the landlord to keep his head above water, are impossible: and the labour-market being overstocked, the necessities of the poor are taken advantage of.

Literature is at a very low ebb in Galway. No regular bookseller's shop is to be found in this town, containing between 30,000 and 40,000 inhabitants. I need scarcely say that the town contains no public or circulating library; and I could not learn that, either in the town or in its neighbourhood, any private book society existed.

Among the country people in Ireland, there is less affection between man and wife than adorns domestic life in the humbler spheres on the other side of the channel. Marriage is not among these classes in Ireland, what it is among the like classes in England. It is seldom the result of long-tried affection; but either a rash step taken by unthinking children, or a mercenary bargain, in which the woman has little voice, and in which her partner is actuated solely by sordid views.

Antrim is perhaps the only county in Ireland in which there is any thing approaching to a yeomanry; there are found a considerable number of large farmers, who hold land in perpetuity, at very low rents; and these form a respectable and useful class of men, standing in the place of the substantial English farmer, and conferring upon the districts where they live all the benefits which arise from resident landlords.

On approaching Belfast, a different scene presented itself from what Ireland generally displays. Within the town, and without the town, the proofs of prosperity are equally striking. No mud cabins, no poor cottages, and neither in the streets nor in the suburbs is the eye arrested by objects of compassion. There is, in fact, no trace of an Irish population among any class: the lower orders are not ragged and starving; the middle and upper classes are not loungers and men of pleasure. I visited many of the houses of the common people, and found no complaint of want of work; and I am inclined to think that all the healthy and industrious labourers can afford to live in tolerable comfort. The number of infirm and diseased poor bears no comparison with the infirm pauper population of Limerick.

Our author sums up his evidence in the shape of a 'Report,' with extracts from which we conclude this painful survey of the sister country:—

I have minutely inquired into the condition of the people of Ireland, and do report that the destitute, infirm, and aged, form a large body of the population of the cities, towns, and villages of Ireland; that in the judgment of those best qualified to know the truth, three-fourths of their number die through the effects of destitution, either by the decay of nature, accelerated or through disease—induced by scanty and unwholesome food, or else by the attack of epidemics, rendered more fatal from the same causes; that the present condition of this large class is shocking for humanity to contemplate, and beyond the efforts of private beneficence to relieve; that the individuals, whose charity prolongs for a little the existence of these miserable objects of their compassion, are not the persons whose improvidence, harshness, sordidness, and neglect, have contributed to swell the mass of pauperism—nor those who possess the chief property in towns—nor those who are best able to help the indigent; and that, in these circumstances, it becomes an imperative, urgent, and sacred duty, to provide by legislative enactment for the support, on equitable principles, of the aged, impotent, and infirm poor of Ireland; that the condition of the agricultural labourers, throughout Ireland, is scarcely less deplorable than that of the class to which I have just alluded; that the supply of labour incalculably exceeds the demand for it; that but a very small proportion of this class are able to find constant employment; that a large proportion are unemployed during one half of the whole year; that the wages of labour, even to those who are fully employed, do not afford the means of healthy subsistence; that almost the whole of this class live on the verge of starvation, and that thereby hourly additions are made to the ranks of impotent pauperism; that millions of acres in Ireland are reclaimable by the agency of those very materials in which Ireland the most abounds—human labour and limestone; that since such is the condition of the labouring classes, and such the means of improving that condition, it is the duty of government to encourage the cultivation of waste lands, by means of others, or to take upon itself the right of operating upon the reclaimable wastes of Ireland, and to colonise those wastes for the benefit of the people.

THE CLAIM OF UNITARIANS TO THE NAME OF 'CHRISTIAN.'

'UNITARIANS are not Christians'—the cry long raised by the less-informed of the religious world—is now taken up by persons whose character and education would seem to have afforded a guarantee of better things. We would not scrutinize too narrowly the motives which may have led to this outburst of illiberality; for, whether actuated or not by a desire to disarm a troublesome opponent, or the still less worthy desire of diverting property from channels in which it has from the first flowed, the parties themselves, in all probability, are but little aware of the exact nature of the inducements under which they act; and while a stranger can hardly be better circumstanced than they themselves for detecting their promptings, he may incur the blame of erecting himself into a judge without authority, and of falling into the very error which he deplores.

For myself, I cannot understand how any one can speak for another in the matter of his faith. It is for each individual to say whether or not he is a Christian, and it is for his brother to acquiesce in the decision. I have no right to determine what another is, for the power of forming a correct judgment is not mine. Were there, indeed, any universally-recognized definition of a Christian, it would be easy for me to apply the test in any particular case—so far, at least, as profession was concerned. But, since there is no such definition—since there can be none without the surrender of the fundamental principle of Protestantism—the right of private judgment, I have no measure by which to ascertain whether a fellow-being is a Christian or not, except his own averment. Each one has his own definition of Christianity, and each, therefore, can say for himself—but for no one else—whether or not he is a Christian. Without a test, founded not on human but divine authority, individual judgment cannot extend beyond self. It is true that numbers may agree in their test, and then be able to declare each the other's accordance with it; but inasmuch as they have agreed—have, that is, expressed an individual conviction—their collective opinion is nothing more than the opinion of individuals. For themselves they may speak, because they have agreed on their test one with the other; but the moment they proceed to speak of those who have not signified their concurrence, they trench on Christian liberty, and assume the functions of infallibility. And after all, it is only with allowance that they can be said to be right, even in relation to themselves. I may be right in declaring that I am a Christian, because I know that my professions are coincident with my convictions; but what assurance have I in asserting that my friend is a Christian? Have I ascertained—can I ascertain with certainty, that he believes exactly what he avows, or what is ascribed to him? It is not unfrequent for those to believe the least who profess the most, and under all circumstances it is safer for a person to declare his own than his brother's creed. Were the question at issue whether the lives of certain persons were in accordance with the Christian rule, there might be some hope of arriving at a decision; and yet, though it is less difficult to determine by the scriptural test—'by their fruits ye shall know them'—the worth of character depends on so many circumstances—circumstances the most varied, latent, evanescent—on original temperament—on early and late education—on social position—on struggles which no human eye has seen, or can see—on moral proportions and degrees and compensations—on conflicts, defeats, perseverance—on principles of action—on purposes and aims and strivings, so diversified and complicated, that, except in a very general and vague manner, no one but God can pronounce of an individual that he is or is not a Christian.

But I am afraid that it is useless to reason with those who go to the extreme of giving a practical contradiction to what men no less estimable than themselves distinctly assert. They are beyond the reach of reason, for they act on a definition arbitrarily assumed, and yet do not see the inconsistency of calling themselves Protestants. Were they to say of Unitarians—'they are not Christians after our sort'—they would utter what was at once in harmony with truth and charity; but then they would betray a doubt of their being infallible, which would be most alien from their spirit. No; they are right, and all who think not with them are wrong. Christianity is what they believe, and of course those who differ from them are not Christians. The argument would be sufficiently sound, did it not involve the assumption of infallibility. So long, however, as they have nothing but their individual interpretation of the Scriptures to rely upon, so long are they bound to speak with authority of no one's Christianity but their own.

It is, indeed, no little strange that any men in these days—especially men who call themselves not only Protestants, but Dissenters—it is no little strange that of Dissenters, some who profess to have a thorough and practical understanding of the nature and claims of religious liberty, should so deceive themselves as to venture even so far as to deny the Christian name to men who profess and have defended Christianity. The fact would be almost incredible, did we not know somewhat of the blinding influence of religious pride. Orthodoxy is nothing more than infallibility under another name. The papacy of Protestantism is not less offensive because, instead of one, it has a myriad heads. Every one imbued with its spirit, judges indeed for himself—so far disowning the Pope—but judges also for all the world beside, and means but to seat himself in the chair of St. Peter.

While such feelings are current, there can be no such thing as true religious liberty. Religious liberty does not consist in the existence of separate sects, nor in the separate activity of conflicting rivals, nor in the absence of the stake, the pillory and the prison—but rather in that open field and fair play, which are found when no principles are branded or honoured—when the breath of society utters neither a bribe nor a penalty—when each one is esteemed in proportion to his usefulness, not his profession—when vice, not heresy, is shunned. And religious liberty is crippled—its very existence is endangered—its exercise with the many actually precluded, when any body of men presume to erect their own notions into unquestionable truth—denounce the penalties of mental pravity—nay, the pains of hell—on those who read not the Scriptures with their eyes, and raise, so far as they can, society in a hue and cry to hunt down the obnoxious dissidents.

When men who are otherwise good and amiable—the avowed and chosen friends of liberty—thus contravene their principles, and are yet blind to the inconsistency of which they are guilty, it is in vain to employ reason with them—so possessed are they by the spirit of self-sufficiency and self-esteem. What remains, then, but for those who suffer from the injustice, to 'appeal to Cæsar'—to appeal from the bigotry of the church, to the liberality of the world.

There may be persons who think this outcry of religious littleness unworthy of serious notice; and for myself, individually, I reck it not. It neither disturbs my peace, nor unsettles my faith. It is a small matter to be judged of man's judgment. There is one who judgeth—that is God. But is nothing due to principle? That Unitarians are right, I am not about to contend. Wrong or right in their views of Scripture, is, to my mind, a small matter in comparison with justice. Truth, on whatever side it lie, cannot prevail till persecution cease, and persecution will not cease till that spirit of anti-Christ has left the world, which does not try the spirits, but miscalls and proscribes them. I deprecate the warfare of hard names. I deprecate the assumption, under whatever guise, of infallibility. These things may serve the cause of the passions, but they injure the cause of truth. They are the nursing fathers of prejudice. They possess the religious masses of the country, and like unclean spirits, they battle sturdily and effectually for the retention of their mastery.

The appeal, then, that I make, is not to avert personal odium—not to supplicate lenity—still less to return reviling for reviling; but to vindicate the claims of religious liberty: it is of justice against injustice, and reason against the passions. 'I appeal unto Cæsar:' and if any class of men can possess his imperial favour, they need not be solicitous about the harsh noises of ignorance or illiberality. Now the intelligent portion of society—those who make laws in making opinion—who possess Christianity in possessing a love of God, of Christ, and man; who give the award in all great social issues—these, who are far more the arbiters of social justice—far more the friends of truth—yes, of Christianity—than the tiny souls who arrogate the exclusive title of the Church of Christ; these cultivated and comprehensive minds form their judgments by far different measures than those which influence the champions of Orthodoxy; by far wider and less incorrect views; by tests more in harmony at once with reason and revelation. 'The tree is known by its fruits,' they acknowledge as well in practice as in theory. 'Ye are my disciples if ye love one another,' is a criterion they apply with unerring precision. 'Whosoever shall do the will of my Father, the same is my brother and sister and mother:' with them, as with Jesus, the relationship with heaven depends not on the outward man of profession and creeds and articles of faith; but the inward man of the heart—the life abounding with the fruits of holiness. It is conformity to the image of Christ in its moral loveliness that the intelligent regard as the symbol of discipleship.

And thus it happens that the enlightened public rarely inflicts an injustice, and still more rarely cleaves to an injustice erroneously committed. Standing aloof from the little passions which agitate the narrow circles of what is called the religious world—uninfluenced by its jealousies, its fears, its hopes—unrestricted in the range of its vision by the barriers of sect and party—it estimates social questions on broad considerations—on equitable principles, and is therefore enabled to approach, in its ultimate decision, to the requirements of truth and justice.

Unitarians, then, in making their appeal to an enlightened public, would do well to inquire what questions they are likely to have to answer. Perhaps it might ask—are their ministers men of active benevolence, as well as of varied learning?—are they found in connexion with the several benevolent institutions of the age?—are they among the energetic friends of Provident Societies, of Temperance Societies, of Missionary and Bible Societies?—did the emancipation of the slave owe much to their efforts?—have they done their share for the improvement of prison discipline?—do they go out into the highways and hedges of social life, in order to preach the Gospel to the poor:—are they men of devoted spirits?—do they prefer ministering the Gospel to the sinful, carrying a healing influence into the diseased portions of the social frame—being harbingers of light and peace and comfort to the now squalid cottage and abandoned cellar—do they prefer discharging these their high duties, to the luxury of their libraries, the refinements of their drawing-rooms, the ease of their fire-sides? Are they men distinguished for piety—not the glare of the passions, but the steady flame of a reasonable and a vital faith—possessing such a spirit of power, as well as of love and of a sound mind, as their calling to the work of the ministry requires of their consistency; and in consequence of the impulses of this spirit, are they assiduous in the discharge of their pastoral duties—instructing the young, comforting the distressed, administering the balm of consolation to the dying, and by the gentle force of a holy life preaching the Gospel from house to house? And are they, in their public ministrations, men who know and find their way to the hearts of their hearers? Have they evidences that their ministry is, under God, a ministry of power?—is the conscience of the sinner affected?—is the prodigal reclaimed?—is the heart regenerated? Of their congregations, can it be said that they are full of the energy of spiritual life?—that they walk in peaceful communion one with another, the strong aiding the weak, and even the weak contributing his portion towards the common weal?—that they are each centres whence radiate the warmth and energy of Christian benevolence over the poor, the depraved, and the destitute?—that they are associated together for the common defence and furtherance of the Gospel?—that they are prompt to strengthen the hands of their ministers for every good word and work?—that they give practical proofs of regarding a ministry of love as paramount in its claims on their own energies?—are they men of God, and not men of the world?—do they bear the image of Christ, not the image of a refined selfishness?—do they rest satisfied with resources provided by their ancestors, or generously make every additional supply requisite for sustaining religious services?—do they direct and encourage the zealous and the benevolent in their labours?—do they manifest a personal interest in the workings of and support of Sunday schools, missions to the poor, the ignorant, the depraved?—do they relieve their ministers from the necessity of uniting a second profession with the ministration of the Gospel, thus enabling and requiring them to devote all their powers to the one great work?

These questions exhibit the spirit in which the enlightened public will regard the question raised respecting the right of Unitarians to the Christian name. As these questions are answered, so will be its award. If there is to be for Unitarians any refuge from intolerance, they must show by their works that they have the spirit of Christ, and thus lay hold of the sympathies of the intelligent. Individual worth, and social worth, are the price that must be paid. Over what is barren it is vain to expect the public to throw its shield. It has no party sympathies to bribe its suffrage. Obvious and tangible good meets with its favour, and from the useless it turns away in silent neglect. Who would have it otherwise? There can be no lamentation from the lover of his species—no lamentation from the friends of Christianity, on the extinction of the worthless and the unproductive—of that which, while all the world is glowing with the ardour of a busy activity—the social, the domestic, the political world—kindling up into new and purified forms, and putting forth power with a promise of the happiest results, should present the uncongenial aspect of a moral petrifaction. As certain is it, that no body of men in the possession of moral energy can perish; and Unitarians, if strong in the vitality of their souls, cannot be put down. The storm of persecution may burst around their heads—the fanaticism of self-styled friends of liberty may repeat, under another guise, the terrors inflicted on the confessors and martyrs of Unitarian Poland—or those which fell from the senseless shouts of 'Church and King' on Priestley and his friends in England—they may be divested of property which they have received from their ancestors—and what is dearer, the honoured name of Christian—their opinions may be pronounced, even from the judicial bench, as an offence at common law—their characters be traduced with imputations of administrative malversation, and their opinions held up to reproach from the pulpit and the press:—they may be cut off from Christian intercourse in public—they may be amerced in their private and social interests—still they cannot perish; they cannot be otherwise than happy in themselves, and acceptable in God's sight, so long as they have the strong energies of spiritual life in their own bosoms, and communicate their vitality to the spheres in which they move. If they perish, it must be by their own fault—by their own unfaithfulness. God has given them the elements of life and prosperity—it will be their own neglect if the vestal fire become extinct.

The test of utility is the public's test;—but the test must be applied with caution and consideration. If the public is rigid and indiscriminate in its application, it will go far to rob the majority of the Christian name. The existence of faults is not a forfeiture; the existence of virtues is not necessarily a claim. What is the general character? The whole evidence must go before the jury. To come to a right estimate, there is much to be considered besides first appearances. An issue, which in its commencement is good, may prove eventually disastrous. Where the public sees zeal, it must ask if there is knowledge too. Fire may destroy as well as warm. The ardour which is not accompanied by proportionate wisdom, degenerates into fanaticism; and fanaticism is the prolific parent of vice and infidelity. The breeze, if not restrained by God's power, swells into a devastating hurricane.

It is equally true that the well-working of the social system requires a diversity of operations. If perfection is not to be found in individuals, it can be looked for only in the resulting effect of a nicely-balanced system of contrarieties. And so has God ordered society, as to make it a complication of moral compensations. Defects on one side are supplied by superfluities on the other.

> 'Mille hominum species, et rerum discolor usus;
> Velle suum cuique est, nec voto vivitur uno.'

One man has zeal, another prudence; one man supplies the impulse, another the check; here is knowledge—there is wisdom; here a love of the established degenerating into a retention of what is corrupt—there a love of the new tending to level what is sound. This is God's ordination. We may wish perfection in the individual members—our actual portion is excellence in the joint operation of the whole. It is our business to take what is offered and make the best of it. To proscribe a brother because his wisdom is not accompanied by ardour, would be to authorize our own condemnation for possessing much zeal and little discretion. Far better is it to welcome each one's contribution to the common good, and occupy ourselves, not in impeaching others, but improving ourselves.

Society, therefore, has no right to expect perfection in any sect;—in no sect can it find perfection. However great the good in each particular case, it will have to make a large deduction for corresponding ill; and, for the most part, it will find no more than the preponderance in favour of utility.

The test of utility thus qualified, Unitarians, in the opinion of many, need not fear the application of. And could their advocate be heard in full, he would not fail to establish a claim on the esteem of all who love knowledge, liberty, and goodness. Where, he might ask, are firmer—more consistent—more energetic—more enlightened friends of civil and religious liberty—the basis of every earthly, every spiritual good? Are they not usually found the active friends of knowledge—of mechanics' institutions—of Sunday schools—of day schools—of a large and liberal mode of education? Do they not sustain among themselves, and aim to diffuse through society, a healthful spirit of free enquiry? Are they not the enemies of superstition and prejudice—of implicit faith, and priestly domination, and mental lethargy, and mental timidity—these, the tyrants of the human breast, and the destroyers of all its higher capacities? And are they not friends of whatever conduces to soundness, to freedom, to vigour of mind—to the thorough and harmonious development of all its capabilities—to simplicity and sincerity—and to that mental integrity which palters not with convictions—which disdains to close the eye on evidence or overstrain profession? Can it be denied that their ranks have been adorned with learning, their principles expounded with clearness and force—their faithfulness proved by the sacrifice of some of the chief blessings of existence, nay of existence itself;—that their social intercourses are marked by propriety, and not seldom dignified by refinement—and that they have supplied some of the best defences of a common Christianity against a common enemy? They have their faults—may they be corrected;—they have their virtues—let them not be overlooked. And society would do well to consider, whether, if it allows them to be smitten, it would not suffer an injury in its vital parts.

A POET'S PRAYER.

Oh ! may Devotion's kindling flame
  Light up the altar of my heart,
Till, fervent thro' my trembling frame,
  Its heav'n-inspiring flashes dart ;
And my rapt soul the song shall raise,
That glows with her Creator's praise :
As erst the chords of Memnon's lyre,
  Touch'd by the morn's entrancing ray,
Thrill'd with the breath of living fire,
  And hail'd with song the Lord of day !

J. B.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

A sister hung above a sister's bier—
  An old man kiss'd a daughter's pallid cheek :
The sister wept—the father shed no tear,
  But trembled, and his heart swell'd as 'twould break
Above that open coffin's senseless clay.
  Words he had none to speak the inward grief
That rent his tortured soul, save 'Well-a-day !'
  'Ah ! well-a-day !'—such lamentation brief
He uttered loud, wringing his feeble hands :
  And she who heard him tried to soothe his woe,
But still beside the lifeless corpse he stands,
  And will not from the coffin'd relics go.
Despair is written on his brow of gloom,
  And his few hairs are turn'd with sorrow white :
'Twere bliss to him if thou, all-darksome tomb,
  Shouldst close his dim eyes in thy dreary night.
The young green branch fades in the sunny spring,
  Torn from the aged trunk its verdure crown'd
E'en in the season of its blossoming !—
  No sadder sight than this on earth is found ;
So deems that mourner, old, and wan, and gray,
Who wrings his feeble hands, and cries—'Ah ! well-a-day !'

J. B.

PANTIKA, OR TRADITIONS OF THE MOST ANCIENT TIMES.

By William Howitt.—London: Whittaker & Co.

On opening this work and perceiving the plan of it as developed in the preface, we were struck with the adventurous spirit therein displayed. However beautiful and grand our conceptions of the ‘world's young days,’ they probably owe very much of their beauty and grandeur to the indistinctness of those pictures which we have of them in the sacred writings. It has been said that Milton is a poet to whom no painter can render justice; and notwithstanding the productions of Fuseli, Lawrence, and Martin, we cannot but agree in this opinion. Our ideas of the poet's representations have always been lowered when we have seen them in the detail of canvass; the Lucifer of our mind was so much more vast, more utterly lost and despairing, than the outlined and well-defined painting. We did not like to reduce our imagination to a set form, but would fain have continued to picture the fallen archangel as a mighty and magnificent shape of mist and gloom. A similar feeling has been excited by the perusal of Pantika. We could not be satisfied to have our imagination confined, like the vapoury genius of the Arabian Nights in his copper urn, to the fabrications of Mr. Howitt, but would rather that the earth's childhood should still have remained bosomed in that dim and shadowy grandeur from which he has sought to withdraw it.

There is, however, much in the work that is poetical and beautiful; and much that will give pleasure to the reader, if he have but patience to wade through a rather tiresomely-prolonged introduction, in which Pantika describes his cravings after a purer and holier religion than that prevailing in his native Tarshish, and relates his travels far and wide in search of a more ennobling worship. In this part there are one or two striking descriptions; and the closing incident, which brings him acquainted with the peculiar people of God, is touchingly imagined. He does not see them in their pomp and pride of place, where their possession of exclusive privileges would have rendered them perhaps repulsive rather than otherwise to the heathen; but where, in a stranger land and the yoke of bondage, their hearts were subdued and softened.

It is always trying to an author to come in contact with Scripture. The extreme simplicity and poetry of the expressions of the Holy Book—the charm which lies in passages which have perchance been read to us in our childhood with the solemn music of the voice we have loved best in the world,—these have associations which cling round the heart, to make us almost resent any attempt to give us their sense in any other language than their own. At least this has been our feeling when reading Pope's famous paraphrase of Isaiah, Parnell's of 1 Cor. xiii. &c. And it was with something of this in our mind that we glanced our eye over the coming page, and saw that the captive Israelites whom Pantika met by the waters of the mighty Euphrates, were made to utter forth a song. We thought of the splendidly pathetic Psalm, 'By the rivers of Babylon there we sat down-yea, we wept when we remembered Sion;' and we half determined not to be pleased with the poem before us. But as a punishment for such hasty judgment, we found ourselves compelled to admire :—

Low! low! in our darkness, low!
By the alien-river's side,
Where blow the weeping lilies,
Our tears how can we hide!

Father! how hast thou cast us
From thy loving arms away,
Where once, like happy infants,
All fearlessly we lay.

Father! how hast thou changed
Thy smile, that o'er us shone!
When the earth was all in darkness,
And peace beside was none!

Father! how hast thou hidden
Thy arm that once was bare,
When the giant nations trembled,
And melted in despair.

Thy banner then was o'er us;
Thy pillar and thy light
Went on with us, thy children,
Rejoicing in thy sight.

Low! low! in our darkness, low!
By the alien-river's side,
Where blow the weeping lilies,
Our tears how can we hide!

In thy pleasant land all planted
Beneath the palm and vine,
Where the rocks o'erflow'd with honey,
What race was like to thine!

But we knew not all our blessing,
Our feeble spirits fell!
We felt thy rod—we sorrowed—
And all again was well!

But now, thus peeled and banished,
The prophet-voice is o'er;
And thy love, and thy loving-kindness,
Return, return no more!

Low! low! in our darkness, low!
By the alien-river's side,
Where blow the weeping lilies,
Our tears how can we hide!

Pantika is deeply affected by the religion which thus could teach men to look up to God, as 'their living fostering Father,' and eagerly enquires about their worship, their nation, their history. Sojourning near Babylon in order to carry on his researches, there comes a rumour that the king has seized Jerusalem, plundered the holy shrine, and put all to the sword. While the Hebrews are struck to the ground by this intelligence, a messenger arrives in breathless haste, and tells that God hath not forgotten Israel—that his death-angel hath passed over the host of the Assyrian, and they all lie distorted and pale. Curious to ascertain the truth of these tidings, Pantika visits Judea, converses with the sages of Israel, hears from them the 'Traditions of the most Ancient Times,' and rich with treasures of knowledge, returns to Tarshish.

The Traditions are six in number. In our opinion Mr. Howitt has succeeded best in those in which he has not employed supernatural agency. A truly pious mind will ever shrink from imagining the blasphemous murmurings of rebellious spirits; and we know many tenderly-devout persons who would rather avoid those passages in Milton (although so reverently touched) where Satan is made to upbraid the Almighty. In 'Nichar, or the Exile of Heaven,' there are parts in which the evil and banished ones give vent to their repinings in words which are offensive to our feelings, and which we should have admired Mr. Howitt more if he could not have written. We shall pass on from Nichar to 'The Avenger of Blood,' which we admire most of all, though perhaps the former may be the more popular, from its fulness of the marvellous and supernatural. Of the latter we shall endeavour to give a slight sketch, in order to introduce a few extracts more intelligibly. It opens with a glowing description of the glories of the youthful Solomon, in whose time the occurrences of the story are supposed to have taken place. From the contemplation of its splendour, we pass by a beautiful contrast to the peaceful dwelling of Jathniel on the quiet plains of Engeddi. Jathniel is an aged man of substance, once a friend of David, and at the opening of the narrative he and his wife are living together in tranquil happiness with their two daughters. The characters of these Jewish maidens are very delicately defined in their differences and similitudes—the 'stately Hamutal,' and the 'sweet Iene,' with her warm and passionate heart, full of enthusiasm and graceful talents. There is a son Dalphon, and a kinsman Ahlab, to complete this happy family. Dalphon is the spirited masculine of his younger sister Iene, and Ahlab, betrothed to Hamutal, is one of those placid, well-judging characters, who are the centres of so much happiness in real life, but who make but little figure in a stirring tale. Dalphon goes to the wars, and returns with an all-fascinating friend Talmai, who soon becomes attached and engaged to Iene. She loves with all the fervour and devotedness of a character like her's; but alas! for true love, Talmai is proved to be a libertine and an idolater by indisputable facts, and the heart of the tender and pure Iene is broken. This discovery is made during Dalphon's absence. When he returns and sees the wreck of peace which he accuses himself of causing by his introduction of the specious Talmai, he sets forth in quest of the deceiver, accompanied by his faithful dependent Shallum. They trace him to Zidon, the stirring mart of the world:—

> 'The city rose eastward, steep above steep, terrace above terrace, covering a vast extent of receding hills, and showing, the higher it reached, more ample and splendid abodes, gardens and temples. Below, a dense and vast mass of houses exhibited a population numerous as the locusts of the desert. As they approached the quays, wide cellars and store-rooms received and gave out ponderous bales and casks, urged to and fro, and raised by men of stature and bulk, gigantic in comparison of the rest of the population, as if a remnant of the children of Anakim had been preserved for this labour; and the quays themselves struck them with silent astonishment. Far westward they saw the mighty sea rolling onward, its billows heaving and swelling beneath the

bright sun, as if only to send thither wealth from the whole world. They saw ships going out and coming in, and innumerable small vessels glancing to and fro on every side; while along the tall and massy sides of the harbour, built of ponderous stones, as for everlasting endurance, were drawn up, as it appeared to them, the fleets of the universe. Endless masts reared themselves far as the eye could reach; and every fashion and size of vessel lay before them: some savagely showy, with their uncouth gods, or animals which symbolized them, at their prows. Their sides and sterns painted with vermillion, blue and black, and glittering with gold. Some flapping their light pennons to the breeze, extending their ranks of oars like wings of many plumes; and looking, with their decks covered with Egyptian carpet, as fitted to sail on the seas of heaven: while others, heavy and vast and dark, seemed like the slaves of the ocean, made to go slowly from shore to shore, with laborious crews and ponderous freightage. Here they beheld some crowded with, or disembarking, bands of those mercenary troops—swarth Ethiopians, to whom the Zidonians committed the defence of their city, or those grotesque and malicious Nubian pigmies, who acted as archers on the walls. Here sate grave captains and merchants, watching with placid eyes the labours of their people; and in others huge, black, and shining Africans, with white skirts and jewelled ears, basking in the sun, still as statues, and as if they could not drink in enow of those beams in which they had been nurtured. All around floated strange odours, and incessant cries; and along those wide pavements, they moved amid heaps of merchandise. Those cedar chests wreathed round with cords, which contained the precious silks of the East;—jars of wine; stores of wheat from their own hills, going forth to far countries; myrrh, aloes, bundles of cinnamon, and other costly spices from Indian shores and islands; with gold and brass, and curious woods for the cunning artificers of the place; horses, cattle, and bleating sheep; apes and peacocks; birds of Africa and Paradise; the tusks of the elephant in huge piles, and all the wondrous and glittering works of Zidonian and Tyrian toil; knives and swords, arms and armour, countless utensils for domestic use, and baubles, for the luxurious and gay.—Every nation had there of its children.—It was a multitude endless in its varieties of costume, stature, complexion; clad in every mode, and in every colour under heaven. Some with faces dark as the fiercest suns could dye them, with eyes flashing like their own jewels as they turned in the sun; others yellow; others, especially the natives of the west, fair; and with countenances of such a lively nobility, that the two strangers beheld them not without admiration.'

Here they encounter the idolater with his newly-made wife, a priestess of Astarte; and the sight redoubles their wrath. The following day they assail him and his kinsman, and the latter is slain. By this they render themselves liable to the sentence of the law, 'blood for blood.' The nearest kinsman of the slain, Talmai, the avenger, is behind them, and they fly for their lives to the City of Refuge. It is a spirit-stirring relation, how they seek the covert ways on the lowly hills, and cower beneath the sunbeam lest it should reveal their lurking forms. And then, the City of Refuge! We must give as long an extract here as our limits will permit.

'It was but a small city, but it was inclosed with high and strong walls. Strong guards paraded the streets, surrounded the tribunal, and were posted at the doors of the prisoners previous to trial; while some with dark and savage countenances, with souls on fire for vengeance, walked sullenly up and down, with fiercely rolling eyes, impatient of the day of trial which should give their victims to their hands. Others, who had been found guilty of manslaughter, and therefore doomed here to spend their lives till the death of the high-priest—a period probably equivalent to their own existence—sauntered about or sat in the sun, objects of the most pitiable dejection; watching with vague, dreamy eyes, the clouds, or the people in the streets, or the very sparrows that chattered and fought in the dust before them. Daily were families coming, some from the distant parts of Israel, to take up their abode with the father, the brother, the husband, who was doomed here to dwell. Women with their children might be continually seen coming down the hills with their ass laden with all their little worldly wealth—weary, yet persevering way-farers, leaving all their old abódes, and old familiar friends, to cheer the one unfortunate heart, imprisoned in the city of crime and sorrow. It was a terrible circumstance, that every high-way to the city was beset with eyes that watched for blood. The nooks and hollows, the little openings between the hills, were tenanted by liers-in-wait, who there erected rude booths of boughs and turf, and were ready at any sound of approach to peep forth. The flying wretch, who traversed these roads with his life in his hands, and beheld the guide-posts with the large words REFUGE!—REFUGE! upon them, like voices of ominous warning sounding into his soul, saw to his inexpressible terror, as he drew near the city, wild, ferocious countenances put forth—fierce glaring eyes gleam, from the black and smoky huts of many a hidden hollow. The wretch who had borne the tedium of many years in the city, smitten at length with a quenchless desire of liberty and home, and hoping, perhaps, that the flight of time, so burthensome to himself, had conquered the vengeful spirit of his adversary, would suddenly sally forth, and find that hatred was stronger than the fear of death. Here would his unweariable foe descry him, spring upon him, and stretch him in his blood. They would observe some woe-begone man, seated on the city wall for days and weeks, gazing fixedly, intensely on some point in the distant horizon, for in that direction should the friend, the succour come, to save him by a certain day: and as the day drew nearer, more eagerly and wildly would he look and look. In the earliest dawn of morning, amid the latest gleam of eve, would he be discerned; and after it came not, perhaps some eye that had noted him, day by day, on his station, would miss him—and he would be found a battered mass at the rocky foot of the wall. Oh! how fair did the country look even to Dalphon: how fresh-scented the breeze that wandered over those hills: how did he gaze on the dark-forested sides—on the high, snow-capped summits of Hermon—and think even the days when they fled through its wild tracts with vengeance behind them—happy! What, then, was the soul of him who had borne the weight—the joyless silence of a long life in that prison-house—entering in the strength and bounding blood of youth, and sitting, perhaps, now a tottering and decrepid old man, on some forlorn door-sill, refusing to call it his home, though he had ceased to have another in the earth!"

Here Dalphon and Shallum remain while the Avenger of Blood demands justice, and claim time to produce the two witnesses necessary to prove him an idolater. They send to their home at the far off Tekoah, and the aged Jathniel and his wife Cutha, the lofty Hamutal, with her betrothed, and the drooping Iene (like a flower, whose stem is broken, and only lingers its appointed time, heedless of the sunbeam or the shower, and then, its withering-time finished, dies) all come to the sad city. Jathniel, in memory of his friendship with David, applies to Solomon for aid, and receives an ambiguous answer, from which but little is expected. On the day of trial, however, when the corrupt judge inclines to Talmai, and hope seems none for Dalphon, the king comes, and the righteous cause triumphs, and the Idolater is condemned to be stoned to death. But Iene, the stricken Iene, whose forgiveness has long been with her deceiver, is crushed by the sentence which destroys him. She dies, and her pure body, strewn with flowers, is borne by mourners with veiled heads to the home of her childhood; and the dirge which they sing, while scattering around her clouds of the pale blossoms of spring, is to our mind the most beautiful part of the whole work, and with this we shall conclude our notice of it.

She is dead! she is dead!
She who was wont to tread
With bounding feet the early-blossomed field;
When with the early rain
Flowers sprang upon the plain—
She is dead! she is dead!
The early rains are o'er,
But she returns no more!
Oh! see the violets! see the lilies tall!
The pale narcissus nods around;
And the sweet hyacinth is found,
With roses white and red.
She is dead! she is dead!
The loveliest maid!—the fairest flower of all!

She is dead! she is dead!
Oh, tell us where hath fled
That pure, that gentle, that rejoicing soul!
Jehovah! thou hast made
A mighty land of shade
For the dead! for the dead!
The Rephaim old—the brood
That perished in the flood;
Stern conquerors, who shook the earth with their tread.
There all the drowned legions lie,—
There all the slain in battle hie!
'Neath the sea's foundations deep,
'Neath the mountains do they sleep;
Each on his sword and buckler rests his head.

But where? Almighty! where?
In thy deep realms of air,
Shall dwell the lovely and the pure with thee?
We know that thou wilt save
The bright ones from the grave;
But where? Oh Father! where?
Oh send the long-desired,—
The King in strength attired—
And he shall tell us where the loved are gone,
For we thy children of the dust,
Walk weeping, though we walk in trust:
For our spirits yearn to know
Where all the lovely go,
When from the earth they perish, one by one.

She is dead! she is dead!
The flower shall raise its head,
Mid the rejoicing of a thousand springs;
But with the early rain
She will not wake again:
She is dead! she is dead!

G.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

'*Views of Christian Truth, Piety, and Morality, selected from the Writings of* Dr. PRIESTLEY; *with a Memoir of his Life; by* HENRY WARE, Junior, Cambridge, U.S.'—Mardon, London.

WE have abstained from noticing this work for want of the information we now possess, that the book can be procured through the regular channels in this country. We wish it a most extended circulation, alike from our respect to Dr. Priestley and Mr. Ware, and from a conviction that it is fitted to be eminently useful. Priestley is commonly known as a mere controversialist. In this volume he appears invested with the positive excellencies of a Christian. Unitarianism itself is regarded by the many as nothing better than a sort of spiritual sledge-hammer. It is the duty of its friends to disabuse the public mind, by spreading far and wide works such as the one before us. We are inclined to the opinion that rational theology is deficient in works of practical piety. Mr. Ware, both in his 'Jotham Anderson,' his 'Life of the Saviour,' and in his 'Views of Priestley,' has done no little to supply our wants. These volumes, as well as 'Selections from Fenelon,' should be in every 'Family Library.'

The memoir of Priestley, prefixed to the selection from his works, is a sketch the more interesting because written in that simplicity of style which, while characteristic of Mr. Ware's productions, is exactly suitable to convey to the reader a picture of what Priestley was. The minds of the young, especially, should be directed to biographical notices of the worthies of by-gone days, that they may find in the characters exhibited, Christianity teaching by examples—teaching, therefore, effectually; and learn also to fulfil their own mission in the same spirit of self-sacrifice as that which animated our fathers.

We should much like to see a selection similar to Mr. Ware's 'Views of Priestley,' made from Lardner's works, where is a rich mine of sound practical morality.

'*A Few Plain Reasons for rejecting the Doctrine of the Trinity.*'—Forrest, Manchester.

SOCIETY has long been supplying reasons for rejecting the vulgar notions of the Trinity, in the spread of intelligence. Like many of the errors of the days of darkness, these notions have disappeared and are disappearing. The name remains, and by the mystic and the zealot is contended for as sturdily as if the Trinity of 1835 was the same as that of Athanasius. The passing away of the substance will draw its shadow after it.

One does, however, occasionally meet with a form of words which wears a less attenuated aspect than the ordinary Trinity of the day. Such is the following inscription—an inscription which will as successfully prevent litigation respecting the sentiments of the founders of the chapel, as it will bar every avenue to light which coming ages may evolve :—

> 'BELGRAVE CHAPEL, LEEDS.—In the Name, for the Worship, and to the Glory, of the Triune Jehovah,—Father, Son, and Spirit, Consubstantial and Coequal,—the revealed God of the Christians, the only God of the Universe,—this projected building is dedicated. It is intended for the use of the church and congregation of the Independent Order heretofore meeting in Albion Chapel, in this town, under the pastoral care of the Rev. Richard Winter Hamilton, who now lays its foundation stone. He and his people would inscribe upon it "Hitherto the Lord hath helped us!" Their votive prayer arises that they may ever hold fast the faith, practice and discipline, of apostolic communion. They consecrate these walls to the peculiar doctrines of grace and godliness. Though maintaining the Holy Scriptures as the exclusive standard, they appeal as their interpreters to the writings of Puritan and Nonconformist Theology, to the doctrinal Articles of the Church of England, and to the Westminster Catechism and Confession.'

The 'Plain Reasons'—twenty-one in number—are powerful in effect; they are all drawn from the Scriptures, so that the allegation that Unitarians reject the Trinity, not because it is unscriptural, but because it appears to them unreasonable, may be declared groundless. The tract is well fitted for general distribution.

'*Geography in Verse, for the use of Young Children: by* S. J. WILLIAMS.'—Forrest, Manchester; Longman & Co. London.

SOME of these Verses were originally written for the use of an Infant School, and were generally sung by the children, being set by the teacher to some familiar air. They are published with additions, in the hope that they will be acceptable both in public and private institutions for the instruction of the young. The work is conceived in that pure spirit of benevolence which befits the Christian, and which the accomplished author has expressed in the following lines with simple beauty :—

> Little people of all ages,
> Reading what this book will tell,
> Think, that she, who wrote its pages,
> Loves all little children well.
>
> 'Tis to make their school hours pleasant,
> And their tasks less hard to learn,
> That short lessons, like the present,
> She to cheerful verse would turn.

Miss Williams possesses no ordinary skill in the mechanism of versification, and has accordingly blended together ease and variety to a degree which we should antecedently have thought unattainable in such a matter. And though her main object is to communicate information—in which her little book abounds—yet the graces of poetry are not sparingly scattered up and down her pages; while, from the devotional spirit of her own mind, she has drawn forth a vein of piety which enhances the value of the book as an instrument of education.

We could have wished that a map of the world, and a map of Europe, had accompanied the work. Geography should be taught by the eye as well as the ear; and no definite ideas can be communicated, no lasting results can be obtained, except the inspection of maps is the constant attendant on the perusal of books. Let teachers use and explain maps and globes in connexion with Miss Williams' book, and we feel no doubt it will prove of great service wherever it is introduced, whether into families, infant, Sunday, or the junior classes of classical schools.

'*Miscellanies, by the Author of the Sketch Book, No.* 1.—*A Tour on the Prairies.*'—Murray, London.

A FRAGMENT, interesting by its lively and graphic sketches of novel and stirring scenes, and novel and eccentric characters, wherein the reader is presented with pictures of the outskirts of civilization, the borderers of barbarism, adventures and the seekers thereof, hair-breadth escapes, woodland scenes, hunter's fare and feasting, grotesque superstitions, wild horses and wilder men, a bee hunt, a horse hunt, a bear hunt, a buffalo hunt, deer hunted by wolves, a wolf serenade, a hunt for a lost comrade, hard travelling and hungry halting, all exhibited with the utmost ease, and offering a pleasing contrast with the refinements, splendour, romance, and prestige of European civilization, which Washington Irving has exhibited in the best of his former productions. And should the reader miss the high finish which in these works has gratified and improved him, he must bear in mind the circumstances of inconvenience and hardship in which the 'Notes of a Tour,' as the work might perhaps be more appropriately designated, were written down, and that a certain carelessness of style is not unbefitting the rough scenes that the work pourtrays, while he can hardly fail to be pleased at finding an old favourite in literally a new world, and observing the facility with which he accommodates himself to its novelties, hardships, and perils.

'*Miscellanies, by the Author of the Sketch Book, No.* 2.—*containing Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey.*'

WE know not whether Washington Irving designs to rival the hero of Abbotsford himself, in the number of his publications; but the appearance of the second of a series, almost before we had had time to read the first, would seem to warrant the idea; and a perusal of 'Abbotsford and Newstead' has, we must confess, impressed us with the idea that the author is looking rather to multiplicity than worth, rather to the money returns than the guerdon of praise, rather to what the public will purchase than what befits him to publish. It is impossible, of course, that Irving should write on Scott and Byron without saying much that is interesting; and yet the work may be objected to, in being not so much on Scott and Byron as on Scott and Newstead, Byron's patrimonial hall, albeit, we suppose, to serve the booksellers, by striking the imagination of the public, it is termed 'Abbotsford and Newstead,' as if both pieces bore one character, whereas, the first is not about Abbotsford, but Scott; the second, not about Byron, but Newstead.

Did we not believe that every one will read the work, we might speak rather of its merits than its defects; but as the intellectual triumvirate herein concerned, will not fail to compel the homage of the reading public, we add, after the spirit of our art, that the work is miscellaneous, devoid of unity and of definite aim, (except the pecuniary,) and can scarcely answer any purpose besides affording an hour's amusement; which many, we doubt not, and we with them, will think purpose enough.

MISCELLANIES.

IRISH UNITARIAN SOCIETY.—The Annual Meeting of the Irish Unitarian Christian Society was held the 27th April, 1835, in the Unitarian Chapel, Strand-street, the Rev. JOSEPH HUTTON in the Chair, when the following resolutions were agreed to:—

That the thanks of this meeting be presented to the Rev. George Harris, for his truly Christian and beautiful discourses, preached yesterday, in behalf of the Society.

That, whilst we take a deep and lively interest in the diffusion of Unitarian principles in other countries, we at the same time feel that both the name and nature of this Society peculiarly connect it with our native land; that we rejoice in the belief that Bible Christianity is gradually overcoming many obstacles in Ireland, and is steadily advancing; and that we entertain a strong conviction that the increasing zeal of Unitarians themselves, and the increasing knowledge of the public generally, are calculated, under the Divine blessing, to accelerate the progress and secure the ultimate triumph of long lost, and important truth.

That this meeting rejoices in the present opportunity of once more expressing its approbation of the national system of education, and its gratification that a plan adopted under the auspices of Earl Grey, has been thought worthy of the countenance and support of successive Administrations.

That we regard with peculiar satisfaction the progress of pure scriptural Christianity, in many places on the continent of Europe, especially in Switzerland, where the discipline of the Primitive Church was first revived, and the banner of religious freedom unfurled; that we heartily congratulate the Church of Geneva, in particular, on the struggles they have made to carry forward the Reformation commenced in 1535; that we cordially participate in the liberality of that feeling which leads them to commemorate that eventful epoch by the celebration of its centenary in the present year.

THE COMMITTEE OF THE ENGLISH PRESBYTERIAN ASSOCIATION have made an appeal for aid which will, we hope, receive an immediate and satisfactory answer. Especially would we invite the attention of the laity to their pecuniary wants, their past proceedings, and their purposes; and we trust that the friends of entire religious liberty will not fail to meet in strength at the next *Provincial Meeting, to be held at Warrington on the* 18*th instant.* The Rev. Mr. Wickstead is the preacher. The danger with which the liberal Dissenters in this kingdom are threatened, shows that the time has come in which decisive steps in self-defence must be taken. The Committee of the Presbyterian Association have, among other efforts, published a pamphlet on 'The History, Opinions, and Present Legal Position of the English Presbyterians,' which we earnestly recommend them to issue at a very low price for general circulation. After alluding to the Hewley case, the appeal says—

It is well known that other attacks on institutions in similar circumstances are already publicly threatened; and the extent to which annoyance and persecution may be carried will appear, when it is stated that the principle of the recent decision of the Vice-Chancellor in the Wolverhampton case, would limit every dissenting foundation of a date preceding 1813, to the exclusive support of Trinitarian doctrine! In truth, it would eject all the existing Presbyterian and General Baptist congregations, under pretence of carrying into effect an intent directly contrary to the spirit of the founders, who evidently sought for themselves, and wished to allow to others, perfect freedom of theological opinion, unshackled by any creed or doctrinal imposition.

In this state of things the Committee felt that they had no choice but to provide for the common safety by a combined effort, and by taking measures for bringing the Wolverhampton case in a proper form before the appellate tribunal. If the decision should still be adverse, it may then be advisable to consider whether it may not be expedient to endeavour to obtain legislative protection.

They resolved therefore to make their application more comprehensive, and to seek not only for the reimbursement of their present expenditure, amounting to about £400, but also sufficient resources to enable them to relieve the parties already involved in litigation from the personal burden of the proceedings, and to meet any fresh attack against whomsoever it may be directed. It cannot be supposed that the existing congregations are prepared to see their common interests destroyed and their property alienated, or that they will doubt the expediency of uniting, in order, by a joint exertion, to procure at least a satisfactory argument and determination on so important a question.

MINISTRY TO THE POOR, BOSTON, U. S.—Extract of a letter from Dr. Tuckerman:—'The great cause of my heart continues to flourish here. I sent you my sermon, &c. at the ordination of my two colleagues; and I am expecting, within the present Spring, to have another coadjutor of great promise in the field. We have considerably extended our modes of operation. In our chapels we have *Sunday services for children*, in the hours of the services in the churches; and these services are very acceptable, and promise to be very useful. We are learning how to preach to children in such a manner as to make them *interested* in the subjects of religion. And I am establishing *sewing schools* for Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, at which times no instruction is given in our common schools. I have now three such schools, one of which is for coloured children; and shall probably open another in the course of the present week. Much poverty results from ignorance of the use of the needle; and I therefore intend that, as far as it shall be practicable, every girl in every poor family among us shall be a sufficiently good sempstress, at least to make every article of clothing which is worn by women or children.'

CHURCH ACCOMMODATION IN SCOTLAND.—The efforts made to induce the Legislature to tax the country generally for erecting new churches in Scotland, has called forth a spirit of sturdy opposition in that country, of which one of the fruits is a statement relative to already existing accommodation, by the Scottish Central Board for vindicating the rights of Dissenters. The Church advocates, in their efforts, have put forth tables, in which there is made to appear a serious deficiency, by means which we must mention. They assume that the proportion of the poor population, for whom accommodation is necessary, is one-half, whereas the proportion required by law and experience is two-thirds, of persons above twelve years of age, the other third being necessarily absent—[to say nothing of the large mass of the vicious, the unbelieving, and the indifferent—who are not to be won by building churches]—by reason of age, sickness, the care of the young, and other duties. Their tables omit the accommodation provided by Dissenters, though, while the Establishment has provided only 113,026 sittings, Dissenters, acting on the voluntary principle, have provided 141,770 sittings. Of unlet rental sittings they say nothing; yet there is a very large number of empty pews both in the churches of the Establishment and those of Dissenters. From a table which the Board has had drawn up with the greatest care, there appears to be, instead of the alleged deficiency, an actual surplus of 35,653 sittings. In Edinburgh great astonishment has been occasioned by the fact that only 715 persons from all the nine parishes of the old town have sittings in any one of the Established churches; on which the *Scotsman*, of March, 1835, remarks—'The peculiar excellence of an Establishment, Dr. Chalmers says, consists in its character of a *home mission.* It is an agency—not for meeting a voluntary demand for religious instruction, but for *creating a demand*, where it does not exist! Well, here is a *home mission of thirteen established clergymen*, paid nearly £600 a year each, and what demand for instruction have they *created*—how many heathen have they excavated—what number of hearers have they procured from their nine parishes?—JUST 715, OUT OF A POPULATION OF 27,000!'

JUBILEE OF THE REFORMATION.—The clergy of Geneva have published an address to the Protestant congregations of the Canton, calling upon them to join in the solemn celebration of the approaching 'Jubilee of the Reformation,' in order to commemorate the conclusion, in August next, of the third century that has elapsed since that great event. Divine service is to be performed simultaneously throughout the territory. Medals have been struck, and a history of the progress and consequences of the Reformation written, and both will be distributed to the Protestant youth of Geneva; while the Reformed churches throughout the Christian world are invited to a consentaneous celebration of the day, and to assist, by their representatives, at the solemnities in Geneva.

MANCHESTER COLLEGE, YORK.—The last report of this institution, which has just reached us, shows that it is steadily pursuing its course of usefulness in training young men, by a sound and liberal education, for the Christian ministry and the secular pursuits of life. The number of the students during the last session was twenty-three; of these, fifteen were divinity students. There is the same number of divinity students in the session now about to terminate, together with three lay students. When we consider the excellence of the mental training through which the students are conducted, and the high character of those who are entrusted with the active duties of the College, we feel it impossible to express our surprise at the smallness of these numbers. Surely, laymen of liberal religious opinions, cannot be unconscious of the value of an education to their sons, in which the influences of religious instruction may be added to those supplied by the pursuits of general learning. And though we are not the party to urge parents to devote their sons to the ministry, except when there is a clear manifestation of a love of and a fitness for the work, yet we must be allowed to meet a possible objection, grounded on the idea that the supply of ministers already exceeds the demand, by declaring our conviction that there is no superfluity—that a few years may exhibit a want—and that, even if there were a superfluity, yet such superfluity, if consisting of men of decided piety and high cultivation, would soon find or make a sphere for useful and not unprofitable exertion. An impression may also prevail, that the existence of the London University, and the probably approaching opening of the institutions at Oxford and Cambridge, direct attention rather from than to local Colleges. On this point the Report says—

> There is, however, no reason to expect, that the entire removal of subscriptions and declarations at the Universities would supersede the necessity of institutions for general education among the Dissenters themselves. The mode of life pursued in these ancient

and wealthy Establishments is adapted to a different class of society, and their courses of study are directed rather to the high cultivation of the mind in a few branches, than to the communication of that knowledge by which a young man is fitted to discharge with intelligence the public and private duties of a middle station. The opening of the Universities to Dissenters, could not therefore render it unnecessary that they should maintain among themselves a place of general academical education; and it is still more evident that it is only in an institution of their own that the education of their ministers could be carried on according to the plan pursued in the Manchester College. Even the most liberal members of the Establishment, in urging the admission of the Dissenters, assume that the Universities never can be seminaries of theology for any others than the ministers of the Episcopal Church: and the Dissenters themselves, with very few exceptions, appear to entertain similar opinions, according to their respective creeds. The Committee of Manchester College have taken a very different view of the true purpose and method of theological education. Leaving it to those, who believe that Divine Truth has been handed down in a perfect form from some past age, or has been fully and finally discovered in their own, to establish their opinions as a standard from which no one can deviate, without incurring the guilt of heresy or schism, they profess it to be their principle, that in religion, as in every thing else, the perfect developement of Truth can be the result only of unrestricted inquiry, and that the best theological education is that which furnishes the most effectual means for the examination of the Scriptures. They have, therefore, endeavoured to supply the student with the best instruments and materials for acquiring religious knowledge; to encourage him with the aid of sound Biblical science, and under the controul of seriousness and modesty, to form an impartial opinion respecting the doctrines of Scripture; and have neither anticipated inquiry by the imposition of a test, nor demanded an account of its results. They regard the past history of their institution as the best proof of the efficacy of this mode of instruction, and the continued support of the public, as an evidence that their views on this subject are in harmony with those of the religious denomination which looks to them for the supply of its ministers.

The Committee cannot conclude without reminding the friends of the College that before the appearance of another Report, it will have attained the fiftieth year of its existence. In the history of dissenting academical institutions half a century is no inconsiderable antiquity. It appears to your Committee that such an event should not be allowed to pass without a special *Commemoration*. A meeting of the friends of the College on the Anniversary of its foundation would bring together those who have been educated within its walls, and afford them an opportunity of renewing the intercourse of their academical years; it would animate the zeal of its supporters and make its principles more extensively known; it would at once exhibit the proof of its stability and afford the means of securing its permanence and extending its usefulness.

The Annual Examination will be held in the Common Hall, on the 23rd, 24th, and 25th days of June; and the York Annual Meeting of the Trustees, on the 26th.

MANCHESTER MECHANICS' INSTITUTION.

The last report of this institution is a pleasing illustration of what may be effected by a judicious and persevering benevolence; and changed speedily would be the face of society, did the rich and the educated generally exert themselves in the manner and the spirit of its philanthropic President. There was but one impediment to the prosperity of the Manchester Mechanics' Institution, and that its friends have removed by liberalising its constitution. At present, from the extent and nature of the studies pursued, it is not unlike a local college. While, however, we rejoice at this, and while we hope the day is not distant when Manchester—the seat of so much wealth, intelligence and learning, and the centre of so important a district—will have not only the resemblance, however good, but the reality of a college among its institutions, thus bringing home to the doors of the rich, the best education for their sons the age can afford—we also earnestly desire that institutions, suited in their purposes and plans to the wants of our working population, should be carried into the midst of them, affording by their proximity, opportunities not to be derived from any central institution, and awakening in many spots a local interest. It must, in the actual state of things, be felt that the influence of the Manchester Institution does not descend so low in the social scale as was contemplated and is desirable. Let it send out its branches into the dense masses which are congregated in the district of Oldham-Road, Ancoats, &c., and we dare promise that no small preparation for its workings will be at once found. Not having space for an abstract of the report, we shall give the substance of such parts as are most interesting.

The institution can now appeal to facts as the vouchers of the benefits it confers. Many persons owe to their connexion with it, not merely a large measure of intellectual improvement, but an improvement also in their condition of life, both physical and moral. Masters wanting superior workmen, foremen or overlookers, are beginning to apply for them at the institution. Those who have been benefitted, benefit others. An instance is mentioned in the case of Mr. Nicholson, who distinguished himself in the mathematical classes. He has now the management of a cotton-mill in Staffordshire, and has established a library in the village, and laid the foundation for reformation where it is much needed. Many members of the institution are active and zealous teachers in Sunday Schools. 'Who are they who, without any emolument, have, for four years, taken the entire charge of the writing class? Who are they who, in several of the classes, give their gratuitous assistance to the teachers? Who are they, in the Board of Directors, who devote their time and their labour to your service? They are men trained up in this institution.' 'It is not long ago that the wife of one of our members called here, to express her thankfulness for her husband's connection with the institution; and said that now, instead of spending his evenings from home in dissipation, he spent them with his family, and improved himself and them, by often reading to them from books he procured here.'

The Library contains 2868 volumes—the number of deliveries of books in the last year was 29,065. Within the same period, lectures have been delivered by Dr. Lardner on Mechanics, and the Steam Engine, and on Astronomy; on Political Economy, furnished by Lord Brougham; on Chemistry, by Dr. Murray; on the Woollen Manufacture, by Mr. Newton; on Botany, by the Rev. W. Hincks; on Natural History, by Professor Phillips. A powerful oxy-hydrogen microscope has been exhibited, with explanations and lectures, by Mr. Cottam. Mr. Addams lectured also on Accoustics; Dr. Dalton on Meteorology. The classes in which private instruction is given, in Writing, Arithmetic, Geometry, Latin, French, German, Music, &c., are producing important results. There is a society for mutual improvement, in which are united intellectual culture and social intercourse—the subjects discussed are both interesting and important. Two day schools have been established—one for boys, the other for girls—on the plan of the Edinburgh Sessional Schools;—in the first, the number of pupils is 226; in the second, 78. The object of the plan of tuition is to make the children understand and take pleasure in what is taught them—to rouse them to reflection and exertion—and to open their hearts to the influence of the great truths of religion, by a daily and diligent study of the Scriptures. We anticipate the happiest results, not only in the schools themselves, but in the example and stimulus they will supply to other schools, and in making parents sensible of the sort of instruction they should require for their children. No common importance is attached to the encouragement of rational recreation. This is well. Education should respect the body as well as the mind. Social enjoyment is blended with the pursuits of learning. The tenth anniversary was celebrated by 180 members and their wives, where coffee, scientific amusements, good speeches, and good songs, contributed to regale and improve the company. At the close of the last quarter, the number of members was 1232; of whom, 1068 subscribe for the purpose of availing themselves of the instruction—164 are gentlemen subscribing to the support of the institution. The expenditure for the year amounted to £1928. 8s. 3d., the income to £1960. 4s. 9d.; of which about £1400 appear to have been contributed by the several scholars of the institution.

MANCHESTER AND SALFORD DISTRICT PROVIDENT SOCIETY.

SECOND ANNUAL REPORT.

[The objects of the Society are,—the encouragement of industry and frugality; the suppression of mendicity and imposture; and the occasional relief of sickness and unavoidable misfortune.]

Every month of the succeeding year has added to the society's usefulness. Its subscribers have become warmer friends of the institution—its visitors more active—the depositors more numerous—and it has acquired the confidence of a large and increasing body of the working classes, who regard its proceedings with continually greater gratitude. The society has acquired 660 new depositors since June, 1834, and 1595 during the past year's operations. The number of sections in which deposits have been received during the half year ending December last, is 314; and there appears to be an increase of 78 sections in the first six months of the year, and a further addition of 25 new sections in the latter six months, besides an increase of 410 depositors, during the year, in the districts confided to the stipendiary agency. The increasing efficacy of the visitors' labours is also made apparent by the fact, that, whereas in December, 1833, the average number of depositors in each section was 5½; in December, 1834, that average had augmented to 8½.

The amount of deposits received during the month of December last, was £492. 8s. 2½d., being at the rate of £5908. 18s. 6d. per annum. The actual receipts of the earlier six months were £1438. 10s. 1½d., and of the latter six months £2730. 17s. 10d., making a total of £4169. 7s. 11½d., deposits collected during the year.—Of this sum, £3297. 4s. 3½d. have been repaid during the year, with a premium of £142. 15s. 9½d. The receipts therefore exceed the repayments by £872. 3s. 8d.

The tendency which the system of depositing with the society's visitors has to increase the domestic comforts of the poor, may be estimated by the uses to which they have been applied.

REASONS ASSIGNED FOR WITHDRAWING THE DEPOSITS.

For Clothing.	Amount with premium.	912	14	0½
Rent, fuel and taxes		658	1	9
Medicine and Sickness		152	16	8½
Payment to Savings' Bank		131	14	7
Provisions		71	6	2
Furniture		56	4	6
Want of work.		54	13	3
Stock in trade..		32	15	3
Books and schooling		4	8	3
Sundries		428	2	2
3393 Orders as above.	Amount with Premium	2502	16	8
1677 Orders. (No reason assigned.)	do.	937	3	5
5070		£3440	0	1

The committee deeply regret that five hundred and twenty-eight sections are yet unoccupied by visitors. The exertions of the district chairmen and secretaries have raised the society to its present position, in little more than eighteen months:—it now possesses a more legitimate claim on public support, and a stronger hold on public opinion. Its visitors are warmly welcomed by the poor, and are rewarded by their gratitude and esteem. All the difficulties and hazards of the society, considered as a social experiment, are overcome. These circumstances, and the amount of good effected, encourage the committee to expect that they may now obtain the services of some who doubted whether the society's plan could be carried into practical operation, and of others who feared that the duties of the visitors would subject them to unpleasant collision with the poor. The committee have great pleasure in acknowledging the persevering support which they have received from many of the clergy and dissenting ministers, and they hope they may expect that, by the continued exertions of these gentlemen, sections now vacant will, ere long, be occupied by members of their congregations. The visitors of the society might also materially promote its further success, by endeavouring to obtain new visitors among the circles of their respective acquaintance.

They fear that the public is still not fully conscious of the evils resulting from the practice of indiscriminate almsgiving, and that many lawless vagrants and idle and unprincipled families are supported by the misdirected charity of the rich. The labours of the society's visitor of Mendicants disclose much gross imposition on the medical charities of the town; and the committee conceive that this abuse will receive no efficient check, until the cases applying for relief at the medical institutions, are examined by agents, similar to their visitor of Mendicants, before being entered on the books of the hospitals and dispensaries.

From the 1st July to 31st December, there have been 184 applications made to the society for tickets of recommendation to the Lying-in Charity, 137 have been granted, 47 refused for the following reasons:—one, not being a married woman; three, because the husbands had turned out from good wages which they might still have been making; one of these was a dyer, one a tailor, one a sizer: the dyer was in receipt of five shillings per week from a Union. Nine applicants were not found to reside at the address which they gave; eleven refused to allow investigation. Twenty-three were rejected because their circumstances appeared to be too good to require the aid of the charity,—one actually keeping a servant: their average wages appear to have been about thirty shillings per week:—nine received wages not exceeding twenty-five shillings: five not exceeding thirty shillings: nine not exceeding forty shillings: one not exceeding fifty shillings. Of the 47 cases refused, 33 gave a false account of themselves: 11 had no family: 13 had one child: 8 had two children: 15 had from three to six children,—altogether sixty-nine children, of whom twenty-nine were earning wages.

MANCHESTER UNITARIAN VILLAGE MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of the members and friends of this useful Society, was held in the school-room of the Unitarian Chapel, Mosley-street, Manchester, on Monday evening, the 20th April; the Rev. W. Gaskell in the chair.—In introducing the business of the meeting, the Chairman observed that, as it appeared to him, sufficient attention had not been paid to the great sources of all anti-social evils;—that instead of endeavouring to stop them in their outset, we, as a people, had allowed them to increase in consequence, and to become almost too mighty for us to grapple with. We had busied ourselves with merely stripping a few leaves from that Upas tree, which was casting its deadly shade over society, while its stem was all the while strengthening and its branches extending far and wide; instead of seeking at once to lay the axe at its root. Till we had reformed the vices of the poor, till we had given them moral habits and religious principles, we had done nothing for them on which we could depend: the secure foundation on which to rest the structure of their comfort and peace must be wanting.

Mr. Frs. Duffield, one of the secretaries, read the annual report of the Committee, which stated that their attention had been chiefly directed to the gradual improvement of the field which they had found occupied by their predecessors. At their missionary station at Astley the average number of hearers during the last year, was 50 in the forenoon, and 54 in the afternoon. A short service had been adopted to the Sunday scholars, intended to impress on their minds the first principles of religion, and to enforce the practice of moral and religious duties. The present number of scholars was 100 and teachers 26. At Swinton, the average number of hearers was 41 in the morning, and 42 in the evening. In the Sunday school, there were 126 scholars and 31 teachers.

A week-night service for prayer and exhortation was held alternately at the houses of twelve members of the congregation.—The labours of Mr. Shenton in Derbyshire had been successful, especially at Over Haddon, Ashford, Sheldon and Flagg. At Sheldon the services were attended by far the greater proportion of the adult population; and the societies at that place and Flagg would be much greater if there were larger places of meeting. Padiham and the neighbourhood had been thrice visited, and the congregation, the services of which are conducted by working men, was found to be increasing. The circulation of books on loan to the various stations on the itinerating plan had been found eminently useful; and donations were solicited. By the treasurer's account it appeared that the expenditure of the past year, including the salaries of two missionaries, amounted to no more than £114. 13s. 11d., and that there was a balance due to the treasurer of £16. 5s. 9d. In the transaction of the routine business of the meeting several ministers and other gentlemen addressed the meeting.

The Rev. J. G. Robberds said that it would be an unjust opinion to go abroad respecting the preachers of this society, that their only object was to change the opinions of their fellow-men. They had a much higher object—to endeavour to induce men to carry out into all their practice, the inferences and bearings of the doctrines which they believed to be the doctrines of the Gospel. Unless they could make men not merely believers in God, but worshippers, lovers and servants of the one God, he believed the experiment would not by any means come up to the wishes or expectations of those more particularly engaged in carrying it on.

Mr. F. Duffield stated, in reference to the Unitarians of Padiham, that they were as liberal of their time and their labour as others were of their money, and having by the aid of friends succeeded in erecting a place of worship and purchasing a burial ground, the morning following the purchase of the land, he had seen fifty or sixty with pickaxes and spades, digging and levelling the ground, to put it in order with as little delay as possible; and several, who were not able to work themselves, hired some stout able-bodied labourer in their stead.

The Rev. J. R. Beard dwelt on the necessity of greater zeal and exertion, the want of which might be inferred from the slender auditory on that and other occasions. He noticed the establishment, in London, of infidel schools, by the followers of Robert Taylor and Richard Carlile, from which religion was systematically excluded, and the being of a God was not allowed to be taught. The master had expressed his disbelief of every thing of which he could not have ocular demonstration. Ninety of these children were educated by the weekly subscriptions of their parents, many of whom were not aware of the real nature of the education given. Surely if infidels thus endeavoured to preoccupy the youthful mind with their doctrines, it behoved every Christian not to allow them to excel him in benevolent zeal.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our arrangements are such as to enable us to assure our friends that their Booksellers are solely to blame if they do not receive the *Christian Teacher* at the time of the delivery of the Monthly publications.—Owing to some delay, the Report from Leeds came, we regret to say, too late for this number.

T. Forrest, Printer, Manchester.

PROVIDENCE.—No. III.

GENERAL AND PARTICULAR PROVIDENCE.

Theology and Science are distinguished chiefly in this; that Science deals, not with the great Agent in the universe, but with his acts and his agencies—with the creation, not with the Creator. It regards facts and events, the order of their occurrence and their laws, and, so far as the purposes of science are concerned, stops there; whilst Theology regards all these only as the instruments and manifestations of the Power who moves in them—the things that are made as containing information of their Maker—the ordinances which nature obeys as unfolding the character of the government under which we live and of Him who governs, and so examines what God *does*, with the view of discovering what God *is*.

Theology is thus, in reality, an after-science, built upon the conclusions of all the other sciences. Each of them is its handmaid. It takes their truths, established, without any consideration of religion, from an examination of what actually occurs, in mind and matter, in the heavens and on the earth, and on these truths founds an inquiry into the character of their Author, and deduces the science of God and Providence.

Before we can judge of the character of any being, we must first discover, in the manifestations he gives us of himself, some fixed principle of action which determines and shapes his conduct. When we have detected the rule that guides him, and seen that in the variety of all his separate doings, he is acting in the spirit of his rule, we are then in a position to draw inferences about the character of his mind, from the settled aspect it impresses upon his performances; we have something definite, something permanent, to reason from. Now, in regard to God, the fixed rules and laws of his actions are the very facts which Science establishes and hands over to Theology to institute upon them her own process of inquiry, and from these uniform methods of conduct to deduce the attributes and the intentions of the God who adopts them. The one detects the principle which regulates the manifestations of God; the other makes that discovered principle the ground-work of a new investigation, and infers from it the *character* of God. To put this still more plainly, I examine narrowly a man's actions, in order to discover the rule that guides him; and when the rule is discovered, I commence a new examination upon *it*, in order to determine whether it is wise and good. In the case of God, the first of these two departments of inquiry is science; the second is theology.

From this it is apparent that religion can never be indifferent to the progress of knowledge—that, in fact, it exists itself only as a conclusion from the results of every other science, an inference the soundest that can be made, of the character of a Mind from its fixed expressions, of an Agent from his principles of action, of a Legislator from his laws. Theology, thus reasoning of God in heaven from his rules of action on the earth, must evidently wait till philosophy has determined what those rules are. Where the other sciences end it begins—takes their conclusions in their last and most finished state as its data, their general truths, expressive of the modes of the Divine agency, as its materials; and thus, standing aloft above the rest, grows as they furnish it with evidence, has larger premises from which to infer the Divine character as often as the progress of discovery adds to our knowledge of the Divine laws, and commences its flight to God from the summit of a loftier pile.

Now, this distinction existing between philosophy and religion—science, in its common acceptation, taking no account of God, but only of his visible actions—taking no account of the great Mover, but only of his visible movements—or, to speak more strictly, the science of what God *does* only furnishing the materials for the higher science of what God *is*, it follows that the language in which the results of philosophy are expressed can only embrace facts, without connecting them with God, leaving *that* to the separate department of theology; and then it is most important to observe, how that very language, when the religious part of the inquiry is neglected, comes to exclude God from our thoughts, by the constant substitution of a form of expression in which there is no allusion to his agency or his name. ‘Nature acts by general laws,’ says the philosopher—meaning, that in the several departments of nature each class of facts takes place according to fixed rules, and that when the rule is known, we have then the knowledge—not of one particular case only—but of all the cases which can possibly occur, precisely as a rule of arithmetic enables us to determine, not one particular question only, but all the questions which belong to the same class, or a rule in morals applies not to one particular act, but to a whole branch of conduct. Nature is not an assemblage of insulated, disconnected things, each standing by itself. Its facts may be divided into parcels. Each parcel has its own distinctive character, its own distinctive law; so that, instead of a separate examination of each individual of the class, you have only to acquaint yourself with this common character to have the mastery over the whole;—and because a rule once discovered has never been known to fail, and you may then pronounce, with absolute certainty, what must be the result in any given circumstances; because it never deviates from God's ordinances, Nature is said to act by general laws.

This language, however it may be enough for the purposes of philosophy, is by no means sufficiently distinct for the purposes of religion;—it was not constructed with a view towards the theology of the universe, but with a view towards its science; and the consequence is, that not being framed for a religious purpose, it has served that purpose very ill; and the conceptions of God and Providence thus collaterally suggested by a form of expression so dim and abstract, are very far from containing the whole truth upon this subject—are very little likely to throw into relief the constant action of God—to make lively the impression of the universality of His operation and His presence—and to present Him prominently to the awakened heart of devotion. The imagination that glides into the mind in company with this vague expression, that the universe is governed by general laws, is this, that God at the creation impressed upon it His general orders; that having made it and endowed it, He then withdrew His immediate agency; and that all its subsequent evolutions are only the results of that primary formation, its acts of obedience to His original commands. Now this style of conception respecting the Deity's agency on matter, that he endued it with certain powers, and then retired from it and left it to itself, impressed upon us by all our common language, accordingly as it is connected with minds of different religious temperaments, leads to two views of the doctrine of Providence, both of which we regard as most serious obstructions to the spirit of devotion. The first of these views is that which is known by the name of a *general* Providence—that there is a pre-established plan and order of events which God arranged once and no longer interferes with—that there are universal laws which work out a certain amount of general good, but take no regard of individuals—that there is a universal Sovereign, but no Father—that there is an administration which is wise and beneficent upon the whole, but no parent's pointed care around each living soul—that there is a constitution fixed and inflexible, not made for individuals but for the race which, whilst it provides for the universal weal, has no especial interest in, no especial adaptation to any, and even produces much partial suffering as the necessary result of a *system*, and not the especial appointment of God;—leaving us a world where the general order is preserved only by sometimes crushing individual hearts and interests into the moulds of a system. This is the view of Providence which will be adopted, when the notion that the physical agency of God was only once at the beginning acts upon a mind whose peculiar temperament is not devotional—which is more intellectual than emotional, more philosophical than imaginative, more allied to the study of general truths than to the examination of single and striking objects, or to the quick perception of God's particular adaptations.

The strongly anti-devotional tendencies of this view of Providence might well lead us to suspect that the philosophy on which it is founded is not sound. Say what you will about its being ultimately all the same whether God's universal presence is the very condition on which you exist, and his universal agency the moving force of every change that affects you, or whether he imposed a general direction on the universe once and for ever, and all that has occurred since creation's day is but the necessary consequence of its first disposition when he wound up its mechanism and launched it into space—say what you will about the foreknowledge which looked through coming ages, and beholding every particular result of His own laws, could so modify them as to bring about the exact ordinations of His pleasure—this belief can never be the same thing to the heart spiritually, as the conviction that God is in *immediate* communication with the world and with itself—that He has never removed himself from His works—that all the regularity around us is not the mechanical working of some unknown power called a law, but the uniform operation of the God of heaven in immediate presence—that whatever exists, exists in Him; whatever acts, acts by Him—that every joy is literally wafted by His spirit, 'the dear clear breath of God that loveth us'—that every pain is administered by his own hand, not the hard-workings of a stern and untended system in whose wheels we are sometimes caught; and that if at this instant all the materialism that surrounds us were to pass away, and we pure spirits in pure space, there would be no solitude around us; we should be as we are now, locked in the presence of the invisible God.

This doctrine, then, of a general Providence, of a government conducted by an original act, is thus unfavourable to piety, because it is alien to our belief in God's spiritual omnipresence, and destroys the quickness and awe of the devotional feelings that gather serenely around that faith; because it throws an air of coldness over his administration, and represses the sentiment that we are the objects of his personal care, of his direct guardianship and tending love; and because it introduces the idea that some of the partial evils brought about by the operation of general laws were results not specially contemplated by God—that fall where they may, they are not his immediate acts shaped to the exigencies of the particular case, but only incidental effects of a vast undiscriminating system, whose broad rough tendency is towards the general good.

So strongly have these objections been felt by minds whose devotional tendencies are readily excited, whose quick and perceptive piety has brought them into contact with God, and made them see, or think they see, some special messengers aimed at their own hearts, some special adaptations of his providence to their joys, their sorrows, or their wants; and in the spiritual frame of thought thus reared, rendered it impossible but to believe that the Deity himself was present—that these minds, adopting in the main that view of a *general* government which we have just stated, have yet supplemented it by conceiving that the Deity retains in his hands a reserved power of interference; that superadded to his general Providence swayed by unvarying law, there is a *particular* Providence by which he pours in special influences and accomplishes special purposes; and thus are introduced the saddest or the most enthusiastic abuses of this unphilosophical notion, and a line is attempted to be drawn between what happens in the usual course of nature, and what happens by the immediate interposition of God. Now, what we would maintain is, that no such distinction exists, for that whatever happens, happens by his immediate interposition; and that there is no such thing as a particular Providence supplementary to a general Providence, for that every thing is particular. We differ with those who advocate a general Providence, not because they deem every thing in the universe to be conformable to laws, for so do we; but because they have forgotten that laws are nothing in the world but the manifestations of a Power; so that, instead of dispensing with the immediate agency of God, they only express the fact that he acts methodically, and not by insulated interpositions—not by single exertions of energy reducible to no calculation. As well might we say that a state was governed by its parchments, and forget the living beings who administer them, as say that the universe is governed by laws, and forget the living God who executes them. We differ with those who advocate what is wrongly called a particular Providence, not because they have referred *some* things expressly to God, but because they have not generalized that principle and referred to Him *all* things—because they have not sought a fuller repose for their piety in seeing him every where, and so excluding the delusive superstition that looks for special interpositions, by the calm and comprehensive faith that seeks Him in his universal actings.

We have sought to trace these two views of Providence to a mistaken conception of the physical agency of God, connecting itself in the one case with the mere intellectualist, and in the other with an excitable devotion; and we think that the right views of Providence, combining and extending both these views, emerges at once and necessarily from a clearer and more philosophical understanding of this somewhat abstract subject. It is beautiful to observe how some questions, which were entertained as mere matters of philosophy, have in their solution ushered us at once into the immediate presence and power of God. Such is the question of causation. We observe one thing to follow another, and we call the one the effect, and the other the cause; but what is the tie that thus binds them together, or where is the inherent power in the one thus to produce the other? There is no such power; we cannot trace it, no analysis can detect it; we can say nothing of it except that such is the fact, and simply resolve it into the agency of God. What mean we, when we say that matter has certain *properties* which make it an agent of a peculiar kind? Here again we can only answer, that these properties, these agents, these causes, are nothing in the world but expressions for the modes of God's action—that these qualities of matter are not powers, but simply facts—that we know nothing more than that there are laws of action, chemical, physical, mechanical, its obedience to which determines its particular character; and if you tell us that laws are nothing but the direction of a force, the manifestations of an agent, and ask us what that force or who that agent is, we have no answer, except to confess that we are thrown upon the Deity. And so again, when we hear of general principles determining not merely the nature of one thing but the relations of many things, and bringing about large and universal results, it altogether becomes us to look closely into the theology that lurks under this language, to rouse our powers to understand what it simply means, and not to let a dim abstraction occupy in our thoughts the place of God. What, then, in the eye of theology, are the principles to which science subjugates the universe? And again can we only answer that they are rules which God prescribes to his own acts—that a principle designates the common character impressed upon a particular class of God's performances—and that we call this a law, not because it is a substitute for Him—not because He is not personally, actively, immediately present in every separate instance of its exemplification—but because in every such separate instance he acts *uniformly*, or puts forth his energies by rule. Take any instance of a principle, and what it determines for you is simply this; how in certain given circumstances God will act. Now if this be so, and we have been dealing with first truths, pure, simple, ultimate, then the doctrine of Providence follows necessarily from this view of his physical agency; for if the word property has no meaning but the action of God's power, and the word law has no meaning but the regularity of that action; then is there nothing between us and Him; every thing that is done is His doing, and therefore done designedly, with His especial regard attracted to each particular case, its circumstances and its consequences; and this universally, at all times, and in all positions.

Now I rest here in this conclusion as fully established, that whatever be the *character* of the government under which we live, it is conducted by God's universal and immediate agency—that whether Providence can be afterwards shewn to be beneficent or not, there *is* a Providence—that our Creator in heaven is the present cause of whatever befalls us, for that no where can we escape from the operation of his laws; and wherever there is a law, *there* is the law-giving Mind, *there* is the law-executing God.

What indications of God's will are impressed upon these his laws, what reigning purpose in our Father's mind they serve to develope, whether their tendencies are to happiness or to misery, to virtue or to vice, will be a subject for after inquiry; but meanwhile, we know enough of that parental mind to rejoice in the assurance that we are under its direction, not partially but universally, not as the subjects of a general administration which his wisdom once planned and then committed to delegated powers, but as the children of a Providence which his own immediate love administers; and that if we have learned from any experiences to believe in his tenderness, that if we have ever had any cause to think that there is a regard felt for us in heaven, then that faith may extend itself like a bright gilding over our whole lives—for there is but one mighty agent, one Father, one mind, one God, with whom we have to do. Why does his love manifest itself by actions so uniform, through laws so unvarying? Why do we celebrate his Providence in such strains as these, 'For ever, O Lord, thy laws are settled in the heavens—thou hast established the earth and it abideth—they do all remain unto this day according to thy ordinances'? Because the Father desires the children to grow acquainted with his mind, and these are its fixed expressions;—because the moral Teacher would unfold to us his glorifying will, and in these we may read it as in a lettered book, for that his 'ordinances continue, and his faithfulness is unto all generations.' 'Shew me thy ways, O Lord, teach me thy paths.'

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS CONDITION OF THE UNITED STATES.

A Narrative of the Visit to the American Churches by the Deputation from the Congregational Union of England and Wales, by Andrew Reed, D.D., and James Matthewson, D.D., 2 vols. 8vo. London: Jackson and Walford.

Were it our object to give a detailed and critical account of this work, we should feel it our duty, not merely to record our sense of its merits and value, notwithstanding certain drawbacks in style, manner and spirit, but to specify the reasons on which we have formed our opinion; to give an outline of the journey, a notice of the adventures, a sketch of the chief beauties of the country—wherein we should have to speak of a few of brother

Jonathan's peculiarities—as how the silence of an Episcopal Methodist Church was interrupted by continued spitting, which fell to a strange ear like the drippings from the eaves on a rainy day; of the strange use made of legs, illustrated by a pedagogue teaching his boys their Latin with a booted leg projecting from a window, and contrary to the good old fashion of carrying one's head as high as possible, the rivalry of trying what distinction a man's heels may bring him, so that at one hotel the feet have attained to the height of the doorway, and it is a point of serious ambition with young men to see who shall score the highest mark; of the 'lady of a judge' talking freely on many subjects in broken grammar, and in happy ignorance that it was broken, and of her striking up in a public vehicle, unasked and without the least embarrassment, 'Home, sweet home;' of 'female helps,' of whom ten have been known to have successively occupied one situation in twelve months—it not being uncommon for them to disappear from the family, either early in the morning or in the evening, without the least notice; of lovers of nature, who, in the midst of the loveliest beauties, employed themselves in throwing stones across the river, and expressing their astonishment that no stone they could cast would reach it. But as the falls of Niagara, and the boundless forests—the lakes, the rivers, the mountains of America, have now little interest in description, however well executed; and as the readers of the *Christian Teacher* look rather for the useful than the amusing, we shall pass on to the important details the work furnishes respecting the moral and religious aspects of the United States.

In the conflict between the voluntary and compulsory principles of supporting religion, reference has frequently been made by the advocates of either, to the United States of America; the one declaring that their history and condition proved beyond a question the sufficiency of voluntary efforts, the other contending that they as clearly showed the necessity of establishments. This work furnishes a valuable witness in the case. Its evidence, collected with care and given with discrimination, favours decidedly the voluntary principle. We have long wished for such a work. Vague, and as we always felt, ill-founded statements in certain organs of the Establishment, made such a book desirable. Referring the reader to the narrative itself, we shall proceed to give a few of its statements, aiming in this and on one or two other subjects, to compress as much information as possible into such space as we may occupy.

The Presbyterian body, if not the strongest in numbers, is certainly so by standing and consideration. It has nearly 2000 ministers, about 2500 congregations, and upwards of 200,000 communicants. Their stronghold is in the middle states. A very large part of them has been gradually deviating from the recognised standards of Calvinism and the more rigid forms of Presbyterian government; so that religious liberty is spreading in the body, and the doctrines of original sin, imputed righteousness, and vicarious sacrifice, extensively renounced.

The Orthodox Congregationalists amount to upwards of a thousand congregations, and prevail in the six states of New England; indeed, out of these states they have not more than forty congregations.

The Baptist denomination reckons 3397 clergy, 5345 churches, 325,461 communicants. Its great strength lies in the west and south. In many parts, the line of separation between the clergy and laity in this body is very faint. Ignorance is the patron of ignorance; the people have been jealous of a learned and well-trained ministry, and Antinomianism, which favours ignorance, and is favoured by it, has infected a considerable portion.

The Methodists are quite as numerous and more efficient. They show a less amount of ministers, but a much larger one of communicants; the one being 2223 and the other 619,771. Like the Baptists, they have a large number of slaves in their communion; and like them, they are beginning to take decided measures to secure an educated ministry.

The Episcopal is by far the least of the five leading denominations. It numbers 650 ministers; its attendants are 244,125, and its communicants considerably lower than is usual in other divisions of the Church. Its forms are those of the Church of England, with trifling variations; but the people have a voice in the choice of their pastors, and the bishops are elected in a convention of the pastors and lay delegates. They are therefore mostly men of approved character, and of much pastoral experience.

We shall now consider what bearing the circumstances of these and other religious bodies have on the question of establishments. We do not mean to intimate that the question can be decided by an appeal to the United States. Their circumstances are very peculiar. They have the energies of a young nation to aid forward any impulse, and they have not the historical ties which bind Europeans to past ages and long-established institutions. At the same time, the religious principle has had much opposition from the low condition of large masses that have been thrown on America, when ruined in character or in fortune in Europe. If, however, it shall prove that the voluntary principle has been found to supply the wants of America as rapidly and effectually as establishments have done here, then, to say the least, experience is rather in favour than in opposition to it, and we are left in this country at libery to adopt the voluntary system, should it appear desirable, without being deterred by any illusory fears of danger to religion.

In Virginia, the Episcopal Church was established by law. For nearly a century, it was the exclusive religion of the state; it was endowed, and all parties were compelled to contribute to its support. The consequence was bad. Unworthy and incompetent men, in search of respectability or emolument, made the Church a prey. Having nothing to apprehend from the people, or the rivalry of sects, they became careless and indolent, and frequently dissolute. The pastors neglected the people—the people forsook the pastors. It was then tried with toleration. This admitted other sects to labour for the salvation of the people. The privileged clergy, however, despised their rivals, and continued to repose on their supplies in indolence and security. But the tolerated sectaries slept not; and by their diligence, prepared the state for placing all denominations on one footing, by knowing them only as civil corporations and withholding all allowance. The Episcopal Church soon revived, and from then till now has been going on well.

In other states, the compulsory system was tried with equally bad results, till in 1833 the last fragments of the compulsory and endowed system were demolished by the power of improved opinion and religious principle. The voluntary principle, then, is the only one now in operation. It has been tried in some states to the exclusion of every other; it has been tried in other states, for different periods of time, where every other has failed, and the result is in every thing and every where most favourable to the voluntary and against the compulsory principle. Testimony is all but universal in its favour. The Episcopalian of Virginia, and the Congregationalist of New England, who had been protected to the utmost, were equally in favour of the new principle. Men of every denomination, the Methodist, the Baptist, the Presbyterian, the Reformed, the Lutheran, the Churchman, and the Independent, all deprecate state interference and state allowance. Men of every region, the East, the West, the North, the South, agree in coming to the same conclusion. Such unanimity proves that the evil of the compulsory system must have been great, and that the workings of the voluntary system are highly satisfactory. Dr. Dwight has indeed been appealed to as an evidence in favour of endowments, and he with others certainly entertained fears of the result of removing state assistance. The change has taken place. Dr. Dwight has not survived to look on the consequences. Many of his contemporaries have, and they allow that they were wrong—that their fears were groundless—and that the transition has brought only good, and good in a degree for which they could not have hoped.

Fact is in favour of the voluntary system. The rapidity with which the supplies of religion adapt themselves to the demand is surprising. Take as examples;—Dunkirk on Lake Erie; the population 600, three places of worship;—when the settlement was much smaller, and before they could get churches erected, it was found that the people's morals were relaxing, and that many who came to settle, refused in consequence to do so; those, therefore, who had a worldly interest in the place, united with the religious in building churches:—Ohio, in which, notwithstanding its rapid progress, there are above 500 ministers—the new-made towns of that state, Columbus, with a population of 3000, and three churches and five ministers; Lansville, 3200 persons, six churches; Granville, in which the first permanent building erected was a church—all the inhabitants attend, and there are 400 communicants.

Let us put in contrast 'religious' Scotland with New York, whose rapidity of increase has caused the greater difficulty in supplying the spiritual wants of the people:—

SCOTLAND.		NEW YORK.	
Population	2,365,807	Population	1,913,508
Ministers	1,765	Ministers	1,750
Churches	1,804	Churches	1,800
Communicants	(Uncertain)	Communicants	184,583

exhibiting one in every ten of the population as receiving the Lord's Supper. Turn to the West and South; though it is unjust to make the condition of the young states in the West, or the slave states in the South the test of the voluntary principle—as unjust as it would be to try the compulsory principle in Great Britain, not by what it had wrought there, but what it had done in Jamaica and in the Canadas.—Tennessee has,

Population	684,000	Churches	630
Ministers	458	Communicants	60,000

Indiana, at this very time settling, has, while struggling with the first difficulties of the forest, provided,

Population	341,000	Churches	440
Ministers	340	Communicants	34,826

Take as the severest trial, the 10 states last added to the Commonwealth:

Population	3,641,000	Churches	3,701
Ministers	2,690	Communicants	286,560

Even these greatly surpass Scotland. Try some of the principal towns of the United States and England:—

LIVERPOOL.		NEW YORK.	
Population	210,000	Population	220,000
Ministers	57	Ministers	142
Churches	57	Churches	132
Communicants	18,000	Communicants	31,337

GLASGOW.		PHILADELPHIA.	
Population	220,000	Population	200,000
Ministers	76	Ministers	137
Churches	74	Churches	83

The supply of the whole country stands thus:—

Population	13,000,000	Churches	12,580
Ministers	11,450	Communicants	1,550,890

This yields about one clergyman and one church to every thousand persons, and gives one in nine of the whole population as in a state of communion. Now in England, it is shown by documents that the Episcopal Church has only 350,000 communicants; the Dissenters may have 700,000, giving together 500,000 less than the United States. Then the receipts of benevolent societies in the United States for 1834, amounted to nearly a million of dollars.

Let us advert to the state of education. There are no less than twenty-one theological colleges, all instituted since 1808, containing 853 students, and having 57,000 volumes. There are also 75 colleges for general education, having 8136 students: forty of these have been erected since 1814. In the more settled states, a fourth of the people are at school. In the state of New York alone, apart from all private seminaries, there are 9600 schools sustained at an annual expense of

1,126,482 dollars. We must add that there circulate *seven hundred and fifty millions of newspapers a year*—that is twenty-five to our one.

In morals, the comparison is not less favourable to the United States. It is impossible to compare New York with Liverpool, or Boston with Bristol, and not to be struck with the difference. They have no law for the regulation of the Sabbath, but public sentiment secures its sanctification better with them than with us. The history of the Temperance Society is a high eulogium on the character of this people. From the circumstance that ardent spirits were to be had at about a shilling a gallon, the temptation was exceedingly great. The society was formed in 1826, and in the short space of its existence, embraced more than one million two hundred and fifty thousand members. More than three thousand distilleries were stopped, and more than seven thousand persons who dealt in spirits have declined the trade. Upwards of one thousand vessels have abandoned their use, and above ten thousand drunkards are said to have been reclaimed.

We must now turn to a subject on which we feel the deepest sorrow. Slavery is the disgrace, and it threatens to prove the curse of America:—

Sixty years ago, there were only about half a million of coloured people in the states; now there are two millions and a half. Slavery exists in America under its worst form. It is hereditary and perpetual. The labour is compulsory and uncompensated. The slave may be pledged, leased, exchanged, taken in execution for his master's debts, and sold by private contract or by auction, either 'individually or in lots to suit the purchaser'—sold with or without his or her family. A slave cannot be a witness against any white or free man, can possess no property, is punishable at the discretion of his master, is not allowed to resist any free man under any circumstances, cannot redeem himself, denied the means of knowledge and of worshipping God. The crying aggravation of slavery arises from the internal traffic. Slaves are as regularly bred in some states as cattle, for the southern market. The dealers have their agents spread over the states where the slave is of less value, to transport him to where he is of more value. They seek to trepan the free coloured man, and by throwing the proof of his freedom upon him, often succeed. Is there any hope of a change? Some of the states have freed themselves; others are preparing to do so. Public sentiment is ripening for general emancipation; but there are difficulties, and not the least is the injudicious zeal of anti-slavery advocates. The states, too, are independent of each other, so that the act of one binds not the other, nor can the Congress controul them. Has it the will? The district of Columbia is a stronghold of slavery—but this district is under the exclusive legislation of Congress. This single circumstance involves the whole American people, and constitutes them at this time *a slave-holding nation*. Besides, when the supreme government recently had the power, on the settlement of a new state, to determine whether it should be free or slave-holding, they resolved in favour of bondage.

Dr. Reed, who is responsible for the greater part of the work, finds it impossible, in his review of the religious condition of

America, to pass Unitarianism altogether unnoticed;—he therefore underrates its influence and misrepresents its character. In relation to his misrepresentations, we regard it sufficient to say that they have no novelty and as little truth; but that if they were as well-founded as they are stale, his own work supplies materials enough to show, that if Unitarianism is blame-worthy, Orthodoxy is not guiltless. Dr. Reed tells us that

> The Unitarians have in the United States 170 religious societies and 150 ministers. In Massachusetts, they have about 130 societies and 110 ministers. In Boston, which is their stronghold, they have twelve, (subsequently thirteen is the number given,) and seventeen clergy, including two who are assistants and three at large. With the exception of Boston, the congregations are very small; in that city, they average about 600, and out of it about 100.

He says in addition, that the Cambridge University, near Boston—the oldest and the best collegiate establishment in the union—is in the hands of Unitarians, having 210 students in literature, and 31 in the theological school. In addition, he might have stated that the 'considerable portion' of the Quakers, whom he characterises as having 'lapsed into fatal heresy,' are Unitarians, as is also the whole *Christian* body, to the number of above a thousand congregations; besides the Universalists, whom he puts down at five hundred and fifty churches. Having undertaken to report to America that Unitarianism was almost dead in Europe, he is now good enough to return the compliment, and 'prepared confidently to say that it is declining, and declining rapidly.' Now this is an instance of the revival of an almost obsolete rumour. The assertion has been made so long ago, that now, instead of 'declining,' the report should have been, to preserve consistency, not sick, but dead. The misrepresentation was thus met in 1831 by the Rev. B. Whitman, in his Letters to Professor Stuart, p. 93:—

> And, sir, have the leading orthodox in this vicinity really believed such representations? Have they regarded Unitarianism as on the decline? Your letter furnishes conclusive evidence as to your own opinion. But if any have credited such stories, I pity their credulity, and rejoice in their disappointment. I hope no one has engaged in such a course, to influence that class of weak-minded and unstable Christians who always endeavour to side with the majority, and measure the success of truth by numbers. That persons at a distance have been deceived by such published and unpublished statements, I do positively know. Now were I called upon to distinguish any one fact, which indicated the progress of Unitarian sentiments, I should mention the recent erection of so many little orthodox meeting-houses. For in the first place, many of them are built in towns which were once wholly orthodox, but are now so completely Unitarian, that not one-fifth, tenth, twentieth, fiftieth, or even hundredth part attend orthodox preaching. In the second place, several of the new houses of worship

have been erected in places where orthodox ministers have been settled to this very time; and they being now removed from their pastoral connexion either by death or dismission, the Unitarian majorities of their hearers have settled ministers of their own sentiments; so that small remnants have been obliged to beg funds for building another church. Something like eight instances of this character have occurred during the past year; and there are more than eight other societies which are now dissatisfied with the exclusive measures of their present orthodox pastors. Besides all this, it is well known that Unitarians constitute a considerable portion of most orthodox societies in the state, (Massachusetts); so that there can be no doubt your generosity will be heavily taxed for years to come for the erection of new orthodox meeting-houses, which may be pointed out as the standing evidence of the progress of orthodoxy. If Unitarians were to adopt a similar course of proceeding, how many churches, as large and respectable as those organized by the orthodox, do you suppose they might establish in one year?

Does the following bear the indication of a declining cause? It is an extract from a circular sent by the Rev. H. Ware, Professor of Pastoral Care in the Divinity College, Cambridge, U. S., with the view of collecting works for the Theological Library:—

Will you allow me to take this opportunity of soliciting your attention to the wants of the ministry? The number of young men devoting themselves to this office is very far below the demands of the times, and our duty to the cause of truth and the welfare of our country. It never can be much increased, if we rely on the colleges alone. We must look to other sources. We must take up from other walks of life, religious young men of promising talents and character. Several excellent ministers have recently arisen from this quarter, and there can be no doubt that their number might be greatly increased if encouragement were given. It belongs to ministers to give this; and I cannot help thinking that if they would pay attention to the subject, and watch with a reference to it the opening minds and characters of boys in the Sunday Schools, and of young men entering life, they might exert an influence which would easily and soon supply the want to which I have alluded, and enable us to do our full share toward sustaining Christian institutions in our country. Is not the suggestion worthy serious attention, and is it not in your power to do something at once in reference to it?

And in No. 1 of the *Boston Observer*, published Jan. 1, 1835, is found a letter written by the General Secretary of the American Unitarian Association, which affords a curious comment on the report made by the Rev. Doctor, that 'every where they are going down.'

A short time since, I made a journey into some part of the State of Maine. I visited several different places, and made very particular inquiries in regard to many more. In this state there are now fourteen or fifteen organized congregational societies, who hold the Unitarian faith. At Kennebunk there is a large society united among themselves, possessing a church, a parsonage house, a large and valuable parish and juvenile library, enjoying the labours of the Rev. Geo. W. Wells, a devoted pastor, to whom they are strongly attached. At Saco the society is not so large as at Kennebunk, but yet respectable as to numbers. Owing to the late pressure of the times, which has been very deeply felt in this as well as in other villages in the State of Maine, they are not at present supplied with preaching. Yet there are in this place those who are devoted to the cause of pure and undefiled religion, who are now mourning over their want of ministerial guidance; hoping and praying that ere long their circumstances may be so improved as to enable them to enjoy the services of a permanently-settled pastor. They have a neat and commodious house of worship, and are out of debt. They have, during the past summer, opened their house on the Sabbath for the exercises of a Sabbath school, though compelled to resort to other places for worship.

At Portland is one of the largest societies in New England, in point of numbers, and one of the most respectable in point of talents, character, wealth and influence. They have a large and beautiful stone church. They seemed deeply interested in the diffusion of liberal Christianity, and have given substantial proofs of their zeal in their liberal pecuniary contributions to the aid of societies near them, needing their assistance.

At Standish, a pleasant village about eighteen miles from Portland, on the road to the White Hills, is another Unitarian society, which has lately been organized. They have invited Mr. A. D. Wheeler to settle with them in the ministry, and he has accepted their call, and will probably be soon ordained. They seem at present to be very spirited, and though small and feeble, are encouraged to go forward by the liberal assistance of some of the friends of our faith in Portland.

At Fryeburg, a beautiful village about sixty miles from Portland, on the road to the White Hills, there are a few friends of our faith, and the Rev. Mr. Harding, formerly of England, ministers to them. I have no information as to the particular condition of this society at this time, but suppose from what I have known of it formerly, that it is feeble, and needs the sympathy and support of friends from abroad. At Brunswick, the seat of Bowdoin College, the principal literary institution in the State, are some ardent and devoted friends of pure Christianity; and in Topsham, which lies over (the Androscoggin) against Brunswick, there are also several earnestly desirous of enjoying the regular ministrations of a pastor of liberal sentiments. They have usually worshipped alternately on the different sides of the river. They are now taking some steps towards the erection of a house of worship, and the settlement of a pastor. They will need assistance from abroad, and there is no place which I have visited where I think it so important that assistance should be rendered. In Hallowell there is a flourishing society and a neat house, and a young and active pastor, the Rev. H. A. Miles. At Augusta is a society at present without a pastor. They have a house beautifully situated in the heart of the village, and speak of themselves as able, could they find a man suited to their wants and willing to settle with them, to give a competent support. It seems to be of importance that this post should be occupied by some one of commanding influence. If it were, much might be done through the members of the legislature, who usually spend most of the winter months in session, to diffuse liberal views throughout the State. At Belgrade, about fourteen miles from Augusta, is a small society, who enjoy the labours of the Rev. Mr. Farmer, as their pastor. As this society is feeble, Mr. Farmer also teaches an academy in the place. He seemed to be deeply interested, and labours diligently and acceptably.

These are all the organized societies which I visited. I have learned from inquiries and correspondence, that the society at Farmington, under the pastoral care of Mr. Bede; that at Belfast, under the pastoral care of Mr. Frothingham; that at Castine, now enjoying the labours of Mr. Devens, late of the Theological school at Cambridge; that at Eastport, under the pastoral care of Mr. E. U. Edes; and that at Calais, to which Mr. W. A. Whitwell ministers, are all in a prosperous condition. The society at Bangor I intended to have visited, but was prevented, as I was from visiting several other places which I wished to see, and where I had made appointments. It is large, respectable, wealthy and intelligent, and at present without a pastor. Here, I believe, are all the regularly organized societies, which have openly taken a stand as Unitarians. But we are far from a clear and correct view of the condition and prospects of liberal Christianity in the State of Maine, if we confine our attention to these regularly organized societies. There are Unitarians in almost every town. In some towns there are more, and in some fewer. In New Gloucester, in Norridgewcok, in Waterville, in Paris, Buckfield, Machias, Ellsworth, Prospect, Dresden, Thomaston, Union, Warren, Atkinson, and indeed in almost every town you can visit, you will find Unitarians. It has been said that there is a great call for labourers in this State. It is true there is this great call. But let no one be led by this assertion to think that by going into the State of Maine, he shall be surrounded by those who not only wish to hear, but are willing to support Unitarian preaching. There are several places where circuits might be established, could men be found who would be willing to take charge of two or three parishes, and, like Felix Neff, travel from one to the other, to preach to the few who might assemble. The danger in Maine is not from orthodoxy, but from the prevalence of indifference to the importance and value of religion and its institutions, and an unwillingness to contribute liberally to their support.

If, however, Dr. Reed will allow to the Unitarians nothing more than 'the honour of being considered as the friends of the elegancies and literature of more refined life,' he might yet, one would think, have mitigated his ire against them under the idea that in a country where the wasting pestilence of fanaticism has spread, their 'decided superiority in letters' could not be without its value. This brings us to the last topic on which we shall use the materials collected by the deputation.

On the subject of revivals Dr. Reed writes with much good sense and feeling, yet not entirely to our satisfaction. It is, indeed, a delicate subject. No one who loves religion could wish a state of apathy and unconcern to be permanent, and no judicious friend of religion could wish that frost to be broken up by destructive storms. Revivals are doubtless necessary on occasions, and it is equally certain they will do more harm than good, if zeal be disproportionate to knowledge. 'A gentleman inquired of one of them'—the Mormonites, a set of deluded fanatics who profess to be obeying a prophecy in quitting the East, and seeking their millenium beyond the Mississippi—'why they left their own country?—"Oh," he said, "there is ruin coming on it." "How do you know?" "It was revealed to me." "How?" "I saw five letters in the sky." "What were they?" "FAMIN," was the reply.' The spirit of these fanatics is the spirit of but too many of the spiritual agitators of this country and of America. They see sights, they dream dreams, they are the subjects of supernatural communications, while *their* 'five letters,' are the 'five points of Calvinism' entire. Dr. Reed, however, disowns supernatural agency as a means of working a revival, with what consistency with the orthodox doctrine of regeneration, we leave him to determine. Even on what Dr. Reed calls approved revivals, evils, he says, are attendant.

> They are liable to run out into wild fanaticism. A revival implies that a great mass of human passion, that was dormant, is suddenly called into action. Those who are not moved to good, will be moved to the greater evil. It is an occasion favourable to display, and the vain and the presumptuous will turn it to their own account. There is, too, the danger of a relapse. Excess of excitement brings excess of exhaustion. When periodical, they will be looked to as the sole means of religion. Hence some churches have an exaggerated hope in the extraordinary means, and almost no hope in the use of the ordinary; they have obtained a dispensation to slumber through the intervals, on the promise of being thoroughly awake at the revivals. Ministers, too, wear an air of despondency, and preach under its paralysing influence, except they are expecting a revival, or in the midst of one.

If this is done in the green tree, what may we not expect in the dry, and accordingly Dr. Reed condemns what are called 'protracted meetings,' and 'the anxious seat.'

> The length of the meeting becomes the popular test of its excellence. A seven-day meeting has a sound of reputation about it which is denied to one of three or four days. Empirical teachers have taken advantage of this. Some of them have held meetings for fourteen days, some twenty-one, and recently an attempt has been made to hold a forty-days' meeting. The 'anxious seat' is so styled because after a sermon, which is supposed to have impressed the people, a seat or seats before the pulpit, and in the face of the congregation, is cleared, and persons willing to profess anxiety for their salvation, are challenged to come forward and to use them for that purpose. As an evidence of character, this is among the worst that can be employed. It is highly inviting to the ignorant, the vain, and the self-conceited, and it is equally repulsive to the timid, the modest, the reflective. A well-educated young female cannot meet such a demand in the face of a large congregation, unless

she regards it as a duty to Christ, and then, in obeying, she does violence to those feelings which are the safeguard and the beauty of her character. Young persons have been seen to shrink and shudder at the call through modesty; and then comply through fear; and when complying, writhing from distress under hysterical tortures. The plan is likely to lead to precipitate conclusions. A revival preacher, after delivering a sermon, called on the anxious to meet him in the lecture-room. About two hundred obeyed. He called on them to kneel in prayer, and he offered an alarming and terrific prayer. They arose. 'As many of you,' he said, 'as have given yourselves to God in that prayer, go into the new convert-room.' Upwards of twenty went. 'Now,' he said to the remainder, 'let us pray.' He prayed again in like manner. He gave the same challenge. Another set went. This was repeated four times. The next morning he left the town, having previously sent a notice to the newspaper, stating that Mr. ——— had preached there last night, and that sixty-one converts had professed religion. The effect of such a course is to create a fearful amount of unscriptural hope, and therefore, of dangerous delusion, and also to fill the church with unconverted and presumptuous persons—producing defection on the one hand, and corruption on the other. Of revivals so managed, not one fifth—sometimes not one tenth—have stood.

Besides, they have the faculty of generating a spirit worse than themselves. Rash measures attract rash men. In fact, a number of young and raw men, previously unknown to the ministry, and without pastoral experience, instead of giving themselves to 'reading, meditation, and prayer,' have chosen this shorter method to ministerial efficiency, unsettling everything, and settling nothing. They have denounced pastors with whom they could not compare—men of tried and approved piety, as hypocrites, formalists, 'dumb dogs,' and as 'leading their people to hell.' They have denounced the Christians who listened to them, and have made submission to their mechanism the test of conversion. The endearments and ties of relative life have been sacrificed to the bitter zeal which has taught the child to disrespect the parent, and the parent to cast off the child. They have made pretensions to inspiration, and taught people to rely on impulse and impression in offering what is called the prayer of faith. They have encouraged females to lead in prayer in promiscuous and public assemblies, and revived all the irregularities of the Corinthian church. The consequence has been most disastrous. Churches have become the sport of division and distraction. Pastors have been made unhappy in their dearest connexions. In one presbytery of nineteen churches, there were only three that had settled pastors, the rest having been driven away. In one synod, in 1832, of one hundred and three churches, only fifty-two had pastors.

It would be easy to lengthen out the list of evils; yet Dr. Reed recommends revivals to be got up in England, and among his reasons assigns one which exhibits the state of the Independent body as so low, that we can assure him, even his dreaded Unitarianism cannot be well lower.

'Have we not a thousand congregations, and these the most prosperous, to which, as it relates to one half of their body, the blessing of a revival would not be as life to the dead;—who are untouched by ordinary means, and who require a last remedy—if, indeed, there be such remedy—and who appear as though they would perish if it is not applied?'—p. 58, vol. II.

The impression which the reader may receive from the foregoing details, may be such as to mislead him relatively to the general condition of religion in America. We think it, therefore, right to observe, that, after all, those evils of which we have spoken, are not of such an extent as seriously to impair the soundness of the great mass of the religious world, and may find something like their counterpart in the extravagances of certain fanatical bodies and individuals in this kingdom.

LORD BROUGHAM'S NATURAL THEOLOGY.

A Discourse on Natural Theology, showing the Nature of the Evidence and the Advantages of the Study. By Henry, Lord Brougham. London: Charles Knight.

'The composition of this discourse was undertaken,' says the noble author, in a dedication to Earl Spencer, characterized by a beautiful simplicity, 'in consequence of an observation which I had often made, that scientific men were apt to regard the study of natural religion as little connected with philosophical pursuits.' It therefore appeared to him desirable to define, more precisely than had been done, the place and the claims of Natural Theology among the various branches of human knowledge. The Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge had been urged to publish an edition of Dr. Paley's popular work, with copious and scientific illustrations. The proposal was rejected, under the apprehension that the adoption of it might open the door to religious controversy. Still, Lord Brougham considered it expedient to carry the plan into execution, and has succeeded in associating with himself Mr. C. Bell. Considerable progress has been made in the work, and this volume is published as a preliminary discourse. It was, for the most part, written during the period when the writer held the Great Seal of this kingdom.

Regarding the circumstances under which it has been produced, we consider it as a truly surprising production, and whatever defects may be found to attach to it, they cannot deprive the author of the merit of good-will, and devotedness to the cause of religious truth.

We expected much from a work on such a topic from such an author. To illustrate the nature of the evidence for the existence of a first intelligent Cause, to meet objections raised against it, to enforce it by presenting the argument in diversified lights, is an employment worthy of the highest powers, and yet admits of being treated in such a manner as to be on a level with the lowest. But there seems to be a sort of fatality about performances on this topic. 'The Bridgewater Treatises,' however good one or two of them, and parts of all, may be, must on the whole be pronounced a failure, and we are afraid that the verdict of impartiality cannot be highly in favour of Lord Brougham's effort. We are not denying the work merit. It has excellencies of the first order, and we rejoice that it has appeared, if it served only to show that attention to theology has not, as we feared, entirely disappeared from among the learned and the dignified of the laity, and to invite to the subject the minds of those who, in consequence of their position or profession, may have thought that they had nothing to do with religion but to profess their belief in it, when a regard to their aggrandizement compelled such simulation. But Lord Brougham cannot be hailed as a successful thinker on the nature of the evidence. In the statement of facts tending to impress the mind with a conviction of the Deity's existence, and in illustrating the advantages and pleasures of the study of natural theology, he has eminent success; but equal merit can by no means be ascribed to the metaphysics he employs in his logical expositions. On this point we can do scarcely more than pronounce an opinion. To exhibit the numerous mistakes of the author would require, not a review, but a treatise on metaphysics. His mistakes, as is generally the case with the mistakes of superior men, are so mixed up with partial truth, that no effort can well be conceived more tedious than that which would be necessary to unravel the metaphysical tangle which he has given to the world. As, however, we have ventured an adverse opinion on a work proceeding from so high an authority, we shall, in self-justification, allude to one part of his argument which will serve to illustrate our objections.

We cannot but regret that the learned author has mixed up the question of the nature of the soul with his proof of the existence of the Deity, and in such a way as to concede that the one is dependent on the other. If the soul is not immaterial and independent of the body, there is, he affirms, no proof of the existence of a God.* This is a fearful issue, and a most unnecessary risk. We do not mean to intimate our belief in materialism: the venture is not with ourselves, but with those who deny the spirituality of the mind and its independence of the body, and with sceptics of all shades—who will certainly not be conciliated to the admission of a First Cause by finding themselves required to go through the portal of acknowledging the mind's immateriality. Nor has Lord Brougham done little to invalidate his attempt to erect Natural Theology into the rank of a science, by attempting to show that the evidence for the immateriality of the soul is strictly inductive—the same, that is, on which he rests his proof of the existence of God. For ourselves, we have studied the conflicting systems of materialism and immaterialism sufficient to know, that there is not an agreement on even the meaning of the terms in dispute, and to infer that, much as has been said, nothing is known on the subject. We have, therefore, long dismissed the matter in despair of arriving at definite conclusions, contenting ourselves, for want of something better, with a bias in favour of the soul's immateriality, and led to recur with the greater eagerness to the disclosures of the Scriptures, not as to the nature of the mind, but the destiny of man. With these views and feelings, we have extreme regret that the noble and learned writer, in his fondness for metaphysical speculations, should have furnished another instance of the attempt to elicit light from darkness, *ex fumo dare lucem*.

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* Page 79.

The peculiar feature of the Discourse is to show that Natural Theology is a science. This argument his Lordship was induced to attempt by the neglect into which he observed Natural Theology had fallen with men of superior education. The object is praise-worthy, but the pursuit of it has carried the writer beyond legitimate bounds, and made him press into his service witnesses which injure his cause. Natural Theology is a science. What is meant? This Lord Brougham has nowhere strictly defined. The sciences are various, and various is the evidence on which they rest. From geometry to mental philosophy—that is to say, from absolute certainty down to the dark abysses of metaphysics—the range of what is termed science extends. But the use of a common name does not identify objects. Mathematics and metaphysics are still the antipodes of each other, in regard to the certainty of, and the evidence for, their respective teachings. By terming Natural Theology a science, therefore, Lord Brougham, however he may conciliate those who are influenced by names, effects but little with the reasoner, except he prove that it is one which admits of strict argumentation, and leads to definite results. This his Lordship in part attempts, aiming to show that Natural Theology is a department of the inductive philosophy of Bacon. Granted: but this inductive philosophy comprises the whole range of probability, from its highest condition, when it approaches to absolute certainty, to its lowest, when it admits of every kind and degree of doubt. Where, in this wide domain, is Natural Theology to find its place? And if this is all that Lord Brougham's efforts lead to, where is the discovery? In reality, the novelty is so small, consisting of little more than a difference in phraseology when correct, and sometimes involving serious logical errors. Yet the view taken by the author is not without striking points and considerations of value, and on this account, as well as to enable our readers to judge for themselves, of what is peculiar to this work, we shall give an analysis of the most forcible things in his arguments.

We must, however, premise that the reader is not to infer from these remarks that we withhold the name of science from Natural Theology. We concede it. But science is a vague term. The mistake of the ex-Chancellor seems to consist in using the word as indicative of strict demonstration, while his arguments and his topic admit of nothing higher than moral probability. The error lurks in the word 'inductive,' so often used. 'Theology is a branch of inductive philosophy. Of the same class are Newton's discoveries.' The latent inference is, that the evidence in both cases is the same. It is not so—and no one knows this better than Lord Brougham; and had he not been anxious to fix the name of science, in its stricter meaning, on Natural Theology, in order to conciliate the philosophical and sceptical, he would have been far from being led astray by the latitude of signification in a word. In fact, the inductive philosophy is rather a mode of reasoning than a kind of evidence. It is a *calculus*, an instrument of discovery equally applicable to subjects admitting the most varied evidence. It teaches how to inquire, not what is the degree of certainty in any case. It leaves, in fact, the whole question of degrees of evidence untouched.

Lord Brougham furnishes himself the means of his own confutation, when he remarks, that by possibility all the truths of the mathematics might have been discovered by a person born both blind and deaf, confined to a solitary chamber. Can the same be said of the truths of Natural Theology? The author would not have given room for the question, had he been more careful to lay down the necessary distinctions in the case, and less eager to bespeak the favour of opponents. Nor, though led into vagueness by his wish to produce effect, does any one know better than he that undue claims defeat their own object. Much of a different character might have been said to conciliate unbelievers, and said in maintenance of his Lordship's proposition, that Natural Theology is a science—but for this, we must wait for another pen. It can scarcely be necessary to say, that in these strictures our object has been, not to detract from the acknowledged value of Lord Brougham's book, but solely to enforce the claims of truth. Theology, we know, is a science—the central science; and, in adding that it is a science admitting only of moral certainty, we say nothing but what allows the firmest conviction—conviction resting on evidence of the same kind, but far superior in degree, to that by which the whole course of our lives is regulated.

We now give the substance of Lord Brougham's views:—

There is no well-defined boundary which separates the science which relates to the structure and relations of the universe from that which concerns its origin and destiny. Divine science, or theology, is strictly a branch of inductive philosophy, formed and supported by the same kind of reasoning upon which the physical and psychological sciences are founded. Some one may object that he knows of the existence of the external world by his senses; but that the same cannot be affirmed of those things whose existence we learn by a process of reasoning. There is no such distinction. Experience and reasoning are required to teach us the existence of external objects, as well as of the mind and all its varied operations. It is also to be remarked that the two inquiries—that into the nature and construction of the universe, and that into the evidence of design which it displays—are not only closely allied to each other, but, to a very considerable extent, identical. It is a truth of physics, in the strictest sense of the word, that vision is performed by the eye refracting light, and making it converge to a focus upon the retina; and that the peculiar combination of its lenses, and the different materials of which they are composed, correct the indistinctness which would otherwise arise from the different refrangibility of light—in other words, make the eye an achromatic instrument. But if it is not also a truth in Natural Theology, it is a position from which, by the shortest possible process of reasoning, we arrive at a theological truth—namely, that the instrument so successfully performing a given service must have been made with a knowledge of the properties of light. The position from which so easy a step brings us to this doctrine of Natural Theology, was gained by a strict induction: the kind of evidence used to demonstrate its truths is the modern analysis or induction taught by Bacon and practised by Newton. When, from examining a few bones, we infer that in the wilds where we found them there lived and ranged, some thousands of years ago, an animal wholly different from any we ever saw, and from any of which any account, any tradition, written or oral, has reached us—nay, from any that ever was seen by any person of whose existence we ever heard—we assuredly are led to this remote conclusion, by a strict and rigorous process of reasoning; but, as certainly, we come through that process to the knowledge and belief of things unseen—things respecting which we have not and cannot have a single particle of evidence, either by sense or testimony. Yet we harbour no doubt of the fact; we go further, and not only implicitly believe the existence of this creature for which we are forced to invent a name, but clothe it with attributes, till, reasoning, step by step, we come at so accurate a notion of its form and habits, that we can represent the one and describe the other with accuracy; picturing to ourselves how it looked, what it fed on, and how it continued its kind. Now, where is the logical precision of the arrangement which would draw a broad line of demarcation between the two speculations—that which infers the shape and habits of the animal, and that which infers it had a maker—giving to the one the name and rank of a science, and refusing it to the other, and affirming that the one rested upon induction, but not the other? We have no experience directly of God—but so, we have never seen the lost animals that once peopled the earth; yet the lights of inductive science have conducted us to a full knowledge of their nature, as well as a perfect belief in their existence. Is it less a doctrine of inductive philosophy that the eye could not have been made without a knowledge of optics—in other words, that there must exist a being of knowledge, skill and power sufficient to create it? It is only a step farther in the same path. From considering the evidence used in physical inquiries, let us turn to the mind—a subject full of the evidences of design, yet strangely passed over by the older writers on Natural Theology.

The evidence for the existence of mind is to the full as complete as that upon which we believe in the existence of matter. More: the consciousness of existence, the perpetual sense that we are thinking, and that we are performing the operation quite independently of all material objects, proves to us the existence of a being different from our bodies, with a degree of evidence higher than any we can have for the existence of those bodies themselves, or of any other part of the material world. Indeed, it is barely possible that all the sensations and perceptions we have of the material world may be only ideas in our own minds; it is barely possible, therefore, that matter should have no existence.

But that mind—that the sentient principle—that the thing or being which we call 'I' and 'We,' and which thinks, feels and reasons, should have no existence, is a contradiction in terms. It follows that the constitution and functions of mind are as much the subjects of inductive reasoning as the structure and actions of matter. Now, the structure of the mind affords evidences of the most skilful contrivance. All that adapts it so admirably to the operations which it performs, all its faculties, are plainly means working to an end. What an admirable piece of machinery does it appear in the case, for instance, of the practised orator, who will declaim in measured and in various periods—will weave his discourse into one texture—form parenthesis within parenthesis—excite the passions or move to laughter—take a turn in his discourse from an accidental interruption, making it a topic of his rhetoric for five minutes to come, and pursuing in like manner the new illustrations to which it gives rise—mould his diction with a view to attain or to shun an epigrammatic point, or an alliteration, or a discord; and all this with so much assured reliance on his own powers, and with such perfect ease to himself, that he shall even plan the next sentence while he is pronouncing off-hand the one he is engaged with, adapting each to the other, and shall look forward to the topic which is to follow, and fit in the close of the one he is handling to be its introducer; nor shall any auditor be able to discover the least difference between all this and the portion of his speech which he has got by heart, or tell the transition from the one to the other. View the intellectual world as a whole. What an extraordinary spectacle! That we should have been able to resolve the elements into their more simple constituents—to analyse the subtle light which fills all space—to penetrate from that remote particle in the universe, of which we occupy a speck, into regions infinitely remote—ascertain the weight of bodies at the surface of the most distant worlds—investigate the laws that govern their motions or mould their forms, and calculate to a second of time the periods of their re-appearance during the revolution of centuries—all this is in the last degree amazing, and affords much more food for admiration than any of the phenomena of the material creation. Look at the processes of thought by which such prodigies have been performed. Strictly speaking, there are no truths in the whole range of the pure mathematics which might not, by possibility, have been discovered and systematised by one deprived of sight and touch, or immured in a dark chamber, without the use of a single material object. The instrument of Newton's most sublime speculations, the *calculus*, which he invented, and the astonishing systems reared by its means, which have given immortality to the names of Euler, La Grange, La Place—all are the creatures of pure abstract thought, and all might, by possibility, have existed in their present magnificence, without owing to material agency any help, except such as might be necessary for recording and communicating them. These are surely the greatest of all the wonders of nature, though they speak to the understanding, and not to the sense. Shall we then deny that the eye could be made without skill in optics, and yet admit that the mind could be fashioned and endowed without the most exquisite of all skill? The process of reasoning is not like, but identical with that by which we infer the existence of design in others (than ourselves). The kind of evidence is not like, but identical with that by which we conduct all the investigations of intellectual and of natural science.

CAPTAIN ROSS'S NARRATIVE.

Narrative of a Second Voyage in search of a North-West Passage, and of a Residence in the Arctic Regions during the years 1829, 1830, 1831, 1832, 1833. By Sir John Ross, Captain in the Royal Navy. London: A. W. Webster.

This work has been looked for with unusual eagerness, increased by the unexpected delay which has taken place in its publication—a delay for which the author apologises, attributing it partly to the troubles connected with the printing and engraving departments, and partly to his own absence on the Continent. Be that as it may, since the work is at last before us, we sit down with no slight feelings of pleasure with the intention of giving our readers some notion of its contents.

It will perhaps be proper to premise, that the main object of Ross's expedition was to solve the problem of the North-West Passage, a problem which has occupied the attention of navigators ever since the ninth century, and concerning which there has been more discussion than on any other question in geography.

In a clear and concise introduction, the author first notices all the expeditions which have ever been sent out on this errand, and we cannot but admire the candour with which he treats all who have, in any way, advanced, or tended to advance, our knowledge, as regards points connected with the geography and navigation of the Arctic Seas. He then states his own ideas respecting the discovery of the 'Passage,' and other questions concerning the navigation of the seas where it is to be sought for; and concludes his introduction with a chart, showing the comparative knowledge of the old and modern navigators concerning these regions.

After treating these subjects in a masterly manner, he begins his 'Narrative' by stating, that after the return of the expedition which attempted to reach the Pole in 1827, he submitted to the Lords of the Admiralty, and subsequently to the Lord High Admiral, the plan of the present voyage. His proposal, however, was rejected; but being determined to persevere, he laid the project before Mr. Sheriff Booth, an old and liberal friend of his, a merchant, who at first declined, but subsequently embraced the offer of Ross's services for this expedition.

On May 23, 1829, Captain Ross and his crew sailed from the Thames in the Victory, a vessel which promised the convenience of being propelled either by wind or by steam, as circumstances might determine; and after many troubles, including constant breakages of the engine work, loss of a topmast, and the mutiny and return of the crew of 'The John,' a consort vessel, which was intended for carrying additional stores and provisions, arrived on July 5th, at the entrance of Davis's Straits; and on August 13th, moored the Victory within a quarter of a mile of the place where the stores of the Fury were landed. The Fury was a vessel which had been wrecked on a former expedition; her stores and supplies had been secured on the shore, and it was on the certainty of meeting with these that the success, nay the foundation, of the expedition rested. We may imagine, then, the anxiety with which they had been looked for, and the joy which the conductors of the expedition felt, when they were found as safe and in as good preservation as if they had just left England, instead of being exposed to all the chances of climate in that inhospitable region for four years. The Victory, after having supplied herself with all necessary stores, sailed towards the regions of perpetual ice; and after passing through the greatest dangers, and escaping almost miraculously several times, was finally stopped by the ice and frozen fast in what was subsequently termed Felix Harbour, on Sept. 30, 1829. In this neighbourhood, Ross and his crew remained, making their observations, until May 29, 1832, when having no prospect of ever being able to extricate the ship, and provisions running short, they abandoned her, and betook themselves to their sledges and boats; and on July 1st, after a long and laborious journey, arrived on their return at Fury Beach. Here, after building a wooden house, they established themselves for the winter; and again, in July 1833, abandoned in its turn this dwelling; and after a journey of the greatest hardships and unparaleled fatigue, most fortunately met with the Isabella whaler, which, under the command of Captain Humphreys, was cruising in Baffin's Bay with the hope of learning some tidings of the expedition.

She was soon alongside, when the mate in command addressed us, by presuming that we had met with some misfortune and lost our ship. This being answered in the affirmative, I requested to know the name of his vessel, and expressed our wish to be taken on board. I was answered that it was 'the Isabella, of Hull, once commanded by Captain Ross;' on which I stated that I was the identical man in question, and my people the crew of the Victory. That the mate who commanded this boat was as much astonished at this information as he appeared to be, I do not doubt; while, with the usual blunderheadedness of men on such occasions, he assured me that I had been dead two years. I easily convinced him, however, that what ought to have been true, according to his estimate, was a somewhat premature conclusion; as the bear-like form of the whole set of us might have shown him, had he taken time to consider, that we were certainly not whaling gentlemen, and that we carried tolerable evidence of our being 'true men, and no impostors,' on our backs, and in our starved and unshaven countenances. A hearty congratulation followed, of course, in the true seaman style; and, after a few natural inquiries, he added that the Isabella was commanded by Captain Humphreys, when he immediately went off in his boat to communicate his information on board, repeating that we had long been given up as lost, not by them alone, but by all in England.

Even after all his labours and anxieties, the indefatigable Ross, thus at last saved from destruction, determined to survey again this coast, and thus confirm the observations he had made in his voyage of 1818. After this was completed, the Isabella sailed for Hull, and Ross and his crew arrived there on the 18th of September, 1833, amidst the cheers and congratulations of their countrymen; having thus been absent for four years, given up as lost, suffered during their absence hardships innumerable, and made such discoveries as will render their names brilliant examples of the truth of the adage, '*Labor omnia vincit.*"

It may be supposed that enterprising men of all classes looked forward to the results of this expedition with anticipations that the discoveries and observations would be of considerable importance, nor have they been wholly disappointed.

In a commercial point of view, the results of the voyage are negative; that is to say, there exists no North-West Passage in the direction of Prince Regent's Inlet. Thus is one of the grounds of the hypothesis demolished, and the only hopes are now in the direction of Lancaster Strait and the Pole, 'if indeed the latter has an advocate remaining.' In another sense, however, even as a commercial speculation, the voyage has been of no small utility, for it has completely shown, that even if there were a North-West Passage, it would be of no advantage to the commercial part of our countrymen; for who in his right senses would expose his property to the dangers of Arctic navigation, or his ships to the almost certainty of being frozen fast like the Victory?

In the geographical department, great discoveries have been made. Independent of showing that no 'Passage' exists south of Barrow's Strait, many hundred miles of territory have been surveyed and added to our charts; the exact situations of lands, which were before partially known, determined; corrections of the longitude, and sometimes of the latitude, of former navigators made; and a portion of the north coast of America surveyed and mapped.

The man of science may at last congratulate himself on the discovery of the North Magnetic Pole, a discovery which was made by Commander Ross, a young man of great intelligence and information, and whose name is well known among the cultivators of philosophy. This has been one of the great objects of the modern Arctic navigators, and its importance is second only to that of the North-West Passage. Professor Barlow, during the absence of the expedition, made some observations on the situation of the Magnetic Pole; and it is gratifying to the lovers of science to know that Commander Ross planted the standard of England on the very spot which Barlow had pointed out as the one in which the North Magnetic Pole would be found, thus practically verifying the great accurncy of scientific calculations. There are also many meteorological, barometrical, and thermometrical tables attached to the work, as well as some very valuable observations on the temperature of the Northern Seas; all of which, together with the general scientific remarks scattered here and there, will be of great use to the natural philosopher.

Having thus given a short analysis of the plan and results of the voyage, we will make a few remarks on the manner in which the expedition occupied itself whilst wintering in the frozen regions; and in noticing this part of the work, the reader cannot fail to be struck with the excellent management of Captain Ross, so strikingly proved by the healthy condition, excellent spirits, good order and discipline of his crew. When the ship was fairly frozen in, with no possibility of escape, the expedition immediately commenced its preparations for wintering. We direct the reader's notice in an especial manner to the excellent regulations which were established to render the interior of the ship warm and dry. The novel mode of preserving the crew from the bad effects attendant upon the dripping of condensed vapour from the ceilings of the apartments, which had been found so great a source of annoyance in former expeditions, is not only demonstrative of Ross's determination to render his men as comfortable as possible, but also an exemplification of the practical utility of philosophical knowledge, which will serve as an answer to those cavillers who think to puzzle the advocates of a scientific education by the triumphantly reiterated question, '*Cui bono?*'

There is another point which we would notice at considerable length if our limits would allow, since it is one of universal application, and is of the greatest consequence to the success of every undertaking in which it is necessary to have able and willing instruments to carry our projects into execution—it is that Capt. Ross never allowed his men to be idle. He enforced upon them the duty of taking recreation; he was kind and attentive to their wants; he lightened their labour by every means in his power—yet, at the same time, he kept them fully occupied. As one means of effecting this object, in the winter season, when it was too dark to work out of doors, he established a night school on board, where each had their duties and tasks; and it appears that this became a source of the greatest pleasure and improvement to his crew. Thus his men had no leisure for repining, or thinking too deeply on their situation; they were not discontented—they were not rebellious; they not only obeyed their orders with the greatest alacrity and good-will, but were eager for the success of the expedition, and participated with feelings of delight in the discoveries that were made. One part of Ross's system was to keep the Sabbath holy; and although at times this was impossible, yet, whenever it could be done, the Sunday was made a day of re-union amongst the different portions of the crew, when they worshipped their Creator together, and together partook of that innocent and healthful recreation for which the Sabbath was partly intended by our benevolent Father. Under these and similar regulations it was that the expedition prospered; and had Ross been less solicitous on these points, his plans might have been thwarted at every step, and instead of returning home covered with glory, he and his crew might have perished quarrelling in the regions of perpetual ice.

Even in these stern and chilling countries, where the whole extent of space, as far as the eye can reach, is a frozen desert—where the tree refuses to rear its trunk and shoot forth its roots—where the flower will hardly open, and the moss reluctantly vegetate, even here animal life is abundant, and the seal, the bear, the fox, the wolf, the rein-deer, the partridge, and the ptarmigan, sport on the ice and revel in the snow; and man, still the lord of the creation, even in this inhospitable spot, exercises his dominion over the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air, and with his canoe of skins, his lance of bone and his faithful dog, finds his only employment and sport in chasing and killing his prey. The life of the Esquimaux is told in a few words. He hunts, eats, marries, becomes a father, and dies. So far as we can estimate the character of the inhabitants of these regions, they are good-natured, quiet, inoffensive, and grateful, with few notions of morality, and fewer still of religion. Their ideas of marriage may be inferred from the fact that bigamy and polygamy are common amongst them. The women, however, are not treated as inferiors, as is often the case amongst savage nations; in fact, it would seem that the Esquimaux are not without their notions of gallantry, and although these may be rude, still it is pleasing to find that they exist at all. Filial and parental affection too are amongst the class of their virtues. Their notion of the morality, or rather immorality, of thieving, is quite Spartan in character, and the crime rests in being *found out to be*, rather than in *being*, a thief. If they possess any religious knowledge, it is confined to the belief in the existence of a superior power; and that this is the case we are induced to think from the facts of their conceiving Ross and his crew to have some supernatural powers, and from one of their own nation being looked upon as a witch or conjuror. That the Esquimaux are, however, ready and intelligent pupils in religious matters, when under the direction of pious ministers, no doubt can exist in the minds of those who have read the remarks of Ross on the Danish settlement of Holsteinborg. We do more than question the propriety of Ross's allowing the natives to look upon the British as supernatural beings. That the Esquimaux should fall into this error we think most natural; and that it would be difficult to convince them to the contrary we can believe; but we consider that Ross did not act well, either morally or as a matter of policy, in countenancing the notion in the slightest degree; and we only wonder, feeling, as he owns, the awkwardness of his situation, that he did not disavow, at once, and in a manner not to be misunderstood, all connexion with supernatural agencies, and thus avoid such unpleasant circumstances as those which had nearly produced a rupture with the Esquimaux—a rupture which would have been as inconvenient as dangerous. Of the style of the work we shall enable our readers to judge for themselves.

CHRISTMAS-DAY IN BOOTHEA FELIX.

It was Christmas-day. There are few places on the civilized earth in which that day is not, perhaps, the most noted of the year; to all it is at least a holiday; and there are many to whom it is somewhat more. The elements themselves seemed to have determined that it should be a noted day to us, for it commenced with a most beautiful and splendid Aurora.

occupying the vault above. At first, and for many hours, it displayed a succession of arches gradually increasing in altitude as they advanced from the east, and proceeded towards the western side of the horizon; while the succession of changes were not less brilliant than any that we had formerly witnessed. The Church service allotted for this peculiar day was adopted; but as it is the etiquette of the naval service, the holiday was also kept by an unusually liberal dinner, of which, roast beef from our Galloway ox, not yet expended, formed the essential and orthodox portion. I need not say that the rule against grog was rescinded for this day, since without that it would not have been the holiday expected by a seaman. The stores of the Fury rendered us here even more than the reasonable service we might have claimed, since they included minced pies, and what would have been more appropriate elsewhere, though abundantly natural here, iced cherry brandy with its fruit; matters, however, of amusement, when we recollected that we were rioting in the luxuries of a hot London June, without the heat of a ball in Grosvenor-square to give them value, and really without any especial desire for sweetmeats of so cooling a nature. I believe that it was a happy day for all the crew, and happy days had a moral value with us, little suspected by those whose lives of uniformity, and of uniform eace, peace, and luxury, one or all, render them as insensible to those hard-won enjoyments, as unobservant of their effects on the minds of men. To display all our flags (as shown in the engraving) was a matter of course; and the brilliancy of Venus was a spectacle which was naturally contemplated as in harmony with the rest of the day.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE NORTH MAGNETIC POLE.

The necessary observations were immediately commenced, and they were continued throughout this and the greater part of the following day. Of these, the details for the purposes of science have been since communicated to the Royal Society—as a paper containing all that philosophers require on the subject has now also been printed in their Transactions—I need not therefore repeat them here, even had it not been the plan of the whole of this volume to refer every scientific matter which had occurred to Captian Ross and myself to a separate work, under the name of an Appendix.

But it will gratify general curiosity, to state the most conspicuous results in a simple and popular manner. The place of the observatory was as near to the Magnetic Pole as the limited means which I possessed enabled me to determine. The amount of the dip, as indicated by my dipping needle, was 89° 59′, being thus within one minute of the vertical; while the proximity at least of this Pole, if not its actual existence where we stood, was further confirmed by the action, or rather by the total inaction, of the several horizontal needles then in my possession. These were suspended in the most delicate manner possible, but there was not one which showed the slightest effort to move from the position in which it was placed; a fact which even the most moderately informed of our readers must now know to be one which proves that the centre of attraction lies at a very small horizontal distance, if at any.

As soon as I had satisfied my own mind on this subject, I made known to the party this gratifying result of all our joint labours; and it was then that, amidst mutual congratulations, we fixed the British flag on the spot, and took possession of the North Magnetic Pole and its adjoining territory, in the name of Great Britain and King William the Fourth. We had abundance of materials for building, in the fragments of limestone that covered the beach; and we therefore erected a cairn of some magnitude, under which we buried a canister, containing a record of the interesting fact; only regretting that we had not the means of constructing a pyramid of more importance, and of strength sufficient to withstand the assaults of time and the Esquimaux. Had it been a pyramid as large as that of Cheops, I am not quite sure that it would have done more than satisfy our ambition under the feelings of that exciting day. The latitude of this spot is 70° 5′ 17″, and its longitude 96° 46′ 45″ west.

THE MONOTONY OF THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

Who more than I has admired the glaciers of the extreme north; who more has loved to contemplate the icebergs sailing from the Pole before the tide and the gale, floating along the ocean, through calm and through storm, like castles and towers and mountains, gorgeous in colouring, and magnificent, if often capricious, in form; and have I, too, not sought, amid the crashing and the splitting and the thundering roarings of a sea of moving mountains, for the sublime, and felt that nature could do no more? In all this there has been beauty, horror, danger, every thing that could excite; they would have excited a poet even to the verge of madness. But to see, to have seen, ice and snow, to have felt snow and ice for ever, and nothing for ever but snow and ice, during all the months of a year—to have seen and felt but uninterrupted and unceasing ice and snow during all the months of four years; this it is that has made the sight of those most chilling and wearisome objects an evil, which is still one in recollection as if the remembrance would never cease.

ABANDONING THE VICTORY.

We had now secured every thing on shore which could be of use to us in case of our return; or which, if we did not, would prove of use to the natives. The colours were therefore hoisted and nailed to the mast; we drank a parting glass to our poor ship, and having seen every man out in the evening, I took my own adieu of the Victory, which had deserved a better fate. It was the first vessel that I had ever been obliged to abandon, after having served in thirty-six during a period of forty-two years. It was like the last parting with an old friend; and I did not pass the point where she had ceased to be visible, without stopping to take a sketch of this melancholy desert, rendered more melancholy by the solitary, abandoned, helpless home of our past years, fixed in immoveable ice, till time should perform on her his usual work.

The great value of Ross's narrative consists in its being a true relation of facts as they occurred. There is no attempt to mislead by misrepresentation, there is nothing written for effect; the stern and freezing truth is before us. In the reader who thinks only of lively and romantic adventure, and seeks for amusement rather than instruction, the work may not excite the liveliest admiration; but the man who reads for information and wishes to know the truth; who is content to take the dull and interesting, the good and evil, as he finds them, will rise from the perusal of Captain Ross's book with the consciousness, that along with deriving pleasure, he has added to the stock of his knowledge. Objection may be made to the style and plan of the work, on the ground that too much attention has been paid to the detail of naval and scientific matters, and that had more been allotted to subjects of a general character the book would have been rendered more acceptable; but it should be borne in mind, that this is a work which will circulate amongst all classes of readers. The geographer, the man of science, the naval officer, the naturalist, the moralist, the political economist, and the merchant, will alike feel interested in the history of this voyage; and had Captain Ross devoted too much consideration to matters which would interest the general reader only, he would have been deservedly censured

For ourselves, it is long since we have read any publication with which we have been more pleased than this 'Narrative;' there is throughout such a spirit of enterprize, perseverance, patience, nay, content, amidst the most trying circumstances, that we feel sure that in those who read the work in the proper spirit, the example of fortitude therein manifested is likely to effect no inconsiderable moral improvement; for it will teach them to look upon what are termed the ills of life with that calm eye so characteristic of the true Christian, and bring home to their hearts that beautiful truth,

'All partial evil, universal good.

A CHAPTER FOR CHILDREN.

A GREAT MAN.

'To a great man nothing is little.'

'Papa,' said Alfred, one evening, when the family of the Manse were assembled as usual for conversation and instruction, 'I wish you would tell us something more about Peter the Great. Charles says he was a great ship-builder.'—'Yes, papa,' exclaimed Ellen, interrupting her brother, 'Alfred was swimming corks in a wash-hand basin this morning in the nursery, and we had stuck pins in the corks for masts, and tied bits of riband to the head of the pins for flags, and fastened threads to them for rigging, and were very happy blowing them over the water, when Charles came in and laughed at us, saying "What baby's work is this!"—'He did, indeed, say so, papa,' continued Alfred, taking the words out of his sister's mouth, 'and he said a great deal more which Ellen has forgotten—he said, Tom Thumb couldn't sail in such tiny vessels, and shook the basin till the water went over the mast-tops, and wet the flags, and ran down the ropes, and Ellen and I called out to him to give over, and Ellen had tears in her eyes, and said the ships would sink.'—'It was very silly of me, papa, I know,' rejoined Ellen, 'to be so agitated about little pieces of cork, and it made Charles laugh the more heartily—"Pretty sailors!" said he, "that can't bear a squall, and pretty cork-boats these that are overturned by a few waves—why, they are sooner upset than nut-shells,—see! there they go—down with the top-gallant—we shall have a shipwreck soon—ha! ha! ha!—why don't you shriek out, Alfred? Ellen, do in pity drop a few more briny tears in these yesty waves,"—then he shook the basin more roughly than ever, and bawled out,

> ——— 'Let the labouring bark climb hills of seas,
> Olympus-high, and duck again as low'

I don't like to tell you the rest, papa.'

> 'As hell's from heaven!'

'That's what he said,' exclaimed Alfred, 'and then bounce jumped the ships out of the basin onto the floor, and we all laughed, and Charles told us he was only in fun, and promised to make us better ships of wood, like real ships, such as Peter the Great made.' 'Yes, papa,' continued Ellen 'Charles was very good-natured at last, and it was very foolish in me to cry: Mamma has since told me so—Mamma calls it *false sentiment.*' 'It is truly such, my dear,' replied Mr. Darcourt, after patiently listening to all the children had to say, 'whenever you cry about trifles. Reserve your tears for real misfortune: Charles was, however, somewhat too rough in his play, and I do not approve of his quoting Shakespeare on all occasions. I must, however, allow that you shewed some ingenuity in the application of the passage, and that the theatric tone in which you delivered it was well calculated to give a humorous turn to an affair that seemed at first so serious to your sister. Good-humored irony may occasionally be used with good effect; but do not, as I fear you are too much inclined, recur to it on all occasions, or with all persons: some people cannot bear even their follies to be laughed at, and you must, therefore, learn to distinguish between those whom your irony may benefit, and those it will only offend. I have another caution to give you, and I hope you will pay attention to it:—whenever your brother and sister have manifested any ingenuity in the construction even of the most trifling toy, do not laugh at what they have done, though it be much inferior to what persons of greater age might do; shew them how to do better, if you please, but don't forget, at the same time, to praise their attempts, however imperfect, or unfinished, their work may appear. I think Alfred's little boats were pretty well contrived, and I dare say Peter the Great, at his age, could not have constructed better.'

'But did Peter the Great make boats, Papa, as Charles told me,' said Alfred. 'He did, my dear boy, and very large boats too—boats, or rather ships, that would carry a great many men, and a great many guns. I dare say, Alfred, you would like to know how he learned to make them.'

'Oh! yes, Papa, very much—can you tell me how?'

'There was a time, Alfred, when Peter the Great knew no more about making ships than you do—if he knew so much. The Russians were not ship-builders before he became their Emperor—they had no navy that dared venture on the seas, and the boats they used in the rivers were rather rafts than boats, being flat-bottomed pontoons: there was, however, a small European bark at Moscow, which had been made by a Dutchman, named Brandt, in the reign of Peter's father, which attracted the young Tzar's attention. It was out of repair when he first saw it, but, at his request, the Dutchman, who still resided in Russia, soon restored its mast and rigging, and put it in a proper trim for sailing. Peter had naturally a great dislike to water, which, when carried to excess, Alfred, is called, from the union of two Greek words which signify dread of water, *hydrophobia:* some say this strong antipathy arose from his having been very much frightened, when he was only about five years old, by the rushing noise of a cataract or waterfall waking him out of sleep, but it was probably constitutional, which means, Alfred, that he was born with a dread of water. But Peter had a very strong mind, and though the sight of water almost threw him into fits, he was determined to overcome his great dislike to it: this he did so completely, that he afterwards took the greatest delight in sailing upon it, and no doubt felt a similiar joy to the poet, who exclaimed, when bounding over the waves,

'Once more upon the waters! yet once more!
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
That knows his rider. Welcome to their roar!'

'By the aid of Brandt, he soon learnt to pilot his little skiff in the river Yansa, which flows through Moscow, and became perfectly master of the management of it. He then got the Dutchman to build him a small ship with one deck, called a yacht, and hired a Dutch seaman to teach him how to navigate her. With this little vessel he was very much pleased, and soon became as skilful as the seaman himself in conducting her through the waters. Wishing, however, for more sailing-room than the Yansa afforded, he engaged the Hollanders to build him five new vessels at Plescow, or Pscow, on the borders of the great lake Peipus, or Tchude, which you will find marked on the map, Alfred, midway between Petersburgh and Riga. This lake is 60 leagues, or 180 miles in circumference, and you may imagine with what delight the young mariner would embark with his newly-constructed vessels on so wide a surface of water. His ambition, however, extending with his acquired skill and experience in the management of ships, nothing now would content him but sailing on the wide ocean: he therefore set out immediately for Archangel, a sea-port on the river Dwina, about four miles from the White Sea, where he purchased a trading vessel from a Dutch merchant, and called it after his own name, *Peter*. With this vessel, when furnished with a proper crew, he sailed, in the company of some other Dutch and English ships, as far as Ponoi, on the coast of Lapland, about 150 miles from Archangel, so that he thus entered the Frozen Ocean. Sailing now became his favorite amusement—he loved "torn ocean's roar," and braved all dangers with greater intrepidity than old experienced tars. He visited Archangel a second time, and frequently went to sea in the vessel of a Dutch skipper, named Musch, a native of Laandam, in Holland.

'Peter had also an object in all his sailing expeditions besides amusement: it was his anxious desire to raise a Russian fleet for the defence of his dominions on the north and the east, where they were exposed in the one quarter to the incursions of the Swedes, in the other to those of the Turks and the Tartars. The Swedes were excellent mariners, and could at any time attack Russia through the Gulf of Finland, and it was liable to be invaded by its formidable enemies, the Turks and Tartars, on the side of the Black Sea and the river Volga. Peter was therefore most anxious to cover these exposed quarters of his empire with ships, as their most secure defence: he was desirous, too, to make his subjects good sailors, that they might enjoy the benefits of commerce with other countries, as he perceived that nothing would so much tend to enrich and enlighten them. For this purpose, in 1697, he sent sixty young Russians to Venice and Leghorn, that they might learn every thing belonging to the art of ship-building and navigation; and not satisfied with trusting to others, he afterwards went himself, at the age of one-and-twenty, to Holland, and subsequently to England, to make himself personally acquainted with every department of nautical science; that is, Alfred, with every thing relating to the building and managing of ships. This was a most remarkable event in the reign of Peter, and it affords a strong proof of the greatness of his mind, as well as of his love for his country, to whose improvement he sacrificed his own ease and indulgence, with all that useless pomp to which monarchs in general are so much attached. This great prince visited Holland in disguise, dressed as a Dutch skipper, in a red jacket and white trowsers;—he took very humble lodgings at Laandam, consisting only of two small rooms, with a loft over them and an adjoining shed;—he went, dressed as a common workman, to the shops in the town, and purchased tools for himself and attendants, who were also dressed as ship-carpenters, though some of them, as Menzikoff, were the most favoured of his courtiers;—he finally entered himself as a labouring shipwright in the dock-yard of Mynheer Calf, a wealthy merchant and ship-builder, and adhered strictly to the usual regulations which the other labourers were compelled to observe. He took the name of Peter Timmerman, and as such was addressed by the master. It is said that on one occasion, Mynheer Calf having been requested by an English nobleman to point out the Tzar, called aloud in the usual rough tone of authority common in a dock-yard, "Peter Timmerman, why don't you assist these men?" A number of his fellow-labourers were just then carrying a large beam of wood past him, to which Peter immediately placed his shoulder, and assisted them in putting it in its proper place. From Holland the Tzar went to England, where, instead of wasting his time in idle ceremonies at the court, he visited every place from which he could derive instruction, particularly the dock-yards at Woolwich, Deptford and Chatham, where he made it his business to acquire all the information he could on those parts of naval architecture which were better understood in this country than in Holland. On leaving England, he took with him a great number of clever workmen, carpenters, smiths, mast-makers, sail-makers, gunners, &c., besides captains, surgeons, and a skilful engineer, whom he intended to employ in Russia in building fleets, and constructing harbours, sluices and bridges. By these means, Alfred, Peter the Great succeeded in forming a large navy, with which he was enabled to defeat the Swedes by sea, as he had before overcome them by land; and to gain great victories over the Turks, as well as to defend Russia against the Tartars, who had formerly subjected it. Thus you see how much may be done by personal efforts, and what great things may arise from small beginnings. Many persons were inclined to laugh at the Tzar when they saw him in his ship-carpenter's dress, working like a common labourer in the dock-yards, and steering a little boat in the rivers; but they learnt at last not to 'despise the day of small things,' when they saw his tall navies riding triumphant through the ocean, and his enemies flying before them. Peter himself secretly contemned the ridicule with which both the Russians and the other European nations regarded what they termed his childish diversions; and when the wisdom of his conduct was sufficiently established by success, he was determined to teach his own subjects the truth of the adage, that "to a great man nothing is little," by paying a distinguished mark of honour to the small skiff in which he had first commenced the business of a sailor. He had always kept it with great care, and called it, by way of distinction, "The Little Grandsire." It was still preserved at Moscow; but he now came to the resolution of transporting it to Petersburg, his new capital, which had grown into a large city under his active superintendence, and was become the emporium of commerce, or a vast market for the exchange of goods with many nations. He therefore gave a grand public entertainment, in honour of the "Little Grandsire," inviting all the great men of his court, and the foreign ministers, or the great men from the courts of other princes then resident in Russia, to be present at its consecration. The little boat, adorned in the most splendid manner, was sent down on board one of the Emperor's galleys to Cronstad, a fortified town on a small island at the eastern end of the Gulf of Finland, about twelve miles from Petersburg. Here twenty-seven large ships of the Russian navy were drawn up in the form of a crescent, or half-moon, in the midst of which the Emperor himself steered the little skiff, whilst each of the men-of-war, as he passed it, struck its colours and fired a salute from its great guns, the skiff gallantly returning the fire from three little brass cannons; after which, it was triumphantly rowed into the harbour, and the following day carried to Petersburg, where it was received with all sorts of naval honours. There the 'Little Grandsire' is still carefully preserved—a memento to future ages of the great things which may arise from small beginnings, and a memorial of the persevering genius of Peter the Great, who, proceeding from step to step in the course of improvement, raised his country, weak and barbarous at the commencement of his reign, to a high rank amongst civilized nations, fixing the pillars of its power both on the land and the ocean, and adorning them with the rich ornaments of the arts and sciences.'

Scarcely was the narrative finished, when Alfred exclaimed, 'I'll swim my corks again, say what you will Charles, and I'll call them Little Grandsires!' 'Well, Alfred,' replied Charles, 'I am sure I have no objection to your doing so, if you only go on enlarging them as Peter did, and, if you want any one to help you, I will be your Dutchman, and build you stronger and better shaped vessels: you may swim them on the river at the bottom of the garden, which we will christen the Yansa: they will sail better there than in the wash-hand basin, or if you prefer a lake, like the hard-named one, papa mentioned, there is the fish-pond in Squire Norberry's grounds will do for one, if he will give us leave to launch our ships upon it. But I should like his pleasure-boat better, and I dare say papa would get some one to teach us how to row it.' 'Oh! no, Charles,' exclaimed Ellen, 'you would soon be drowned in that deep water, and I never dare put my foot in a real boat, I am sure. Let us make fleets of corks, and then if they sink, we shall be safe.' 'You are right, my dear,' said Mrs. Darcourt; 'I shall never give my consent, Charles, to your venturing in a boat, till you are older and steadier; boys at your age cannot be safe pilots, and many have lost their lives in attempting to manage a small barge. Alfred, my love, never let any one tempt you to get into a boat till you are much older, unless your papa be with you, who knows not only how to row, but can swim in case of accident; so that you might go on the water with him without danger.' 'No, mamma,' replied Alfred, 'I shall swim my "Little Grandsires" till I can manage them, before I get larger ships: but, papa,' he continued, 'have you told us all about Peter the Great?' 'Pray, papa,' interrupted Charles, 'do tell us if this great man was a good man.' 'And what sort of a looking man he was, papa,' said Ellen,— 'I don't mean when he was dressed like a sailor, but when he was dressed like a king.' 'Ah! very tall and handsome to be sure, Ellen,' said Charles, with a smile, 'as all kings must be, you know! What signifies his size? All great men are not giants. Buonaparte, you know, was a little man.'

> 'Unlike the heroes of each ancient race,
> Demons in act, but gods at least in face!'

'Charles, my dear, you seem to have very soon forgotten your papa's reproof of irony,' said Mrs. Darcourt, 'and you have besides very unpolitely taken upon you to answer a question which was addressed not to you, but to your papa. Will you have the goodness, my love, to favour us with your answer?'

'I was only waiting,' said Mr. Darcourt, 'to hear all the questions that would be asked, in order to frame such a reply as would satisfy all. To begin with your question, Ellen, which Charles has treated, as usual, I am sorry to say, with a little too much ridicule. It is very natural to desire to know what were the features and personal appearance of a great man;—these are not always equal to his reputation, since Nature sometimes places a great soul in a little body, but the form and face of Peter the Great corresponded with his superior abilities. His countenance was handsome and commanding, as it is represented in the portrait of him painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller, when he was in England;—his figure was lofty and well-shaped, so that, when arrayed in the robes of royalty, he must have had a very princely aspect. But he possessed too great a mind to delight in the finery and trappings of a court; it is only the weakest princes, Ellen, that take a pride in "purple and fine linen," just as, amongst the feathered tribes, the least-gifted birds have the gayest plumage; the peacock displays his gaudy tail, but the nightingale, that fills the woods with its melody, is clad in sober hues; and, amongst the larger animals, the most sagacious, the elephant, is least distinguished by any thing ornamental in its appearance.

'Your question, Charles, cannot be so directly answered. A good man is seldom found; perfect goodness belongs only to God. The characters of men are always of a mixed kind, consisting of both good and evil. Some are better than others—some worse; but none perfect. Amongst princes, goodness is of rarer occurrence than amongst individuals in humbler stations, because princes are exposed to greater temptations than their subjects, and there are always men base enough to flatter their vices. If Peter the Great be compared with other kings, either ancient or modern, he will be found to have possessed a higher degree of moral excellence than most of them; though he had some failings, which did not always "lean to virtue's side," of a very reprehensible kind; which, however, might perhaps arise out of the situation in which he was placed, or the bodily constitution which nature had bestowed upon him—circumstances which should be always taken into consideration in forming a correct estimate of character. Amongst the vices of Peter must be reckoned a despotic temper, which required a most slavish submission to his will; all his subjects, both nobles and peasants, being compelled to do exactly what he wished, whether approved by them or not. It fortunately happened that the Emperor's wishes were for the public good, though the means he took to effect it might not be always popular, or always wise; and a great sacrifice of human life was sometimes occasioned in carrying his patriotic plans into execution, as in laying the foundation of Petersburg, when 100,000 men are said to have perished. The Tzar was also extremely passionate, and liable to commit the most dreadful acts of cruelty in the paroxysms of his rage, whether justly excited or not, as when he drew his sword on his excellent counsellor, Le Fort, and would probably have run him through the body with it, had not the bold hand of one of his retinue held back his arm. He was at this time in liquor. After the ebullition of his anger, he made a magnanimous apology for his violence by a confession, that his great desire was to reform his subjects, but he was ashamed to say he had not reformed himself. It may, perhaps, be advanced in extenuation of these fits of passion, that they seem to have been connected with some constitutional disease, as they were attended with strong convulsive spasms, and were preceded by a contortion, or twisting, of the neck to the left side, and by a twitching of the muscles of the face. It is, however, but too probable that they arose mainly from a want of moral restraint, and gained their fatal ascendancy by not being checked in time, especially as, on some occasions, they were nobly subdued; and if Peter's passions were naturally more impetuous than those of other men, a mind proportionately stronger had been given him to curb their violence. Amidst all his victories, like many other great men, he had not learned the important art of self-subjection—he had not been sufficiently careful to conquer his own passions. The same pains he had taken to overcome other difficulties would have made him master of himself: but he had not sufficiently considered that "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."—(Prov. xvi. 32). To his uncontrolled temper we must attribute, in part, the cruel vengeance he took on his rebellious subjects, exposing them to all sorts of the most barbarous punishments—whipping with the knout, breaking on the wheel, gibbeting, beheading, dismemberment, and exposure after death: but it should be considered, in palliation, that in Russia such punishments had, for many years, been commonly inflicted by a despotic government, and that the Tzar had been strongly incensed by frequent attempts to hurl him from the throne, and take away his life. It is probable, too, that he believed such terrible vengeance was absolutely necessary to the security of his sway and the welfare of his country: regarding the Russian people as a savage animal, which, like one of their own bears, could be tamed and civilized only by the most despotic rule. Another of Peter's vices was intemperance: he used, at one period of his life, to drink to excess; but, as he grew older, he saw the folly—having, perhaps, experienced the bad effects—of such conduct, and he accordingly became very abstemious, both in eating and drinking, as well in public company as in private.

'Such, Charles, were some of the vices of Peter the Great. I shall now mention a few of his virtues. He always rose at four o'clock in the morning, both winter and summer, and when it is considered how conducive this habit is to health, and how much work it enables a man to do, whilst lazier mortals are asleep in their beds, it may be justly regarded as a virtue of no mean kind—lengthening life, and promoting usefulness. He was very economical, both in his dress and mode of living—it is said that no plate was seen at his table; and, whilst other princes lavished their wealth in expensive luxuries, he husbanded his to be expended in the public service; so that, after raising large armies and fleets, and building important fortresses and cities, he left the finances of the state in a flourishing condition. As an illustration of his economy, it may be stated, that having once forged, with his own hand, some bars of iron in an iron-manufactory, which he entered at Istia, he demanded payment for his work; and, having received it, "This will serve," said he, "to buy me a pair of shoes, of which I stand in great need," those he had on having been already soled, as he showed to the persons present. The house he long occupied at Petersburg was scarcely so good as that of a common artizan; and all its furniture consisted of a bed, a table, a lathe, and a few books. The economical habits he observed at home, he carried with him into foreign countries; in Holland, as I have before stated, he lived in a very humble dwelling, and when, on visiting France, he was invited to take up his abode in the splendid palace of the Louvre, he declined the offer, saying to the king's messengers who came to conduct him to it, "I am a soldier; a little bread and beer satisfies me; I prefer small apartments to large ones. I have no desire to be attended with pomp and ceremony, nor to give trouble to so many people.' He was a man of strict honour, on whose word the most implicit confidence might be placed. When Charles XII. had barbarously put to death his ambassador, General Patkul, and some of the Tzar's counsellors advised him to retaliate the cruelty on the persons of the Swedish officers who were prisoners at Moscow, though highly irritated at the time, he rebuked them severely for such advice, as dishonourable—being contrary to the laws of war, as practised by civilized nations; and when the Turkish Vizier urged him to deliver up into his hands Prince Cantimir, one of his allies in the unfortunate war which had nearly ended in his destruction, preliminary to his signing the overture for peace, Peter rejected the proposal with indignation and scorn, saying, in reply, "I will rather cede to the Turks all the country as far as Carsk; I shall still have some hopes of recovering it; but my word once forfeited is irrevocable—it must not be violated. Honour is all we have peculiar to ourselves; renouncing that is ceasing to be a monarch." He was merciful to his most formidable enemies, when they fell into his hands; as to the officers of Charles XII., after the battle of Pultowa, whom, after they had been made prisoners, he invited to an entertainment, on the eve of the celebrated day on which his splendid victory over the Swedish monarch had been won, and drank to their health, as "his masters in the art of war," and to one of them he presented his own sword, as a token of esteem, not only for his valour, but also for his fidelity to his sovereign. With the same noble-minded clemency he treated Admiral Ehrenschild, whom he had defeated and captured in a sea-fight. "Gentlemen," said he, addressing his courtiers, at a grand dinner, given in honour of his naval triumph, at which the Admiral was present, " you here see a brave and faithful servant of his master, who has made himself worthy of the highest rewards at his hands, and who shall always have my favour while he is with me, although he has killed me many a brave man. I forgive you," said he, turning to the Swede, with a smile, " and you may always depend on my good-will." On various occasions, too, he restrained his troops from pillage and massacre, as in the siege of Narva, where he is represented as running in every direction to rescue women and children from the fury of his brutal soldiers, some of whom he killed with his own hand, for resisting his orders to spare the conquered and the helpless. The kindness of the Tzar to the poor was very conspicuous: he often did acts of service to the humblest classes of his subjects, frequently visiting them in their huts, and holding their infants at the baptismal font, when it was his custom to kiss the mother, and put a piece of money under the pillow of the child. In Holland, he visited and relieved many poor working people, and amongst these the widow of the Dutch skipper, Musch, in whose vessel he had so often sailed, at Archangel, having previously sent her, after her husband's death, 500 guilders. He always raised merit to the rank it deserved, in whatever station in life he found it, thus teaching his subjects the great lesson inculcated by the moral poet—

> ' Honour and shame from no condition rise,
> Act well your part—there all the honour lies.'

Of this we have a striking instance in the fortunes of Menzikoff, who, from a pastry-cook's boy, rose to the most distinguished eminence in the Russian court, being made by Peter, a Prince of the Empire, Major-general of the army, and Governor of Ingria. The gratitude of the Tzar to those who had served him faithfully was unbounded, as was experienced by Le Fort, whom he rewarded with riches and the highest honours, whilst he lived, and, when he died, buried his remains in the most sumptuous manner, himself, with all his nobles, following him to the grave as mourners.

' Peter, Alfred, was fond of dwarfs, one of which always attended him on festive occasions, and was placed at table close to his elbow. This little creature he took with him to Holland, and was invariably kind to it: it was clothed in a grand dress, and rode with him in his carriage, and had sometimes the honour of sitting on his knee. The Russian nobility seem generally partial to dwarfs, as they are to be found, at this day, in almost every one of their palaces. A curious account of the marriage of two dwarfs is recorded as having been formerly celebrated by the Princess Natalia, a sister of the Tzar, who collected together on the occasion ninety-three of these little men and women, and drew them in grand procession through the streets of Moscow, in little coaches, each holding four of the Lilliputians, drawn by little Shetland ponies, amidst a splendid cavalcade, preceded by a band of music, and attended by persons of high distinction. This procession of these diminutive creatures reminds me of Shakespeare's description of Queen Mab, the "Queen of the Fairies,"—fanciful beings, Alfred, which do not exist, but which ignorant people, in former times, imagined to possess great power: the poet represents this formidable lady as

> 'Drawn with a team of little atomies,
> Athwart men's noses, as they lie asleep:
> Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;
> The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
> The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
> The collars of the moonshine's wat'ry beams:
> Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film:
> Her waggoner, a small gray-coated gnat,
> Not half so big as a round little worm
> Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid.
> Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
> Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
> Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.'
> *Romeo and Juliet*, Act i. Sc. 3.

'One day, observing the mournful countenance of one of his footmen, Peter inquired into the cause of his dejection, and was answered that the wife of the footman had a bad tooth, which ached very much, but refused to have it taken out. The Tzar offered his assistance, and was introduced to the sufferer, who, however, strongly protested that nothing ailed her: the husband, at the same time, declared, shaking his head, that such was her constant cry when the doctor was present, but that her pain was excruciating when he was gone. "She shall not suffer long," exclaimed the good-natured monarch; "do you hold her head and arms, and I'll warrant I'll cure her.' Peter took out the tooth which appeared to him the worst, assuring the poor woman she would soon be entirely well; but he learned shortly after, that she really never had suffered from the tooth-ache, and that it was all a trick of the footman's, to punish his wife for her supposed infidelity to him. This was more than Peter could bear: though fond of practical jokes, he did not like them to be played upon himself. His humanity was hurt at having been made the instrument of inflicting pain, and his vanity was piqued at having been duped into a surgical error. He therefore summoned his witty valet into his presence, and having upbraided him sharply for his conduct, he inflicted a severe chastisement upon him with a cane, which he generally carried in his hand, and did not scruple to use whenever he thought there was occasion for it.

'Peter was a great man, and had a great mind. He rose above the prejudices of his rank, age, and country, as is proved by his waving ceremonies to which princes are usually attached, submitting to labours from which kings consider themselves exempt, and rising above the superstitious thraldom of opinions and customs long revered, by which both emperors and their subjects are equally enslaved. The Russians regarded themselves as the greatest nation on the face of the earth, and disdained to hold intercourse with foreigners. Peter perceived their great ignorance and barbarism, and by making use of the superior information of foreigners, in a great measure removed them. The Russians had adopted the Oriental mode of secluding women from society: Peter abolished this custom, by inviting females, unmarried as well as married, to his parties, and encouraging the fashion of both sexes mixing together promiscuously in the business and enjoyments of every-day life—a fashion which greatly contributed, not only to the happiness, but to the civilization of the people. The Russians held their priests in the highest reverence, and the Patriarch of Moscow had, like the Pope of Rome, assumed a more than kingly power, arrogating an authority over the Tzars themselves, who, in sign of subjection, had often held the bridle of the horse on which the proud prelate was seated, in a public procession through the streets of the capital, whilst they denounced sentence of death, or the punishment of the rack and the wheel, on the subjects of the Emperor, without his having the power to prevent its infliction. Peter would not pay to man the homage due only to God, nor suffer the lives of his subjects to be dependent on the will of any one but himself: he, therefore, abolished the office of Patriarch, and placed himself at the head of the church, the false pretensions of whose ministers to work miracles, and to exercise temporal authority, he frequently exposed and ridiculed. The Russians hated knowledge, as introducing innovations which were destructive to the ancient institutions and manners of the country, which, in their contracted view, were as perfect as human wisdom could make them. Peter sought after knowledge in every direction, and welcomed it from every quarter, as that which alone could raise his country to a place amongst civilized nations, and in his own example he exhibited an inextinguishable thirst for information of every kind, from ship-building to bood-letting. These were the acts of a strong mind, which regarded what was really useful more than what was erroneously deemed such, and which, in seeking, with an unalterable purpose, the regeneration of Russia, was not deterred from doing all that so vast and noble an undertaking required, by customs, however consecrated, prejudices, however deeply-rooted, or labours, however humiliating and exhausting.

‘The son and successor of Alexis, the Tzar, was, then, one of the greatest men and most patriotic princes whose names are recorded in history; and it must be allowed, that he was most deserving of the high titles with which he was three times hailed by the Russian Senate, whose voice was loudly responded by the whole Russian nation—'*Long live Peter the Great, Emperor of all the Russias, and Father of his Country!*'

SOBER THOUGHTS ON THE STATE OF THE TIMES, ADDRESSED TO THE UNITARIAN COMMUNITY.*

TWENTY years of controversy have just passed by. It has been a season, we may suppose, much like that of all controversies, but it has had its own characteristics, and, what is worthy of special observation, it is likely to be followed by more distinct and lasting results than generally happens. A theological discussion, of great severity, is oftentimes carried on for years, and yet it would be difficult to trace its consequences anywhere, excepting in the books which have been written, and which are themselves soon forgotten. But, in the present instance, a broad mark has been left upon the very face of society, a permanent change has been effected in some of its institutions, and in the relations of its members. For it has been one of that series of struggles for liberty and light, which began at the opening of the Reformation in Germany three hundred years ago, and which is pushing on, step by step, toward the completion of that immortal work. Society advances in opinion, in knowledge, in institutions, by some great effort of its powerful minds, and then pauses for a time, as if to secure and consolidate what is gained. Then another effort, agitation, and advancement, and again another pause. During these pauses, it may seem stationary; it may even appear to the apprehensive mind, retrograde; but it is certainly true that revolutions do not go backward; and though the tide of improvement, as it rolls up its glorious waves, may appear to be occasionally retreating, it is only to gather up its might and come on with a firmer swell—while Dame Partington and all her maids brandish their ancient mops in vain.

It is the rolling in upon the shore of one of these larger swells that has attracted our attention during the last twenty years. The Reformation has been making a vigorous advance. The commotion has been extensive—the tossing has been fearful—the alarm and bustle of those exposed to the spray has been loud and earnest. At length the height of the swell seems to have past;—there are symptoms of greater quiet and repose. To change the figure, the heat of the warfare is over; the great battle has been fought; and it is time to look about us and see what is the result—where the world stands—and what use is to be made of the losses and the acquisitions of the contest. I know no more instructive inquiry to the impartial seeker of truth. Who will undertake the investigation? Perhaps the day for it is not yet fully come. In order to a satisfactory decision, we must perhaps wait for the termination of several most interesting discussions in various unconnected portions of the Christian church, which are now in fervent progress; all of them growing out of the great action of the principles of the Reformation—all a part of the mighty struggle of the times for liberty and light—all portending salutary change throughout the religious world, and giving to the thoughtful observer auspicious pledges of the sure advent of a day of complete and established reform. Let the people praise thee, O Lord, let all the people praise thee!

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* Reprinted from the Boston (U. S.) edition, 1835.—We have published this piece, the author of which, we are informed, has hitherto succeeded in concealing himself—partly because of its affording one means of knowing the state of religion among our brethren of the United States, and partly because, in its general tenor, it is not unapplicable to the religious condition of some churches in this country.

It is no part of my design to look at the whole of this most extensive subject. I confine myself to that division of the Church, which has stood in the front rank during the recent contest, which has carried furthest the principles of the Reformation, and has consequently suffered (as the leading corps in this cause have always done) from the suspicions, the opposition, and the anathema of the general body of the believers. The majority of those who have reformed to a certain extent, has always been seriously inimical to those who desire to reform further. 'They have come to a period in religion,' to quote the significant expression of the immortal Robinson, and they call it Orthodoxy. To go a step further, and read the next sentence, is heresy, and heretics, of course, are not to be tolerated. This intolerable class at the present age is that of Unitarians. They are desiring to press the Reformation beyond the orthodoxy of the present times, just as the Puritans desired to press it beyond the orthodoxy of the English Church; and are therefore to be regarded and treated no better than those unfortunate schismatics were treated by the powerful sects around them. Happily, indeed, no *secular* persecution is possible in these days; but doubtless the wicked Puritans of King James's time were not worse in the eyes of the monarch and the church, than the wicked Unitarians now are in the view of the leading powers in church and state.

The recent controversy has been, not simply a discussion of opinions, but a contest for rights; it has involved questions of reputation for piety, claim to the Christian name, and, in some instances, questions of property. It has been the cause of various trying changes in the domestic and social relations; it has rent asunder long-united communities; it has touched, in all parts of the land and sometimes with a most ungentle hand, many of the tenderest interests and charities of life. With so many circumstances and occasions of exasperation, is it strange that it sometimes, on both sides, took an unhappy tone of bitterness and recrimination? Are we to wonder, when the excited disputant sat down to his task of argument or defence, and remembered that not only his most sacred opinions were to be shielded, but that momentous results of immediate tangible good and ill, happiness and wretchedness, were at stake—are we to wonder that he sometimes spoke too warmly, accused too fiercely, answered too indignantly, and was over-valiant in the use of provoking and irritating missiles? There is much of this to be lamented and forgiven on both sides. Must I not add, there were some specimens of debate so coarse, so insulting, so unprincipled, so after the school of the great calumniator rather than that of Christ, that the writers themselves can look back upon them only with astonishment and abhorrence! We had been accustomed to plume ourselves on the decency and politeness of the age. We had quoted the base vulgarities of Luther and Calvin, as the strange ill manners of a semi-barbarous century, impossible to be permitted in the more decorous intercourse of modern society. Alas! we were made bitterly to know, that no refinement of the age can prevent the atrocities of speech by which a malignant and exasperated bully will delight to vent his own depravity of heart, and flatters himself that men will call it zeal. Let such things be forgiven; but let a mark of reprobation be put on them; let them be hung up in conspicuous places, as a warning to those who shall be called to the next contest, that it is required of a man that he contend lawfully, and put away from him all bitterness, clamour, wrath, evil speaking, and malice. . . . .

Yet, upon the whole, there is much upon which the mind may look back with satisfaction and devout gratitude. Those to whom I write, will not fail to recognise the hand of a wise and gracious Providence in much of the fiery trial through which they have been called to pass. 'If the Lord had not been on our side when men rose up against us, then they had swallowed us up quick, when their wrath was kindled against us. Blessed be the Lord, who hath not given us as a prey to their teeth.' We have much to be thankful for, in the manner in which the discussion on the whole was conducted; for the vigour, manliness, strength, and sobriety; for the fairness, seriousness, love of truth and spirit of piety, by which it was sustained and imbued; and for the lofty eloquence of faith and fervent attachment of heart with which the soul of Christianity—its vital and life-giving essence—was clung to, advocated, appealed for, in the midst of this confounding din about the outworks of opinion. Now that is so far past, let us gratefully adore the goodness which has brought us through, purified, improved and advanced as a people, rather than consumed, dwindled, deteriorated. We had a conscientious and extreme dislike to controversy. We dreaded its operation as a blight on the kindliness of the affections and the devoutness of the spirit. We entered its perilous way with anxious alarm; but we now find that our fears did not prophecy truly. Piety has not decayed—religion has not languished—the charities of life have not perished. On the contrary, we seem to have clasped the more closely to our bosom the spiritual treasures of our faith, and to have valued them more highly than ever. We tested and felt anew their unspeakable worth. And probably practical and vital religion was never more esteemed and prevalent, than at this very time when we are issuing from a storm which seemed destined to destroy it. . . . .

This, then, is the present aspect of our religious affairs. We have discussed with our differing brethren the doctrines respecting which we differed, and the questions are at rest. The result is, that we are a community by ourselves. When we began the debate, we were members of the general Congregational body, communicants at the same tables, and sheep under the same shepherds. (I speak in general terms.) Now, a separation has taken place, we have our own congregations, our own ministers, our own institutions and instruments of religious improvement. It is a crisis of unspeakable interest to us. We are deeply concerned to know what is the character and power of those institutions—what the nature and operation of our distinctive faith—

and how far we are faithful representatives, advocates, stewards, of that pure and glorious Gospel on whose behalf we have been allowed to contend.

I feel oppressed with the magnitude and solemnity of the question I am approaching. I have looked at it in some moments of retired thought, when I could get far enough from the distracting bustle of this world's interests, to perceive the worth of higher things, and have been overwhelmed as I mused at the vastness of the considerations here involved. I fear that those most concerned are too insensible to them. I fear that the god of this world is blinding their eyes to the tremendous responsibilities of their position. I know myself to be habitually so careless and unalive to it all, that I am alarmed lest we should be found all sleeping together in a fatal security; and I pray for strength to be able to set forth something of the truth, and to draw to it the attention of my fellow-believers.

I must begin with a statement respecting our community, which is necessary to be carefully considered, in order to a just appreciation of what shall follow. We are familiar with the distinction between real and nominal Christians. Every sect, every congregation, has its nominal adherents—those, namely, who, from birth, or residence, or policy, or other accidental circumstances, are attached to it, but are not deeply pledged to it as a matter of conscience and salvation. There are such nominal Christians every where. They are found in our community, as well as in others. Generally speaking, they are regarded in any community, not as a part of the actual efficient force of the camp, nor as the fair representatives of the character and principles of the body. Neither are they to be accounted such in ours; and this is a position to be insisted on. It unavoidably happens, from the circumstances of the case, that our community is encumbered with rather an unusual proportion of these irregular adherents; and it is a fact, not only not to be overlooked, but to be carefully explained, if we would understand aright our situation and our duties.

Let us recollect, then, that there are among us two classes of congregations, the old and the new,—originating under different circumstances, and existing beneath different influences. The old congregations are, many of them, equal in point of antiquity to the country itself; they have very gradually receded from the orthodoxy of the forefathers, and have become what they are without passing through any period of effervescence or convulsion. Such societies, in point of steadfastness, order and general quietness of faith, do not differ from other old societies. But the new congregations have been the creation of the times. They have been formed by schism and secession; and, like all seceders, have something of a spirit not perfectly accordant with the best condition of personal religion. Some of them are the offspring of an open rupture and a violent contest with friends and neighbours, when the spirit of religion was mingled with personal animosity. Some have more calmly withdrawn from the places in which they were brought up, where they had long silently listened to doctrines which they disbelieved, and had sat for peace sake among religionists with whom they had no sympathy. They have always been in opposition to the minister and to the current theology of the place; consequently, they have received into their souls none of those wholesome influences which come from early attachment to the institutions of the gospel, and are very likely to be void of that deep sense of their worth and necessity, which leads men to struggle for them and maintain them, at any cost and at some sacrifices.

And, next, in all our congregations, and throughout every part of the country, there is a class of men who have attached themselves to us simply because we are not orthodox; men, who dislike Calvinism, but like nothing else; who think religion a good thing, that ought to be supported, and are glad to find some form which they can support different from that which they have been taught heartily to hate. They are anti-calvinists, anti-orthodox, anti-zealots, anti-everything severe and urgent in religion. They will not forsake it, because to do so would put them out of good society; indeed, they are not without a vague traditional respect for it. They maintain a pew in the church, for the same reason that the worldly-minded merchant asks his minister to say grace when he has company to dine. It is decent, and is expected of him. Such men are found among the loose hangers on of every sect. A sect in the church militant is made up like an army going forth to war. There is the select body of the wise and hearty, who enter zealously into the merits of the cause, and give themselves to it soul and body. There is the larger number of considerate and faithful adherents, bound to it unflinchingly, but who are merely followers of the opinions of their betters, and take on themselves none of the responsibility of judging the merits of the case, or deciding on the propriety of the measures. There is still another class, who care little about the matter, who are in this army merely because it so happened, but are no more interested in its movements or success, than as they increase or diminish their own personal comforts. And lastly, there are the loose retainers of the camp, now here, now there, now nowhere, who like the protection of the flag and swell the numbers of the march, but who own no allegiance, perform no service, and are but a pestilent hindrance to those who are earnest in the cause. Such men, I say, are hanging about the skirts of every sect—they hang about ours. Would to God we could make good Christians of them!—they are far enough from it now.

There are others, too, far enough from being good Christians; forward and respectable men, who, for worldly reasons merely, whether of public good or of personal credit, take a zealous part in the secular concerns of the congregation, and identify all its interests with their own character,—very earnestly devoted to a cause to which they bring disrepute by their own characters,—sincerely wishing to strengthen the hand of religion, and by the very act calling forth the sneers of the ungodly and encouraging the ribaldry of the vain. Would to God, that such men would either leave the ark of the Lord to itself, or purify themselves before they touch it!

It is sometimes made occasion of reproach, that such men are found to attach themselves to our societies. But very unreasonably, for, as I said, they are to be found attached to every sect,—every sect numbers among its followers many merely nominal Christians, and many worldly, irreligious men. The agitations of the times may have cast a larger proportion of these into our ranks than into those of the more popular sects. If so, it is precisely what has always happened, and must happen, in regard to those denominations which distinguish themselves in the contest for liberty. It is precisely what took place at the Reformation. At that time, the Reformed Church, struggling for liberty, was obnoxious to this same reproach, and was accused as tauntingly of protecting the lax and irreligious, as the Unitarian Church now. Any reform which is urged on the principle of greater freedom of mind, will be open to the same accusation; for it will be favoured by many worthless men who are strenuous advocates for liberty, but care nothing for virtue. At the beginning of the Reformation in England, it was a common saying, 'The further from Rome, the nearer to God;' and under shelter of this, multitudes were glad to go as far as possible from the good things of Rome, no less than from the evil. Bishop Burnet tells us, respecting those days, that 'the irregular and immoral lives of many of the professors of the Gospel, gave their enemies great advantage to say, that they ran away from confession, penance, fasting and prayers, only that they might be under no restraint, but indulge themselves in a licentious and dissolute course of life.' It is to be expected that irregular and licentious men should thus take advantage of the state of the times; but their doing so should create no prejudice against the cause itself. It is, however, one of the circumstances to be taken into solemn consideration in our judgment, respecting the position which we occupy, and the duties which are imposed upon us.

Such is a cursory view of the condition in which we stand at the close of the struggle, which has made us a distinct denomination among the churches of our land. Thus do we stand before the world, just three centuries after the beginning of the Reformation, at the moment when we have been striving to do our share toward carrying its great principles into complete effect.

It is a moment for pausing to look around us, a crisis of unspeakable interest. It is now to be tried and known what are the power and worth of the principles for which we have been contending. It is to be seen whether we are willing to adorn the doctrine we have secured to ourselves; whether we can live for our faith, as well as fight for it; whether we will struggle as hard for the character, as we have done for the name, of Christians. It is impossible that the present state of things should not powerfully affect the all-important questions of personal religion, and call for strenuous exertions of duty on those who are thus subjected to a peculiar responsibility.

Character is, in a great measure, the offspring of circumstances. The action and results of principles are greatly modified by circumstances. In order to employ principles in such a manner as to secure their intended results, we must ascertain the nature and influence of the circumstances which affect their action. The men who, in one age of the world, show themselves under a certain aspect because necessarily moulded by the pressure of the age, would become of a wholly different stamp if subjected to the impressions of a later period; and the principles, whose action, being opposed by or combined with that of a certain state of society, leads to unhappy results, might become, in another state of society, the spring of all that is generous and great. Accordingly, it has been remarked, that the Puritan character, though such as could be formed only beneath Christian influences, is yet a character which will never appear again upon earth, because the very peculiar circumstances of that astonishing period can never be precisely repeated. Every period has its own circumstances, modifying, in some way, the operation of universal principles, and thus producing a character of its own; every subdivision or subordinate circle in society modifies it still farther, and produces another variety of the general character.

He that is wise, seeks to ascertain what are these circumstances, and to use them or thwart them in such a manner as shall bring about the best result on his own character. Every wise community will do the same.

Let us look at the Unitarian community, with this reference to the circumstances in which it is placed. What has it assumed as the universal principles of truth and duty, and how is their practical operation affected by the posture of the times, and what are the peculiar obligations thence resulting? I could not answer these questions in a volume; in this pamphlet I only pretend to hint at an answer.

In respect to principles, what is most worthy of observation seems to me this:—it professes to have adopted as the universal principles of truth and duty those fundamental everlasting principles, which are received by all Christians as the basis and substance of their faith, and which comprise the essence of all religion, morality and philosophy. The process by which these principles are arrived at, is very simple. It has, in following out the doctrines of the great Lutheran Reform, stricken off from its list of theological articles those which were peculiar to the Romish Church, and had made that church distinctively what it was; then it removed those which formed the peculiarities of the Lutheran and the Calvinistic bodies; then it set aside those which were peculiar to the Church of England and the Kirk of Scotland; and, in a word, it excluded whatever, in any one narrow body of believers, formed the distinctive badge of that body—Moravian, Methodist, Baptist, Swedenborgian, &c.—reserving to itself whatever, by being found in each, was proved to be common in all. All that illustrious and unquestionable truth, which is so divine, so essential, so undeniable, that no one of those numerous companies of the holy and good has been led by any philosophy or interest to withhold assent from it; all that glorious and comforting doctrine, which brings to consent and sympathy the purified spirits of our Paschals, Leightons, Doddridges, Wesleys, Cappes, and Penns—this, separated from all accompanying admixtures, is that truth which the Unitarian community professes to receive as the binding, authoritative, guide to the human soul. This is that to which the study of the Scriptures, unbiassed by the authority of ages or of churches, naturally conducts. It places those who receive it at once in harmony with all the diversities of the church as respects the essentials of religion, and in contrast to them as regards the non-essentials. As if the sacred metal of truth, having been coined up for current use by the different Christian peoples, with various proportions and qualities of alloy, this people had proposed to separate from it and cast away those meaner ingredients, and receive in circulation none but the original and unadulterated.

This is the idea. This is what they profess to desire, and to aim after. This is the image of full attainment—the mark of the high calling in Christian doctrine, which is set up before us. Not that it has ever been reached—not that in any community among us this great perfection has been realized. Far from it. It is the glorious aim of many, but probably the actual attainment of none. And when we consider how glorious it is, and what incitements we have to strive after it, it is mortifying and humbling to observe how far short of it even they fall, who have the clearest perception of its grandeur and excellence.

Indeed, is it not too true, that the very process of mind through which this pure faith is to be sought and attained—the process of comparing and discussing, and discriminating and sifting—is, in some respects, unfavourable to a due appreciation of its worth when attained? For it is the unhappy consequence of controversy to exaggerate the importance of the disputed doctrines—to draw to them a disproportionate attention—to give to them an undue prominence—and to dismiss from their proper place in the thoughts, those which ought to be the predominating and regulating truths. There is no doubt that it has so happened in the case before us. Strongly as men have been persuaded that the common and not the disputed truths are of essential and vital moment, yet as it is the disputed which have necessarily been kept prominent during the long discussion, the feelings have been too much kept hovering about them, and prevented from fervently dwelling on the verities of acknowledged supremacy. Thus it is easy to see how the habit may arise of rejoicing with ardent sincerity in the possession of this light, and yet devoting more thought to what is undoubtedly of inferior moment.

Herein, I must remark by the way, is one of the infelicities under which this particular controversy has laid, beyond most of those which have agitated the Christian world. It has turned upon points of philological interpretation and metaphysical discrimination, which, however they may satisfy the head, have little in them to excite the fervors of the heart; and yet, being connected with all those holiest words and ideas, about which the heart ought to have its deepest fervors, has directly tended to check and chill its natural warmth. Not so was it in some of the other remarkable contests of the church—not such the points for which Methodism contended, and the Quietists and Quakers suffered. They fell on other days and were thrown into other channels of thought, which did less to separate the subjects of their debate from those of their rightful affection; and in this were they more happy than we? I do not say it to excuse our remissness; God forbid! but to point out one unhappy circumstance of the times, to the hurtful influence of which we ought to be keenly alive.

To return then to the point from which I may seem to have been departing—never was it given to a company of believers to be united by constitution or bond so dignified and admirable as this, when understood according to its true idea. It is the naked heart, the inmost core of Christian truth, separated from every addition with which human ignorance, error, ambition, or superstition had connected it. A famous sect of philosophers there anciently was, who thought to arrive at true wisdom by selecting from all the schools what seemed truest in each, and uniting them in a new system. But the purpose of these modern eclectics is better still—to reject what is peculiar to each school, and retain that radical and seminal central truth, which Christ proclaimed from heaven—to bow to no human wisdom, be led by no finite will, governed by no fallible authority—but to be free, absolutely and unreservedly, from all constraint upon thought, inquiry, conscience, faith, except the constraint of the revealed Word and the willing allegiance of the conscientious mind. It is impossible for imagination to conceive a more sublime position for man or angel, in earth or heaven, than this,—that of a spirit, erect and independent, owning no control but that of the Being which made it, and to Him and his will surrendered without reserve.

This is the result to which the sublime principles of the Reformation conduct. Those principles insist on freedom of thought, liberty of conscience, the right of private judgment, independence of human control, in the strictest sense. They permit and require every man to inquire of the Scriptures and decide for himself—with unqualified submission to God, with absolute independence of man. That denomination has most consistently adhered to them, which has thrown away every creed but the Bible, and unseated every judge but Christ.

If I understand the subject aright, this is what Unitarianism claims to have done. What a responsibility does it imply! What honesty of mind, what singleness, directness and steadfastness of will, what resolute allegiance to conscience and God, does it demand of its disciples! It might be excusable for other men to inquire dilatorily for truth, and with an indolent foot follow the path of their convictions, for they have cast a portion of their responsibility upon others, and professedly learn much from human teachers: but for those who claim to be free from the interference of every human mind, to plant their faith and risk their salvation on the word of God alone—they are guilty of most inexcusable madness if they stop short at any secondary knowledge, if they do not draw industriously from that infinite fountain, if they be not as absolutely subjected to God as they are freed from man;—for the object of their liberty is not that they may follow wildly their own momentary and undisciplined impulses—that they may take up and lay down at pleasure the thoughts and pursuits which expediency may suggest. They are set free from the control of man as the planets are, that they may the more exactly and blissfully observe the true orbit appointed by their Maker; made free by the truth that they may obey the truth, by the truth be sanctified, and thus arrive at that only honour which a rational soul should desire, or in which it can find its well-being.

Has any one fully realised this great idea in his own mind and history? Is there any one who has been thus gloriously true to his trust? Let us believe that there have been many such;—we think that we have known them—some, shining out illustriously to brighten and shame the world—some, in the humblest retirements of life, to call forth the admiration and eulogy of the few who see them there, and who marvel that God should not have placed them on high among men. Let us hope that there are many beyond what is supposed, who have arrived at this singular attainment. But does it characterize any community? Do we see the community which bears upon its very front the token of this holy and resolute independence, which is imbued throughout with this heavenward and indefeasible allegiance to conscience, unswayed by human opinion, reputation and fashion, consecrated to duty, and sacrificing to duty all selfish and worldly ends? Do we see the community, which has so thrown off the dominion of man, that it is led neither in its opinions nor its practices by the fluctuating standard of the popular breath, but is palpably subject to the supreme and unbending law of God? I think not. Liberty of thought and opinion is strenuously proclaimed; in this proud land it has become almost a wearisome cant; our speeches and journals, religious and political, are made nauseous by the vapid and vain-glorious reiteration. But does it, after all, characterise any community among us? Is there any one to which a qualified observer shall point, and say—There opinion is free? On the contrary, is it not a fact, a sad and deplorable fact, that in no land on this earth is the mind more fettered than it is here—that here what we call public opinion has set up a despotism such as exists no where else? Public opinion!—a tyrant, sitting in the dark, wrapt up in mystification and vague terrors of obscurity; deriving power no one knows from whom; like an Asian monarch, unapproachable, unimpeachable, undethronable, perhaps illegitimate; but irresistible in its power to quell thought, to repress action, to silence conviction; and bringing the timid perpetually under an unworthy bondage of mean fear to some impostor opinion, some noisy judgment which gets astride on the popular breath for a day, and controls, through the lips of impudent folly, the speech and actions of the wise.

From this influence and rule, from this bondage to opinion, no community, as such, is free, though doubtless individuals are. But your community, brethren, based on the principles which you profess, is bound to be so. Each for himself in faith, each for all in action; men to be loved and served, but not to be followed or obeyed; no master but Christ, no father but God;—these are your maxims. Man seems something more than human when these principles are stated; but he becomes something less, if, professing them in form, he falsify them in fact.

As I am writing this, my eye is caught by the motto which stands upon the cover of one of your periodical journals;—'Liberty, holiness, love.' It seems to have been assumed as descriptive of the objects which you are to keep in view, and the character which you are to form. They are well chosen words. They constitute a beautiful and harmonious trio, whose blended hues, whose vigorous co-action, delineate and describe what the Christian church should be, what the Christian truth should produce. Is it not the purpose of the truth to 'make free'—and where the spirit of the Lord is, is there not liberty? Is it not the province of the truth to 'sanctify?' And doth it not 'work by love?' Every one that hath been wrought upon by its power, knows that such are its effects. And where it hath brought out the church from its more than Egyptian bondage to earth and sense and man, from the degrading slavery of sin into the liberty of the sons of God;—where it hath raised it up by its celestial energy to a thorough holiness, and filled it with that love to God and men, which is the substance of religion on earth and the essential spirit of heaven;—then hath it not done its errand—hath it not accomplished its mission? It augurs well, therefore, for any church or body of men, that it will take this for its watchword, and hang it out as an ensign to rally by in the face of the world. It describes what ought to be the spirit of the Christian world. God grant it may prove to be your spirit!

But it must not only be hung out from your walls, or blazoned on your armour, or written on the foreheads of your priests; it must be engraven on the living tablets of your hearts;—it must be a deeply felt sentiment of your inmost souls;—it must be the earnest voice of your resolute spirits, day and night, continually prompting to thoughts, words, deeds, that correspond;—it must be the inwrought character of your private lives, and the evident character of your churches, as well as the motto of your books.

Liberty, as I have already said, you have mostly achieved, and you jealously prize;—but what if some should esteem it a license from holiness, and a commission to hate whom they please? The thing is not impossible; and I say, see to it, that no one among you allow in himself, nor encourage in another, this lamentable self-deception. You had better be suffering all the horrors of the middle passage, without hope of redemption or end, than walk abroad in the semblance of free men, and yet be slaves to selfishness and lust. Your religion has been bestowed on you, that you might do therewith a great work of moral advancement for yourselves and for your fellow-men. Jesus Christ hath smitten off your chains, that you may go and do that work unhindered. And now, to boast of your light, your privileges, your deliverance from superstition and priestcraft, while you live a corrupt and selfish life, is but proving yourselves the fit subjects for a heavier bondage, and the discipline of a more mortifying restraint.

What, therefore, I ask, are you doing in this day of your privilege? What sort of men is it that you are permitting yourselves to be? What sort of churches of the Lord Jesus are you setting up in the world? Now that you have been set apart from the body of the believing world, and made to stand forth by yourselves as representatives of the Gospel, it is as if a message from the Lord had come to you, and bid you inquire and know what sort of representatives you are.

Cast a scrutinizing glance—not cursory, not partial—look faithfully, look deep—for if ye will judge yourselves, ye shall not be judged. Upon all the multiform congregations among you, make the charitable allowance, which you may, which you ought, for the humours of the time, and for the untoward influences of a broken age;—think justly on the countervailing advantages by which, in some portions of your community, you are signalized;—survey your whole land, from Dan to Beersheba, from your Jerusalem to the desert and the sea;—ponder soberly the condition in which you find it;—penetrate intently and profoundly into your own heart, try your own character, and search out and note down your own springs of action and purposes of existence;—and then say—Is the state of religion what it should be among such a people? Have Christian faith and immortal truth that commanding influence which they should have? Is this people marked by a scrupulousness and high-minded conscientiousness, by an all-controlling regard to the Divine will, by eager, hearty, and self-denying activity in behalf of other men? Is the spirit of the Gospel their spirit, and the life of Jesus their pattern—and do they show themselves as devotedly resolved to be free from selfishness and wrong, as to be free from creeds and human authority?

I feel that this would be a trying inquisition. No church on the face of the earth ever did, or could abide it, without shrinking and shame. Neither can that to which I put it now. It touches to the quick;—it reveals fearful deficiencies. Yet it must be made; and woe to the man, or the body of men, that would refuse to look at it honestly, and that would shun the investigation, for the sake of present peace. Let every man open his eyes. If there be error, let him see it. If there be wrong, let him acknowledge it. If there be danger, let him not sleep over it, but manfully rise up, proclaim it, and begin the war against it. Nothing is so fatal as an unwillingness to know ourselves. Nothing so shameful as voluntarily to be ignorant of ourselves. Let us know the worst; we shall then be prepared for the worst. Let us know the truth; we shall then not perish by falsehood and delusion.

I do not pursue these inquiries. They belong to the decision of a higher tribunal, whose awful judgment it is not for man to anticipate Yet we do know—for God has not concealed it from us—on what grounds that judgment will proceed, and we cannot affect to be ignorant of the grounds on which our own opinion should be made up. We know what character God requires of men and of nations; we understand perfectly what manner of religion that is, which satisfies the description of the New Testament. And no man is so stupid, that he shall not be able to say, if he will, whether that religion rules his own heart, and pervades the society in which he moves. It is a religion which may be described in a few strong words, better than in volumes. It is a religion, not of passion, not of forms, not of profession, not of decencies, not of words, not of fancy. It is not reverie, nor speculation, nor political craft, nor good policy. It is a stern, inflexible principle of Truth and Duty, which swerves not from right and has no patience with wrong—an unblenching Faith in God, which sees and trusts his hand in everything, and trusts no second cause, independently of Him; and a philanthropic purpose to do good to men, which no coldness, nor ingratitude, nor scorn of the worldly and prudent can check or abate. It is the conscientious devotion of the affections and the life to the service of God and man, as that which alone becomes a being whose existence is never to end. This is the religion which heavenly truth produces. Does it act on some individual? It makes him severely, yet cheerfully, faithful to every relation and trust—not because he is a citizen of the earth, but because he has an immortal nature. Or on a community? It makes it full of righteousness and peace, where God is more regarded than man, and therefore man is made more blessed than elsewhere because he is God's child.

This is the religion, which, for our own sake, for the world's sake, we must labour to establish, and without which our wisdom is but folly, and our zeal but idle breath. We may demonstrate the sublimest theories, may proclaim the soundest faith, may utter the voice of angels; but if it do not come to this result, it is all but sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. And this result can only spring from the vigorous action of the truth, through the medium of its established institutions.

(To be concluded in our next.)

CRITICAL NOTICES.

'*Discourses on Various Subjects, by the Rev. Orville Dewey, late Pastor of the First Church in New Bedford, U.S.*'—Charles Fox, London.

CUT off by ill health from a pastoral connexion most interesting to him —and well might it be so, since it had the rare happiness of being 'not marred by one moment's disagreement, nor by the altered eye of one individual, during the ten years of that most delicate and affecting relationship'—the author of these has published these Discourses, being desirous of leaving among the people of his charge some permanent record of the interest he took in, and of the words he spoke to, them.

The perusal of them has made us regret, even more than we did previously, that Mr. Dewey should not have felt himself at liberty to accept the offer made him of presiding over one of our most important religious societies, and thus of giving us the benefit of his living and present influence, and of drawing more closely the bonds which unite us happily with our American brethren.

The Discourses breathe the pure spirit of the Gospel—are fervent, judicious and powerful. The topics are such as concern the highest interests of human nature, and they are treated in genuine and idiomatic English, with precision and distinctiveness essential to truth, yet with an eloquence which the moral reasoner rarely attains. Not intending more than a general notice, we yet cannot omit a reference to the last sermon, in the volume, entitled 'The Voices of the Dead,' which presents an exquisitely beautiful specimen of the poetry of devotion, which, like all real poetry, is as true and useful as it is lovely.

'*The Balance of Scriptural Evidence on Trinitarianism and Unitarianism, with the Explanations and Arguments usually advanced in support of the Two Systems. By Francis Knowles.*'—In 3 vols. 12mo.—Hunter, London.

MR. KNOWLES's plan is to set the leading arguments for Trinitarianism and Unitarianism in contrast on the opposite pages, that their respective weight may be the more easily compared. We think that the operation of weighing has been conducted with tolerable fairness. But we confess we see little advantage from the arrangement of the arguments which has been adopted, because the matter on the opposite pages is seldom collateral, and its unequal length occasions numerous blanks. The synoptical tables, showing the number of times certain expressions occur in the Scriptures, will be found convenient. They are a plain proof that the Unitarians keep much nearer to the phraseology of the Scriptures, than those by whom they are accused of denying them. We wish they had also been appended to the orthodox arguments, to show how the orthodox vocabulary accords with the usage of the sacred writers: how often, for instance, the following expressions occur:— 'Holy Trinity;' 'Triune Jehovah;' 'three persons;' 'first,' 'second,' 'third persons in the Trinity;' 'God the Son;' 'God the Holy Ghost;' 'adorable Redeemer,' &c. &c. &c.

Mr. K.'s book exhibits a comprehensive compilation of the respective arguments for the antagonist systems; they are stated with plainness and perspicuity, and are level to the comprehension of men of plain common sense. The perusal of them will enable those who sincerely desire to know the truth, and who earnestly implore the Divine blessing on their endeavours, to judge for themselves.

Mr. K. thinks the present period favourable to a work like his, because the present generation acknowledge the paramount authority of the Bible. They do so in words, and so far it is well; but in works how many deny it. Yet, though we perceive nothing very promising in the signs of the times, we believe that all things will work together for the eventual promotion of truth and righteousness, under the wise and benevolent administration of Divine Providence; and, although some of the self-assumed *religious world* have objects in view very different from those which they profess, [*præ se ferunt*] in raising the clamour of bigotry, and throwing the shaft of intolerance, they are come too late into the world to effect their sordid purpose. They belong to an age, thank God, long since past. Did Mr. K. augur any thing very favourable from the cry of 'No Christian' raised of late against the Unitarians, by a considerable party in the Church, as well as by almost all the self-assumed orthodox Dissenters, and especially by the intolerant of the Calvinists? Some time ago we looked upon this as the spontaneous ebullition of vulgar bigotry; but we have lately found that it has an ulterior object. Certain movements have betrayed an aspiring which is no longer ambiguous, and account for the unsparing misrepresentations and the unchristian denunciations, which have been as current as a watch-word in the holy camps. Does the vengeful hostility against free inquiry lead Mr. K. to expect a fair hearing? Does he not know that there are parties who dread this, to them frightful, enemy, not less than the Spanish inquisition? Does he not know that liberal books are under the interdiction of a sacred ban? Expect an impartial hearing—dispassionate examination, from them! We know them better. Having been foiled in argument, they have renounced honourable warfare, and have recourse to poisoned weapons. It is well that the contest is not in the dark, but carried on before 'the world;' and the world, with all its demerits, is less incompetent to judge impartially than the pharisaical partizan. The world, too, is daily gaining wisdom, and will in due time become wiser; and it will be able to distinguish pretty correctly between the avowed motive and the disguised purpose. W. J.

'*Two Discourses on the Union between God and Christ and the Grounds of Unitarian Nonconformity, with a Prefatory Address to Unitarian Christians, by Thomas Madge, Minister of Essex-street Chapel.*'—Hunter, London.

This small volume contains noble and inspiring truths, set forth in great ease and copiousness of diction. We have not seen, for a long time, any equally good, true and eloquent exposition and defence of the distinctive opinions of Unitarians, and the great principles of religious liberty. Mr. Madge, it appears, is friendly to the principle of an Establishment, and dissents from the Anglican Church on the ground of its imposing for doctrines the commandments of men. We abstain, however, from the analysis of a performance which ought to be in the hands of all our readers.

MISCELLANIES.

The Quaker's Annual Meeting, for this year, held in London, from the 20th to the 30th of May, had more than an usual interest, in consequence, particularly, of the discussion of the merits of Crewdson's *Beacon*, written against the Hicksites, or Unitarian Quakers of America. It now appears that there are two parties, perhaps not of very unequal strength, among the Quakers of this kingdom, the one holding to the peculiarities of the genuine forms of Quakerism, and therein indisposed to any other outward standard of doctrine than the Scriptures; the other rapidly approximating to the orthodoxy of the day.

> 'The discussion was brought on by a report from the Lancashire representatives, stating that the publication, by Mr. Isaac Crewdson, of a book called the *Beacon*, had produced a breach of love and unity amongst them, and that the quarterly meeting in Lancashire had taken up the subject, by appointing a committee to inquire into the cause of the disunion, and endeavour to apply a remedy, or, in other words, to bring Mr. Crewdson and his work under rebuke, if not disavowal.—Mr. Josiah Forster, of Tottenham, opened the discussion, by alluding to the value of concord and love, and to the fact that this had been interrupted by the publication of the *Beacon*, which had introduced a spirit of controversy into the Society, calculated to prove injurious to the young people, and to draw away their minds from the internal influences of the Spirit to external testimonies. On his motion, it was resolved that the Yearly Meeting should appoint a Committee to assist the Lancashire Quarterly Meeting in discussing and disposing of the question.'

From a report of the meeting, we also learn, that their refusal to pay tithes, church-rates, &c. cost the Quakers £12,000. in the last year; that the meeting agreed to recommend Friends to use their efforts to check intemperance, and to abstain from dealing in intoxicating liquors; and that Elisha Bates, who, on the division of the Friends of the United States, came to England as the advocate of the Trinitarian section, had, on his return to America, been refused the usual certificate of good conduct and sound doctrine.

'The Protestant Reformation Society' is sending its agents round the country for the alleged purpose of promoting the principles of that Reformation, but with the real intention of decrying the Catholics, and raising the old party watch-word of 'No Popery,' in order to prevent the present Ministry from carrying into effect the great measure of reform in the abuses of the English Church established in Ireland. That this is the true object of the Reformation Society, is evident from the abuse which its deputation, Messrs. Farrel and Wilson, with their local coadjutors, the Evangelical Clergy and the Wesleyan Methodists, are every where heaping upon the Catholic Church, denouncing its members as *idolaters* and *heathens*. These charges, with others of an equally opprobrious kind, have roused the just indignation of the Catholics, and their ministers have in some places boldly stood forward to repel them. This they have lately done at Louth, where the deputation received a signal defeat from the able speeches of Mr. Simpkiss, who, for three successive nights, triumphantly opposed and refuted the maligners of his faith. His arguments, as far as regards the Church of England, are unanswerable;—he clearly proves that that Church has been guilty of the worst crimes attributed to his own; and is, even at this day, hostile to both civil and religious liberty. In proof of this last assertion, we shall quote the close of his admirable address on the third night of the diccussion, which was received with rapturous applause by the large assembly who heard it:—

I now come forward to answer a charge that the doctrines of Catholicism are hostile to civil freedom, and tend to encourage persecution. If these gentlemen say that they advocate the general principles of the Reformation, and especially the right of private judgment in religion, then I deny the truth of their pretensions; and I confidently appeal to you, Dissenters, to say whether the church to which these gentlemen adhere, allows to *you* (hear, hear) the exercise of that right, without compelling you, at the same time, to forfeit some of your political and civil rights? You know that it does not: and the whole history of this *reformed* Church proves that it has ever been fatally hostile to this principle; as a proof of which assertion, I specify the following undeniable facts:—That, in 1683, the time of the infamous James II., the Quakers in Bristol alone were fined, for 11 months' non-attendance at the Episcopal Church, £16,440; that, from 1655 to 1833, this Episcopal Church has robbed the body of Quakers of £1,192,820, besides £14,000 a-year, of which it still robs them, for church rates, Easter offerings, and similar imposts (hear, hear); that in the reign of Charles II., nearly 8000 Protestants of various sects perished through the intolerance of this Episcopal Church, and tens of thousands of the conscientious members were driven into banishment and robbed of upwards of 12 millions of their property; that in the days of Charles II., this most tolerant Church of England excommunicated above 2000 of her own very best ministers (hear, hear,) because they would not swear assent and consent to every expression in the Common Prayer Book, before they could have had an opportunity of seeing it; and, after having turned out these conscientious men, forbade them to teach schools, except they changed their faith, on pain of death; and that, from 1577 to 1603, 187 Catholics were actually ripped up and boiled, simply for not going to church to hear the Common Prayer. Thus you see that if Popery has had its Inquisition, the Protestant Episcopal Church has had something as bad, (cries of hear,) its Star Chamber or Court of High Commission, or some similar engine of oppression! Do I charge all these enormities upon the principles of Protestantism, as these gentlemen have charged similar enormities upon those of Catholicism? No. I ascribe both to the corrupting influence of secular ambition and power, (immense applause), joined in incompatible alliance with religion, and which power is actually posssssed by that form of Protestantism which these reverend vituperators acknowledge at the present day. (Renewed cries of hear.) And now permit me to exonerate my religion from what I deem one of the gravest of all the imputations which these reverend slanderers have dared to throw out against it. The reverend gentleman who seconded the resolution on the first night, pointed out Ireland as affording a striking proof of the degrading influence of what he calls Popery, and he appealed (I presume thoughtlessly) to the friends of freedom to say whether Catholicism is not the sole cause of the misery and degradation of that country? I boldly answer 'No' to that question (cheers); and, in return, *I* appeal to the friends of liberty to say whether the real and the grand cause of that misery and degradation be not to be found in the persecution even now inflicted upon that unhappy country by that form of self-styled but falsely-named Protestantism which is there established by law? The Rev. Mr. Farrell last night, in reply to my recrimination of persecution against his church, lamented that it had been a persecutor in former times; but he exclaimed, 'Happily the age of persecution is, with regard to us, gone by!' Now, I will show you that this Protestant Episcopal Church not only originally obtained its property, which it deems its bulwark, by an act of wholesale plunder committed upon the Catholics, but that it does not scruple, at the present day, to maintain that property by acts of savage persecution—aye, even by shedding the blood of the Catholic people of Ireland, whenever it deems so foul a sacrifice necessary to maintain its horrid supremacy. First, however, let me glance back at the history of the persecuting conduct of Protestantism in Ireland, by selecting a few points from the penal code in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, who was wholly Protestant, at all events. In her reign, it was death to make a new Catholic Priest within the kingdom; it was death for a Catholic Priest to come in the kingdom from abroad: it was death to harbour a Catholic Priest coming from abroad: it was death to confess to such Priest: it was death for any Priest to say mass: it was death for any one to hear mass: it was death to deny, or not to swear, if called on, that Queen Elizabeth was the head of the Church of Christ: it was an offence not to go to the Protestant Church, punishable by a fine of £20 a lunar month on every offender, or £250 a year in the money of that day, equal to £3250 of our present money; and, under this law, the poor conscientious Catholics, who had no money to pay fines, were crammed into jails in such numbers that the counties petitioned to be relieved from the expence of keeping them! Now, bear in mind that all this horrid suffering was the work of law-established Protestantism in Ireland; and was not this an all-sufficient cause, think ye, to account for the misery and degradation of that country in past days? But, not to dwell too long on the past, I will now show you how false is the reverend itinerant's boast that the age of persecution by the Protestant Episcopal Church is gone by; for I can clearly prove that that church, in Ireland, is no changeling, but that, as far as she can, she acts under the same spirit of persecution at the present hour. The tithes are collected in the most rigorous manner by men called tithe-proctors, who go armed on the business, and have frequently troops to assist them; and the poor Catholics are sometimes stripped of every thing they have in the world, so that the air resounds with the cries of their misery; and then, thirsting for revenge, they break out into acts of violence and blood, and the gaol and the gallows finally settle the dispute between them and their Protestant pastors.—(Groans). You will bear in mind, too, that there are no poor-laws established in Ireland (hear,) in lieu of that support which the Catholics formerly obtained from the property of the Church (renewed cries of Hear) when it was in Catholic hands; and therefore the people frequently perish, in thousands of instances, from hunger; and *you*, the people of England, are taxed to pay an army (immense cries of hear) which is employed to keep the peace between the law-established Protestant Church and the Catholic People. Now, then, let me appeal to you, ye friends of freedom, to say whether this Episcopal Protestantism, which is thus daily plundering and persecuting the people of Ireland, be not the really guilty cause of the misery and degradation of that country? Twice have the reverend slanderers who have spoken in support of the resolution preferred against Catholicism a charge that it tends to urge the Catholic people to the commission of even the murder of Protestants. If I were to follow the illiberal example which these gentlemen set me, I should retort upon Protestantism the same monstrous charge; for, is it not a fact, notorious to you all, that, within the last few months, a verdict of murder was recorded by a coroner's inquest against a clergyman, an Archdeacon of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Ireland (tumultuous cries of hear)—a murder, too, committed in the collection of about 50 shillings of tithe money due from some poor Catholic widow? Do I charge this foul murder upon the principles of Protestantism? No, but upon that Episcopal form of it which is cursed by an alliance with the state—an alliance which is just as corrupting to Protestantism as it used to be to Catholicism itself. Gentlemen, you will please to observe that these Episcopal Protestants make it a matter of *principle* to employ force in defence of their doctrines; for the 37th *article of their religion* contains these words: 'It is the prerogative of all godly princes that they should rule all estates and degrees committed to their charge by God, whether they be ecclesiastical or temporal, and restrain with the *civil sword* the stubborn and evil doer.' Now, this is no dead letter; it was awfully realised at Rathcormac; and I believe that you yourselves have been *once* called upon, by the reverend *mover* of the resolution (Mr. Collison) '*to draw forth ten thousand times ten thousand swords in defence of his church!*' But my time is nearly run out; I would say to you, Protestants, if you must *convert* us from Catholicism, or maintain your *ascendancy* in Ireland, do so by *Christian* means—by employing *charity*, humility, and forbearance—by propagating what you consider to be sound doctrine amongst the Catholics of Ireland. I would say to you, almost in the very words of the eloquent Grattan, 'let bigotry and schism, let the zealot's pride and the high-churchman's intolerance, shrink back into their darksome recesses, and at last give way to the genial influence of the operations of a benignant and enlightened legislature. And let that legislature overarch the whole community—Protestant and Catholic alike—with the arms of a general protection, and root the Protestant ascendancy in the sovereign charity of its nature, and in the principles of genuine religion. You have long enough tried *coercion*, and you have tried it in vain; but there is *one* engine which has hitherto been kept back—that engine which neither the pride of the bigot, nor the spite of the zealot, nor the ambition of the high, nor the arsenal of the conqueror, has ever thought of—that engine which comes forth, armed with physical and moral blessings, to elevate mankind by its services—I mean the engine of *redress*—redress for the wrongs of ages, the accumulated injustice of centuries of misrule. Until *that* engine be firmly planted and efficiently put into play in Ireland, there will be neither peace nor harmony, nor any chance of a reception for your Protestant doctrines in that unhappy country!'

The General Assembly of the Church of Scotland has refused to send deputies to the great Jubilee of the Reformation to be held at Geneva, on account of an alleged difference of views regarding Christianity.

The Provincial Meeting of Presbyterian and Unitarian Ministers was held at Warrington on Thursday, the 18th of June. An ingenious sermon was preached by the Rev. J. Wickstead, of the Park Chapel, near Liverpool. After the service, the Committee appointed at the meeting in 1834, to take measures for relieving ministers of narrow incomes deprived of aid from Lady Hewley's Charity, was renewed, with the additional duty of protecting Presbyterian Foundations in Lancashire and Cheshire. The ministers and friends dined together; but no preparations for an intellectual entertainment having been made, we have nothing of importance to report, except, that during the whole day, a strong feeling pervaded the assembled friends in favour of religious liberty, and of condemnation against certain reported infractions of it in connexion with Presbyterianism in the metropolis.

The Annual Meeting of the Presbyterian Ministers and of the Unitarian Tract Society of the West Riding of the County of York, was held at Leeds, on Wednesday, the 15th of April last; the Rev. James Martineau preached. In a very eloquent, ingenious and masterly discourse, the preacher endeavoured to show that the superhuman powers of Jesus Christ were not communicated to him all at once, but were gradually developed and increased as occasion required, he himself being previously unconscious of their extent. After the devotional services were concluded, the meeting for business was held in the chapel. It may be desirable for poor congregations and infant societies to know, that as there are upwards of *four thousand* tracts in the depository, the Secretary was empowered to make grants of tracts to an amount *not exceeding five pounds*, to any such societies as should apply for them. At the subsequent social meeting, Mr. Martineau, in acknowledging the toast which alluded to himself, gave, in the course of an eloquent speech, a most interesting account of the conversion to Unitarianism of the talented author of the 'Second Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion,' Blanco White. The meeting was held a month earlier than the usual time, in consequence of the society being about to lose the services of its principal Secretary, Dr. Hutton. The loss which the removal of the Doctor would occasion not only to the society and the congregation, but also to the cause of Christian truth and of civil and religious liberty in this part of the country, was feelingly alluded to by the Vice-Chairman, Mr. H. H. Stansfield, who exhorted the company to show their respect for their amiable friend by cherishing those institutions, the success of which he had so zealously endeavoured to promote, and which were calculated to extend those principles of Christian charity and truth which he had laboured to infuse into the hearts and minds of all with whom he was connected. 'The Health of Dr. Hutton,' was drank by all the company standing. The compliment was acknowledged by the Doctor, in a beautiful speech, in the course of which his utterance was frequently overpowered by the fulness of his heart. The Doctor enlarged on the reciprocal duties of ministers and people, and exhorted them mutually to cultivate a good understanding, and a more intimate communion with each other. In alluding to his removal, he said, that by a residence of seventeen years amongst them, he had become as much a Yorkshireman as he was an Irishman, and whether the trunk would flourish or not, on being transplanted to another soil, he knew not, but he felt that the roots had received a wrench.

On Wednesday, June 10th, was held the Anniversary Meeting of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association in the Rev. E. Tagart's Chapel, Little Portland-street. The introductory service was conducted by Dr. Hutton. The sermon, marked by sound judgment, accurate reasoning, and religious feeling, was preached by the Rev. H. Acton. After the service, the congregation was addressed by Dr. Carpenter and Mr. Aspland, and the business of the Association transacted, none but members being present.

The Eighteenth Half-Yearly Meeting of the Bolton District Unitarian Association was held at the Meeting-house, Moor Lane, Bolton, on Thursday, April 30th. The introductory services were conducted by the Rev. Franklin Baker, and a discourse on the Raising of the Widow's Son at Nain, characterised by simplicity and beauty, was delivered by the Rev. William Tate. After the religious services, the ministers and their friends dined together, Mr. C. J. Darbishire in the chair, and the afternoon was passed in social discussions respecting the general prospects of the body, and the particular condition of the several societies in the district. The next meeting of the Association will take place on the 1st of October, at Rivington, when it is expected that the Rev. James Whitehead will preach, and the Rev. Mr. Hutton will undertake the devotional part of the service. F. BAKER, Sec.

The friends of Unitarianism at Astley held their Anniversary Meeting on Friday, June 12th, in their small Meeting-house. The Rev. J. R. Beard presided; and the meeting, consisting of about sixty-five persons, were addressed on a variety of moral and religious topics by several persons; among others, Mr. Winstanley, formerly a preacher amongst the Independent Methodists, with the warmth and energy of expression peculiar to that people, illustrated 'The Nature of Unitarianism.' In allusion to the expression—'Why, Winstanley has not half the zeal and animation he used to have!'—he thanked God that he had more than ever, and stated that the great doctrines of the Unity and Paternity of God so harmonised with all the nobler feelings of his moral nature, that they could not fail to cheer his heart, and arouse every latent energy of his soul. He earnestly exhorted his hearers to vigorous exertions in the diffusion of those views which were to emancipate and purify the mind of man. The meeting commenced at three, and concluded at about eight o'clock. After the conclusion of the meeting, fifty of the persons present took tea together; and as the small charge for tea left a balance on hand of between nine and ten shillings, this sum was added to the Children's Clothing Fund recently established. F. D.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt from Boston, U. S., of several numbers of the 'Christian Register' and the 'Boston Observer;' also from the Rev. H. Ware, Jun., the receipt of Dr. Parker's Sermons; 'Sober Thoughts,' several tracts; 'A Memoir of Frances Fowler,' 'Scenes and Sketches,' No. 1 and 2. The Memoir and the Scenes will, we hope, be republished.

Five years hence, J. C. will thank us for not having published his verses.

We thank our respected friend, Mr. Hone, for his words of encouragement. The *Christian Teacher* shall not be *less* Christian than it has been. The more we see of life, the less we care for sects and the more for Christianity; but were we disposed to identify ourselves with any body of professors, it would be with 'a Society like that in North America, called Christians,' the establishment of which Mr. Hone states some of his friends to wish.

G. L., J. H., 'A Layman,' J. B., S. Y. W., and some anonymous communications, have been received.

T. Forrest, Printer, Manchester.

UNITARIANISM IN AMERICA.

DR. JONATHAN MAYHEW, OF BOSTON, N. E.

THIS eminent man may justly be regarded the first preacher of Unitarianism in Boston, as he was also an able and fearless advocate of civil and religious liberty. He was born in 1720, and was the son of the Rev. Experience Mayhew, who, though he possessed uncommon powers of mind, and 'might have ranked among the first worthies of New England,' devoted a long life to the service of God, among the Indians on Martha's Vineyard, a settlement in a distant part of Massachusetts. His son early discovered proofs of genius and an uncommon strength of mind. His compositions, both in verse and prose, while yet a young student at the University, were supposed to be the productions of a maturer age. He graduated at Cambridge, in 1744, and was ordained as Pastor of the West Church, in Boston, in 1747. 'He early discovered,' says one of his biographers, who was well qualified to pronounce a judgment concerning him, 'a liberality of sentiment and boldness of spirit, which excited surprise in some, and dissatisfaction in others. He spoke with glowing sensibility against every priestly usurpation over the consciences of men, and with peculiar earnestness in favour of truth and religion. He was especially a steady and able advocate of civil and religious liberty, and refused to preach for doctrines the commandments of men.' His discourses upon 'the difference between truth and falsehood, right and wrong,' and 'on the natural ability of men to discern these differences,' which were among his earliest printed works, gave him at once a distinguished rank among preachers, and were welcomed as the sure indications of his future fame. No sermon of his, however, attracted more attention than one which he preached on the 30th of January, in 1750, which he entitled 'Reflexions on the resistance made to King Charles.' This discourse gave offence, not only to the Episcopalians in New England, but to some moderate Dissenters, who thought it discovered more playfulness of fancy and severity of satire, than is consistent with the gravity of a clergyman, or the gentle spirit of Christianity. It was, however, greatly admired by all the determined lovers of freedom, and passed through several editions in England. It procured for him the friendship and correspondence of Lardner, Kippis, Archdeacon Blackburne, and, specially, of Mr. Hollis, the distinguished patron and benefactor of Harvard College. The honorary degree of doctor of divinity was also conferred on him by the University of Aberdeen, the year after it was published. In another discourse, preached before the Governor and Council of Massachusetts, he speaks eloquently of the nature and value of civil liberty, and in praise of the British constitution, as settled at the Revolution. He never hesitated to utter the convictions of his mind upon any subject that engaged him. 'He was a Whig,' says his biographer, 'of the first magnitude.' 'Having been initiated,' he said of himself, in a sermon on the Stamp Act, 'in my youth, in the doctrines of civil liberty, as they were taught by such men as Plato, Demosthenes, Cicero, and other renowned persons among the ancients, and such as Sydney and Milton, Locke and Hoadley, among the moderns, *I liked them;* they seemed rational. And, having learned from the Holy Scriptures, that wise, brave, and virtuous men were always friends of liberty; that God gave the Israelites a king in his anger, because they had not sense and virtue enough to like a free commonwealth, and that "where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty;"—this made me conclude, that freedom was a great blessing.

It would be altogether natural to infer, that such a spirit as is here expressed, would be not less impatient of religious than of civil restrictions. Dr. Mayhew, accordingly, was always distinguished for the freedom and impartiality of his inquiries into Christian truth. He was the principal means of the republication of 'Emlyn's Inquiry,' which, as is well known to all who are acquainted with the ecclesiastical history of our country, excited much attention at its appearance, and to which an answer was written by President Burr. Mayhew also wrote, himself, many things relating to the doctrine of the Trinity, which sufficiently showed his own disbelief of it; and sometimes, it must be confessed, in a spirit of severity and sarcasm, which his best friends could not approve, and which he himself found reason afterwards to regret.

Yet there have not been wanting some, since the death of Dr. Mayhew, who, unwilling to relinquish so great a name in support of their own favourite doctrines, have undertaken to call in question his Unitarianism. It might be sufficient to refer to his writings to show how utterly groundless are such denials. But, in addition to these, the Rev. Dr. Freeman, of King's Chapel, in Boston, among several interesting notes, appended to a volume of his discourses, has adduced the testimony of Mrs. Wainwright, the daughter of Dr. Mayhew, a lady of unusual intellectual power, who, in a letter addressed to her venerable friend for the purpose, thus puts the question for ever at rest:—

'Respecting my father, there is no doubt that the clearest evidence may be given of his having asserted the Unity of God, in the most plain and unequivocal manner, as early as 1753. I have many sermons, from which, it appears to me, no one could for a moment question his belief. I have a set from the text "Prince of Peace." In the first head he inquires how Christ came by this title. He speaks of independent and derived authority, and says, "The former belongs to God alone, who exists necessarily and independently. The Son of God, and all beings who derive their existence from another, can have only a derived authority." After speaking of various sources and kinds of authority, he says, "Lastly, another source of authority is the positive will and appointment of God Almighty, the supreme Lord and Governor of the World; and this is indisputably the source of all that authority our Saviour is clothed with. His designation to royal power and exaltation to the throne was from his God and Father."

'I can quote many—very many passages,' continues this lady, 'expressive of the same sentiment; so that I have not the shadow of a doubt, that my father was full and explicit in his avowal of this opinion from 1753; and perhaps I may get positive proof from an earlier date. I will continue my search, and shall with pleasure supply you with any proof in my power, of the faith he was happy enough to enjoy, and courageous enough to avow, at the risk of his temporal comfort.'

To prevent misconception, it may be proper, as Dr. Freeman, in the conclusion of his notices, candidly remarks, to state, that when we call Dr. Mayhew an Unitarian, it is in the sense in which the word is commonly understood in America, as denoting those Christians who deny the doctrine of the Trinity, whether they believe the pre-existence of Christ or not. That exclusive, and, as it has always appeared to us, equally unnecessary and unwarrantable limitation of the term to those who believe in the simple humanity of Christ, for which Mr. Belsham, with others, so strenuously—not to say strangely—contended, and which, to a large extent, was the acceptation of the term till within a few years since in England, has never been admitted in this country. Among us, whoever is not a Trinitarian, has a right, if he chooses it, to be called a Unitarian. The term, accordingly, embraces every variety of faith among Arians, as well as Humanitarians; and when applied, as here, to Dr. Mayhew, it must be understood as denoting one, who 'was a Unitarian of the school of Dr. Samuel Clarke, or of Thomas Emlyn, and who admitted, not only the pre-existence, but—in a sense not Calvinistic—the atonement of Christ.

It was during the latter part of Dr. Mayhew's life, that the English Ministry, at the suggestion of some of the prominent leaders of the Church, entertained the project of sending Bishops to America, with the manifest design of extending here the faith and influence of the Episcopal Church. This awakened the jealousy of the friends of congregational liberty, and provoked a controversy, in which several eminent men engaged. It did not fail to call forth Dr. Mayhew. He wrote a book 'On the character and conduct of the society in London for propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts,' exposing the tendency of their measures, and what he deemed their unauthorized interference with the religious liberties of New England. Dr. Thomas Secker, the Archbishop of Canterbury, undertook, with others, to reply to this work; and it is impossible not to perceive that his Grace felt he was contending with no ordinary antagonist. Among Secker's works, few exhibit more ability or a better spirit than this; and he did not fail to avail himself of the advantage which, it must be confessed, the ardent temper of his opponent occasionally gave him. Indeed, Mayhew himself acknowledged that his temperament was warm; and his readers must remember how rare and difficult is the union of gentleness with uncommon vigour of mind, to excuse the asperity which some of his writings betray.

But the same ardour of spirit which made him formidable to those whose errors or conduct he opposed, made him, on the other hand, tender and generous in his friendships. He was behind none in affection to those whom he thought deserving of his esteem, or in general acts of benevolence to mankind. One who professed himself 'religiously careful neither to flatter the dead nor deceive the living,'* having said of his mental powers, that few surpassed him either in quickness of apprehension, clearness of perception, readiness of invention, brightness of imagination, or soundness of judgment, thus sums up his domestic and social character:—'Those acquainted with Dr. Mayhew must have observed his amiable behaviour in the several relations of life. As a husband, he was faithful and kind; as a father, tender and affectionate; as a master, just and equal, knowing that he had a Master in heaven. As a friend, he was true to his professions, and to be trusted with confidence. As a neighbour, he was ready to all the offices of love and goodness; instead of being deficient, he excelled in acts of liberality and charity.'

His piety, though it had been uncharitably questioned by some, whose exclusive faith gave its hue to their views of personal character, was, before his death, very generally, if not universally, acknowledged. His exemplary life and his zeal for religion took from his enemies all cause to speak reproachfully of him. His piety was never doubted by his familiar friends, nor indeed by any but those who were hostile to his sentiments, or thought him deficient in the number or the construction of the articles of his faith. His opinions on religious subjects were formed on the most independent inquiries, and were embraced in the full integrity of his heart.

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* Dr. Charles Chauncy, who was for sixty years Pastor of the First Church in Boston, through several of which he was the cotemporary and friend of Mayhew; and whose numerous works are monuments, not more of his patient industry and theological attainments, than of his love of freedom and devotion to rational Christianity.

His literary attainments were scarcely less distinguished than his theological. In his own country, at the period at which he lived, he had certainly not many equals, and few, if any, superiors. To natural talents very far above mediocrity, he added by his industry an uncommon stock of acquired knowledge; and, in the language of one of his panegyrists, 'it would have been an honour to Oxford to have it said—"This man was educated there."' As a writer, no American author ever obtained a higher reputation. Many of his works, as we have seen, were republished—some of them more than once—in England, and in a form which showed the high estimation in which the author was held. Of one of them, on the subject of Episcopacy, the biographer of Hollis remarks, 'It is, perhaps, the most masterly performance that a subject of that kind will admit of;' and the venerable President Adams, senior, who admired his spirit, and caught from him, while yet a youth, his enthusiasm for freedom, has said, 'To draw the character of Mayhew would be to transcribe a dozen volumes. He threw all the weight of his great fame into the scale of his country, in 1761, and maintained it there, with zeal and ardour, till his death.'

It cannot be questioned, that the writings of Dr. Mayhew, with the acknowledged weight of his character, essentially contributed to the great political results which attended the American revolution, and still more to the progress of religious liberty, which has ever since that event been gradually advancing. It was said of a celebrated production of one of his cotemporaries, that 'it breathed into the people the breath of life.' Scarcely less can be said of some of the works of Mayhew. The last letter which he wrote discovers the solicitude he felt for his country, and suggests a plan of correspondence among the colonies, which was adopted, and conduced much, it was thought, to the successful issue of their struggle for independence. He was not permitted to witness the full effect of his labours, or the answer of his prayers. He was taken away in the meridian of his life and glory. But multitudes of his cotemporaries lived to rejoice in them; and generations, who were then unborn, have not failed, nor will they ever cease, to hold in veneration and gratitude the character of one, whose gifts and virtues, love of truth and freedom, whose intrepid courage, never permitting him to fear the face of man, and whose hearty charity, disposing him to consume life itself in advancing the interests of man, have given him a name with the best and wisest of his race.*

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* The above is the first of a series of articles on eminent Unitarian Divines of America, which will exhibit sketches of the origin, progress, and present state of religious opinions in that country, in connexion with characteristic biographical notices. They are furnished by the Rev. Francis Parkman, of Boston, U. S.—EDITOR.

OPINIONS OF VINET AND HAGENBACH COMPARED, ON THE SUBJECT OF NATIONAL RELIGION.

IN 1826, the following work appeared at Paris: 'Mémoire en favour de la liberté des cultes, ouvrage, qui à obtenu le prix dans le concours ouvert par la Société de la Morale Chrétienne; par Alexandre Vinet.' The author of this able and eloquent piece is—or at least was—Professor Extraordinary of Philosophy, and Public Teacher of the French Language and Literature at Basle, and, as his production shows, a man of high cultivation and various acquirements. In the work referred to, he submits the subject of religious liberty to a most searching and complete analysis, and follows out his fundamental principle to its utmost extent—discriminating, with great precision, the distinct provinces of religion and the state, and showing, that they ought never to interfere with each other—he does not pause in his reasonings till he arrives at the result, that religion will then be in its purest and most perfect state, when secular inducements of every kind, to its profession or its teaching, shall be wholly removed—when the preachers of the Word shall cease to be hirelings, and men shall find their vocation to the work of the ministry in the inward impulse of the Spirit alone. Aware of the difficulties that must attend, in the Old World, the transition to such a state of things, and desirous that relations, which are deeply rooted in historical recollections and usages, should be gradually and cautiously reversed—the author, nevertheless, coincides in the speculative conclusion with the principles which have been so energetically asserted by our own great Milton, and which have been realized, and have led to a new form of religious society, in the United States of America. His opinions, therefore, constitute the extreme point of opposition to the doctrine of those persons who contend for the necessity of a dominant church invested with exclusive privileges, and merely tolerating those who dissent from it.

We subjoin the concluding part of a review of this work, in the 'Theologische Studien und Kritiken,' for 1829, p. 432, by

Professor Hagenbach, also of Basle, as exhibiting a view of the subject which may be new to some of our readers, and as affording a specimen of the candid and friendly criticism of opinions judged to be erroneous—mortifyingly at variance with that spirit of party violence which too often disgraces our own periodical literature.

'We cannot,' says the reviewer, 'lay down this excellent work, without first expressing our heartfelt thanks to the author. We may be permitted, perhaps, to make a few slight remarks, which occurred to us during its perusal. From his whole mode of treating the subject, it is obvious that the author regards the State purely in the light of an institution for the maintenance of justice between man and man, and, under this point of view, estimates the relation to it of the Church and of religion. We will not contest the propriety of this representation, but view it as characteristic of a certain school. We would merely suggest the following considerations. The ideas of *State* and *Church*, however much we may extend or limit them, are sheer abstractions, unless we conceive them in relation to a higher idea, which is implied in both—that of the *People*. States and Churches gradually assumed their form under the moulding influences of a progressive civilization; nations, in their most general features, proceeded—so to say—like Nature herself, directly from the hand of the Creator. But the earliest circumstance which, in every age, has given to a people coherence and character, is its religion; every nation has fought for its Gods. And though Christianity, considered as an universal faith, extends itself far beyond the narrow bounds of nationality; yet, on the other hand, viewed historically, it appears as the great fashioner of the popular mind—as the great pervading and animating principle of our modern European civilization. It has moulded nations which before possessed no proper nationality. No doubt, subsisting as a mere popular faith, it did not exert its purest influence. It represented the authority of the law rather than the freedom of the Gospel; and, resting for centuries on the blind power of usage, served merely as a restraint upon the multitude in the hands of the priesthood. When, in the progress of civilization, reflecting men raised themselves above the conceptions of the multitude, religion began to assume in their minds a strictly individual form. As free inquiry increased, the discrepancies of various dogmatic systems became more apparent; and an unhappy fluctuation between superstition and infidelity was the disastrous, but for the time perhaps the unavoidable, consequence of civilization. Two methods have hitherto been devised for obviating these evils—one, that of Europe, by means of an Established Church, with a greater or less limitation of religious freedom—the other, that of perfect indifference on the part of the State, which has been adopted in North America. But there is yet a third course to be tried; and, in fact, for a long time past, the best and most enlightened men in some parts of Europe have already commenced it. It consists in giving to the religious sentiment of individuals, by means of philosophy and history, such a direction as will for ever prevent it, though associated with the highest cultivation of the intellect, from losing the consciousness of its relation to that popular faith which binds the whole community together, and, on the other hand, in raising the people by means of education, till they gradually acquire the capacity for a more spiritual religion. Such an end can certainly not be attained by a narrow-minded adhesion to the letter of this or that dogmatic system. So long, indeed, as people cannot free themselves from the persuasion that the essence of religion is to be found in dogmatic ideas, it is far better that, in the spirit of the proverb, '*quot homines tot sententiæ*,' opinion should be left to multiply by the side of opinion, and sect to propagate sect—than that the arm of secular power should attempt to constrain all into one prescribed form. But such a state, though it is called freedom, is, after all, a diseased and imperfect state; that sincerest—that most individual religion—which lies deep in the feelings of the heart, which finds no satisfaction in any dogmatic sect, and yet yearns intensely after religious sympathy and communion—is here least of all considered and provided for. Revolted by the rugged forms of severed and exclusive societies, the freer and more Catholic spirit of deep religious feeling, is in danger of being wholly mistaken, and of sinking finally into indifference. This spectacle is exhibited by North America. Undoubtedly, the eye of philanthropy reverts with delight to the Western hemisphere, when it has been sickened with the spectacle of the inquisitions and cruelties of a bloody fanaticism in the Old World; but it searches there in vain for a *nation;* it finds only *United States,* bound together by no higher idea than the necessities of their outward existence. What elsewhere should constitute the soul of a people, is here private interest. Venerable symbols of religious communion are here altogether wanting; and people have to make their choice between unbelief or a narrow sectarianism. Religious enlightenment, the fruit of sound theological education, would here be looked for in vain. And yet it is our firmest conviction, that the diffusion of sound theological knowledge—and that religious enlightenment which springs from it—is the only means by which a common and national faith can be made to penetrate through all classes in an advanced stage of civilization. This alone can teach men what is really essential in religion, and enable them to separate the kernel from the husk. This alone, making men truly rational, solves the apparent contradiction between reason and feeling, and renders possible a mutual sympathy between the individual and the general faith. After a long period of sceptical indifference throughout Europe, but more particularly in France and Germany—during which the educated classes thought they must distinguish themselves from the vulgar herd by infidelity—and whilst now, in the season of reaction, many put themselves on a level with the uncultivated multitude, by the unconditional surrender of their minds to an irrational belief, some of the best men have been labouring to provide the means of a truly Christian education for the whole mass of the people; the feeling of a community of faith has been again awakened, where it was extinct; and men's minds have been prepared for a truly enlightened Christianity, that shall become, as it were, the marrow of a nation's life and activity.

' Whether by this provision for the religious—but, at the same time, perfectly free—development of the national mind, so widely different from that of ecclesiastical constraint and authority, the noblest fruits of popular virtue and intelligence will not more richly unfold themselves—than where, left wholly to their own working, they run the risk either of being trodden down and destroyed in the press and bustle of worldly concerns, or of shooting forth dwarfed and distorted in the hot-beds of a perverse enthusiasm, is a question which further experience can alone ultimately decide. By these observations we mean not to oppose the views of the excellent author, who, on the contrary, has admirably solved the question proposed to him under that particular point of view in which he has chosen to consider it: only we would venture to suggest, whether another question—"How far, without any limitation of the natural rights of man, a national provision for the Christian education of a whole people is an attainable object"—be not worthy of equal consideration, and its realization in practice entitled to equal praise. From the author himself we part with the sincerest respect and obligation.'

In translating this extract, we by no means intend to express our accordance with all the views of the writer. On some points we think him mistaken and uninformed. He could hardly have pronounced so unqualified a judgment on the religious condition of North America, had he been acquainted with the writings of Dr. Channing, and other authors who belong to the same liberal and Catholic school. Much, too, it appears to us, which it is usual to ascribe to the institutions of North America, is in reality due to the period of her civilization. Her peculiar form of society is not yet perfected. She is still but the infant Hercules; and what her gigantic resources shall ultimately enable her to accomplish for the intellectual and spiritual development of the human race, future centuries must unfold. So different, however, are the conditions of society in the Old and the New Worlds, that we can argue with no certainty from the one to the other; and it is our persuasion, that no better wish can be entertained for the progressive amelioration of European institutions, than that, by the diffusion of historical light, the application of abstract principles may be guided by the analogies of the past and the lessons of experience. In the writer's views of the supreme importance of the diffusion of sound theological learning, we entirely concur; we see no other means of attaining to that central and universal truth which lies hidden in the Scriptures, and from which we believe all sects have more or less deviated, and of ultimately binding together the whole Christian world in the bonds of a free and intelligent unity. Sectarianism has its root in ignorance and prejudice. So deep is our conviction of the necessity of meeting this great social want, that, if we had the hope of seeing it effectually obviated, we would willingly postpone to a somewhat remoter period the realization of more theoretical views. We give the opinions of this writer, not as being our own, but as a subject for reflection. '*Valeant quantum valent.*'

We cannot, however, deny that, when we met with the passage, we were greatly struck by it. It supposes a state of things which many a friend to human peace and happiness would wish to see accomplished, if it were attainable, without the relinquishment of some greater good; and, at all events, the calm voice of a contemplative philosophy penetrating from its academic retirement into the midst of the fierce warfare of opinion which now agitates England, may induce some to consider under a new point of view—a subject of the greatest importance, and which every one who has reflected on it with impartiality, must acknowledge to have far more extended and complicated relations with the whole form and system of moral civilization, than men of extreme views on either side are willing to admit, or than he himself, perhaps, was aware of, till circumstances had compelled him to bring it down from the airy region of metaphysical abstraction, and to place it distinctly before him as a practical question connected by a thousand ties with the living world of action and suffering around him.

T.

PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING.

The one thing which all mankind seek is happiness. The selfish desire it for themselves, the benevolent for every living creature. Strongly opposed to this object of general interest is suffering of every kind and degree. To what mean artifice and base criminality will the weak descend in the expectation of avoiding it. To what vigorous efforts and patient exertions are the virtuous stimulated by the same hope.

To look into the world with an intention of computing the pains and sorrows of its inhabitants, would be indeed a melancholy task, yet such a view would be very far from yielding a just estimate of human woe.

Excessive labour, hunger, and disease, may leave their traces upon the brow of their victims, yet these indications show but a small proportion of the actual amount of suffering. Even the ravages of death itself create only a minor part of it. ‘Man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets,’ for the most part, with stricken or broken spirits; yet they are not the most numerous, nor always the most inconsolable class of the afflicted.

How many bereavements are there for which there is no mourning but that of the heart! How many who sorrow mentally over the grave of past enjoyments, without purchasing for themselves, by wearing sable garments, a short exemption from painful allusions and unwelcome jests. How many would not, if they could, proclaim their misery by sackcloth and ashes, but welcome the sacredness of silence, and would never be suspected to grieve, if it were not that a sudden start, or an involuntary shudder, sometimes betrays that a spring has been touched which opens upon them the flood-gates of sorrow. The anguish of parents for erring and ungrateful children; the secret mourning of the loving and the faithful over the desertion, harshness, or indifference of early friends; the dreary loneliness of those who, having once had numerous and cheerful families around them, are left solitary in their latter years, living, as the world calls it, 'very comfortably,' upon a fortune which is almost worthless, because it is unshared; the painfulness of long separations, the price of pecuniary gains which have been thought a great, perhaps enviable, advantage; the powerless remorse for deeds long repented, but never to be recalled; the fear of a destitution which seems always approaching; the writhings of sensitive dependants under a chilling look or a contemptuous expression—these are things which are little noticed, but which, if they could be known, would make the agonies inflicted by hunger and disease appear slight by comparison, inasmuch as the sufferings of the mind are incalculably greater than those of the body. In contemplating this long catalogue of evils, the heart of the philanthropist must sink, if it were not for the prevailing trust, that misery itself, in the hands of the benevolent Ruler of all things, is a powerful engine for working out good for his rational offspring. 'It became Him, by whom are all things, and from whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the Captain of their salvation perfect through suffering:' the humble and faithful disciple, who desires to be conformed to the moral image of his Lord, will surely be not only resigned, but thankful to attain something of His spirit, though it be by a painful and mysterious discipline.

Ignorant as we are of the working of other minds, or even of our own, we may be little aware how many of the truly virtuous have been made, in a degree, 'perfect through sufferings,' or how many of our best feelings have been strengthened and purified by the same means.

Regarding misery only as an evil, we may have been slow to perceive its beneficial effects. We are frequently called upon to remark the obtuseness or irritability of feeling, the moroseness or despondency of temper, which have evidently been produced by hardship and sorrow, while we hesitate to assign any kindly feeling to the same cause. We observe how the mind is harrowed up by calamity, and think not of the seeds of beauty and holiness which may flourish in a soil thus prepared.

Will it not be worth while to inquire of ourselves, how much of what is good in our characters has been formed by sorrow? If our confidence in the good Providence of God be strong and abiding, did it not become so in the times of temptation and trial—times when we felt our own weakness, and turned for support and comfort to Him who is willing and able to save? If we are thankful for daily bread and nightly rest—for health of body and peace of mind, have we not been made so by privation and pain? If we have not that overweening attachment to the things of this world, which makes the thought of leaving it insupportable, is it not, that we have been reminded by misfortune that this is not our rest? If we are eager to assist and cherish the young and the helpless, it may be that we have learned the lesson of love from the affection which has been lavished upon ourselves; yet there will mingle with the reminiscences of our mother-time, some remembrance of the feebleness, the timidity, and the yearning for attention, which, though in themselves painful, gave that affection its peculiar worth. If we are full of compassion for the afflicted and bereaved, is it not that we have endured affliction? If we have a kindly feeling for our brethren of mankind, is it not because we have felt how much all stand in need of kindness? If it be so, suffering has contributed not only to our virtue, but to our happiness. Richly are we repaid for deprivation and sorrow—for anxious toils by day and weary watchings by night, if these have given to us to carry through the world a patient and loving spirit, willing to endure, quick to sympathize, ready to communicate—a spirit which, having been tempted to murmur and to distrust, is able, in imitation of our Divine Exemplar, to feel for those who are tempted, to be tender to their weaknesses, to forgive their errors, and rejoice over their virtues and their pleasures.

Happiness has its salutary effects, as well as sorrow. There is a buoyancy and freshness of spirit—a child-like trustfulness and exuberance of joy, which perhaps nothing else can bestow. To contemplate the bounties of Providence as they are displayed in the fields of nature, with those happy feelings which

> ' Are brightness to the sunshine, and music to the winds,'

to look upon our fellow-creatures through the medium of that gladness which makes everything instinct with itself, fills the heart with the love of God and man. But the benefit of prosperous circumstances few would be inclined to question. It is to ' the sweet uses of adversity' that we require to be reconciled. Let us not then forget that much of the moral greatness which we reverence, much of the kindness which makes the summer of our homes, is, like our own improvement, the precious fruit of sorrow. Oh, how beautiful is the sympathy of the long-suffering, how tender the compassion of the often-afflicted! How strong the attachments of those who have found that the bonds of affection may be broken! How fraught with blended gentleness and strength is the mind that has risen above many trials, and how powerful to persuade us, that though ' in this world we must have tribulation,' we are able to overcome the world, through Him, who has bid us, 'Be of good cheer!'

An abiding faith, that, to our minds, suffering is beneficial, can scarcely produce any feeling but cheerful resignation—the conviction that it is salutary to the minds of others may lead to some momentous errors. The power of inflicting suffering, which, under the direction of an All-seeing and All-merciful God, is a safe and efficacious instrument, is, in the hands of fallible man, a very dangerous weapon.

An exception must, indeed, be made in the cases of young children, and offenders against the laws of a community. In these instances, the greatest care is needful that the punishment inflicted be calculated to correct, not to avenge, and be divested as much as possible of any mixture of personal enmity. In the common intercourse and relations of society occasions will arise when it is impossible to avoid wounding by a repulse and mortifying by a denial; but such occasions would be found to be very few, if we would persuade ourselves to judge of them without our angry passions. A stern or satirical manner may produce an appearance of submission, but it is most commonly the appearance only, while resentment and moroseness are growing strong to evince, that if one evil have been lessened, another has been created in its place. We know so little of the peculiar structure of individual minds, it is seldom that, in inflicting mental pain, we can have a reasonable hope of conferring a benefit. Strong in theory may be the belief that every event comes immediately from the hand of Providence; but when distress is brought so obviously by the instrumentality of a fellow-mortal, occasion is given for personal hatred, distrust of human kindness, a questioning of human wisdom, and—except when these feelings are concealed through timidity—they will generally be sufficiently apparent to prove that it is not by *such* suffering that perfection cometh.

There is a very deceptive tendency in the authority which is tacitly yielded to the violent and the overbearing. The dominion which is obtained by bitter invective or keen satire is the more coveted, as each one is ready to flatter himself that could he attain a like influence, he should be willing to exert it in every good cause, thereby satisfying his conscience and compensating society for the means by which such influence became his own. In this, as in all other cases, it is impolitic as well as unlawful 'to do evil that good may come.' The gentle and the peaceable, who, while they deprecate the temper of the individual, almost envy his ability to lead the minds of men, know little the price at which it has been purchased. If they could form an idea of the pride, anger, and all uncharitableness which must harrass and degrade the mind which seeks to govern mind by violence; if they could look into the heart, into which, with the consciousness of power, came the certainty of being dreaded —the suspicion of being abhorred; they would feel that they would not barter for such a consciousness the affection of the meanest individual who called them friend, or even of the dumb animal which only *felt* them to be friendly. The moment when the dominant spirit reached the *acmè* of its triumph—when the thoughtless and the timid succumbed to its authority, would be the moment when they would confess, with the warmest enthusiasm, that 'God has not given us a spirit of fear, but of love.'

In the domestic intercourses of life a delusion of the same kind is visible. The individual who would decry the thought of becoming the tyrant of society, adapts in his family relations a conduct which he as falsely persuades himself is for the benefit of others. He too is ready to descant upon the utility of suffering. He can point out the exactions he has limited, the murmurs he has stifled, the concessions he has obtained by the inflexible sternness of his character, but can he tell how frequently he has been deceived—how often unwillingly served? Those who look with an impartial eye on him and his connexions, who render the kind offices which would never be asked at his hands, who soothe the griefs of which he would never be told, and lighten the burdens he imposes, know how to measure the extent of that good which he fancies he has achieved. They compare it with the evils he has created;—contempt in the strong-minded, dissimulation in the weak, distrust in all. They perceive that it is not the wrath of man which worketh righteousness, and thank God, in the fulness of gratitude, that *He* has not given us 'a spirit of fear, but of love.'

In admitting the efficacy of affliction, we should be careful not to fall into the error of supposing that it is right to nurture and encourage feelings of sorrow. Our duty to God and to ourselves is to be happy. We can never be really resigned to suffering till we feel that it is intended to make us so, and the sooner we permit it to have that effect the better. If we would analyze the effects of the trials which have been so long past that we can bear to recall them without overwhelming emotions, we should find that it was not from the deprivation we *suffered*, but from the after-compensation we *enjoyed*, that benefit has arisen. We should discover that the afflictions which we allowed to prey upon our minds are those which have the least improved them, that the deprivations which we look back to without perceiving their utility, are the very ones concerning which we refused to be comforted. It is not by the closing of a source of happiness that the heart is made better, but by the opening of many other sources which could not have been unsealed by any other means.

It is the will of our Creator that we should approach to perfection through suffering, but we cannot for a moment suppose that our sufferings are for their own sake acceptable in the sight of Him whose name is Love. 'Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.' May we not interpret this, *because* they will be comforted—blessed, not for the mourning, but that it has given them a facility for receiving joy?

With this view of the manner in which suffering conduces to perfection of character, we can never be harrassed by a fear that we are interfering with the discipline of Providence by receiving consolation readily ourselves, or bestowing it too freely upon others. In sorrow, as well as in other states, the mind is liable to be injured by being encouraged to indulge itself in false pleasures; but if we be certain that the sources of enjoyment we point out are the true well-springs of happiness, we cannot offer their refreshing waters too earnestly or too soon.

Neither is there the least ground for apprehension that any danger can accrue from the attempt to lessen the aggregate of evil. It by no means follows that if suffering diminish, the perfection which cometh by suffering will diminish also. If it could be shown that there is no pang which does not produce a corresponding degree of virtue, there might be cause for such a fear; but that is not the case. Suffering, especially if it do not meet with alleviation and sympathy, may lead to recklessness and depravity, rather than to perfection.

When all that philanthropy can do has been achieved, there will, from the very constitution of man, remain enough of pain and sorrow to answer the ends for which these evils were admitted into the plan of Providence. A just sense of the efficacy of suffering will prepare us, not only to submit to the Divine will, but to acquiesce in it; yet it can never lead us to doubt that it is our highest duty, as well as our highest happiness, to mitigate suffering wherever it is found.

There is not, in the whole list of Christian charities, one so difficult to fulfil perfectly as that of affording consolation to the bereaved. We may be able to feed the hungry and clothe the naked, but to those who suffer the fever-thirst of the affections, we know not what to offer, even from the fountain of love. The wretched in heart require to be soothed, allured, invited back to happiness; and blessed is he who can give the welcome with the gentlest hand and the most touching voice.

It adds not a little to the difficulty of relieving sorrow, that its ravages are so often made in secret; and, if we would meet it where it may most need alleviation, we must learn to discern its vestiges where a casual observer might see only the evidences of sin. It is often the hidden cause of that irritability, distrust, and recklessness, which we are more inclined to censure than to compassionate; yet even where it has had such effects, it may still have left the mind in a state to be led on by kindness to that improvement it was intended to produce.

The work of consoling the afflicted is an arduous and delicate task; it is also a glorious one. If it be true that the forbearance, sympathy, and attention, which are shown to all, but especially to the sorrowing, by every kindly spirit, are often the means by which sorrow is made a blessing, then are the best affections of our nature instruments which God unites with the influence of his Spirit in the work of bringing his children to perfection.

If our own afflictions have taught us how to minister to our fellow-beings, this is one of those mighty sources of enjoyment which, perhaps, nothing but suffering could have revealed to us. We cannot hope that while we are mortal creatures *we* can become perfect, even through suffering; but if we have learned that from the treasury of our affections, 'it is more blessed to give than to receive,' we have tasted of the spring from which cometh perfection; then has our Heavenly Father made us so far kindred with his own Spirit, that, like him, we receive our happiness from the act of conferring happiness upon others.

S. J. W.

SOBER THOUGHTS ON THE STATE OF THE TIMES, ADDRESSED TO THE UNITARIAN COMMUNITY.

(Continued from p. 445.)

At no period of the world was it ever more important to insist on the necessity of thus sustaining the institutions of the Gospel. Never were they more endangered, or their holy influences more put in jeopardy, than by the hazardous experiments, and rash and worldly confidence, and various divisions, of these unsettled and broken times. The agitations of society have disturbed the foundations and weakened the strength of the churches in all parts of the land, and threatened some of them even with extinction. In many humble and impoverished parishes, numbers are few, means are small, and the Gospel is costly. It is an alarming problem yet to be solved, what shall be done to keep alive the fire on those lesser altars; and now that the law has forsaken the church-door in this as well as in the other States, a new era has arrived, when the wise must contrive how the Gospel shall be supported among the thinly scattered and feeble, so that its light shall continue to burn, and our children of the coming generations shall be born to the enjoyment of Christian worship. Let those who are able, devise; let the favoured and wealthy be ready to contribute; let all ponder and pray; and God forbid, that, through our remissness, one cottage shall remain upon our blessed fields, whose inmates are beyond the reach of the Sabbath-bell and the pulpit exhortation. There are some who do not feel this aright; some, blessed by God with property as well as liberty, who fancy that both are for themselves only, and who meanly withdraw from the support of his worship. There are congregations made up, in considerable part, of men who are more willing to live without the preaching of the Word, than to tax themselves so much for the means of salvation as they do for sugar in their tea, or for needless ornaments on the dress of their daughters. This is a crying enormity. No one who values religion, can refuse the little sacrifice which would be necessary for its support. Better give up half the luxuries of civilized life, than suffer the public means of religion to decay. Those luxuries may be spared, and no suffering will ensue. But if religious institutions cease, barbarism and profaneness will come over the land, and the happy charities of life perish. And certainly in these days of abundance and growing ease—when persecution is known but in name, and suffering for Christ's sake is a thing only of history—it is an inconceivable meanness to refuse the little self-denial which would enable one to double the former parish-tax, and, instead of this, to pay over to the dancing-master or the milliner, the few dollars which might ensure the preaching of the Gospel.

The avarice and selfishness of the nominal, the worldly, the indifferent, and the unbelieving, and the subdivisions of sectarian zeal which multiply churches by dividing worshippers, have seriously affected the regular means of supporting religious institutions. But what then? They must none the less—rather the more—be supported; and it presents a fresh opportunity to the faithful to evince their attachment to the truth by some extra effort in its behalf. Many have so regarded it, and have met the emergency with alacrity—have exhibited the most praiseworthy readiness, and poured out bountifully to satisfy the demands of the times. Let them receive a hearty tribute of applause for their faithful work. But let a decided and open expression of disapprobation and contempt be awarded to those selfish worldlings, who count their shillings more dear than instruction, and can afford themselves any luxury but that of going to church. Let a severer rebuke await those arrogant and despicable impostors, (of whom it is said there are some, though surely they must be few,) who make a boast of their enlightenment, and presume to take on their lips the advocacy of liberal truth, and yet close their hearts against all appeals for aid in spreading and sustaining the light they glory in. Truly, the light of such men is but darkness—darkness that may be felt. They are strangers to the truth which they profess to know; and, loud as they talk, if they could have their way, it would cease in another generation to shine upon the world.

It is not easy to use a gentler word in reference to those, who, with the same confidence in their own superior light, yet absent themselves one half the time from the worship which they support. These are mostly your luxurious citizens—your genteel religionists—who go to church for example's sake, and because religion is an excellent thing for the poor; who kneel on cushions of down, and confess their sins in all attitudes of languor and grace;—great admirers of beautiful style and poetical imagery;—who divide their religious feelings between the sermon of the morning, and the dinner of the noon-day, and the conversation or slumbers of the afternoon. This race of accommodating Christians is principally the growth of larger towns, and may be found in all our cities patronizing the fashionable church—no matter what the denomination may chance to be. It flourishes well among those whose weeks are given to amusement. It exhibits its striking sense of the contrast which should exist between religion and the world, by the crowded condition of its cotillion-rooms, and the emptiness of its churches. Doubtless it would be too much to expect of those who are wearied out with the pleasures of the week, that they should have spirit or strength to worship God as much on Sunday as common people who have no such weighty cares; it would be unreasonable to require them in the afternoon to attend church, when they can hardly find time to get through their courses and drink their wine. In every great city there are a few congregations composed of these privileged persons—these lights of the world—these patterns and benefactors of society, who have made such advancement in religion, that it is wholly unnecessary for them to worship God on Sunday afternoon; and their ministers have the opportunity of looking without interruption directly upon the rich caparisons of their elegant pews. They would probably not think it perfectly fair that he also should leave the church, and disappoint the few who venture to do so vulgar a thing as keep him in countenance in the worship of God; he must adhere to the fashion of preaching all day, just as much as they to their fashion of leaving him to preach alone.

It unfortunately happens, that this practice, selfish and indecent as it is, and inconsistent with all right views of the object of public worship, is yet—alas, for the corrupting power of thoughtless fashion!—easily embraced by many, who not only mean well in general, but who rightfully make some pretensions to religion. But in vain will you look to see religion flourish where this vice is prevalent. In vain will you expect that those will do much or care much for its purity and influence, who manifest so little interest in its institutions—who statedly, purposely, habitually, allow themselves in that practice, which, if general, would be the overthrow of public religious observances. Let it be especially noted—as what concerns especially the topics before us—that in these days of progressive reform, when in religion, as in all things else, old customs cease to be revered, and a departure from them is thought to be of course an improvement—when, 'liberty' being the watch-word, the multitude are easily made to fancy that constancy is bondage, and to suppose that they advance into light just in proportion as they recede from their fathers or their old-fashioned neighbours—under such circumstances, it is necessary that special effort be made to retain a sober reverence for the house of God and his worship; that, in fact, uncommon pains be taken in every possible way to strengthen the habit of regarding them as sacred and divine. We are lost—I speak with solemn deliberation—we are lost, and our power to benefit and advance great principles is gone, whenever we shall encourage or permit the public means of religion to be slighted. And no more mistaken or false friend to the cause of human liberty and improvement can be found, than he, whose conduct in this respect makes men think that he personally feels no interest in it, and whose example directly tends but to quench that interest in others. The cause of Episcopacy never was much promoted by those splendid buildings in which the boasted liturgy is read every Sunday afternoon to empty seats. Methodism never spread itself by the agency of men whose hearts allowed them to prefer a dinner to a sermon. It was not such men that introduced, or helped to introduce, the Gospel, or started the Reformation; and we may depend upon it, that those will have no share in the completion of that glorious Reformation, however they may boast, who cast personal slight on the worship and preaching by which it is to be brought about.

I am aware that all this applies to but a small class; but it serves none the less to illustrate my positions, and it may indirectly give admonition to others. I am aware also, that all this relates but to the means of religion; but without the means, who will venture to guarantee the end? There are, I know, a few mystical, speculative men, who are possessed with the fancy that not themselves only, but that the world, has outgrown these leading-strings; who make light of all instrumental help; and who thus—with a good, but most mistaken intent—virtually join the scoffer in sapping the foundations of religion. It is enough to give a passing word to this. It is the error and sickness of the times, threatening serious disasters; for where one thoughtful and safe man lays aside this wholesome attachment to institutions, instruments, and helps, weaker men will do it in multitudes, and will shelter their indolence, worldliness, and selfishness, like their more enlightened brethren, beneath the plea of a spirituality which needs not the nourishment of these beggarly elements. It is one of the perils of the times. Let the strong watchmen be awake to it. Let them not cease, day nor night, to cry out against it with a loud and alarming cry. Let them suffer none to sleep under the fatal notion that religion will grow up of itself in their hearts, without the culture which God and nature have ordained; or that a great truth will prevail because it is great, without any care to guard and enforce it. Let them pour scorn on these puerile and superficial conceits. Let them strangle this idle and mischievous folly. Let them silence those who profanely pretend a special trust in God and his ways, while in practice they contemn his purposes and neglect the way of his commandment. If this great work for the perfection of Christianity and of men is to be done, it must be done by men, putting in operation the necessary means. If you do not take your share in it—no matter what your plea—you will share none of the honour promised to those who do it—you will taste the bitter shame ordained for those who hinder it. If you fancy yourself already too enlightened to require the further aid of times and ordinances, the greater cause for using and honouring them, that you may bring others to the same advanced state. If you are sure that the great cause is in triumphant progress, the greater the reason that you should not hold back, but, if you love it, should 'pursue the triumph and partake the gale.' If you think it by any thing encumbered, hindered, thwarted, the greater the cause that you should be awake and active—removing obstacles, encouraging friends, and swelling the tide of men and measures which is to sweep away the impediments of the truth.

It will be said by some, 'Let the people be truly interested in religion, and they will both support and attend its institutions. Make them religious—that is what you have to do; until then, you in vain call for their contributions, or expect them to be present in the church.' Undoubtedly, this would be a remedy for all backwardness. The truly devoted will spare neither their money nor their time. But how are men to become thus devoted? Are we to use no means to render them so, until they are already such? Are we to be told that there is no motive to bring men within Christian influences, short of that absorbing religious feeling, which would show that the work is already nearly done? Certainly not; there are other motives, powerful motives. It as much pertains to good citizenship as to piety, to take care that public worship be supported; and multitudes of those, who are at present indifferent and worldly, think of it reverently and well, and intend by and by to be sanctified by it. All these are to be entreated to perceive their obligations; they are to be called on as patriots and friends of social order and peace, to prevent the downfal of these powerful seminaries of moral instruction. But I have more particularly in view another class—those already referred to, who count themselves the subjects of a glorious emancipation, the participators of a great light, and who freely use words of self-congratulation. They are, or profess to be, keenly alive to a sense of mental degradation, and are perfectly aware of the great privilege they enjoy in the light and liberty of the present era. They are very honestly ready to thank God that they are not as other men—members of churches, which fetter them by human confessions and bind them to make no advance in their apprehensions of spiritual truth. Now is it decent for such men—who not only enjoy great privileges, but show that they are aware of it—is it decent for them to withdraw their support from the institutions which guarantee their peculiar advantages? Is it consistent or becoming in them to forsake the churches, which they assert to resound with the purest doctrine? To doom to poverty, the preachers whom they believe to be the most enlightened apostles of God's word, and to discourage the eloquent asserters of the most important views which have dawned upon the earth? I address these questions to a select class, which it is mortifying to say has an existence, but which, God be praised! is as small as it is arrogant and false. I address their sense of shame, their sense of dignity, their love of consistency, their magnanimity, their intelligence, their hope of immortality, their faith in a future reckoning.

If all who profess to honour religion were religious men, there would indeed be no call for expostulation or entreaty, on behalf of religion. But, alas! the inconsistency of believers with their profession, is an evil as old and as notorious, as the existence of the church itself. The solemn and indignant questions of Paul, in his second chapter to the Romans, have been equally applicable to multitudes in every age since; and it is more a matter of grief than astonishment, that they still apply to many of our own day. The increase of light is with them rather a cause for glorying, than a call to duty. They with great complacency rest in their light, and make their boast in God, and know his will, and approve the things that are more excellent, and yet, through unfaithfulness to their light, they dishonour God. They live respectable lives of worldly decorum, but have no spirituality of affection, no desire for excellence beyond the ordinary mark, no conception of anything more pure and disinterested, than the average of decent society has presented to their view. Their standard is low, their tastes sensual, their principle inactive, their wisdom earthly and sensual, though not perhaps devilish. They live decently, but only for themselves and for this world. They would be very sorry to be accounted other than friends of religion, but they would be greatly ashamed to be pointed out as pious men. They are proud of the dignity of their intellectual nature, and do not doubt the immortality of their souls; but nothing is further from their intention or desire, than to occupy their minds now, with the subjects which they suppose are to occupy their future immortality.

There is a lamentable deficiency in our practical apprehension of what are the requisitions of our religion. We do not see, feel, realize, the extent and strictness of its obligations. With all our getting, we have not got a spiritual understanding of its admirable and glorious purpose. We are yet in the alphabet of Christian attainment; we are of the earth, earthy. Who is there, that in his best hours of serious contemplation, has not been made deeply to deplore this? Let me not be met with the cry that there is such a thing as being righteous over-much; nor let the old saying be turned against me, 'Physician, heal thyself,—practice instead of preaching.' No one has such a claim to be heard in denouncing evil, as he who can tell of it from personal experience; no man's warning is so good as his who can shew how himself and his friends are suffering. There is a great dislike to austerity, a great dread of puritanism, a horror of cant and fanaticism and superstition; and one cannot recommend a stricter devotion, or a more scrupulous morality, than the ordinary customs of the world make requisite, without the risk of being branded by the more worldly as an enthusiast or a hypocrite, and being told by many of the more serious, 'that it is too late in the day, that this preciseness and scrupulosity were well enough formerly, but that the spirit of the times forbids it now; *nous avons changé tout cela;* it is vain to think of carrying men back to modes of thought which are long obsolete, and to habits of devout observance which savour more of the cloister than of the world.'

Let us admit the changes which have taken place, and which render it requisite to abandon modes of operation and address and observance, which are no longer adapted to accomplish their design; but human nature has not changed—the Christian religion has not changed—the institutions of God have not changed;—there may be a diversity of operations, but there is the same God who speaks, the same truth for the instrument, the same nature to be wrought upon. The requisitions of that God are as rigidly conformable to the eternal and uncompromising law of right, as they ever were; the path of sentiment and life to which truth would lead, is no whit less straight and direct; the nature to be perfected, is accessible to the same and to no different principles and motives, and is to be moulded into the same character. Surely, that the Christian character is to be inferior in moral elevation, that it is to have less of spirituality and self-consecration to principle, less of the Christlike and the Godlike than in other days, will not be pretended. What it was in the days of Jesus, such it is now; such as it showed itself in his example, such it must be in the lives of his followers at the present time. To make it less disinterested, less unworldly, less scrupulously averse from all contamination of impurity, and all suspicion of wrong, would be to make it another thing than the Christian character. To make it more compatible with a heart devoted to ambition and gain, with a life of thoughtlessness, frivolity and uselessness—to make it synonymous with self-interest, and the decent external proprieties of civilized life—would be to change its definition from that which its master gave to it. To make it of so pliable a texture, of so flexible and complying a disposition, that it shall be consistent with any degree of selfishness and worldliness which does not destroy a man's reputation; with any devotedness to luxury and folly, or any modes or forms of business which are not discreditable; with any absorption in useless fancies, indolent indulgencies, or money-making cares, which are not absolutely injurious to society; or, in a word, with all and any character of heart and life, which does not offend against human law, or honour, or fashion;—is to make it a convenient tool for human depravity, instead of an infallible guide to celestial purity. And yet, we are perfectly aware, that there are men of all these sorts of characters, who deem their lives very sufficiently religious, and who are indignant against the austerity and uncharitableness of any definition of the Christian life, which would put in jeopardy their empty self-complacency.

There must be some standard; and it cannot require to be proved, that it must be a peculiar one—a high one—an inflexible one;—a standard, which will not vary to accommodate itself to different states of society, or different dispositions of individuals; but which, like him who established it, is the same yester-day, to-day, and for-ever; making the true disciple of the first century, the same, in all essential and characteristic features, with the consistent Christian of the middle ages and these latter days; in things indifferent granting a privilege to human imperfection; but, in the vital spirit, the essential elements, the absolute characteristics, demanding imperatively an absolute and undeviating conformity.

The great danger is that of admitting too lax a standard. The world is always encroaching upon it, and the weakness of the human heart gives way. It may be that the figure is too strong, which represents the Christian character as a fire burning from out of the ocean, which can exist in the midst of so contrary an element only by perpetual miracle; but certainly there are counteracting impulses, principles, and opinions in the world, which render a perpetual effort necessary on the part of the Christian to sustain the liveliness and purity of his faith; there are influences from society, from example, from without and from within, which tend constantly to secularise his feelings, to bring down the tone of his affections and convictions, to dull his susceptibility to truth and purity. The crying danger is that of admitting too low a standard. Many a man who has learned what human virtue should be, from the study of the Scriptures and devout communion with God, and who, in the private contemplations of his early days, has suffered his imagination to draw pictures of the good people whom he was hereafter to meet in the world—has found, on entering life, that his notions were far above the actual standard of good men, that his idea of the prevalent religion was too beautiful for the Christianity of Christians, was an image of something not to be seen in the world; he has found them shaking their heads at him with a wise and meaning smile, as they informed him that his notions of goodness were impracticable, that they would do for the closet, but not for those who know the world and must live among men. At first he is disappointed, shocked and mortified; but he gradually becomes accustomed to so lamentable a state of things, acquiesces in it as unavoidable, and comes by and by to have his enthusiasm as thoroughly cooled, and his ardour for perfect goodness as completely turned into discreet caution, and his charity as carefully guarded by selfishness, as the older men about him.

It has been the disgrace of Christians, that they have not stood out against this worldly tendency, and kept themselves up to their own temperature in spite of the cold atmosphere of society. If their souls had imbibed the full vitality of their religion, if they had been filled with the spirit of its life, they would have found in themselves the power of resistance, just as they find it in their bodies. The mysterious principle of organic life imparts to the body a sustaining energy, which keeps the vital heat invariably the same; though all around be chill, it remains unaltered; and Providence has afforded means of aiding it to preserve this temperature which protects it from distraction. When the soul truly lives, it possesses a similar power of resistance to external influence. The world may operate upon it, the moral atmosphere of society may close around it with its deadliest influences; but it has the power of resistance, it may retain its own standard; and God, by his word and spirit, has made provision of means, by which, in any extremity of exposure, it may be completely protected. If men will not use those means, if they will not clothe themselves in the protecting dress of watchfulness and prayer, they will lose in the world the warmth of their devotional natures, and cease to enjoy the full health of the immortal soul. It is the disgrace of Christians that it has so often been the case with them. Some, many, have wrapt themselves in their principles of holiness, and refused to give place for a moment to earthly solicitation or example, and thus have exhibited illustrious instances of the beauty and excellence of Christianity. But, alas! others, too many, have conformed themselves to the world—they have dreaded to be singular—they have been ashamed to be better than others—and they have thus lost both the influence with others and the peace within themselves, which they might and ought to have possessed. Hence it is, that society is not more thoroughly Christianized. The friends of Christianity have gone to the world, instead of insisting that the world should come to them. They have weakly given way. They have failed of presenting that dignified and resolute adherence to the convictions of conscience, that unhesitating, immoveable devotedness to grand and immortal principles, which their infinite importance deserves. Nothing less than such devotedness could persuade a worldly-minded man, that they actually believed in their reality and eternity. How could he be persuaded, that those men loved supremely a better and immortal life, who were as eager and as unprincipled as others in the struggles of this? How could religion gain ground in the world, when advocated by men who were constantly qualifying and modifying the requisitions of their faith, to suit a sensual and worldly taste, and accommodate their own temporal interests?

There is no more serious mistake than the idea of promoting the interests of religion by diminishing its strictness, and thus bribing the favour of the world. The world is not to be so bribed. It sees through and despises the shallow manœuvre. None understand better than your most devoted worldlings, the essential incompatibility between their spirit and the spirit of Christ, and they feel nothing but contempt for the weakness which thinks to attain their suffrages by softening down the requisitions of the eternal law. They can read and understand what the Lord requires of them, and their consciences compel them to admire its unapproachable purity. They feel for it something of the reverence and awe, which it is suited to impress on every intelligent mind. And when they perceive its guardians and friends so insensible or so faithless to its claims, as to press upon men something inferior in its stead, they view them as traitors, and instead of embracing, on their invitation, a cause, which is thus unfaithfully dealt with, they turn with contempt and loathing from the false-hearted men. The cowardly and short-sighted policy, has repelled from Christianity the very men it was designed to conciliate and win.

Christianity is designed to produce a great effect upon men and the world. But not a mixed, adulterated, mitigated Christianity. It produces its effects by what it is. Change it, and its power ceases; make it something else, and its operations are no longer the same. Say, that instead of going down into the bottom of the soul, and taking possession of the whole man, and informing his entire spirit and character, it is sufficient that it regulate his exterior deportment, and restrain him from the grosser sins—you alter its character; it is no longer what Christ taught, and it can no longer produce the effects which he proposed. It will excite a feeble interest, it will awaken a feeble emotion, it will therefore call forth slight exertion, and will end in a feeble virtue. Little will be felt, little therefore attempted, very little accomplished. Make the way very broad and easy, and many will walk in it; but whither will it lead them? There can be nothing of the striving, the earnestness, the energy, by which alone great characters are formed, and great enterprises achieved, and an exalted virtue reached. It is not the languor of an easy path which elevates and perfects; we must enter in by a straight gate; we must strive through a narrow path; we must seize the kingdom of heaven by violence. We must feel that everything is at stake, and then we shall be ready to attempt everything. Make our way so easy that nothing shall seem to be at stake, and we shall attempt nothing.

It is perfectly true, and Gibbon was right when he said it, though the unhappy man did it maliciously—that Christianity gained on the world and flourished at the beginning through its very sternness and austerity. It was uncompromising in its strictness, and thus compelled attention, respect, admiration, awe, roused vehement feeling, and forced the homage and allegiance of men. And so it has been in all ages since. The severest forms, the straitest sects, have always had the most resolute followers, have always left the strongest, deepest and most permanent impressions on the world. The looser sects have had their votaries, but they have not exercised the greatest power, nor done so much to decide the fortunes of the world. Even at the present day, when monkish austerity is wholly out of vogue, and all superstitious strictness derided, yet now, the more of rational severity of doctrine a sect upholds, the more peremptorily it exalts the standard of religious character, the more sure it is to receive the homage of the multitude, and to commend itself to the thinking friends of society and man. This is agreeable to human nature; so much so, that in all ages and all religions, it has been the pretence of universal sanctity, the show and inculcation of a holier and mortified life, upon which the fanatical or ambitious founders of sects have built their success. The most absurd and ridiculous doctrines have thus been recommended. But what sect is to be named, which has signally prospered by an opposite policy and a looser doctrine?—unless, indeed, by such a degree of laxity as has become freedom from all moral restraint, and has thus destroyed its pretence to be called a religious body. It is idle to think that it may be otherwise now. The world is said to be more intelligent—society is cultivated and refined. But, unless religion be absolutely discarded, men still believe in its exalted purity and holiness; and that form of religion will command the surest homage and do the best work, which shall offer the severest standard of moral and spiritual attainment, alike free from timid concession to the spirit of the world, and from weak tendency to fanaticism and superstition; in other words, which shall succeed most truly in representing the character of Christ;—as bold, as unflinching in principle as he; yet as gentle, as amiable, and as free from all extravagance and eccentricity.

This, I say to those whom I address, is what you are to desire and aim at. You might as well be no Christians at all, as be satisfied with anything less than this. You might as well abandon all hope of progress and prosperity now, as struggle on hoping to succeed by a power of personal religion less than this. Nothing less than this is the Christian character; and neither human nature, nor the providence of God, nor the spirit of grace, will permit any satisfactory attainments to be made in goodness, by those who would substitute some other standard of goodness for that of the Christian Scriptures. No such attempt can succeed. Nothing but true principle can create true virtue. If you think to render the true principle more palatable to men, or better adapted to them, by diluting it down to the taste of the worldly, you change it from what it is—you destroy precisely that which constitutes its efficiency, namely, its truth, and thus you render it the same in effect as falsehood. Christianity cannot be made this accommodating system without ceasing to be Christianity.

It is necessary, then, to insist on a high and uncompromising standard. It were a poor thing to contend for a religion which bends to our tastes, conforms to our habits, humours our prejudices, and connives at our selfishness. All these we might have without a religious system, as well as with it. No doctrine is worth a rational regard which will not do something for us—which will not lift us out of ourselves and above the world, and transform us in the renewing of our minds, and make us fully conformed to the holy, acceptable and perfect will of God. Pure and undefiled religion, says the apostle James, consists in holiness and love; it is to 'visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and keep one's self unspotted from the world.' Our faith is worth little to us, if it do not effect this. We may glory in it as we please; it is but a worthless name, if it do not issue in purity and philanthropy—if it do not work by love and purify the heart. We may argue for it with what power of demonstration we please—we may eulogize it as with the tongues of angels; if it have not wrought in us the great transformation which Christ designed—if it do not prove its divinity by its effects on character, who will heed the tones of admiration in which we laud it?—who will credit our sincerity?

I would ask, with all humility and earnestness, whether the community is awake to these considerations? We need not overlook the disadvantages of its position. We may make due allowance for the encumbrances and drawbacks which result from the circumstances under which it has come into existence, and from the heterogeneous character which has been imparted to it by the confusion and troubles of the times. To these circumstances I have adverted on a former page; they are such as to demand a charitable judgment and candid allowance, which will by many be denied them. But make what allowance may be reasonable, still, if circumstances are unpropitious, there is only the more imperative call for exertion in order to surmount them, and to do our duty in spite of them. To yield to them—to acquiesce in their neutralizing and palsying influences—to suffer them to put to sleep our zeal and philanthropy, would be unpardonable treachery to a great trust. May we abandon a cause because circumstances are adverse? May we labour in it languidly, for the very reason that vehement efforts are requisite in order to its advancement? We have in view one grand object, namely, to ensure to Christianity its full, its legitimate authority in society and over men. In order to this, we are professedly seeking to extend and complete the Reformation. If there be impediments in any of the circumstances and accidents of the times, they must be strenuously resisted. Every means must be employed—every heart and hand must be engaged. The pulpit must assume a more earnest and stimulating tone, and the press a more determined emphasis, and thus urge home upon the conscience of the community the fervent, bold, persevering expostulations which the sacred importance of the enterprise demands. Every believer must apply himself to the work, and inquire, and talk, and pray, and act, until all arrive at that elevation of the spiritual life, which as yet is only approached, but which must be arrived at before a Christian community can be fully worthy of its name.

The signs of the times are favourable. The movement has been long begun, and is prosperously going on. May God speed it! Our churches, our Sunday schools, our books, and our various organizations for mutual aid and charitable action, are gratifying tokens of advancement; they show that the true spirit is at work; they encourage us to labour and pray for its extension, confident that God will hear our prayer, and that success will reward our labours Let us then redouble our labours and our prayers. Let us contend valiantly for these practical and spiritual achievements. The times are propitious—all things are ready—there is something for every man to do. Every man has, first of all, a mighty work to finish in his own character; he has, in watchfulness and prayer, to govern and perfect his own spirit, and, in disinterested love, to seek the good of those around him. He has to do his share toward the diffusion of elevated principles—toward giving a Christian tone to the society in which he moves—toward imbuing its conversation, its spirit, its habits, with the purity, gentleness, peacefulness, and love of right, which ought to characterize communities of Christians. Much activity is requisite in order to this end. Very much is to be done to make society what it should be; very much before it will realize the image drawn in the New Testament. It can be effected only by the strenuous fidelity of individual Christians; and no one can be accounted guiltless, who neglects by word and example to do all in his power to hasten the desirable consummation.

But individuals cannot do it alone. Their single action will effect something; but it is their combined action only which can bring about the perfect result. And therefore, if I am asked what is the great lesson of expediency and duty to be drawn from the survey now taken of the position, character, circumstances and relations of this Christian community —I should answer, the imperious necessity of more general and affectionate union and co-operation in the cause of truth and happiness. I should say, you stand in a peculiar posture—you are pledged to a peculiar work, peculiar and vast—you are embarrassed by peculiar and multifarious impediments—and nothing but the loftiest virtue, and the most devoted faith, and the most energetic and unquenchable zeal, will enable you to carry through your work, and accomplish what Providence has apparently offered to you to accomplish. Under such circumstances, it is impossible that the single-handed efforts of insulated individuals shall be sufficient. The requisite zeal cannot be kindled, the necessary determination cannot be excited, the needed information cannot be spread, without much communion of mind with mind, much action of heart on heart. You must unite your hearts, your prayers, your strength. You must meet together, and talk about these things; excite, encourage, admonish each other, provoke one another to love and good works. Devotion, in this cold world, needs the cheering stimulus of sympathy; virtue, in this tempting world, needs the strength of public countenance; philanthropy, in this selfish world, requires the support and courage of numbers. You must pray together in social circles assembled for the purpose; converse together of your trials, wants and duties, of the demands of the truth, of the necessities of the church, of the capacities, glories, infirmities, degradation and destiny of this immortal nature; and thus enkindle a livelier flame of piety, a warmer zeal for truth, a bolder action for charity, and a more eager aspiration after the spiritual life. In order to this end, I know nothing to be more earnestly desired, than the increase of these means of social and mutual religious improvement. The times cry out for them. Wherever adopted, they have been signally blessed. So few have the ability to excite their own souls and set themselves to work, that thousands when left alone, would sink down into cold inactive selfishness, who, if placed in frequent contact with their fellow-believers, would become generous, ardent, enterprising promoters of every good design.

But whatever may be thought of the means that should be employed, there can be no doubtfulness respecting the greatness of the object. The hints which I have rudely thrown out on the peculiarities, the hazards, the responsibilities of the present crisis might be extended to a volume, and ought to be written in characters of fire. Weakly as they are here presented, they cannot be wholly without force; and if any man of powerful and earnest mind perceives their justice and urgency, I leave it in charge with him to set them forth in their proper strength, and press them on the attention and conscience of the public. If I can rouse one such mind to speak to the times in the prophet-like tone in which they ought to be addressed, I shall feel that I have not ventured to lift my voice in vain. At any rate I have attempted to perform a duty.

> 'But all is in His hand, whose praise I seek;
> Whose frown can disappoint the proudest strain,
> Whose approbation—prosper even mine.'

JESUS CHRIST NOT AN ENTHUSIAST.

Christianity is an historical fact. It is; for nineteen centuries it has been. This no hardihood can impeach, no sophistry can evade. If there be one institution which more than another has stamped its impress on the history of the last two thousand years, it is Christianity. A fact that cannot be denied, must be accounted for. The question of its origin is forced upon the mind. And if by the consentient voice of tradition and history, the consentient voice of friends and foes—if by its very name Christianity is ascribed to Christ as its author—then ensues the enquiry as to the circumstances under which he, the unquestionable author of it, was enabled to offer it to the world. What supposition involves a cause adequate to account for the acknowledged facts? None, we reply, but that he was under the special influence of 'the Father of lights' and the God of love.

It has, however, been urged that he was an enthusiast. In the better sense of the term, we admit that Jesus was an enthusiast; he was—that is, as the word enthusiast strictly imports—he was inspired of God—he was filled with a divine spirit, and a divine energy, and a divine devotedness, both to God's will and man's welfare. The noble ardour of his soul kindled at the sight of human error and wretchedness, and prompted him to throw himself with an entire self-oblivion on the stupendous undertaking of saving the world. But the objector uses the word enthusiast as indicative of a person led away by the illusions of his imagination, and by that false estimate of power which ensues when the passions are too strong for the judgment. Jesus, the unbeliever says, was an enthusiast; and by this he means to assert that he was actuated by errors of which he was himself the dupe, and bewildered by the fumes which rose into his mind from the heat of an ardent but feeble breast. With whom ought the adjudication of such a question to rest? With those who know, or those who know not, his character and the character of his religion? If, as is not only proper but imperative, the appeal should be made to those who have had personal experience in this matter; if the nature of our undertaking left us at liberty to address ourselves to Christian men and women, there would be no need to employ argument; a few simple questions would terminate the matter, or rather the feelings which arise spontaneously in the Christian breast at the very supposition of Jesus' being an enthusiast—feelings which, by their own simplicity and truthfulness, their accordance with the genuine and unsophisticated workings of the breast—feelings which are an echo of the good which Christ and Christianity have proved to the character, are most certain vouchers of the godly sincerity and unimpaired soundness of the mind and soul of Jesus. Surely it would be strange if what the master intellects of the race not only approved, but made the formative influence of their character—if the spring whence they drank the living waters which they poured forth for the refreshment and renovation of successive generations, were tainted and turbid by reason of unwholesome mixtures. Did Milton, and Locke, and Newton, mistake darkness for light, and the impurities of fanaticism for the cleansing power of the spirit of truth? And though our business is with the objector, and not the disciple, we think that unbelief itself may be benefitted by pondering the testimony to the genuineness of the character of Christ which they afford, who are believers, not on authority but on conviction; and who are no less the ornaments of humanity, than they were the humble disciples of the crucified Galilean.

But argument may avail when testimony is repudiated; and it is a principle of Christianity for every man to judge of himself what is right;—and this is our first position. Jesus appealed to the judgment, not to the passions of his auditory. The question of his being an enthusiast was mooted in his own day. ‘He hath a demon, and is mad,’ was the allegation of some. The words themselves present a consideration sufficient to impeach the soundness of the judgment of those who used them. Madness they ascribed to demoniacal possession. The vulgar error has been long exploded; and they who were weak enough to ascribe madness to a false and imaginary origin, may well have been mistaken in the cause they assign for the conduct of Jesus. At all events, they have but sorry pretensions to influence our decision. If, in a matter of constant recurrence before their eyes, they blundered so egregiously, as to refer insanity to the influence of the souls of the dead on the faculties of the living, they can hardly be expected to have philosophised correctly respecting the origin of mental and moral qualities which had never before been seen on earth, and with which they had scarcely a germ of correspondence in their own breasts. With the explosion of their error in physics, their yet grosser error in morals ought to perish too. But what was the answer to the allegation of insanity against Christ? ‘These are not the words of him that hath a demon. Can a demon open the eyes of the blind?’ Here is the expression of the form in which Jesus presented himself to the less ignorant and prejudiced of his contemporaries. It was not as the ‘prince of darkness,’ but as ‘the light of the world.’ The evidence of the soundness of his mind was in his works and in his words. We shall not dwell on the indirect testimony thus borne to the reality of his miracles, because, although that testimony is valuable from the very circumstance of its being indirect, and also from the correctness of reasoning which it involves that insanity could not command and control the elements; yet, as unbelievers have a prejudice against the evidence of miracles, we judge it better to treat of them when the question can be discussed somewhat at large, than to speak of it incidentally, and therefore insufficiently. But mention is made of the doctrine of Christ. 'These are not the *words* of him that hath a demon.' The immediate reference appears to be to the discourse which Jesus had just delivered; and blind, indeed, must that man be who cannot see the evidences, not only of sanity, but of wise and pure benevolence, in the words of Christ. The general tone of the discourse, and the particular images employed, breathe a pure, lofty and tranquil spirit. 'I am the door; by me, if any man enter in, he shall be saved; and shall go in and out and find pasture. The thief cometh not, but to steal, and to kill, and to destroy: I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it exceeding abundantly. I am the good shepherd; the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep. Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold; them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice, and there shall be one fold and one shepherd. Therefore doth my Father love me, because I lay down my life, that I might receive it again. No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to receive it again. This privilege I have received of my Father.' Is this the language of fanaticism? Here are no preternatural fervours, no vain-glorying, no aberrations of intellect; none of these, the ordinary symptoms of a bewildered imagination, but a regular sequence of thought, a calm and benign moral elevation, blended with unaffected humility and devout repose on God, and adorned withal by an entire self-abandonment. 'I am the good shepherd; the good shepherd layeth down his life for the sheep, and the sheep that I am desirous of saving comprise the Gentile as well as the Jew; and, if my purpose appear vast and superhuman, it must be remembered that the power under which I act is not mine, but his on whose errand I have come, and who is the Father of the universe.' From this instance, let the reader turn to what is termed the Sermon on the Mount, or to the long conversation Jesus had with his disciples in the hours immediately preceding his death, as recorded towards the conclusion of John's Gospel; and especially let him fix his attention on the latter, delivered under circumstances which could not fail to agitate the mind of Jesus, seeing that indignity, outrage, desertion and death rose darkling on his sight; and yet what entire mental possession—what devout composure—what gentle benignity—what calm and meek reliance on God—what solicitude for his associates—and what forgetfulness of self are there evinced. Surely if this is the language of an enthusiast, the qualities of enthusiasm have changed their character, and we can no longer infer what human nature was from what it is. Turn from the hours which preceded the death of Jesus, to the dying words of those who in early times were ambitious of martyrdom, or who in these times speak and act under the influence of the fever of religion, and seek the signs of safety in the ecstasies of the departing spirit, and the contrast must force the conviction on the mind, not only that Jesus was no enthusiast, but that as in all other things, so in a well-balanced and justly-proportioned intellect, he far transcends all other men.

There is no one fact more conspicuous in the annals of fanaticism, than it has always abjured the plain and practical in its teachings, out of a preference for what is abstruse, and trivial, and illusory. Fanaticism is based upon ignorance; and how can ignorance hope to acquire votaries except by an affectation of what is singular, and an avowed contempt for the every-day duties of life? Having, from the poverty of mind which always attends it, nothing substantial to offer as an allurement, it has no resource but to fabricate a claim to attention out of what is visionary; that is, out of elements which have nothing to do with the great duties and interests of life. And then, as fanaticism by its very essence has an affinity with passion, what can it ally itself with but human weakness and folly? It is therefore reduced to plant its standard in the regions of fancy, to enlist in its service the dreamer, the imbecile and the ascetic. And it has never failed to raise faults into crimes—to convert crimes into virtues—to attach importance to things indifferent in themselves—and to make the trivialities of life its great business. Barren contemplations are its food, mental ecstasies its expression, and bodily austerities the fulfilling of its law. Have we, in this description, given a picture of the teachings of Jesus—or rather, is it not in broad contrast with all that Jesus taught and did? Never was a doctrine more thoroughly imbued with a practical spirit than was that of Christ. Did he commend or discommend the prayer in the market-place, the enlargement of the phylactery, the payment of tithe on annise, mint and cummin, the disfiguring of the face, the cleansing of the exterior? The affectation of piety ever met with the severity of his rebuke. And what did he substitute in its stead? The love of God, which should lead man to be like him; and the love of man, which should regard every fellow-being as one's neighbour. On these he made the law, the prophets, and the Gospel, too, to hang. And far from restricting himself to the outward act, he evinced that the doctrine he brought from God was spirit and truth, by drawing and fixing attention on the hidden man of the heart, requiring, as a test of discipleship, not profession, nor merely obedience, but the surrender of the soul. His mission was heralded by the preaching of repentance—was carried forward in labours to regenerate the heart, and can be terminated only in that new creation which is found in 'the man of God, thoroughly furnished unto all good works.' On the simple, earnest, practical spirit which pervades the teachings of Jesus, the believer may place his hand as on the one consideration that is in itself sufficient to convince the lover of truth that Jesus was no enthusiast.

Besides, the appeal of fanaticism is of passion to passion—it is weakness working on terror—it is the glare of a fiery imagination on the ignitible fuel of a disordered fancy. The appeal of Jesus is of reason to reason—of emotion to emotion—of nature to nature. 'Go tell John what things ye have seen and heard; the blind receive their sight, and the lame walk; the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear; the dead are raised up, and the poor have the Gospel preached to them.' 'Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they that testify of me. Yea, and why even of yourselves judge ye not what is right?' 'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest to your souls.' But the citation of passages can give no adequate idea of the lofty and tranquil atmosphere in which the spirit of Jesus was sustained—the Gospels are the evidence of his mental harmony, as they are the record of his life. Let them be studied with an express reference to the question in debate by those who are desirous to know the truth; in them Jesus appears invariably as self-possessed as he is good and great;—witness the dexterity with which he avoids the snares laid by his enemies to catch him in his speech, to involve him with the populace or the authorities;—witness the composure and harmony that breathe through all his instructions, and the justness and point, and the beauty of imagery, which distinguish his incomparable parables;—witness the moral and mental dignity, visible but not displayed, in the judgment-hall. We would, however, particularly advert to what may, from its prevalence, be termed the ordinary manner of his teaching; and that the rather, because the character developes itself more truly in the general tenor than in the exigencies of life. Jesus was not a formal and systematic professor of morality, but an occasional and unambitious expounder of all the truth and beauty which he met with in the incidents that presented themselves as he went about his Father's business. Illustrations are found in almost every page of the Gospel history; for if the teaching of Jesus has one characteristic more clear and prevailing than another, it is found in the incidental manner in which it was conveyed. Let what follows serve as a specimen. The circumstances connected with the request made by the Centurion, that Jesus would heal his palsied servant, must be fresh in the recollection of every reader of the New Testament. The prayer was not only granted, but made the occasion for the delivery of an important truth, namely, the conversion of the Gentile nations and the rejection of the Jew. When Jesus heard it, 'he marvelled and said to them that followed, Verily I say unto you, I have not found so great faith, no not in Israel. And I say unto you, that many shall come from the East and the West, and shall sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven; but the children of the kingdom shall be cast out into outer darkness.' Now what was the circumstance which excited this thought in the mind of Jesus? It is so trivial in appearance that there is scarcely a doubt it often escapes the notice of the ordinary reader. It was, that the person who preferred the petition, was a Roman. This simple fact elicited a truth which is of such magnitude in its applications, as to convert Christianity from the insignificance of a Jewish sect into the grand dimensions of the religion of the world. Yet, as there was no pomp of preparation, so was there no display in the announcement;—it fell from the lips of Jesus in all the simplicity of unaffected sincerity.

By reading a little onward in the same connection, we find another instance. Jesus was teaching on the western border of the lake of Galilee. The fame of his doctrine, and the splendour of his miracles, had brought around him such multitudes as to render it desirable to pass to the other side. He announces his intention so to do—an intention in itself most unlike the ambition of fanaticism. On two of his auditors, however, it produced effects diametrically opposite. One who bore an office in the Jewish polity—a scribe, probably half convinced of the Messiahship of Jesus, but still more powerfully impelled by an ill-regulated ardor of temperament, declared his purpose of following Jesus whithersoever he went. This zeal, 'not according to knowledge,' Jesus knew would pass away as rapidly as it had sprung up, and he therefore checks its impulses by warning its possessor of the destitution in which he would involve himself if he yielded to its guidance. 'First count the cost,' he in effect says, for though 'the foxes even have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, yet the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head.' Another person, however, who is termed 'a disciple,' was as tardy as his predecessor had been precipitate. He may have felt, that by embarking with Jesus in the vessel which was to transfer them out of the concourse of men to the comparative solitude of the opposite shore, he was irretrievably committing his fate to the fortunes of this errant teacher;—yes, to the fortunes of one who had just intimated, not only that he had no earthly reward for his followers, but was himself in the extreme of destitution. His caution overcame his faith, and prompted a request, vamped up, it is not unlikely, for the occasion, that he might be allowed to go first and bury his father. The answer was, 'Let the dead bury the dead; let those who are without moral life bury those who are without animal life—but follow thou me.' A speech more fitted to rebuke than conciliate, and which a fanatic, in what was something like a crisis, when the example of even a professed disciple's retiring might have drawn on an extensive, if not a general desertion, would in no way have been likely to utter. Is this the conduct of fanaticism—this promptitude to seize on the hidden but actuating feelings of the breast—this discrimination of individual peculiarities of character—this spontaneous adaptation to unforeseen contingencies—this fearlessness of consequences in the absorbing purpose of speaking what was true in itself and prompted by the occasion? The whole implies far too much coolness and self-possession of mind to be the act of an overheated and ill-balanced imagination. The remark may be generalised. It is true of the ordinary tone of Christ's instructions. The fanatic is too full of the one idea which disorders and agitates his breast, to avail himself of the contingencies of social intercourse. Blind to minor and collateral circumstances, he rushes forward under the impulse of passion to the completion of his purpose; and so far is he from cooling the fervor of the rash, or repelling the wary for their hesitation, that he seeks to bear down every impediment in the overwhelming current of his own impetuosity.

Reference has been made to the matter and the manner of Christ's instructions—let us for a moment turn to a striking feature in his conduct. During the greater part of his public life, he carefully avoided a collision with the Jewish authorities. How frequently do we find him commanding those who had been the subjects of his miraculous agency, not to divulge the benefits they had received, nor who had conferred them. He desired no premature outbreak of popular feeling in his favour; nor would he give occasion of offence to the bigotted government of the land before the purposes of his mission made it of absolute necessity. He was content to sow the seed and wait the process of growth, ripening and reaping. With the same spirit of patience, he took such precautions, as in the circumstances appeared requisite, for the preservation of the freedom of his person, and for the continuance of his life. On hearing of the imprisonment of John, he left the scene of danger, and 'departed into Galilee,' where, at a distance from his enemies in power, he might discharge the duties of his mission. So on learning that John had been put to death, he retired to 'a desert place, apart' from the crowd, whose attendance on him was likely to excite suspicion, and involve him in difficulties before his hour had come. We also read in the 7th chapter of John that Jesus, after he had taught the populace in a manner which revolted their prejudices, 'walked in Galilee, for he would not walk in Jewry, because the Jews sought to kill him.' To our mind, this caution wears any thing but the aspect of fanaticism. The enthusiast rather courts than shuns danger. By braving opposition he aims to put it down. His is the recklessness of the enraged combatant, who rushes on the sword's point and stakes his all on a thrust. The flames of his excitement keep no measures with impediments, but destroy and melt down all that they meet in their career. Prudential considerations, even when forced on his notice, are but as tow in the fire of his passions. He is impetuosity, or nothing. He wins the victory at a blow, or sinks in the conflict. But Jesus did all that integrity could do for the prolongation of his existence to the requisite period; and so far was he from aiming to bring about a rising of the people in his favour, that on more than one occasion, and particularly on the occasion described in the sixth chapter of John, Jesus seems to have studiously given expression to such sentiments as, however true in themselves, and however beautiful when interpreted in the light of his subsequent history, were calculated to repel the contracted and grovelling minds of a Jewish crowd, and actually occasioned the retirement of 'many' even of his disciples from his company.

And how was the conduct of Jesus met by the authorities of the country? Did they disregard him, as they might safely have disregarded a fanatic? Gamaliel's advice at a subsequent period was, 'Refrain from these men, and let them alone; for if this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to nought;' and he supported his opinion by reference to the fate of two fanatics, Theudas and Judas, who had perished, and 'as many as obeyed them were scattered and brought to nought.' Similar pretensions would have met with a similar fate in the case of Jesus, if 'let alone.' And why were Theudas and Judas left by the authorities to find an end in their own insignificance, and Jesus encountered with all the subtlety and resources of the Sanhedrim? Can there be a stronger proof of the different light in which they appeared to the powers that were? The fanatic was passed over in the neglect of contempt—Jesus was watched and pursued, assailed with snares and open force, and at last mocked with a trial, and executed by virtue of a judicial sentence. In fact the Jewish government appears to have been almost from the first smitten with alarm at the doctrine and deeds of the carpenter's son, and declares to every succeeding age the apprehensions it experienced, the soundness of the mind of Jesus, and the validity of his pretensions. It is little short of the ludicrous to suppose that the fanaticism of a mere mechanic would have excited serious fears in the breasts of the rulers of the nation; rulers who united in themselves the influence of religion as well as of the state, and were besides protected by the powerful arm of the mistress of the world. Their fears are our assurance. The watchfulness of their malignity is a proof, the more powerful because undesigned and indirect, of the moral and mental power of him against whom they arrayed themselves in self-defence. And independently of their testimony, men of every age, provided they have a sense of what is genuine and great and good in character, have only to look on the intellect of Jesus to be convinced that it was too powerful and well ordered to be the residence of fanaticism. The moral elevation of Jesus is not superior to his mental grandeur. Power was as much the attribute of his mind as benignity was of his heart. And all the harmonies of which human nature in its best estate is susceptible, kept up in his breast a full but gentle action of glory to God and good will to man. It is but the negation of wrong to maintain that he was no enthusiast;—the truth is told only when the full proportioned beauty of his character is drawn in its separate and blended lineaments. He was humanity perfected. All its virtues and graces kept their court in his breast, under the overshadowing of heaven's own radiance—for 'God was with him.' *r.*

EVERY-DAY MUSIC, AGAIN.

The goodness of the Deity is manifest in his works. Let him who doubts this great and glorious truth, read Paley's beautiful chapter on this subject, in his 'Natural Theology;' or, if he dislikes reading, and prefers the evidence that appeals to his senses—to that which, in order to be duly appreciated, requires the exercise of his mind, let him wander into the fields, where he will find, without any intellectual labour in the search,

> ———'tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and *good in every thing.*'
> *As You Like It*, act ii. sc. 1.

The incurious observer will not, indeed, see so much of this *good* as the inquisitive philosopher; but even to the dullest and most ignorant peasant it will be sufficiently apparent, since the Divine Beneficence has made all nature

> 'Beauty to the eye and *music* to the ear.'

This music is delightful indeed, associated as it is with the most pleasing objects, harmonising with them so well, and being of so artless and unstudied a kind. It is, moreover, characterized by a pleasing universality—it is heard at all times and in all places, in every season, and in every clime, with an infinite variety of sounds that never wearies us by monotony of tone or length of duration. This 'every-day music' of nature, though met with in every quarter and at every hour, is every-day enchanting, either from its coming upon us unexpectedly, or from its being accompanied with circumstances of novelty, or from its transient nature, or from the agreeable scenes in which it occurs, or from the ideas of utility and happiness we connect with it, or from some other charm which it possesses peculiar to itself. It is often, too, of a refreshing character, and exercises a healthy influence on our frames; so that the pleasure we derive from it is partly *physical.*

One description of music of this kind, to which the last observation will justly apply, is the *music of the wind.* It is refreshing as well as harmonious—it fans the sultry cheek, and it braces the relaxed nerves. It purifies the air which we inhale, and it exhilarates the spirits by ministering to the health of the body. We drink in new life from the gales of spring and the breezes of summer: and how sweetly they whisper through the leafy woods—how melodiously they murmur along the flowery banks and the rippling waves of rural streams! It is delightful to hear them playing among the long grass of green meadows, or the bending ranks of yellow corn-fields: but still more pleasing is the sound they call forth from the hollow reeds and rustling ferns of the uncultivated moor. The bracken, and the moss, and the wiry bilberry, and all the creeping shrubs that grow upon the wild heath, when lifted up by the swelling breeze, send forth such a 'concord of sweet sounds,' that the desert seems to have its harp of thousand strings—the true Æolian—capable of the most mellifluous music, when touched by the minstrel wind. The roar of the blast amidst dark forests, ivyed ruins or lonely caves, like the pealing organ through cloistered aisles, is awfully sublime: and, when accompanied by the cloudy tempest, it is mingled with the roll of thunder, the voice of the storm must be allowed to exceed all other sounds in grandeur and effect. What hallelujah chorus from the pillared cathedral is half so impressive?

> ————————'His praise
> The thunder rolls: be hush'd the prostrate world,
> While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.'
> *Thomson's Hymn on the Seasons*, l. 69–71.

The *music of waters* is as melodious as that of winds, and it is almost equally refreshing: the coolness it imparts to the air is noticed in these most exquisite lines, descriptive of a cascade—

> ''Twas sweet of yore to see it play,
> And chase the sultriness of day;
> As, springing high, the silver dew
> In whirls fantastically flew;

> And *flung luxurious coolness round*
> *The air*, and verdure o'er the ground.'
> *Lord Byron's Giaour*, l. 299–304.

The same grateful effect on the atmosphere is produced by waters flowing in their natural course, which must have been felt by every one who has wandered on the verdant margin of a river;—and who has not been charmed by their liquid sweetness? In every field we listen with pleasure to the tinkling rill, the bubbling brook, and the rippling stream, which

> ——————' warble as [*they*] flow
> Melodious murmurs.'—*Milton's Paradise Lost*, bk. v. l. 195–6.

The chime of water-falls heard far off amongst the hills, and the rush of torrents from the mountains, when 'the floods clap their hands,' afford a still higher gratification, which is exalted into sublime enjoyment by the dash of ocean roaring on the wave-beaten shore, or reverberated from its rocky caverns. There is music even in the fall of showers, increased, no doubt, by the pleasing associations connected with them: soft to the ear is the pattering rain, nor is their any discord in the rattling hail or the driving sleet.

The *music of birds* is delightful to all, and charms at all hours. Day has scarcely dawned when 'the cock's shrill clarion' sounds its welcome, and the swallow is heard 'twittering from the straw-built shed;' and no sooner is the sun risen, than the lark, ascending 'to heaven's gate,' salutes the morn, and pours forth its tuneful orisons. At noon every grove is full of harmony, the whole choir of feathered songsters making the woods re-echo with their rival notes—now falling, now rising, and at length gradually dying away: when the rest are silent, the solitary cuckoo continues her unvaried song, and the plaintive wood-pigeon murmurs her mournful lay.

> 'When first the soul of love is sent abroad,
> Warm through the vital air, and on the heart
> Harmonious seizes, the gay troops begin
> In gallant thought to plume the painted wing,
> And try again the long-forgotten strain;
> At first faint warbled: but no sooner grows
> The soft infusion prevalent, and wide,
> Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows
> In music unconfined. Up springs the lark,
> Shrill-voiced, and loud, the messenger of morn:
> Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings
> Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts
> Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copse
> Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and bush
> Bending with dewy moisture o'er the heads
> Of the coy choristers that lodge within,
> Are prodigal of harmony. The thrush
> And wood-lark, o'er the kind contending throng
> Superior heard, run through the sweetest length
> Of notes; when listening Philomela deigns
> To let them joy, and purposes, in thought
> Elate, to make her night excel their day.
> The blackbird whistles from the thorny brake;
> The mellow bullfinch answers from the grove:

Nor are the linnets o'er the flowering furze
Pour'd out profusely silent. Join'd to these
Innumerous songsters, in the freshening shade
Of new-sprung leaves, their modulations mix
Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,
And each harsh pipe discordant heard alone,
Aid the full concert; while the stock-dove breathes
A melancholy murmur through the whole.'
Thomson's Seasons, Spring, l. 578–610.

When twilight approaches, 'the crow makes wing to the rooky wood,' uttering his regret in monotonous tone for the day's decline, and when evening has drawn o'er all things 'her gradual dusky veil,'

————'the weak-eyed bat
With short shrill shriek flies by on leathern wing.'
Collins's Ode to Evening, stanza 3.

'The moping owl' from 'her ivy-mantled tower,' flits forth, unfolding her ample pinions, or sitting solitary on some lone turret's height, 'wails long her boding dirge'—

'Solaque culminibus ferali carmine bubo
Sæpe queri, et longas in fletum ducere voces;'
Virgil's Æneid, bk. iv. v. 462, 3.

And the nightingale, hid under the shady covert of some umbrageous tree,

'Tunes sweetest his love-labour'd song.'—*Milton's Paradise Lost*, bk. v. l. 41.

The *songs of insects* may be classed with those of birds—an inferior kind of music, indeed; yet always pleasing when heard in the fields. Amongst these may be enumerated the chirp of the grasshopper, the horn of the beetle, and the hum of the bee. The latter is represented by the poets as exercising so soothing an influence on the mind as to incline us to sleep—

'Sæpe levi somnum suadebit inire susurro.'—*Virgil's Eclog.* i. 6.

an influence which, in his *Il Penseroso*, Milton thus beautifully describes:—

'While the bee with honied thigh
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring
With such concert as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep.'

The *voices of different animals* must be mentioned as a part of the 'every-day music' of nature—such as the bleating of sheep, and the lowing of herds—'the cattle upon a thousand hills:' to which may be added the sounds of rural sports and rural labours, as sweetly described in these verses:—

————'the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumb'ring morn,
From the side of some hoar hill
Through the high wood echoing shrill:

While the ploughman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe
And the mower whets his scythe.'
Milton's L'Allegro.

Amongst these tuneful sounds may be mentioned, also, the sweet tinkling of sheep-bells from the lofty mountains or the deep-sunk glens, and the melody of those of the village church, which Cowper has celebrated in harmonious verse:

'How soft the music of those village bells,
Falling at intervals upon the ear
In cadence sweet, now dying all away,
Now pealing loud again, and louder still,
Clear and sonorous as the gale comes on!'
The Task, bk. vi. l. 6–10.

I shall close this short and imperfect paper with another extract from this last delightful poet—who may, more than all others, except Thomson, be justly called the poet of nature—descriptive of the various sounds heard in the country, and the pleasing effect of them upon the mind. Hoping that this brief account of the 'every-day music,' which breathes in the winds, murmurs in the waters, and warbles in the groves, will be regarded by others, as it is by the writer, a striking proof of the benevolence of the Deity, who has not only adapted every element to our wants, but also made it minister to our enjoyment.

'Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds,
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
The tone of languid Nature. Mighty winds,
That sweep the skirt of some far-spreading wood
Of ancient growth, make music not unlike
The dash of Ocean on his winding shore,
And lull the spirit while they fill the mind;
Unnumber'd branches waving in the blast,
And all their leaves fast fluttering, all at once.
Nor less composure waits upon the roar
Of distant floods, or on the softer voice
Of neighbouring fountain, or of rills that slip
Through the cleft rock, and, chiming as they fall
Upon loose pebbles, lose themselves at length
In matted grass, that with a livelier green
Betrays the secret of their silent course.
Nature inanimate employs sweet sounds,
But animated nature sweeter still,
To soothe and satisfy the human ear.
Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one
The livelong night: nor these alone, whose notes
Nice-finger'd Art must emulate in vain,
But cawing rooks, and kites that swim sublime
In still repeated circles, screaming loud,
The jay, the pie, and e'en the boding owl,
That hails the rising moon, have charms for me.
Sounds inharmonious in themselves and harsh,
Yet heard in scenes where peace for ever reigns,
And only there, please highly for their sake.'
The Task, bk. i. p. 8–9.

S.

ON THE DOCTRINE OF THE ATONEMENT.

Before salvation is offered to a world, there must be some cause or precedent necessity for its being offered at all. I acknowledge that cause to be that 'all have sinned and come short of the glory of God'—that 'all, like sheep, have gone astray'—that 'there is none righteous, no, not one.' This truth needs no scriptural or logical proof. It is a fact that has been admitted and deplored in all ages and by all nations. The testimony of God and the conscience of man alike own and proclaim it. Who has no faults to deplore, and no thoughts to conceal? Man being thus constituted, weak, and liable to err, and represented in Scripture as in a lost and fallen state, a revelation from God contains terms of reconciliation—repentance, faith, and good works. It shows to us 'a mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus.' How this mediation is effected is mysterious! How the death of Christ is 'a propitiation for sin,' is mysterious! But the fact is declared frequently and emphatically. With the method of the fact we have nothing to do. It is unrevealed, and above our comprehension. We believe in a God, but who can explain to us his nature or the mode of his existence? 'Canst thou by searching find out God? Canst thou find out the Almighty to perfection?' If the death of Christ be not, in some way or other, an atonement for sin, what is the meaning of hundreds of passages in the Old and New Testament, which speak of that event as 'a sin-offering' and a 'sacrifice?' Why is the term 'Lamb' ascribed to him, but to show more clearly his relation to mankind as their 'Saviour,' and as 'bearing their sins in his own body on the tree?' Above all, what grand purpose did that death accomplish? and why is it spoken of in such language as the above? for the existence of a future state was the hope of most and the confident faith of many, however imperfect the ideas they entertained of it, long before Christ appeared on earth. There is an evident connexion between the sacrifices under the Mosaic dispensation and the death of Christ, both operating as an atonement for sin; and his death being frequntly alluded to as that of a 'lamb,' and Christians being said to be 'redeemed with the precious blood of Christ Jesus, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot,' marks the connexion between Judaism and Christianity more strongly, and shows clearly that the former was but 'a type and shadow of things to come.'

It is a frequent and gross mistake with many pious people to represent the death of Christ as in itself, and without reference to the repentance of the sinner, 'blotting out all his iniquities.'

But the Scriptures hold a different doctrine, and declare that 'without holiness no man can see the Lord.' That the sacrifices mentioned in the Old Testament were unavailing, unless accompanied with purity of heart and life, is abundantly evident. In the very first act of sacrificial homage therein noticed, the reason assigned for the rejection of Cain's offering establishes my position:—'And Jehovah said unto Cain, If thou doest well shalt thou not be accepted?' And when Judaism had degenerated into a merely formal and ceremonial worship, relying on the efficacy of sacrifice alone to obtain a remission of sin, how frequently and emphatically are the Jews warned of their danger by the voice of the prophets, particularly Isaiah and Micah.

By others, repentance alone is maintained to be the ground of pardon and acceptance. But we see daily that repentance cannot of itself, even in this world, free us from the consequences of moral guilt. It cannot heal the frame that is diseased by indulgence in sensual pleasures, nor restore the fortune that has been squandered in dissipation and extravagance. And, as to spiritual maladies, St. Paul expressly declares, that 'without shedding of blood there is no remission.'

Thus, it appears, that by a mysterious union, sacrifice and repentance conjoined are mainly instrumental in the great work of our salvation. Thus (to quote from Butler's immortal *Analogy*) 'the doctrine of the Gospel appears to be not only that Christ taught the efficacy of repentance, but rendered it of the efficacy which it is by what he did and suffered for us; that he obtained for us the benefit of having our repentance accepted to eternal life. How, and in what particular way, it had this efficacy, there are not wanting persons who have endeavoured to explain; but I do not find that the Scriptures have explained it. It is our wisdom thankfully to accept the benefit, without disputing how it was procured.'

A LAYMAN.

THE MORALITY OF THE HORSE GUARDS.

My readers require not to be informed that several persons have lost their lives by soldiers wearing their side-arms. The matter has been discussed in the House of Commons, and as a consequence there has come a 'General Order' from the Commander-in-Chief, on which I shall offer a few remarks, as it contains matter for the illustration of the morality of army discipline.

I premise that I am an enemy to war, and consequently to the warlike spirit. War is the greatest practical blunder that man ever committed, and, but for kingcraft and priestcraft, it would not have required thousands of years to give the race a glimpse—for, as yet, they have nothing more—of the universality of its evil. Nor would a respondent find great favour in my eyes by pleading on behalf of defensive war. I should like to have the war pointed out to me that was not in some sense represented, if not regarded, as defensive, by those who undertook it. I will not allow a general exception to my hostility to war. I do not say that defence is wrong; but I will have each case judged on its own merits.

Reader, you think this is extravagant. Well, then, throw aside the book. I have given you fair notice. I would not cheat a mind even into the possession of truth. If you deny my premises, my conclusions cannot be acceptable to you. But if you have half an idea that I may not be altogether wrong, let us keep company a little while longer.

Well—the readiest way, common sense would say, to remedy an evil is to remove the cause. Soldiers use their bayonets in broils—take their bayonets away. No; this may be good, but it is not orthodox sense. Do I deny that Lord Hill can reason accurately? Certainly not. But we are not on common ground—therefore our conclusions differ. He has reasons I do not recognize. He would maintain the military spirit which I abominate, and because of his attachment to the military spirit he will not go to the root of the evil. 'Continue'—he, in effect, says—'to wear your arms; for if you ever part with them, you run a risk of sinking the soldier in the citizen; you will forget your trade; you may even, when "lawfully called out," be destitute, by chance, of the means of enforcing tithe at the bayonet's point; at all events, you would cease to inspire fear in old and young, were you divested of your instruments of blood. Wear them, therefore, lest "un-English" fashions should get afloat, and the arguments of reason gradually prevail over the appeals of force.'

Something like these are the reasons that have prevented the Commander-in-Chief from deferring to the strongly-expressed wish of many of the representatives of the people. He does in reality assign a reason—'they wear their side-arms as an honourable distinction of the profession to which they belong.' What a confusion of ideas have we here. War a 'profession!' Every one knows medicine is a profession—divinity is a profession. So also, affirms the authority, is war. Therefore, says the popular conclusion, divinity and war are kindred pursuits. And thus are mankind practised on by those whose interests and prejudices, deluding themselves, prompt to the perhaps unconscious delusion of others. What a power is that of language, when only by one word it can go far to identify in the popular feeling, the art of killing, the art of healing, and the science of sciences, whose business it is to 'save the soul alive!'

But more; these side-arms are an 'honourable distinction.' Infamy should attach to that word 'honour,' so baneful has it been to man. Good it may have occasionally wrought—but, as ordinarily understood, especially in this 'profession' of war, it has been the source of myriads of woes—woes alike to the physical and moral nature.

Side-arms are not only honourable—they are a distinction. A *distinction!* I thank his Lordship for that word. The bayonet is the soldier's distinction! This throws his 'profession' into broad relief. Look at the bayonet, my fellow-countrymen—for what is it made? A glance will tell you the work it has done, and the work it is designed to do. See it piercing the body of a fellow-being. Notice the tortures he suffers: perhaps his widowed wife is running up with shrieks, as she sees her husband fall. Turn to the orphaned children. Follow, in imagination, the soul of the butchered one into the presence of his Maker; his guilt unrepented—his passions boiling with rage. Then advert to the slaughterer—to his face, grinning with a brutal joy—converted, a moment after, into alarm, as he sees another enemy bearing down upon him, secure of victory over an exhausted foe. This one case is the case of thousands. 'A distinction!' Yes, of horror; 'an honourable distinction.' Then, if this be so, the philosopher and the philanthropist must 'hide their diminished heads;' for the love and service of man cannot be the same with the 'profession' of slaughter.

The bayonet, however, is not to be laid aside; but its use is to be restrained to *lawful* occasions. Any restriction is good. How is the abuse to be stopped? Every man reported to have drawn, or attempted to draw, his bayonet, for the purpose of using in any case of dispute, affray, or interference, is to be brought to a summary trial, and if convicted, may, in addition to the punishment awarded by the court-martial, be degraded on the public parade, by being there stript of his bayonet and bayonet-belt, which, in order to enhance his degradation, he is not to be allowed to wear, except upon duty, for one year, and his name is to be posted up in some conspicuous place in the barrack-room of the company to which he belongs, on the barrack-gate, and on the doors of the guard-room and canteen.

Degradation, indeed! What destruction of character is here implied. The man may be bad, before, but what more efficient process to divest him of all sense of shame? None but the lowest motives appealed to! Suppose these motives prove powerless; then the offender is as wanton as before in the use of his 'distinction.' Grant that they take effect; the man is cured of one evil, but is possessed by another: for he is '*degraded*' in his moral feelings; he has lost character; he is vile in the eyes of his companions, and therefore in his own; he is a posted, and therefore a reckless, scoundrel. Results like these are the natural fruits of this 'honourable profession.' Such is the morality of the Horse Guards, and such a system is supported by those who are by profession the conservators of society. 'Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!'

One word more. A part of the 'degradation' is to consist in stripping the soldier of his bayonet. What is the designed effect? To make him love his bayonet. The effect will be secured. Shame attaches to the want of it, and therefore its possession will be regarded as an 'honourable distinction.' For his purposes the Commander-in-Chief has adopted effectual means. But can his purposes be approved by the Christian moralist? They are directly baneful to all the great interests of man, and I deplore the efficiency of the plan adopted. Would that by some happy mistake it had been such as to make the soldier hate his bayonet; but in this case, by a fatal exception, punishment answers its end, and creates the desired attachment. I would send the schoolmaster to be drilled by Lord Hill into the philosophy of punitive discipline. He too often punishes idleness by the infliction of lessons, and thus enhances the boy's dislike of his books. Let him learn from the professors of war to take away what he wishes his scholars to desire. Hunger whets appetite. Deprive a bad boy of his books, if you would have him regard them as an 'honourable distinction.'

Πολυπραγμων.

HEMANS' SCENES AND HYMNS.

Scenes and Hymns of Life, with other Religious Poems. By Felicia Hemans.
Blackwood, Edinburgh; and Cadell, London.

The sphere of religious poetry has of late years been considerably enlarged. No longer restricting themselves to the formal expression and development of the great and vital principles of our faith, or the simple enforcement of moral truths, our sacred poets have enlisted in their cause the charms of figurative diction and varied illustration. Contemplating Nature in all her aspects—mild and gentle, as well as stern and terrible—and gleaning thence appropriate notions of the goodness, power, and 'terror of the Lord;' searching into the hearts and homes of men, and tracing to their hidden springs those thoughts and feelings which give form and individuality to the human character, they have multiplied the themes of religious poetry. The learned Dr. Johnson has expressed an opinion on sacred poetry which has perhaps deterred many from employing their talents in its cultivation. With his peculiar force of language, he argues that the paucity of the topics necessitates perpetual repetition, while the sanctity of the matter rejects the aid of ornament; hence he infers that all religious poetry must be unsatisfactory. The reasoning is conclusive, if we concede the premises; since, without variety, poetry must of necessity become tedious—without embellishment, heavy and unattractive. But we know not that there is any scantiness in the subject-matter of religious poetry. The most important truths of religion may, perhaps, be embodied in a few brief axioms: yet this implies no paucity of matter: for the same can be said of almost all subjects based upon abstract propositions, the main doctrines of which may, by a process of generalization, be comprehended in one or two short aphorisms. On this ground, therefore, we see no obstacle, *à priori*, to the success of religious poetry. The general truths of religion, in their pure and abstract form, are, it is true, matter for inquiry and studious contemplation; but, in their varied and important relations to all other branches of knowledge—in their intimate connexion with the affairs of human life—in the diversified aspects in which they present themselves, and the numberless modes in which they admit of illustration—they afford the poet a rich store of materials.

In the simple expression of these religious truths, figurative language seems, not only superfluous, but injurious. The great principles of religion—majestic in their simplicity—derive no force from artificial aids. But, when we wish to exemplify and illustrate—to follow abstract principles to their practical effects—to examine the phenomena of mind as manifested in the changing scenes of life, and point out and characterize the several emotions and feelings, we may legitimately make use of the ornaments of a figurative and poetical diction. Religion is no longer to be treated as an abstract and theoretical science. The veil of mysterious sanctity has been removed with which a mistaken zeal enveloped it. We are henceforth to view it as exerting a powerful and unceasing influence on the actual occurrences of daily life, as our constant guardian and unerring guide. And here how wide and fertile is the field which is presented to the poet's eye.

Of those who have contributed to the extension and improvement of religious poetry, Mrs. Hemans—now, alas! no more—ranks among the foremost. A desire to extend its sphere she avows to be her object, in the little volume now before us, and we think her efforts have been signally successful. Her endeavour has not been vain to associate with the themes of religious poetry, 'more of the emotions and affections, and even the pure imaginative enjoyments of daily life, than had hitherto been admitted within its hallowed circle.'

Faith—constant and enduring, through sorrow and persecution; Hope, surviving in its brightness the ruin of all worldly things; and Love—deep, unutterable Love—unchanged amid the wreck of what it held most dear—these are the scenes which the poetess, having had experience of them in her own destiny, takes a mournful pleasure in tracing, employing a pencil no less delicate than true.

We recognize, in every page, that pious and affectionate spirit—that pure and elevated tone of moral and devotional feeling, and that keen and accurate perception of poetical beauty, which generally characterize the writings of this gifted lost one.

'The English Martyrs' represents two youthful beings about to be immolated at the altar of a blind superstition. As the hour of his doom approaches, 'Herbert' thus dwells on the joys and endearments of his earthly existence:—

————————' And yet, alas!
Edith—what dreams of holy happiness,
Even for this world, were ours—the low sweet home,
The pastoral dwelling, with its ivied porch
And lattice, gleaming through the leaves—and thou
My life's companion!—Thou beside my hearth
Sitting, with thy meek eyes—or greeting me
Back from brief absence with thy bounding step,
In the green meadow path—or by my side
Kneeling, thy calm uplifted face to mine,
In the sweet hush of prayer! and now—oh now—
How have we loved—how fervently—how long—
And this to be the close.'—pp. 11-12.

The sentiments, though perhaps somewhat strained, are, upon the whole, just and happily expressed. We approve of these little dramatic sketches, which are made subservient to the inculcation of moral principles, while the interest of the reader is excited and sustained by narratives skilfully interwoven. We must confess, however, that we like Mrs. Hemans better in rhyme than in blank verse. Her compositions of the former kind are, indeed, free from many of the objections commonly urged against that species of poetry. There is nothing artificial in the structure of the versification; and, the pieces being mostly short, the ear is not pained by the continued recurrence of similar sounds at stated intervals.

We extract the following as a specimen; it is the commencement of the prayer in the 'Prisoner's Evening Service:'—

'We see no more in thy pure skies,
How soft, O God, the sunset dies;
How every coloured hill and wood
Seems melting in the golden flood:
Yet by the precious memories won,
From bright hours now for ever gone.
Father, o'er all thy works we know,
Thou still art shedding beauty's glow;
Still touching every cloud and tree
With glory eloquent of thee:
Still feeding all thy flow'rs with light,
Though man hath barr'd it from our sight.
We know thou reign'st, the unchanging one, th' all just,
And bless thee still with free and boundless trust.—p. 114.

In the same spirit of tenderness and piety is the 'Prayer' in the 'Traveller's Evening Song,' of which we subjoin a stanza.

'In his distant cradle nest,
Now my babe is laid to rest;
Beautiful his slumber seems,
With a glow of heavenly dreams:
Beautiful, o'er that bright sleep,
Hang soft eyes of fondness deep;
Where his mother bends to pray,
For the loved and far away.
Father, guard that household bower,
Hear that prayer;
Back through thine all-guiding power,
Lead me there!'—p. 59.

The 'Burial of an Emigrant's Child,' is, we think, a successful effort. The scene is laid in the depths of an American forest, and the imagery is appropriate and well conceived. The structure of the blank verse, too, possesses more variety in its pauses and cadences than is to be found in many of the other pieces. There is, moreover, in the character of this little poem a warm-hearted devotedness and pious resignation which will render it an universal favourite. The opening is touchingly beautiful:—

Agnes—'Surely, 'tis all a dream—a fever dream,
The desolation and the agony,
The strange red sunrise and the gloomy woods,
So terrible with their dark giant boughs,
And the broad lonely river!—all a dream.
And my boy's voice will wake me with its clear,
Wild singing tones, as they were wont to come
Through the wreathed sweet brier at my lattice panes,
In happy, happy, England. Speak to me!—
Speak to thy mother, bright one—she hath watch'd
All the dread night beside thee—till her brain
Is darkened by swift waves of fantasies,
And her soul faint with longing for thy voice.
Oh, I must wake him with one gentle kiss
On his fair brow.————
(Shudderingly) The strange, damp, thrilling touch,
The marble chill—now—now it rushes back;
Now I know all—dead—dead—a fearful word—
My boy hath left me in the wilderness,
To journey on without the blessed light
Of his deep loving eyes—he's gone!—he's gone!—p. 63.

In Mrs. Hemans' poetry there is no little originality; yet, here and there we recognize a borrowed thought or expression, which, though rarely made use of in its pristine form, is moulded and adapted in the hands of the poetess—made the groundwork of a fresh idea, or appears in new colours, and with a superadded grace.

In the poem to which we have just adverted, the following animated lines—

————————' *Where'er*
Thy warm heart beats in its true nobleness,
There is my country.—p. 66.

must, we think, suggest to every mind the noble declaration of the independent Roman, who, sacrificing his patriotism to his love of freedom, could exclaim—

'Ubi libertas—ibi patria.'

In the 'Prayer in the Wilderness,' commencing thus—

> 'In the deep wilderness unseen she prayed,
> The daughter of Jerusalem—alone
> With all the still small whispers of the night,
> And with the searching glances of the stars,
> And with her God alone—she lifted up
> Her sweet sad voice, and *trembling o'er her head,*
> *The dark leaves thrilled with prayer.*'—p. 103.

the exquisitely poetical idea in the last line seems evidently borrowed from Byron—

> 'And even the *forest leaves seem stirred with pray'r.*'—Don Juan.

It were a tasteless criticism which would censure liberties like these, the legitimate and judicious use of which, always allowable, constitutes, in many cases, an ornament in poetry. It may serve to gratify a literary curiosity to trace such resemblances; but we may push the practice to too great an extent; and in the vast body of literature which we possess, so numerous are the similarities which could be adduced in the ideas and expressions of different authors, as almost to justify the hasty exclamation of the simple-minded aspirant for fame, who, finding all his bright things anticipated by previous writers, gave vent to the ejaculation—

> 'Pereant qui ante nos nostra dixerunt.'

The language of Mrs. Hemans is, in general, rich and poetical. There is, however, sometimes an exuberance of diction—a profuseness of epithet, and a proneness to the use of words arbitrarily compounded. Johnson severely censured Gray for the practice of giving to adjectives derived from substantives the termination of participles. He was surprised (*horrescimus referentes*) to find 'in a scholar like Gray,' the expression 'honied spring.' But we do not mean to entrench ourselves under the authority of this 'most unpoetical of critics,' as he has been termed by an ingenious writer. The poetical taste of Johnson—formed upon the school of Dryden, where refinement was sacrificed to vigour—passion to reason; and that of Pope, in which all the graces of a polished style, combined in the expression of moral precepts with pointed antithesis and 'epigrammatic terseness'—was, perhaps, the less calculated to relish the loftier beauties of sentiment and imagination. Nevertheless, we view with regret the licence assumed by many of our modern poets in the invention and arbitrary combination of words. It is a liberty which should be used with a sparing hand, and never without the greatest caution.

We are sorry to observe in a book which, in other respects, we should wish to see universally circulated, one or two passages dependent upon, or at least referring to, controverted points of religious doctrine. We are not about to enter the field of theological polemics, nor do we mean to censure or condemn any of the doctrines to which we have alluded. But we do say, that a work so eminently adapted, by the general purity of its morals, and the pious and affectionate spirit which pervades its pages, for reception into the homes of men, would secure a wider sphere of usefulness by carefully abstaining from every possibility of giving offence through the causes to which we have adverted. We may be thought too scrupulous, but let us not be misunderstood. We would fain see this book the companion of the domestic circle—we think much good would arise from its extensive perusal—and for this reason we would sedulously exclude all that could tend to circumscribe its influence.

We shall, by way of conclusion, subjoin the following description of the 'Penitent anointing the feet of Jesus,' which will serve as a specimen of a series of sketches, under the denomination of 'Scripture Characters.'

'There was a mournfulness in angel eyes
That saw thee, woman!—bright in this world's train,
Moving to pleasure's airy melodies,
Thyself the idol of the enchanted strain;
But from thy beauty's garlands, brief and vain,
When, one by one, the rose-leaves had been torn;
When thy heart's core had quivered to the pain,
Through every life-nerve sent by arrowy scorn:
When thou didst kneel to pour sweet odours forth,
On the Redeemer's feet with many a sigh;
And showering tear-drops of yet richer worth,
Than all the costly balms of Araby;—
Then was there joy—a song of joy in heaven,
For thee—the child won back—the penitent forgiv'n!

H. H.

MUTUAL TOLERANCE.

On Mutual Tolerance, and on the Ultimate Test of Truth, occasioned by a recent Publication, entitled, 'A Beacon to the Society of Friends,' by the Author of 'Remarks on Catholic Emancipation,' &c. London, Whittaker; and Lancaster, Hudson. 1835. pp. 66.

We had occasion, in the number for May, to animadvert with some severity upon the 'Beacon,' a work recently put forth by one of the Society of Friends, as containing sentiments subversive of those principles of religious freedom which we consider to lie at the foundation of vital religion, and, though that is a matter of less moment, in direct opposition to the teachings of Penn and others, to whom that community of our fellow-Christians are accustomed to defer. We could not refrain from the expression of a fear, that the Friends were receding from their primitive simplicity, to take the van in the march of bigotry. But we are bound in justice to state, that the sentiments promulgated by Isaac Crewdson in the 'Beacon,' have not the universal concurrence of the members of his religious community. Whether the protest that has been put forth will avail to stop the career of intolerance, or whether the protesting party constitutes a considerable portion of the whole body, we cannot undertake to say; but heartily do we rejoice, for the sake of the righteous cause, that some one is found to come forward and vindicate himself and his friends from the fearful imputation that has been sought to be fixed upon them.

The name of the pamphlet to which we allude will be found at the head of this notice. The writer of it is Benjamin Dockray, of Lancaster, the avowed author of 'Remarks on Catholic Emancipation.' It contains a temperate and well-reasoned defence of the right of individual inquiry and individual opinion on religious matters; and the principles are fearlessly carried out to their utmost and legitimate extent. In opposition to the 'Beacon,' which asserts that the only true source of the knowledge of God, and of his salvation, is the Scriptures—a proposition which, of course, involves infallibility of interpretation—the author of 'Mutual Tolerance' contends that the New Testament cannot be designated a rule of faith, since 'men may differ respecting its meaning, and one may allege it rules this, while the other alleges it rules the contrary.'—p. 23. In such an emergency, they are left 'to their internal conviction: assisted, as we believe, by the Holy Spirit, to the extent that pleases HIM. Are they honest in this conviction, which is their last resource? If they are, they have done what they could.'—p. 23–24. This is truly liberal, and amounts to the doctrine which we shall always maintain in our pages, as the doctrine upon which the elevation, intellectual and spiritual, of our species depends, that our honest and dispassionate convictions constitute our sole obligation in disputed cases.

Benjamin Dockray well exposes the futility of the argument, that if we do not assign a standard of opinion, we open a door for the admission of errors without number. Our liability to error he shows 'is part of our condition, as probationary creatures, and we must deal with man as he is.' From this liability arise many duties, and no inconsiderable part of our intellectual and moral discipline: just as from other disadvantages we are under, doubtless for beneficent purposes, other duties arise and other modes of instructive discipline.

> 'The principal exercise of the highest of Christian virtues, Charity, is to be found in bearing with each other in our providentially-appointed liability to error, and in assisting each other in several difficulties which thence arise.'—p. 22–23.

The hollowness of any profession that is not founded upon individual persuasion, is shown in the following passage:—

> 'Men are required by their opponents to believe that on the authority of Scripture, the contrary of which they believe on the same

authority. They are required to believe that which, relying on the Scripture, they are convinced is not true!'—p. 23.

Again: the persecuting spirit in which 'Isaac Crewdson' speaks of the followers of Elias Hicks, meets with the following just rebuke: it also points out the proper limits of ecclesiastical interference:—

> 'But supposing that a religious society, in consequence of circumstances, is under a necessity of expressing its judgment on the religious sentiments of a part of its members, to what extent is it entitled to proceed? I contend that it ought to assume no more than would be implied in saying, those sentiments are not the sentiments of the society—are not consistent with that view of Christian truth, which, as we prefer, we deem it our duty to profess; and they are sentiments which, in our estimation, are of an injurious tendency. This disclaimer, which the Society of Friends has made, in regard to the parties in America who have dissented from us, amounts to this and no more. They are no longer members of our religious community—that is to say, they are in the same relation to us that other persons are who never have been—except that, in regard to them, it is peculiarly our duty to cherish the hope of their restoration. But I cannot consider that such is the treatment which they have received from all who have assailed them.'—p. 26.

It becomes the Quakers the least of any section of the Christian community, to assume the prerogative of fixing definitively the sense of Scripture. With perhaps a single exception, they deviate most widely, and in the greatest number of instances, from the prevailing modes of belief; and the only justification they can plead is, their conviction that they act up to the spirit of the Gospel. Is it seemly in them, when they have attained a respectable eminence among theological investigators, to cast away the ladder by means of which they have reached it, and to demand at the hands of their neighbours implicit deference to their peculiar views, under the penalty of being denounced as heretics or infidels? Such conduct may subserve the purposes of a sect—it may concentrate the failing energies of a party; but it will never conciliate dissidents, nor bring over the disinterested seeker for truth.

In conclusion, we beg to express the ardent hope, that this tract, 'On Mutual Tolerance,' may be extensively circulated among the Friends, to whom it is primarily addressed, and indeed among all classes; for the principles it developes are of universal and lasting importance: and we also fervently pray, that a love of truth among men may speedily drive out the all-inordinate dread of infidelity, and that sympathy with those who are joined in the search, may take place of that virulence of assertion, and impugning of motives, which are, unfortunately, the chief weapons with which religious disputants love to contend.

G. L.

ON THE DISTINCTION BETWEEN PUBLIC AND PRIVATE ENDOWMENTS.

To the Editor of the Christian Teacher.

Sir,—When a man has been betrayed into a false view of an important principle, it is his duty, as soon as he perceives his error, to point it out, and to acknowledge it unreservedly. Aware, myself, of having fallen into an error on a subject of considerable practical importance, you will perhaps allow me room in your pages to perform the duty which the discovery of it imposes; and this I will do as briefly as possible—the tranquillity which I have enjoyed during the last nine months having enabled me to reflect on the question with greater collectedness, and to separate the different points of it more clearly from each other, than was practicable during the agitations and excitements of the preceding period.

In a letter addressed to the *Manchester Times*, in the month of September last, on the subject of tithes, I have made two statements, which I now perceive to be inconsistent with each other. I have stated, first, that tithes constitute a national property; and, secondly, that if, in each separate parish, the appropriation of them were left in the hands of the parishioners themselves, they would assume the character and fall under the conditions of a private endowment—in regard to which the only question for conscience would be, whether it could accept the terms with which the enjoyment of such endowment was connected. Both of these propositions cannot, however, be true. Either tithes are the property of the church—a certain proportion of the produce of a particular district, attached from time immemorial, and belonging of right to a certain institution existing within its precincts; or they are the property of the nation, which merely concedes the usufruct of them to the church. If the former view be correct, then tithes, or any equivalent fund into which they may be commuted, stand on the same footing with private endowments, the legislature (according to the views usually entertained on the subject of property devised for particular uses) having no further power to interfere, than simply to see that the conditions under which the property is enjoyed are faithfully executed. In this case, supposing the church to be completely separated from the state, and to have ceased to be in any sense a political institution, and supposing the people, for whose benefit the appropriation was made, to have an immediate controul over its disposal—the property, consisting in tithes, would, I apprehend, be constituted in the same way with Lady Hewley's foundations, or any other endowments attached to Dissenting churches and institutions, the conditions coupled with it being all that conscience was interested in: and the question, in fact, would then resolve itself into a simple election between the respective advantages of the endowed and voluntary principles, as a means of outwardly supporting religion.

If, on the other hand, tithes be national property—then, as no fresh distribution of them for religious purposes, let the principle of their application be as Catholic and popular as possible (to embrace every variety of religious belief, and to exclude all restriction and favouritism would be obviously impracticable) as no fresh distribution of them could take place, except through an organic act of the legislature—the final constitution of their application in each particular parish must involve a confusion of the perfectly distinct provinces of religion and legislation; and he who holds (as I do) that such confusion is in itself irrational and pernicious, ought to have no participation in the benefits of any system which proceeds from it. Most distinctly, then, do I now see, and most willing am I now to acknowledge, that the two suppositions which I formerly made destroy each other. If tithes, under any circumstances, can fall under the conditions of a private endowment, they must be the property of the church; if they are not the property of the church, but of the nation, they can never assume the character of a private endowment.

That tithes do constitute a national property, I have no doubt; the simple fact of their alienation from one church to another, through a legislative process, at the time of the Reformation, having indelibly stamped on them the mark of the ownership of the nation; and, being a national property, the will of the majority of the nation for the time being must dispose of their application. The most obviously equitable mode of their adjustment—and one which society will doubtless finally adopt—would be to apply them to some purpose by which the whole of the nation could directly benefit—not, however, receding further than necessary from the spirit of their original appropriation, but consecrating them, without trenching on ground purely religious, to the moral and intellectual civilization of all classes.

Whether society is prepared for, or could at present beneficially adopt in its whole extent, so great a change in the means of providing for the religious instruction of the whole community, is another and more difficult question. The change will come—and come peacefully and beneficially—when the mass of the intelligence of society are convinced of its expediency; and to produce in them that conviction there is no other method but the circulation of knowledge and the discussion of principles. The final result may be left with confidence to the progress of opinion, the course of events, and the order of Providence.

I have wished to acknowledge in this letter an erroneous view which I formerly embraced. I wish also to state, that the same train of reflection which has led me to a clear perception of that error, has made me also feel, with increased conviction, that, whatever may be the practical difficulties attending the dissolution of old religious establishments, and however much we may be aware of the present inadequacy of the voluntary principle to meet the whole extent of the religious wants of society—still the Protestant Dissenter has no other course to follow, than to be true, in his own sphere of action and example, to the broad fundamental principle of the perfect distinctness from each other of religion and legislation; that no love of peace, no dislike of sectarianism, no wish to join with the liberal and enlightened of other sects in some more comprehensive bond of church-fellowship, no fears for the interests of learning, civilization, or refinement—ought to blind him to the paramount claims of that great principle; and that, in whatever degree he allows apprehension and distrust in relation to these subordinate and collateral considerations, which do not affect the *essence* of religion, to cause him to recede from the prominent assertion of the principle, he retards—and that, in whatever degree he adheres to it, he advances—the arrival of the day of complete religious freedom and universal religious equality.

Bonn on the Rhine, July 4, 1835. JOHN JAMES TAYLER.

HYMN FOR THE CHILDREN OF A SUNDAY SCHOOL.

'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not.'—*Mark* x. 14.

When Superstition hid the light
 Thy love had thrown on earth and sky,
How wretched, in that dismal night,
 O God! was childhood's destiny.

Abandon'd in the desert wild,
 Or at the bloody altar slain,
No parent on the infant smil'd,
 Heard its sad cry, or sooth'd its pain.

But Jesus came—and by him bless'd
 The cradled babe securely lay:
The mother snatch'd it to her breast
 From beasts, and gods more fierce than they.

The Gospel's holy light reveal'd
 How dear to Heav'n its humblest child:
God o'er it holds His guardian shield,
 Religion breathes her influence mild.

By Jesus sav'd, e'en children now
 Amidst thy ministering servants stand;
And here, O Lord, we grateful bow,
 Preserv'd by thy protecting hand.

Oh! teach our lips with trembling awe
 To praise Thy great and glorious name,
Our hearts to keep Thy sacred law,
 And save our souls from sin and shame.

The children of Thy love and grace,
 Where angels round Thy throne adore,
May we behold thy smiling face,
 And hymn Thy goodness evermore.

J. B.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

'*On the History, Habits, and Instincts of Animals, by the Rev. W. Kirby, M.A., 2 vols. 8vo.; being the seventh of the Bridgewater Treatises.*'—London, W. Pickering.

If previous numbers of the Bridgewater Series had left a doubt of the inutility of attempting to procure good books by large donations of money, without calling in the principle of competition, this work would suffice to satisfy the most incredulous. Swoln and affected in style, mystical in spirit, miscellaneous in matter, it proves nothing satisfactorily, but the incompetency of the author, and of those who devolved on him a work which ought to have been a national honour. We shall not trouble our readers with a detailed exposure of the writer's misdemeanours; one passage or two will serve as a specimen, both of the matter and the manner.

'When they (the animals) were brought into existence, the word was—"Let the waters bring forth"—"Let the earth bring forth"—from which it should seem that God did not act *immediately* in their creation, *except* by his agency on those powers that he had established as rulers in nature, and by which he ordinarily taketh hold, as it were, of the material universe. But when a being, combining the spiritual with the natural world, is to be created, *all the persons of the Godhead* unite immediately in the work, and without the intervention of any *other* agent. "Let us make man." He was therefore neither sea-born nor earth-born, as some ancient nations claimed to be, but born of God: though, as Christ moistened clay when he was about to exercise his creative power, in the reforming of an eye; so was the humid earth used in the creation of the body of man by his Maker; and when that wonderful machine, with its complex apparatus of organs, both external and internal, was finished; *when a throne and presence-chamber were prepared for the intellectual and spiritual and governing part of his nature, and that wonder-working pulp the brain, with its silver spinal chord and infinitely divaricated threads, already fitted for the mastery of every motive organ, was in a state to transmit without obstruction each flux and reflux of that subtile fluid, intermediate, as it were, between matter and spirit, which so instantaneously conveys and causes the execution of the commands of the will by every external bodily organ; when the heart was ready to beat, the lungs to play, the blood to circulate, and every other system to start for the fulfilment of the prescribed errand*—"Then the Lord God breathed into his nostrils the breath of lives, and man became a living soul."'

The merit of originality cannot however be wholly denied to Mr. Kirby, for surely none but a mind conscious of extraordinary faculties could have ventured on so transcendental a speculation as that which is involved in his grave discussion on the exact time and manner when and how the several genera of bugs, fleas and lice were created. 'Can we believe that man, in his pristine glory and beauty and dignity, could be the receptacle and the prey of these unclean and disgusting creatures? This is surely altogether incredible—I had almost said impossible. And we must either believe with Le Clerc and Bonnet, that all these worms now infesting our intestines existed in Adam before his fall, only under the form of eggs, which did not hatch till after that sad event; or that these eggs were dispersed in the air, in the water, and in various aliments, and so were ready to hatch when they met with their destined habitation; or that they were created subsequently to the fall of Adam, not immediately, or all at once, but when occasions called for such expressions of the Divine displeasure.'

One sentence by way of a special exhibition of the author's accuracy of expression;—let it be the first in his book, that we may not be thought to have gone in search of faults:—'The works of God, and the word of God, may be called *two doors* which open into the temple of truth; and as both *proceed* (doors are made, and do not *proceed*) from the same almighty and omniscient Author, they cannot, if rightly *interpreted*, (a *wooden* interpretation it would be!) *contradict*, (doors 'contradict'!) but must mutually *illustrate* and *confirm*, (doors darken, not 'illustrate'—admit, not 'confirm') though each in different sort and manner the same truths.'

The book furnishes us with the means of proposing to our readers a puzzle—to determine, that is, the way in which a dissertation on 'the Mosaical tabernacle and the Solomonian temple,' as well as on the 'mysterious subject of the Cherubim,' could be appropriately introduced into a treatise 'On the History, Habits, and Instincts of Animals.' But we have already said more than enough on this learned farrago.

'*The Life of Milton, being the first volume of his Poetical Works, edited by Sir Egerton Brydges, Bart.*—London, Macrone.

THE Life is a running commentary on Milton, his life, his writings, his biographers; in which, with much that is acute and tasteful, there are endless repetitions and the utmost complexity. Topics come, are discussed, and dismissed only to come again. Observations of the same import, sometimes almost identical in expression, are repeated with the grave simplicity of a mind utterly unconscious of its parrot-like propensities. But the capital defect of the work is the utter want of sympathy in the writer with some essentials in Milton's character. A blind man discoursing on colours would not present a greater practical blunder, than Sir Egerton Brydges, Bart., attempting to explain the conduct of Cromwell's secretary. It is indeed surprising to us that a rank Tory should have undertaken the eulogy of a stern Republican, and that a lover of ecclesiastical grandeur and opulence should think he could find admission into the sanctities of a Puritan's soul. As it is, however, there is no difficulty in comprehending that Milton's present biographer should have preferred that he had written romances of chivalry, instead of his glorious and everlasting pieces on church and state reform. We shall give a specimen or two of the writer's aptitude to appreciate the character of one who lost his sight 'overplied in liberty's defence.'

'The cause of liberty, pursued from the purest motives, if it could be separated from the constant participation of the great body, *who are actuated by a love of licentiousness and an envious desire to overturn and plunder the great and the rich*, would become such a mind as Milton's; but the large mass of the active movers of that celebrated contest (against Charles I.) was of a temper and passion utterly unfitted to the bard's holy spirit. He was blinded by his zeal in a cause in which his heart and his convictions were embarked, and he reaped the fruit of the food he sought in bitterness and sorrow: he found thorns, and brambles, and weeds without end, wherever he applied his sickle.'

'To make a man of business, requires nothing but petty and watchful observation, cold reserve and selfish craft; to catch the moment when caution in others is asleep; to raise hopes, yet promise nothing; to seem to give full information, yet to be so vague, that every thing is open to escape.'

As the type of this last description, the conservative Baronet must surely have taken one who essayed, by mystifying all parties, to remain the Prime Minister in a monarchy, than him who, to his own surprise became, and contrary to his own will remained, an honoured secretary of an honoured Commonwealth.

Whatever novelty might have been expected from the pen of Sir E. Brydges, we suppose no one expected the discovery that Milton was bloodthirsty; yet the biographer writes, in speaking of the noble politician's piece on 'The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates'—'The very title of this treatise is surely in the highest degree objectionable, and does not in these days require any refutation.' (The refutation of the *title* of a treatise! Most discriminating critic!) 'To say the truth, this is a part of Milton's character which puzzles me—and no other' (except, he should have added, 'his puritanism.') 'This *blood-thirstiness* does not agree with his sanctity, and other mental and moral qualities. In the poet, however, posterity has forgotten the *regicide.*'

Other gems of a not unlike character might be collected; for example, —'Puritanism had all its (religion's) acidity and rigidness, and all its freezing bareness.' What can a man know of religion who ascribes to it such qualities? 'Milton's imagination was not at all suited to the cold and dry hypocrisy of a Puritan.' How then became he a Puritan; or, if he became one, is a Puritan necessarily a cold, dry hypocrite? We conclude by extracting a comment on the following question of Warton's—'When the people turn legislators, what place is safe from the tumults of innovation and the insults of disobedience?' 'True,' says Brydges, 'if uncontrolled by King and Lords, as they have lately attempted to be.'

L'Auberge d'Orgon, ou Napoléon en 1814. *Editée par L. Guillemin.* Manchester, Love and Barton.

The Boy and the Birds. By Emily Taylor. With Designs by Thomas Landseer.—London, Darton and Harvey.

Uncle Oliver's Travels; Persia, vol. 1. *Historical Pictures—England. Historic Sketches—Spain and Portugal,* vol. 1.—London, Charles Knight.

This is the day of children's intellectual harvest. Could we wish to be young again, it would be to devour the *nice* books with which the press teems. There are, of course, exceptions—and we have met with very few books, from the English press, on *religious* topics, suited to interest and instruct the young—but, generally, the juvenile library abounds in works as happily executed as they were benevolently designed. One, and a chief reason is, that most of them are written by females, who, from the circumstance of their's being mainly a domestic education, can enter into the feelings of children, appreciate their likings, catch the style in which they are used to think and to talk, and in which, therefore, with a little elevation, they ought to be addressed.

A better illustration of this is not to be found than in the second of the above enumerated publications. The book is as delightful as the birds of which it treats. Each bird tells his own tale in a manner suited to his own character, and we cannot sufficiently admire the skill of the writer in seizing and presenting the exact tone correspondent to the habits and character of each bird in turn. It has been said by those of old time, that the Gods, if they used human language, would have spoken as Homer spoke, and that the Muses, under a similar supposition, would have gone to school to Plato. We are not sure that Miss Emily Taylor has not written her book in a well-stocked aviary, or—

what would be far better—lived many a summer's day in groves, and forests, and woods, and received a special mission from the bird tribe to tell the tale of their history to the young. The pictures in the book are enough to make its fortune.

'*L'Auberge d'Orgon*' is a tale of the Revolution, exhibiting the evils of war in private life. The story, founded on fact, is well conceived and well written. It is admirably fitted, by the stirring interest of its narrative, to win the scholar onward in the study of the French language, and to form his taste by the simplicity and purity of its style. It is a work which no one will begin without reading it through at the first sitting, provided the language offer no impediment. We do not know that we shall not give a translation of the story, for the benefit of those of our young readers, who unfortunately have not access to the original.

'*Uncle Oliver*' is as wise as he is good—a pleasant, chatty, child's friend, with a mind full of useful and entertaining knowledge. His description of Persia—its rivers, mountains, productions—strongly impress the reader that he has been an eye-witness of what he relates. Let other countries be treated of in a similar way.

'*Historical Pictures—England*'—is a book for the nursery, rather than the school-room. The style is clear and simple, and the facts are narrated in so easy and familiar a manner that they cannot fail of interesting the young reader, and making him familiar with many notable passages in the history of our country.

The last work in our list is written for children of a more advanced age; with a degree of success scarcely equal to that which distinguishes the rest. There are so many persons and events introduced, that they confuse rather than inform, and render the history, as a whole, very difficult for a child to remember.

We must not omit to mention, that for the last three works parents are indebted to the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.

MISCELLANIES.

MANCHESTER COLLEGE, YORK.

On Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 23rd, 24th and 25th June, was held the annual examination of this College. The weather was very unfavourable, and, no doubt, prevented many who usually attend being present; a circumstance the more to be regretted, as the Students acquitted themselves uncommonly well, and received a highly creditable report of their conduct during the whole of the session. The College Prizes for general good conduct during the session were awarded to Mr. Marmaduke Frankland, Divinity Student in his third year; Mr. Thos. Hincks, ditto in his first year, and to Mr. J. H. M'Connel, Lay Student in his first year; the Classical Prizes offered by R. Philips, Esq., President, to Mr. Hincks and Mr. W. Mountford, Divinity Student in his second year; the Mathematical Prizes by a Friend to the College, to Mr. John Kendall, Divinity Student in his third year, Mr. Russell Lant Carpenter, Ditto in his second year, and to Mr. M'Connel. To Mr. Hincks also was given the Prize left unawarded last year. The

Prize for Modern History by Mr. Kenrick, to Mr. Carpenter; the Prize by Euelpis, for the best Greek Prose Translation, to Mr. Kendall; and that for the best Oration to Mr. W. C. Perry.

The Visitor concluded with the following short Address :—

My dear young friends,—There now devolves upon me the pleasing office of closing this Examination with a short address. I assure you I never executed this part of my duty with greater pleasure, for I have never witnessed an Examination more highly satisfactory.

Paradoxical, however, as it may seem, I am constrained to acknowledge that my satisfaction has been somewhat damped by observing that the fruits of your diligence and proficiency have not been brought to such a promising state of forwardness, without such an expence of mental energy as, in several instances, to be scarcely compatible with the due retention of that bodily health and vigour so natural to youth, and so essential to success, and the enjoyment of future years. While I admire the spirit of laudable ambition which has prompted your exertions to make a creditable appearance before your friends on this occasion, I would intreat you to recollect, that the object of your pursuit of your studies here, is to prepare yourselves for usefulness hereafter; and, as if, by a premature waste of power, the engine should cease to work, or if, by overstraining the main spring, the timepiece should move irregularly, the object of the constructor will be defeated—so in the complex system of the human frame, the Great Contriver has so adjusted the bodily and mental powers, that the one cannot be neglected without injury to the other. There may be an intemperance of the mind as well as of the body; both naturally, though not both so morally, deleterious —Let me therefore advise you, my young friends, to give to each its due proportion, both of labour and relaxation: each will then assist the other, and the general enjoyment and usefulness will be secured.

I feel it necessary, also, to make another observation by way of caution, respecting the distribution of the prizes. It is obvious that these must be limited in number; there would otherwise be no room for competition. But the amount of merit may not be limited; at least may greatly exceed the ordinary proportion. This has been the case in the present instance; and, I am instructed to say, has occasioned great difficulty to those who have had the adjudication of the prizes. It is hoped that several who may find themselves overlooked will make allowance for this difficulty: and satisfy themselves with the consciousness of having deserved, and of feeling that their merits are known to and acknowledged by their Tutors; and also, as far as they were competent to judge, by those who have attended this Examination.

Permit me to congratulate you, my young friends, on the correspondence which has been proposed, and with such cordiality and good feeling been commenced, with your fellow-students in the Divinity College in Harvard University at Cambridge, New England. I have perused with great pleasure the opening address of your young American friends, and also your reply to it, which I highly approve. I hope the correspondence will be carried on with spirit and punctuality; and I trust that all the authors connected with this Institution will enable you to comply, in a creditable manner, with their proposal of an exchange of books. I, for one, shall with great pleasure, though in some cases with a melancholy pleasure, do all in my power for this purpose.

The Examination was closed as usual, with a short devotional exercise.

V. F.

MEETING OF OPERATIVE NATURALISTS.

On the Friday in Whit week, the first meeting of a Society of Operative Naturalists, living in the neighbourhood of Manchester, took place in Mr. Heywood's school-room, Miles Platting, Manchester; Jethro Tinker, of Staleybridge, (power-loom overlooker) in the chair.

The meeting commenced by the chairman expressing his very great pleasure in witnessing the call on the Naturalists of the neighbourhood so warmly responded to, and hoped that on every subject that came before the meeting, personalities would be avoided, and no statement or theory be admitted without undergoing a rigid scrutiny. The great fault into which operative naturalists fell, was taking up theories without sufficient investigation, and after they had adopted, evincing an absurd attachment to them. This might be attributed to a defective education, but he hoped that the time would shortly arrive when the operative who neglected to give his child the best possible education, would be shunned as one who denied his children bread, and the perpetuating ignorance be punished as a crime to the state.

Francis Looney, of Manchester, then stated that years ago he had attempted to originate a meeting of the kind, but without success, owing to the objections of those who were considerably advanced in some one branch of natural history; the botanist supposing that nothing but botany would interest, and the entomologist that the habits of insects only would be pleasing; but the proceedings of that day would show whether promiscuous facts, stated in simple language, would not only please in themselves, but also be highly instructive by the discussion they would give rise to. Such meetings were not intended for the teaching of natural history, but merely to bring together men of kindred minds; and though a good naturalist might not feel himself much profited in his own particular branch, yet the human mind was so constituted as to take pleasure in the advancement of the species. The specimens on the table would show that a few individuals had exerted themselves in providing an intellectual feast; for the forest, the open plain, the swamp, and the hot-house had been invaded for one department; the locust-eaten plains of North America, the green wood shade, and the banks of sparkling rivers, for another; and for a third, the bowels of the earth had been opened, and the 'medals of creation' taken therefrom, to illustrate to us the sate of the organic world ages on ages ago. He alluded to the false pride evinced by the operatives towards those placed by circumstances in what is called a superior grade; he was sorry to say that this jealous and uncalled-for disposition had prevented many eminent individuals, and some females, from attending that day; but that, knowing the prejudice, the parties who had called the meeting had bowed to it, though he hoped that in a short time this bad feeling would be worn away, and that the great family of man would be more and more united.

He then read 'An Account of some experiments made on the growth of Vegetables, deprived of access to vegetable matter, and watered with distilled water—made by Mr. Hadfield, of Cornbrook,' which gave rise to very philosophical remarks on the food of plants; and the arguments and experiments adduced from the writings of Saussure, Davy, Lindley and others, shewed to great advantage the extent of reading and aptness in quoting facts from the best authors of many of the parties present.

George Crozier, saddler, read the next paper, 'On some of the benefits which may be derived from the study of Entomology,' in which he reviewed the uses of insects as respects food, the arts, medicine, and in the economy of nature. The economy of the insects was highly interesting, especially the notice of the habits of that useful insect, the burying beetle.

The next paper was by Robert Hopwood, (Clerk,) Staley Bridge, 'On the Difference of Form in the Extremities of Man and the Quadrumanous Animals,' which was neatly shown by the comparative anatomy of the parts, illustrated by the bones and drawings. Few operatives have the means of acquiring a knowledge of anatomy; and the interest with which this paper was listened to, proves that knowledge of any kind needs only to be seen by them to be fully appreciated.

The last subject was 'A short Description of the Geological Character of the Manufacturing District,' by Francis Looney, a subject which has been less studied than perhaps any other; in which the whole of the formations included in a circle of eight miles diameter was illustrated by coloured sections, drawings of fossil plants, rock specimens, and the newly-described fossils.

SLAVERY IN AMERICA.—The influence of the noble act of justice performed by Great Britain in the emancipation of her slaves, is making itself felt throughout the world, nor least in the United States. The whole country is in a ferment; the states holding slaves are indignant at the demands for emancipation made by those who hold them not. The agitation is to be deplored, but the evil is frightful, and a price, we suppose, must be paid for the good which is desired, and which is sure to come. In 1830, the number of slaves was 2,010,436, while the population of the whole Union was 12,856,165, making one in every six slaves. This is enough to show that the problem is not so easy of solution as was that which the British Legislature solved, in giving freedom to some half million of persons placed at the other side of the globe. What has been done to prepare the slaves for freedom? In the state of Georgia, where the slaves amount to one-half of the population, the laws enjoin a heavy penalty against 'any one teaching a slave, negro, or *free person of colour,* to read or write either written or printed characters, or procuring or suffering a slave or person of colour to transact business for him in writing:' against 'any person employing a slave or free person of colour in setting up types for printing, or other labour about the office requiring a knowledge of reading or writing;' and against 'any person of colour, whether free or slave, preaching, exhorting, or joining in any religious exercise with any person of colour, free or slave, in the presence of more than seven persons of colour, neglecting to obtain a certificate or licence!!' A law has recently passed, even in Connecticut, discouraging the education of *coloured* children introduced from other states, and in the course of 1833, a lady, who had with this view established a school for such children, was prosecuted and committed to prison. Prior to the passing of this law a school for such children had been formed by Miss Crandall, of Canterbury, (Conn.) and for continuing her establishment without the licence required, she was prosecuted. On conviction, she appealed to a superior court, but before the matter was decided, her school was broken up by popular violence. From a feeling which is unknown in Europe, a coloured person, although residing in the most enlightened states, is prevented from attaining that position in society to which his natural intelligence, aided by the benefits of education, would inevitably raise him.

We have received a file of the *Boston* (*U.S.*) *Christian Register*, from which we extract the following:—

The cause of Unitarianism is spreading throughout the north-western part of New York, particularly in that rich section of country in the neighbourhood of Seneca and Cayuga Lakes. A preacher who would make a circuit, would find ample employment and many anxious hearers.

The number of slaves (blacks) who are communicants in the Unitarian church, (Charleston), of which Rev. Mr. Gilman is pastor, is 100.

From the third semi-annual report of Mr. Arnold, Minister and Visitor of the Poor in New York, it appears that there are in that city 29,726 persons who receive more or less relief from the Corporation, amounting to little less than one-seventh of the whole population. This system of degradation, by making people public paupers, Mr. Arnold justly exposes:—‘ The sympathies of the rich towards the poor, which are better than wealth, are greatly lessened by it, while the poor themselves are taught that there is an inexhaustible fund in the hand of the city authorities which is theirs of right, if by any means they can obtain it; and they often pride themselves, among one another, on their adroitness in securing the larger share. Their regard for character, and the common decencies of life, are gradually undermined. Habits of indolence, wastefulness and profligacy are encouraged. Respect for the rights of property becomes weaker and weaker, until it is hardly felt by them. Their regard for truth and honesty is lessened by each successive fraud which they practice, to obtain the desired relief. By constant and often fruitless importunity, a feeling of meanness, servility, and debasement is engendered. They are frequently refused relief, and they feel as though injustice had been done them, and a cruel and relentless enmity is awakened towards all who are in better circumstances than themselves’. Mr. Arnold is zealously and efficiently pursuing the duties of his mission in the spirit and manner of Dr. Tuckerman.

A new Periodical, entitled the *Western Examiner*, is announced to be published monthly at Cincinnati, to be conducted by the Unitarian ministers at Buffalo, Cincinnati, Louisville, and St. Louis; and to be under the special superintendence of Rev. E. Peabody. The prospectus says ‘ We think the West demands, and will support, such a work. We believe there is a spirit here which asks for Light.’

OBITUARY.

On the 24th of June ult. died, the Rev B. R. Davis, Minister, during the long period of forty-three years, of the Protestant Dissenting congregation at Chowbent, in Lancashire, in the sixty-fifth year of his age. The character of Mr. Davis was the object of general respect. His Christian virtues endeared him, not only to the Christian society with which he was connected, and to the beloved inmates of his own family, but they gained and preserved the respect of his numerous acquaintance; and in particular, of the ministers of his denomination within the district. All justly regarded him as a man of a well informed and cultivated understanding, of a sound and dispassionate judgment, of a liberal and Christian spirit, and of a charitable and disinterested disposition. He was far removed from pride and ostentation, and ever disliked the assumption of authority and consequence. He neither asserted nor conceded claims of predominance. He cherished Christian liberty and equality. He was clothed with the virtues of modesty and humility. He condescended to men of low estate; and he was ready to perform offices of humanity to the poorest. Though his means were never ample, he often devised liberal things; and the sick and needy in his neighbourhood, were frequently indebted to his kind attentions for aiding their physical as well as moral wants.

As a Christian minister, Mr. Davis was punctual and conscientious in the discharge of the duties of his office, and he acquired the full confidence and warm attachment of the various members of his congregation. He was educated for the ministry at the academy at Daventry—

afterwards Northampton; and under the influence of the impartial system there pursued, which recognised the principle of private judgment and the duty of free enquiry, he, with many others, adopted liberal sentiments in religion, and subsequently professed and taught a rational Christianity. Indeed, few congregations have been more favoured than that lately under his ministerial care, having had a succession of zealous and liberal ministers, during a century and a quarter, or more, distinguished for their early attachment to rational Christianity, and steady adherence to Christian liberty, truth and righteousness. This was one of the first congregations in Lancashire, who freed themselves from the intolerant trammels of Trinitarian Calvinism. In the midst of such a people, the labours of the Christian ministry are no less agreeable than honourable and useful. Christian friends, maintain the character which you have so long borne. Your venerable ministers, being dead, yet speak: hear their voice.

It pertains not to this slight sketch, to attempt a personal history of Mr. Davis. In the comparative retiredness of his situation, little can have occurred of general interest. He was married early in life, and brought up a family of eight children; now, except one deceased, variously engaged in useful and respectable occupations. Mrs. Davis died about twelve years before her husband.

It is proper here to state, that Mr. Davis for many years took great interest in the management of that useful institution, the Widow's Fund. For this he was exceedingly well qualified, by his intimate local knowledge of the affairs of most of the congregations in the district. He was for many years the Secretary to the Fund, and the chief manager of its affairs in general; in which capacity, his services can scarcely be too highly estimated, and accordingly his loss will be greatly felt.

Mr. Davis's departure from this temporary scene of existence was tranquil and peaceful. For more than four years he had suffered long-continued and acute pain from the *tic doloureux*. This superinduced other maladies, which were attended with great prostration of physical strength; but the energy and serenity of his mind continued unabated;—his spirit sustained his infirmity. He was always cheerful, and relied with tranquil hope on the essential goodness and mercy of God, in his Son, Jesus Christ our Lord. He had risen, as usual, betimes in the morning of the day of his death, and had been attending on some ordinary concerns; nor were his family alarmed with any unusual symptoms. But some time before dinner, he went to take a little rest, as he had been accustomed, on the sofa; and one of his daughters, soon after coming to remind him of dinner-time, found him in the act of expiring, without a struggle or a groan! W. J.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. D. is acceptable.—'Doctor' had better become 'doctus' before he assumes the title or the functions of a teacher.—G. and R. T. received. Also 'Unitarian,' from whom we hope to hear again. The subject had been undertaken by a competent hand.

In our next Number, a Sermon by Dr. Channing, entitled 'The Future Life.'

We regret with G. the neglect into which the Manchester Book and Tract Society has fallen; for a knowledge of the causes of which, he had better apply to the officers of the society.

J. J. has our hearty thanks: we request the remainder. It is not ability for original composition she wants. Let the trial be made.

Forrest and Fogg, Printers, Manchester.

SECESSIONS FROM UNITARIANISM.

It is but natural to expect that charitable institutions should, whenever they have the ability, render aid to the societies by which they are supported. Their relation to their benefactors may not inaptly be compared to the relation between parent and child. It is a relation of dependence and obligation, and therefore involves the duty of reciprocating, as far as possible, benefits received. A Sunday school, for instance, instituted and maintained by a Christian congregation, may with reason be expected to bring an increase of numbers, if not pecuniary aid, in proportion to its size and the approach of its members to years of maturity. I do not mean to imply that Sunday schools are founded with a view to the increase of congregations, nor that those who support them require acquiescence in their opinions, as a condition of receiving the education afforded; but merely that it is not unreasonable to expect that the prevalence of the kindly feelings which may be presumed to exist between the benefactor and the benefitted, together with the influence of associations and acquaintances formed within walls consecrated to love and good works, should indirectly serve to create, in many instances, a permanent attachment to the place where, and the society by whom, the blessings were received. And that such, in some cases, is the result—the proper, the happy result—I am glad to know. But, except my information—nay, my own experience—deceives me, the instances in Unitarian congregations are very far from being in proportion to the numbers educated.

If the attachments formed in a Sunday school might be supposed to incline the heart towards its supporters, much more attaching would one expect to find the filial affections. I am not the person to think that children should blindly follow the opinions of their parents. Truth is not, like wealth, transmissible. It is to be discovered—not adopted. If taken on trust, it ceases to be truth. Whatever it may be in itself, relatively to the individual, it is not truth. Another man's truth cannot be mine by deed of gift, by transmission, by adoption. Truth is essentially an individual possession. What I learn, what I know—that is truth to me, and by that I must stand or fall. Yet the varied and powerful influences of domestic life produce no few resemblances between parent and child, and not seldom lead the inmates of a family to an agreement in opinion. I am not now concerned to inquire how far this may be right. It is enough to have noticed the fact—though I cannot omit adding that the fact, and the causes of it, are of divine origination, being the natural result of certain necessary circumstances.

Although, therefore, in particular cases, the influence may be exceptionable, its general character must be good, since it is produced by arrangements which originate in the wisdom of God.

It is, however, less unfrequent than could be desired for the children of Unitarian Christians to quit the communion of their fathers, and associate themselves with forms of Christianity with which it is difficult to see how they can have any decided and peculiar sympathy.

I wish it to be distinctly understood, that wherever the secession took place as a consequence of conviction, I should look on the change with no other feelings than those of satisfaction. I will not, indeed, deny that I find it difficult to understand how any one who has thoroughly imbibed the principles of Unitarianism can exchange them, on conviction, for any of the popular forms of orthodoxy. However this may be, I cannot think but with complacency of religious integrity, to whatever results it may lead. The exhibition of principle always commands esteem, and in a world but too much disposed to indulge in carelessness and laxity in religious concerns, the example of a young mind seriously in earnest with religious interetss—thirsting after religious truth, and prompt to avow its religious convictions—is fitted to be as beneficial to others as it is noble in itself. I honour such a mind. It acts consistently with its rational nature and with its responsibilities.

But even when the impulse to secession is derived from the very purity of the love of truth, I will not disguise to myself that I had rather such rare integrity had manifested itself in favour of pure and undefiled religion. How much reason for regret then is there in those cases where one has reason to fear that impure motives may have been the parents of impure doctrine, or prompted a profession which amounted in reality to little more than an act of religious simulation. And constrained I am to declare, that charity must supersede justice, and thereby become the patron of untruth, ere it is possible to believe but some secessions have been no little influenced by a love of the world in some of its multiform shapes. What a degradation is it to change a religious communion at the promptings of passion! How can a connexion begun in apostacy, end in virtuous love? What a degradation to join the crowd of the votaries of fashion at the expence of loss of character—loss of self-respect; to bend the supremacy of conscience before the idol shrine; to bow in the house of Rimmon as if in worship of the true God! True, the chains may be gilded;—yet they are chains—they weigh down, they rankle, they brand, even were they pure gold. It is no extenuation to plead that it is only an external conformity. What is conformity to error, in conjunction with the possession of truth, but hypocrisy? It is believing one thing, and acting another. It is thinking with truth, and giving countenance to error. A Unitarian cannot worship habitually in a Trinitarian church, without compromising his character and his obligations. In so doing he avows in appearance what he denies in reality; he supports what he disbelieves, and what he believes he discountenances.

For this tendency to moral degradation there must be some cause. In the individual who suffers it there is obviously a laxity of religious principle. He may have some positive convictions, but these are held so loosely as to have little influence on the conduct. The religious sense is inert. Religious truths are but words, or, at the best, vague, distant, impalpable realities. The religious affections are poor and dwarfish for want of a generous culture. Heaven has never quickened them with its sun. The earth has never nourished them with its aliment. They were never fanned by the breezes of God's spirit, nor cherished with the dew of man's sympathies. But flesh and blood, which cannot enter into the kingdom of God, have put their promptings and yearnings into the heart, and made what ought to have been a child of God into a servant of the mammon of unrighteousness. There is, in consequence, a conformity to the world rather than a transformation into the moral likeness of Christ. Men follow those whose servants they are, and servitude to the meaner passions is no less exacting than it is degrading.

It may at first sight appear difficult to discover the way in which this laxity can have sprung up in families whose heads have themselves believed on conviction, and avowed their convictions in the face of the world, if not of peril. Whether it can be accounted for or not, it admits of no doubt, that children of sincere Unitarians have acted as if they held religious opinions of small account. I am not sure, however, but this may arise from a fault which has the appearance of leaning to virtue's side. The parent is conscientious in his belief in the characteristic doctrines of Unitarian Christianity, both in the rejection of the Trinity, the atonement, original sin, and imputed righteousness, and in the reception of the strict unity and essential goodness of the Father of the Universe and the Father of Jesus. But he is most desirous of exerting no bias on the mind of his child. He wishes to leave it free to judge for itself on reaching maturity. Besides, he is persuaded that the essence of religion consists, not in any abstract doctrines, so much as in a conformity with the image of Christ. In consequence he abstains from even the mention of his peculiar opinions. To his children they are as if they were not. True he worships in a place whose minister is understood to hold

Unitarian opinions, and who may, by some rare chance, enter on the exposition and defence of his views; but the very rarity of the circumstance—to say nothing of the apologetic tone in which the advocacy is couched, and the dead silence of the parent, if not even his reproof of the minister for his rashness or his dogmatism—these things, combined with a copious and oft expressed dislike of sectarianism, as if the vindication of truth must necessarily embitter the heart—this silence in relation to the parent's positive convictions—this tacit or expressed disapprobation of the minister's zeal—this avowed hatred of something which in reality means hatred of the agitations which necessarily precede the prevalence, if not the discovery of truth—this attachment to a quiescence which at least borders on treachery to God, Christ, and conscience—combine to invest a youth's mind with a disregard to any positive forms of religious belief, and hence, by an easy consequence, with a feeling of unconcern towards religion itself. A general laxity of the religious principle ensues from the absence on the part of the parent of a manifestation of attachment to the opinions he sincerely entertains. Dislike of sectarianism issues in dislike of religion. The negation of silence in the parent has its natural consequences in the positive irreligion of the son's heart.

All this evil arises from the neglect of what is a very common practice in the concerns of ordinary life. What we strongly feel we express strongly. We cannot, without doing violence to ourselves, be silent on great questions of social or domestic interest. Ordinarily we are not silent. There is no attempt to prevent the tongue being the honest chronicler of the heart. Why should religion be the exception? Are religious interests less important or more uncertain than political? If to avoid giving a bias in the one we observe silence, why not observe a universal silence? To be consistent, we should quench every vocal sound. A bias may be in each. But if absurdity itself would not call for the entire extinction of the domestic influences, then let conversation lose every shackle but such as virtue and truth impose. Give free, give unchecked vent to the workings of the mind, in the assurance that it is darkness, not light—quiescence, not activity, that are prejudicial to man.

One form which religious laxity assumes is, that the peculiar views of Unitarians are matters of small moment. Now I will declare at once, that beyond doubt they must suffer in comparison with the weightier matters of the law. Opinion of every kind, when tried in the balance with character, will be found wanting. The means can never bear competition with the end, and yet the means may be invaluable. Education itself, when set in comparison with intelligence and power, is as nothing.

Is education, therefore, to be slighted? Knowledge is good mainly because it is power. Opinion is but knowledge in the making. Proscribe knowledge, you lose power. Decry opinion, you proscribe knowledge. And though I do not deny that the value of the means is chiefly derivative, yet opinion—though it be but the fragments of truth—is, in its nature, inestimable. When we have not the perfect day of light, even the twilight is beloved for itself, as well as for the splendours on towards which it leads the way.

But I meet the allegation with a direct negative. The distinguishing doctrines of Unitarianism are not in themselves of small account. They involve principles of a nobler life than can be found elsewhere. Held in unrighteousness, they, as all truth, may be compelled even into the service of sin. But in themselves they have an efficacy to expand the mind, to enlarge the heart, to enrich the affections, to deepen piety. It is Jesus himself who said—'This is eternal life, to know thee, the only true God, and Jesus whom thou hast sent to be the Christ;' thus stamping the characteristic teachings of Unitarianism with the seal of his approbation, and ascribing to them a power to save the soul. And, in the nature of the case, can it be a matter of small moment to worship as God two beings that are not God —to represent a son to be as old as his father—to honour the Son so greatly as almost to neglect the Father—to erect a creature into the Creator, and force the honours of Deity on one whose chosen title was 'the Son of Man;'—to confound our ideas by professing to unite in the same being the finite and the infinite—omniscience and ignorance, omnipotence and suffering; to represent the goodness and the justice of God as conflicting attributes, reconcileable only by the infinite sacrifice of a finite being; to teach that man was lost and is saved by proxy; is relieved from a debt by the payment of another, and yet has to pay at least a part of it himself:—to recommend a redemption which is universal in name, but fearfully partial in efficacy; to set forth God as receiving atonement for the sins of the whole world, yet unable or unwilling to save more than the pettiest minority;—to invite men to come to Jesus, withhold the only means by which they can come, and then condemn them for not coming? It is not of small moment to relieve Christianity from this destructive load, and to emancipate the mind from notions which tend to bewilder and alarm. Nor is it of small moment to have a creed as simple as it is scriptural—one God and Father of all—our Lord Jesus Christ the Saviour of all; a creed which restores harmony between the religion of nature and the religion of the Bible—which makes all human kind of one kin, with the one God for their equal Father, and the one Christ for their common Master and all-sufficient Saviour—

which sets the mind at rest and the heart at peace—which furnishes milk for babes and meat for strong men—and which the learned Greek and the ignorant Scythian may alike receive, and find alike the power of God unto salvation.

I ascribe, however, the withdrawals from our communion chiefly to the prevalent omission of teaching the grounds of our dissent from Trinitarian Christians. 'They went out from us because they were not of us.' In this, too, we have been misled by the speciousness of a false liberality. Aware of the misuse which is often made of the power of the teacher over the taught, to pre-occupy the tender mind with unscriptural and illogical conclusions—with false fears and false hopes—with a sense of its own worthlessness in strange conjunction with an assurance of its own infallibility—we have been led to the extreme of leaving it undirected, unimpressed, till the arrival of maturity. Grieved at the extravagance of genuine fanaticism, we have resolved to teach nothing but a practical Christianity—that is, as it has sometimes proved in practice, a morality without religion, or religion without a Saviour, or a philosophy constructing its own ends and its own means. Others' dogmatism has driven us to latitudinarianism. The result has been a loss to the cause of truth, both in our families and in our Sunday schools. The minds we left free, others have occupied. The dissatisfaction created by our negations has been supplanted by the acceptable fulness of orthodox instructions. The chill of our silence has been gladly exchanged for the ardour of their enthusiasm. With no barrier to withstand the inroads of an essentially aggressive and exclusive faith, young people have yielded almost without resistance and at discretion. We have dealt with children as we should deal with philosophers. Nay, philosophers themselves are not slow to teach nor late to learn. We have acted in religion as we act in no other concern. It would be thought any thing but a sign of wisdom were we to leave our children uninstructed in their duties, their destiny, the history of their kind and their country, in the fear of tainting their minds with prejudice, or misleading them by a mixture of error. In secular concerns we are content to take the ill as the price of the good. It is the common lot of humanity. He that waits for perfection will not only lose good but inevitably get harm. And the only mode of action which wisdom and experience justify, is in all things to make the good as large, and the ill as small, as possible.

As then all other things are taught, so let Unitarianism be taught. By direct and indirect means let us encourage the young to inquire, to learn, to judge, to determine; let us give them opportunities of knowing wherein we differ, and why we differ, from our fellow Christians. We must, indeed, guard them against a disputatious spirit; and we must not fail to impress them with a sense of their liability to error, and the need they have of Divine guidance. With these precautions, let it be ours to make them feel the real dignity of their calling as religious reformers, and the incalculable value of their privilege as being servants to none but Christ, and recognising no authority but the all-sufficient guidance of the New Testament.

O.

THE FUTURE LIFE.*

This day is set apart by the Christian world to the commemoration of Christ's resurrection. Many uses may be made of this event, but it is particularly fitted to confirm the doctrine of another life, and to turn our thoughts, desires, hopes, towards another world. I shall employ it to give this direction to our minds.

There is one method in which Christ's resurrection gives aid to our faith in another life, which is not often dwelt on, and which seems to me worthy of attention. Our chief doubts and difficulties in regard to that state, spring chiefly from the senses and the imagination, and not from the reason. The eye fixed on the lifeless body, on the wan features and the motionless limbs—and the imagination following the frame into the dark tomb, and representing to itself the stages of decay and ruin, are apt to fill and oppress the mind with discouraging and appalling thoughts. The senses can detect in the pale corse not a trace of the activity of that spirit which lately moved it. Death seems to have achieved an entire victory; and when reason and revelation speak of continued and a higher life, the senses and imagination pointing to the disfigured and mouldering body, obscure by their sad forebodings the light which reason and revelation strive to kindle in the bereaved soul.

Now the resurrection of Christ meets, if I may so say, the senses and imagination on their own ground, contends with them with their own weapons. It shows us the very frame, on which death, in its most humiliating form, had set its seal, and which had been committed in utter hopelessness to the tomb, rising, breathing, moving with new life, and rising not to return again to the earth, but, after a short sojourn, to ascend from the earth to a purer region, and thus to attest man's destination to a higher life. These facts, submitted to the very senses, and almost necessarily kindling the imagination to explore the unseen world, seem to me particularly suited to overcome the main difficulties in the way of Christian faith. Reason is not left to struggle alone with the horrors of the tomb. The assurance that Jesus Christ, who lived on the earth, who died on the cross, and was committed a mutilated, bleeding frame to the receptacle of the dead, rose uninjured, and then exchanged an earthly for a heavenly life, puts to flight the sad auguries, which rise like spectres from the grave, and helps us to conceive, as in our present weakness we could not otherwise conceive, of man's appointed triumph over death.

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* The Future Life: a Sermon preached on Easter Sunday, 1834, in the Federal-street Church, Boston, by William E. Channing. Boston, U. S.; 1835.

Such is one of the aids given by the resurrection to faith in immortality. Still this faith is lamentably weak in the multitude of men. To multitudes Heaven is almost a world of fancy. It wants substance. The idea of a world, in which beings exist without these gross bodies, exist as pure spirits, or clothed with refined and spiritual frames, strikes them as a fiction. What cannot be seen or touched, appears unreal. This is mournful, but not wonderful; for how can men, who immerse themselves in the body and its interests, and cultivate no acquaintance with their own souls and spiritual powers, comprehend a higher, spiritual life? There are multitudes who pronounce a man a visionary, who speaks distinctly and joyfully of his future being, and of the triumph of the mind over bodily decay.

This scepticism as to things spiritual and celestial, is as irrational and unphilosophical as it is degrading. We have more evidence that we have souls or spirits, than that we have bodies. We are surer, that we think and feel, and will, than that we have solid and extended limbs and organs. Philosophers have said much to disprove the existence of matter and motion, but they have not tried to disprove the existence of thought; for it is by thought that they attempt to set aside the reality of material nature.

Farther; how irrational is it to imagine that there are no worlds but this, and no higher modes of existence than our own. Who that sends his eye through this immense creation, can doubt that there are orders of beings superior to ourselves; or can see any thing unreasonable in the doctrine, that there are states in which mind exists less circumscribed and clogged by matter than on earth; in other words, that there is a spiritual world? It is childish to make this infant life of ours the model of existence in all other worlds. The philosopher, especially, who sees a vast chain of beings and an infinite variety of life on this single globe, which is but a point in creation, should be ashamed of that narrowness of mind which can anticipate nothing nobler in the universe of God than his present mode of being.

How, now, shall the doctrine of a future, higher life, the doctrine both of reason and revelation, be brought to bear more powerfully on the mind, to become more real and effectual? Various methods might be given—I shall confine myself to one. This method is, to seek some clearer, more definite conception of the future state. That world seems less real for want of some distinctness in its features. We should all believe it more firmly, if we conceived of it more vividly. It seems unsubstantial from its vagueness and dimness. I think it right then, to use the aids of Scripture and reason, in forming to ourselves something like a sketch of the life to come. The Scriptures, indeed, give not many materials for such a delineation, but the few they furnish are invaluable, especially when we add to these the lights thrown over futurity by the knowledge of our own spiritual nature. Every new law of the mind which we discover, helps us to comprehend its destiny; for its future life must correspond to its great laws and essential powers.

These aids we should employ to give distinctness to the spiritual state; and it is particularly useful so to do, when excellent beings, whom we have known and loved, pass from earth into that world. Nature prompts us to follow them to their new abode, to inquire into their new life, to represent to ourselves their new happiness; and perhaps the spiritual world never becomes so near and real to us, as when we follow into it dear friends, and sympathise with them in the improvements and enjoyments of that blessed life. Do not say that there is danger here of substituting imagination for truth. There is no danger, if we confine ourselves to the spiritual views of Heaven, given us in the New Testament, and interpret these by the principles and powers of our own souls. To me the subject is too dear and sacred to allow me to indulge myself in dreams. I want reality; I want truth; and this I find in God's word, and in the human soul.

When our virtuous friends leave the world, we know not the place where they go. We can turn our eyes to no spot in the universe, and say they are there. Nor is our ignorance here of any moment. It is unimportant what region of space contains them. Whilst we know not to what place they go, we know what is infinitely more interesting, to what beings they go. We know not where Heaven is, but we know whom it contains, and this knowledge opens us an infinite field for contemplation and delight.

1st. Our virtuous friends, at death, go to Jesus Christ. This is taught in the text. 'God raised Him from the dead, and exalted Him to Heaven.' The New Testament always speaks of Jesus as existing now in the spiritual world; and Paul tells us, that it is the happiness of the holy, when absent from the body, to be present with the Lord. Here is one great fact in regard to futurity. The good, on leaving us here, meet their

Saviour; and this view alone assures us of their unutterable happiness. In this world, they had cherished acquaintance with Jesus through the records of the Evangelists. They had followed him through his eventful life with veneration and love; had treasured in their memories his words, works, and life-giving promises; and, by receiving his spirit, had learnt something of the virtues and happiness of a higher world. Now they meet him, they see him. He is no longer a faint object to their mind, obscured by distance and by the mists of sense and the world. He is present to them, and more intimately present, than we are to each other. Of this we are sure; for whilst the precise mode of our future existence is unknown, we do know that spiritual beings in that higher state must approach and commune with each other more and more intimately in proportion to their progress. Those who are newly born into Heaven, meet Jesus, and meet from him the kindest welcome. The happiness of the Saviour, in receiving to a higher life, a human being who has been redeemed, purified, inspired with immortal goodness by his influence, we can but imperfectly comprehend. You can conceive what would be your feelings, on welcoming to shore your best friend, who had been tossed on a perilous sea; but the raptures of earthly re-union are faint compared with the happiness of Jesus, in receiving the spirit for which he died, and which, under his guidance, has passed with an improving virtue through a world of sore temptation. We on earth meet, after our long separations, to suffer as well as enjoy, and soon to part again. Jesus meets those who ascend from earth to Heaven, with the consciousness that their trial is past, their race is run, that death is conquered. With his far-reaching prophetic eye, he sees them entering a career of joy and glory never to end. And his benevolent welcome is expressed with a power which belongs only to the utterance of Heaven, and which communicates to them an immediate, confiding, overflowing joy. You know that on earth we sometimes meet human beings, whose countenances, at the first view, scatter all distrust, and win from us something like the reliance of a long-tried friendship. One smile is enough to let us into their hearts, to reveal to us a goodness on which we may repose. That smile with which Jesus will meet the new-born inhabitant of Heaven, that joyful greeting, that beaming of love from him who bled for us, that tone of welcome,—all these I can faintly conceive, but no language can utter them. The joys of centuries will be crowded into that meeting. This is not fiction;—it is truth founded on the essential laws of the mind.

Our friends, when they enter Heaven, meet Jesus Christ, and their intercourse with him will be of the most affectionate and ennobling character. There will be nothing of distance in it. Jesus is, indeed, sometimes spoken of as reigning in the future world; and sometimes imagination places him on a real and elevated throne. Strange, that such conceptions can enter the minds of Christians. Jesus will, indeed, reign in Heaven—and so he reigned on earth. He reigned in the fishing-boat, from which he taught; in the humble dwelling, where he gathered round him listening and confiding disciples. His reign is not the vulgar dominion of this world;—it is the empire of a great, godlike, disinterested being, over minds capable of comprehending and loving him. In Heaven, nothing like what we call government on earth can exist, for government here is founded in human weakness and guilt. The voice of command is never heard among the spirits of the just. Even on earth, the most perfect government is that of a family, where parents employ no tone but that of affectionate counsel, where filial affection reads its duty in the mild look, and finds its law and motive in its own pure impulse. Christ will not be raised on a throne above his followers. On earth he sat at the same table with the publican and sinner. Will he recede from the excellent whom he has fitted for celestial mansions? How minds will communicate with one another in that world, we know not; but we know that our closest embraces are but types of the spiritual nearness which will then be enjoyed; and to this intimacy with Jesus the new-born inhabitant of Heaven is admitted.

But we have not yet exhausted this source of future happiness. The excellent go from earth not only to receive a joyful welcome and assurances of eternal love from the Lord: there is a still higher view. They are brought by this new intercourse to a new comprehension of his mind, and to a new reception of his spirit. It is indeed a happiness to know that we are objects of interest and love to an illustrious being; but it is a greater happiness to know deeply the sublime and beautiful character of this being—to sympathise with him—to enter into his vast thoughts and pure designs—and to become associated with him in the great ends for which he lives. Even here, in our infant and dim state of being, we learn enough of Jesus, of his divine philanthropy triumphant over injuries and agonies, to thrill us with affectionate admiration. But those in heaven look into that vast, godlike soul, as we have never done. They approach it, as we cannot approach the soul of the most confiding friend; and this nearness to the mind of Jesus awakens in themselves a power of love and virtue, which they little suspected during their earthly being. I trust I speak to those, who, if they have ever been brought into connexion with a noble human being, have felt, as it were, a new spirit, and almost new capacities of thought and life, expanded within them. We all know how a man of mighty genius and of heroic feeling, can impart himself to other minds, and raise them for a time to something like his own energy; and in this we have a faint delineation of the power to be exerted on the minds of those who approach Jesus after death. As nature at this season springs to a new life under the beams of the sun, so will the human soul be warmed and expanded under the influence of Jesus Christ. It will then become truly conscious of the immortal power treasured up in itself. His greatness will not overwhelm it, but will awaken a corresponding grandeur.

Nor is this topic yet exhausted. The good, on approaching Jesus, will not only sympathise with his spirit, but will become joint workers, active, efficient ministers, in accomplishing his great work of spreading virtue and happiness. We must never think of Heaven as a state of inactive contemplation, or of unproductive feeling. Even here on earth, the influence of Christ's character is seen in awakening an active, self-sacrificing goodness. It sends the true disciples to the abodes of the suffering. It binds them by new ties to their race. It gives them a new consciousness of being created for a ministry of beneficence; and can they, when they approach more nearly this Divine Philanthropist, and learn, by a new alliance with him, the fulness of his love, can they fail to consecrate themselves to his work, and to kindred labors, with an energy of will unknown on earth? In truth, our sympathy with Christ could not be perfect, did we not act with him. Nothing so unites beings as co-operation in the same glorious cause, and to this union with Christ the excellent above are received.

There is another very interesting view of the future state, which seems to me to be a necessary consequence of the connexion to be formed there with Jesus Christ. Those who go there from among us, must retain the deepest interest in this world. Their ties to those they have left are not dissolved, but only refined. On this point, indeed, I want not the evidence of revelation; I want no other evidence than the essential principles and laws of the soul. If the future state is to be an improvement on the present—if intellect is to be invigorated and love expanded there—then memory, the fundamental power of the intellect, must act with new energy on the past, and all the benevolent affections, which have been cherished here, must be quickened into a higher life. To suppose the present state blotted out hereafter from the mind, would be to destroy its use, would cut off all connexion between the two worlds, and would subvert responsibility; for how can retribution be awarded for a forgotten existence? No; we must carry the present with us, whether we enter the world of happiness or woe. The good will indeed form new, holier, stronger ties above; but under the expanding influence of that better world, the human heart will be capacious enough to retain the old whilst it receives the new—to remember its birth-place with tenderness whilst enjoying a maturer and happier being. Did I think of those who are gone, as dying to those they left, I should honor and love them less. The man who forgets his home when he quits it, seems to want the best sensibilities of our nature; and if the good were to forget their brethren on earth in their new abode, were to cease to intercede for them in their nearer approach to their common Father, could we think of them as improved by the change?

All this I am compelled to infer from the nature of the human mind. But when I add to this, that the new-born heirs of heaven go to Jesus Christ, the great lover of the human family, who dwelt here, suffered here, who moistened our earth with his tears and blood, who has gone not to break off but to continue and perfect his beneficent labours for mankind, whose mind never for a moment turns from our race, whose interest in the progress of his truth and the salvation of the tempted soul has been growing more and more intense ever since he left our world, and who has thus bound up our race with his very being,—when I think of all this, I am sure that they cannot forget our world. Could we hear them, I believe they would tell us that they never truly loved the race before; never before knew what it is to sympathise with human sorrow, to rejoice in human virtue, to mourn for human guilt. A new fountain of love to man is opened within them. They now see what before dimly gleamed on them—the capacities, the mysteries of a human soul. The significance of that word immortality is now apprehended, and every being destined to it rises into unutterable importance. They love human nature as never before, and human friends prized as above all price.

Perhaps it may be asked whether those born into Heaven, not only remember with interest, but have a present, immediate knowledge of those whom they left on earth? On this point neither Scripture, nor the principles of human nature, give us light, and we are of course left to uncertainty. I will only say, that I know nothing to prevent such knowledge. We are indeed accustomed to think of Heaven as distant; but of this we have no proof. Heaven is the union, the society of spiritual, higher beings. May not these fill the universe, so as to make Heaven every where? Are such beings probably circumscribed, as we are, by material limits? Milton has said:—

> 'Millions of spiritual beings walk the earth,
> Both when we wake and when we sleep.'

It is possible that the distance of Heaven lies wholly in the veil of flesh, which we now want power to penetrate. A new sense, a new eye, might show the spiritual world compassing us on every side.

But suppose Heaven to be remote. Still we on earth may be visible to its inhabitants; still in an important sense they may be present; for what do we mean by presence? Am I not present to those of you who are beyond the reach of my arm, but whom I distinctly see? And is it at all inconsistent with our knowledge of nature, to suppose that those in Heaven, whatever be their abode, may have spiritual senses, organs, by which they may discern the remote, as clearly as we do the near? This little ball of sight can see the planets at the distance of millions of miles, and by the aids of science, can distinguish the inequalities of their surfaces. And it is easy for us to conceive of an organ of vision so sensitive and piercing, that from our earth the inhabitants of those far-rolling worlds might be discerned. Why then may not they who have entered a higher state, and are clothed with spiritual frames, survey our earth as distinctly as when it was their abode?

This may be the truth; but if we receive it as such, let us not abuse it. It is liable to abuse. Let us not think of the departed as looking on us with earthly, partial affections. They love us more than ever, but with a refined and spiritual love. They have now but one wish for us, which is, that we may fit ourselves to join them in their mansions of benevolence and piety. Their spiritual vision penetrates to our souls. Could we hear their voice, it would not be an utterance of personal attachment, so much as a quickening call to greater effort, to more resolute self-denial, to a wider charity, to a meeker endurance, a more filial obedience to the will of God. Nor must we think of them as appropriated to ourselves. They are breathing now an atmosphere of Divine benevolence. They are charged with a higher mission than when they trod the earth. And this thought of the enlargement of their love, should enlarge ours, and carry us beyond selfish regards to a benevolence akin to that with which they are inspired.

It is objected, I know, to the view I have given of the connexion of the inhabitants of Heaven with this world, that it is inconsistent with their happiness. It is said that if they retain their knowledge of this state, they must suffer from the recollection or sight of our sins and woes; that to enjoy Heaven, they must wean themselves from the earth. This objection is worse than superficial. It is a reproach to Heaven and the good. It supposes, that the happiness of that world is founded in ignorance, that it is the happiness of the blind man, who, were he to open his eye on what exists around him, would be filled with horror. It makes Heaven an Elysium, whose inhabitants perpetuate their joy by shutting themselves up in narrow bounds, and hiding themselves from the pains of their fellow-creatures. But the good, from their very nature, cannot thus be confined. Heaven would be a prison, did it cut them off from sympathy with the suffering. Their benevolence is too pure, too divine, to shrink from the sight of evil. Let me add, that the objection before us casts reproach on God. It supposes that there are regions of his universe which must be kept out of sight, which, if seen, would blight the happiness of the virtuous. But this cannot be true. There are no such regions, no secret places of woe which these pure spirits must not penetrate. There is impiety in the thought. In such a universe there could be no Heaven.

Do you tell me that according to these views, suffering must exist in that blessed state? I reply, I do and must regard heaven as a world of sympathy. Nothing, I believe, has greater power to attract the regards of its benevolent inhabitants, than the misery into which any of their fellow-creatures may have fallen. The suffering which belongs to a virtuous sympathy I cannot then separate from heaven. But that sympathy, though it has sorrow, is far from being misery. Even in this world, a disinterested compassion, when joined with power to minister to suffering, and with wisdom to comprehend its gracious purposes, is a spirit of peace, and often issues in the purest delight. Unalloyed as it will be in another world by our present infirmities, and enlightened by comprehensive views of God's perfect government, it will give a charm and loveliness to the sublimer virtues of the blessed, and, like all other forms of excellence, will at length enhance their felicity.

II. You see how much of heaven is taught us in the single truth, that they who enter it meet and are united to Jesus Christ. There are other interesting views at which I can only glance. The departed go not to Jesus only. They go to the great and blessed society which is gathered round him—to the redeemed from all regions of earth—'to the city of the living God—to an innumerable company of angels—to the church of the first-born—to the spirits of the just made perfect.' Into what a glorious community do they enter! And how they are received you can easily understand. We are told, there is joy in heaven over the sinner who repenteth; and will not his ascension to the abode of perfect virtue communicate more fervent happiness? Our friends who leave us for that world, do not find themselves cast among strangers. No desolate feeling springs up of having exchanged their home for a foreign country. The tenderest accents of human friendship never approached in affectionateness the voice of congratulation which bids them welcome to their new and everlasting abode. In that world, where minds have surer means of revealing themselves than here, the newly-arrived immediately see and feel themselves encompassed with virtue and goodness; and through this insight into the congenial spirits which surround them, intimacies stronger than years can cement on earth may be created in a moment.

It seems to me accordant with all the principles of human nature to suppose, that the departed meet peculiar congratulation from friends who had gone before them to that better world; and especially from all who had in any way given aids to their virtue; from parents who had instilled into them the first lessons of love to God and man; from associates, whose examples had won them to goodness—whose faithful counsels deterred them from sin. The ties created by such benefits must be eternal. The grateful soul must bind itself with peculiar affection to such as guided it to immortality.

In regard to the happiness of the intercourse of the future state, all of you, I trust, can form some apprehensions of it. If we have ever known the enjoyments of friendship, of entire confidence, of co-operation in honourable and successful labours with those we love, we can comprehend something of the felicity of a world, where souls, refined from selfishness, open as the day, thirsting for new truth and virtue, endued with new power of enjoying the beauty and grandeur of the universe, allied in the noblest works of benevolence, and continually discovering new mysteries of the Creator's power and goodness, communicate themselves to one another with the freedom of perfect love. The closest attachments of this life are cold, distant, stranger-like, compared with theirs. How they communicate themselves, by what language or organs, we know not. But this we know, that in the progress of the mind, its power of imparting itself must improve. The eloquence, the thrilling, inspiring tones, in which the good and noble sometimes speak to us on earth, may help us to conceive the expressiveness, harmony, energy of the language in which superior beings reveal themselves above. Of what they converse we can better judge. They, who enter that world, meet beings whose recollections extend through ages—who have met together, perhaps, from various worlds—who have been educated amidst infinite varieties of condition, each of whom has passed through his own discipline and reached his own peculiar form of perfection, and each of whom is a peculiar testimony to the providence of the Universal Father. What treasures of memory, observation, experience, imagery, illustration, must enrich the intercourse of heaven! One angel's history may be a volume of more various truth than all the records of our race. After all, how little can our present experience help us to understand the intercourse of heaven—a communion marred by no passion, chilled by no reserve, depressed by no consciousness of sin, trustful as childhood, and overflowing with innocent joy—a communion in which the noblest feelings spring fresh from the heart, in which pure beings give familiar utterance to their divinest inspirations, to the wonder which perpetually springs up amidst this ever-unfolding and ever-mysterious universe, to the raptures of adoration and pious gratitude, and to the swellings of a sympathy which cannot be confined.

But it would be wrong to imagine that the inhabitants of heaven only converse. They who reach that world, enter on a state of action, life, effort. We are apt to think of the future world as so happy, that none need the aid of others—that effort ceases—that the good have nothing to do but to enjoy. The truth is, that all action on earth, even the intensest, is but the sport of childhood, compared with the energy and activity of that higher life. It must be so. For what principles are so active as intellect, benevolence, the love of truth, the thirst for perfection, sympathy with the suffering, and devotion to God's purposes; and these are the ever-expanding principles of the future life. It is true, the labours which are now laid on us for food, raiment, outward interests, cease at the grave. But far deeper wants than those of the body are developed in heaven. There it is that the spirit first becomes truly conscious of its capacities; that truth opens before us in its infinity; that the universe is seen to be a boundless sphere for discovery, for science, for the sense of beauty, for beneficence, and for adoration. There, new objects to live for, which reduce to nothingness present interests, are constantly unfolded. We must not think of heaven as a stationary community. I think of it as a world of stupendous plans and efforts for its own improvement. I think of it as a society passing through successive stages of development, virtue, knowledge, power, by the energy of its own members. Celestial genius is always active to explore the great laws of the creation and the everlasting principles of the mind—to disclose the beautiful in the universe, and to discover the means by which every soul may be carried forward. In that world, as in this, there are diversities of intellect, and the highest minds find their happiness and progress in elevating the less improved. There the work of education, which began here, goes on without end; and a diviner philosophy than is taught on earth, reveals the spirit to itself, and awakens it to earnest, joyful effort for its own perfection.

And not only will they who are born into heaven enter a society full of life and action for its own development: heaven has connexion with other worlds. Its inhabitants are God's messenger's through the creation. They have great trusts. In the progress of their endless being, they may have the care of other worlds. But I pause, lest to those unused to such speculations, I seem to exceed the bounds of calm anticipation.

What I have spoken seems to me to rest on God's word and the laws of the mind, and these laws are everlasting.

On one more topic I meant to enlarge, but I must forbear. They who are born into heaven go, not only to Jesus, and an innumerable company of pure beings: they go to God; they see Him with a new light in all his works. Still more, they see Him, as the Scriptures teach, face to face—that is, by immediate communion. These new relations of the ascended spirit to the Universal Father, how near! how tender! how strong! how exalting! But this is too great a subject for the time which remains. And yet it is the chief element of the felicity of heaven.

The views now given of the future state should make it an object of deep interest, earnest hope, constant pursuit. Heaven is, in truth, a glorious reality. Its attraction should be felt perpetually. It should overcome the force with which this world draws us to itself. Were there a country on earth, uniting all that is beautiful in nature, all that is great in virtue, genius, and the liberal arts, and numbering among its citizens the most illustrious patriots, poets, philosophers, philanthropists of our age, how eagerly should we cross the ocean to visit it! And how immeasurably greater is the attraction of heaven! There live the elder brethren of the creation, the sons of the morning, who sang for joy at the creation of our race; there the great and good of all ages and climes; the friends, benefactors, deliverers, ornaments of their race; the patriarch, prophet, apostle, and martyr; the true heroes of public and still more of private life; the father, mother, wife, husband, child, who, unrecorded by man, have walked before God in the beauty of love and self-sacrificing virtue. There are all who have built up in our hearts the power of goodness and truth, the writers, from whose pages we have received the inspiration of pure and lofty sentiments, the friends whose countenances have shed light through our dwellings, and peace and strength through our hearts. They are gathered together, safe from every storm, triumphant over evil;—and they say to us, Come and join us in our everlasting blessedness; Come and bear part in our song of praise; Share our adoration, friendship, progress, and works of love. They say to us, Cherish now in your earthly life that spirit and virtue of Christ which is the beginning and dawn of heaven, and we shall soon welcome you, with more than human friendship, to our own immortality. Shall that voice speak to us in vain? Shall our worldliness and unforsaken sins separate us, by a gulf which cannot be passed, from the society of heaven?

CONCLUSION OF A SERMON, PREACHED, ON OCCASION OF THE FESTIVAL OF THE REFORMATION, IN THE UNIVERSITY CHURCH OF GÖTTINGEN; BY JULIUS MÜLLER,[*] UNIVERSITY PREACHER AND EXTRAORDINARY PROFESSOR OF THEOLOGY.

We will not conceal from ourselves the difficult position, in which the Evangelical church has placed herself, by adopting the principle of liberty of faith and worship; and the consciousness of it may well temper our judgment of her elder sister, who had not sufficient fulness of faith to yield to a similar appeal.

The Evangelical church, although by no means a community of those who are now, for the first time, searching after the truth—but of those who already possess essential truth in their faith—still expects assent to her confession only from the free conviction of every individual. She appeals not to any human authority; she requires no blind subjection to her ordinances and commands; but, resting her foundations on the word of God, willingly submits all her doctrines to the test of its approval. She admonishes inquirers with earnestness and humility, and with supplication for Divine assistance to search the holy Scriptures; but whether they choose to hearken to her admonitions or not, is properly left to their own free choice. By the side of eternal truth error walks in a thousand forms—invested often with far more dazzling graces than accompany the severe simplicity of truth; multitudes allow themselves to be led astray, and the church of the Lord cannot prevent it; apparently out of her own bosom adversaries arise, who seek to shake the foundation pillars of her faith—and no renewed struggle—no keener sifting of her principles—is she permitted to decline. Let no one demand of her to recognize, as her true members, those who are no longer willing to build their convictions on those pillars; but even these she does not thrust out from her communion—nay, rather rejoices that there should be still a thread to bind them to herself, in the hope that she may yet, perchance, succeed in recovering the minds that have gone astray. In her outward jurisdiction, then, a door would seem to be opened to every caprice of human opinion; and in fact, it is not surprising if numbers, who are unable, on a first view, to discover the hidden centre from which her divergent rays proceed, should behold in her actual situation only an image of the most embarrassing and inextricable confusion.

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[*] Professor Müller is the brother of the celebrated philologer and historian, C. Otfried Müller, and has recently received a call to become Professor *Ordinarius* of Theology in the University of Marburg. His religious opinions incline to what would be called in England *Evangelical*; and we give the accompanying extract, as a specimen of the liberal and catholic spirit with which an orthodox Lutheran asserts the principle of unfettered free inquiry as the fundamental principle of Protestantism, and is willing to embrace within the limits of a common communion the most divergent varieties of opinion.

J. J. T.

As the Evangelical church can only indicate her existence through the forms of a common worship, so she must maintain it by the same; and all her members are urgently called upon to join in them. What has she, then, to offer to those who obey her invitation? Any extraordinary divine reward for the simple act of participation in her worship? Any magic aid for the sure attainment of heavenly bliss? Any outward pledge of the forgiveness of sins for all who take that pledge in a merely outward sense? Any infallible instruction in eternal truth, which no one can attain to through other means? Nothing of the kind, my friends. Our church considers the pious joining in her worship as an act acceptable to God, but only when it is united with a spirit sanctified by the Gospel. She offers us the heavenly nourishment of the Lord's table, but only they partake of it who are sincerely struggling to enter into the kingdom of God. Her ministers, in the preaching of the Gospel, proclaim the forgiveness of sins through the free grace of God in Christ, but to them alone who repent and believe. They declare the word of truth, but arrogate to themselves no infallibility in its interpretation. And yet, if the Evangelical church ventures to abstain from every outward compulsion to a participation in her worship, and to expect it exclusively from the inward impulse of the mind, can we feel surprise that numbers of earthly-minded men, when they hear that such merely outward participation has nothing meritorious in it, and that the blessing of religion is not to be obtained in a stupid, unreflecting compliance with forms—should withdraw altogether from the services of the church, since the spiritual impulse is wanting to them, and they are unwilling to fulfil these internal conditions—and that, in this manner, a contempt for the church and for its holy institutions shall betray itself without disguise among those who call themselves Evangelical Christians, and its diminished influence on life and all its forms becomes notorious?

But is it then possible to look with indifference on these perils which threaten the Evangelical church? Must she not summon all her energies to overcome them—to draw closer the loosened bands of communion, and to knit again those that have been torn asunder—to act with renewed force on social life in all its various departments—to prevent the return of so fallen and degraded a state of things as immediately preceded our own times, and to hand down the treasure of Evangelical doctrines unimpaired to coming generations? Without doubt, this is her holiest vocation; but how shall she fulfil it? Shall she limit the principle of freedom, deep as it is rooted in the essence of Christianity, precisely to that extent which may seem necessary to secure her against those perils? But would not this, in fact, be entering into a compact with falsehood for the protection of truth? Would not the Evangelical church, then, be really giving up her own existence, by thus seeking to maintain herself at every cost? Besides, it is a sheer delusion, which the former history of our church completely dissipates, to suppose that there can ever be any *outward* security for the pure and energetic maintenance of Evangelical doctrine in the life of the church.

Or shall she, as some would rather advise, form a still closer alliance with the civil power, with which she is already in many ways so intimately connected, in order to reflect from the venerable authority of its ordinances a borrowed lustre on her own? Shall she adulterously court the favours of the governing powers of this world, that by their support she may acquire a more extended influence over life and all its forms? True, indeed, it is, that the powers of this world not seldom meet such wishes with alacrity—are willing, as they say, to guard religion against the threatening ruin, and to lift up her fallen power by a multiplicity of outward regulations, which are intended to adorn the church with a few beams from that fulness of worldly splendour with which they are themselves encompassed—and to secure and confine her under a new law—within the limits of a rigid and immutable letter.

Poor and powerless men! What presumptuous attempts are these! Is Christianity the sublimest truth of our being?—is it the Spirit of God?—eternal life? And if it be not this, it is nothing—less than nothing—the most odious delusion. What would you then protect? The Almighty God, and his working among men, and his kingdom upon earth? Him, to whom all power is given in heaven and on earth? Help religion! Can ye command the Spirit of God, when to pour itself out on all flesh? Does not the wind blow where it listeth? Ye hear the sound thereof, but ye know not whence it cometh, and whither it goeth.

O that the rulers of the nations, if from their hearts they fear God and love Christ, would show themselves in their calling true servants of God and followers of Jesus Christ! that they, whom God has stationed on the high places of this earthly life, would walk as burning and shining patterns of true piety before their people! that they would represent it to themselves as their highest honour to be servants of the King of Kings with the meanest of their subjects! But never let them cherish the vain imagination, that it is their duty to procure for the church of Christ, by new outward ordinances, a firmer or a broader foundation than that which it already possesses—the Gospel of Jesus

Christ. Do they feel themselves impelled to promote, with all their might, the interests of the church!—'tis well: let them afford her then free scope, to disengage herself from the entangling fetters with which a constitution unsuited to her nature now holds her bound; and then the newly-awakened spirit of Christian fellowship will circulate through her members with fresh vigour, and bind them more intimately with each other. The privilege of free action and development, in accordance with the inward law of her being, which is the Divine Word;—this is all which the Evangelical church can desire from the powers of this world. Were it come to the point that she must ask for more—that henceforth she could sustain, only by outward assistance, the attacks of the world—then let us say at once, Perish that which cannot maintain itself on the basis of the Divine Word! That which cannot stand by the might of God, let it not be artificially propped up by the power of man! Woe to the altar that seeks its support in the throne! Woe to the church that relies on the authority and the power which men can bestow upon her, and maketh flesh her arm! If the present time offers assuredly a more pleasing object of pious contemplation, than the days which immediately preceded us—if the everlasting wants of the human race again make themselves more powerfully felt—if in many minds there is awakened a more vital faith in Christ, working by love—if the extinguished interest in the services of the church is in many places kindling itself anew, and many an almost-forsaken house of God is again filled with hearers thirsting for salvation—was it the power of this world, was it outward ordinances and regulations, by which all this has been accomplished? No; rather the free working of God's Spirit—his creating breath—whose mysterious stirring moved over a time which the least expected it. Out of the midst of the most fearless searching—from the very bosom of the keenest conflicts—a deep yearning after faith has arisen, and come forth in invincible strength. This is the great thought, which no one has more majestically uttered than our own Luther, whose faith craved not the patronage of princes, but took princes themselves under its protection. Yes; this is the great fundamental principle of our church—that she owes her triumphs only to the free power of the Word, and of the Spirit, which works through the Word—and that by this power alone will she assert the authority which is her due; and nothing—neither the alluring prospect of the most brilliant success—nor an anxious dread of the ruinous consequences of an abuse of freedom—shall ever tempt her to swerve from that narrow path. With a sublime devotedness, she disclaims the succour of human craft and power; but in her very avowal of this renunciation lies the hidden mystery of her strength. When she is weak, then is she strong. When she has completely cast away from her all reliance on the aid of man, then the power of God works in her so much the more purely and unimpededly—so much the more powerfully and irresistibly. By this divine energy will she hereafter overcome the world, and win susceptible spirits to that eternal truth which heals and blesses the soul, and to that kingdom of God which reveals its presence in the midst of her with power.

Yea, Lord! in this path keep thou thy church, in these days of manifold bewilderment and peril. Preserve to her the true faith, as thy Gospel declares it. Preserve to her that freedom of spirit, without which the truth itself is not recognized as truth. Let thy Spirit rule and work in her with power. Where thy Spirit is, there is liberty: yea, where thy Spirit is—and only there—is true and holy freedom. Amen.

RELIGIOUS EFFICACY.

How is religion to be made influential on our character and conduct? This is surely a question which the *Christian Teacher* may be expected to answer, and which every Christian parent must feel interested in seeing plainly stated. Must religious impressions be made by early training, or may we expect that the Deity will implant such feelings, independently of our culture? There have been various answers to these questions in the experiments which have been tried, and the reasons which have been urged with respect to the instilling of religion into the young mind. Some have thought that we should wait till reason and intelligence enable the parent to introduce the subject by showing the child marks of design, and thus by degrees lead it to the Creator; while others agree with Mrs. Barbauld, in thinking 'that a child should not be able to remember the time, when it did not know the name of God.' It is, however, generally agreed, that where seclusion is impracticable, it is safer to sow seed, than to permit tares—better to plant virtue, than to risk the introduction of vice—wiser to teach a child what is right, than to endanger its learning what is wrong.

Again, are we to bring up our children under the influence of religious hope and love, or of anxiety and fear? Parental solicitude is apt to exclaim, 'Ah! let mine be the influence of love—is not God our Father?' Yet it is said that 'perfect love casteth out fear,' from which it would seem, that fear must in the beginning have been mingled with our love. A fear of grieving, a fear of offending our righteous and Almighty Father, must be one means of effecting a perfect love. How then shall we instil this sacred feeling in the breast of a little child? Must it not be by carefully seizing every opportunity when the affections are warm, of showing it the beauty of God's gifts to man, gradually leading it to feel grateful for His bounty, and accompanying the lesson with as much of religious knowledge, as will be pleasing and not irksome to the tender mind. This must be the mother's work, and great is the quickness and judgment requisite for the right performance of her task.

No doubt the Divine influence may be expected to aid our efforts, and as childhood advances into youth, the parent will be gratified by the opening intellect, and moved even to tears by the developement of amiable feeling. But let us not deceive ourselves—God will work with us, but He will not work for us—instead of us. As in the natural world, He works by means, and the husbandman looks for no other manifestations of His help, than in the rain and sunshine which he has provided; so, in the moral world, God has ordained motives and impulses which must be sought, and cultivated, and cherished, before they can be influential in forming religious habits. If we desire to obtain God's grace, we must seek it.

In order fully to take advantage of the various helps with which God has furnished us, it will be useful to consider the means of religious influence which we see placed within our reach. The earliest of these blessed influences is filial love. No child, as it seems to us, can be taught to love and obey God, who has not first learnt to love and obey its parents. When once acquired, the transition is easy from an earthly to a Heavenly Father, and a young child may be made to comprehend the feeling. Sensitive children will sometimes feel, even painfully, the idea of what is almighty, infinite or everlasting. We knew a little boy, who, on being told that in another world he would live and be happy for ever, exclaimed, 'for ever, what a dreary idea!'

There will be different opinions respecting the proper time for introducing the help of prayer. Yet who can look for a pious mind without it. We would say—let the practice of prayer be commenced as soon as it can be connected with pleasure. The temperament and disposition of the child must be the guide in this respect. Some very young children will show pleasure in being taught to repeat a few simple sentences, thanking God for His goodness, and praying for a blessing on relations and itself: and that mother's heart must be dull indeed, which does not thrill with emotion at the sound of her child's artless petitions, lisped out at her knees. She will be careful to avoid all idea of exhibition—let the little one's prayer be breathed in the sacred silence of the chamber; and, as soon as possible, let it be connected with recollections of its conduct during the past day. To this very naturally succeeds family prayer, which, if short and simple, may easily be made interesting to a child.

There will be a still greater diversity of opinion respecting the best time and manner of making use of the next help provided by the Almighty for the formation of a religious character—the Sabbath. Believing, as we do, that the day was of Divine appointment—the only question is, how is it to be rendered most efficacious? Our forefathers, the Puritans, thought that the utmost solemnity and seriousness constituted the proper manner of observing the day, and children were not excused from the almost uninterrupted routine of catechism, hymns, prayers and sermons. Where this ended in fatigue and disgust, it must have been prejudicial to the mind, and would be more likely to alienate than attract the heart. On the other hand, our continental neighbours consider the day to be more honoured in allowing every kind of innocent recreation; public worship among the rest, if it *is* a recreation; if not, it is dispensed with. They contend that the obligation to attend public worship has a tendency to promote a merely ceremonial religion, and that every action of the life ought to be an act of piety. That every action of the life ought to be an act of piety, we are far from disputing; we would only inquire whether that is inconsistent with the additional and peculiar employment of the Lord's-Day. We would say, let it be distinguished by a change in the occupations of a child. Far, indeed, are we from wishing it to be an irksome or an idle day; but let the studies and amusements be different from those of other days. Let the recreations be not only innocent, but connected in some way with the knowledge of the Creator, either through his works or his word. We have seen in a large and amiable family, the reading of the Scriptures rendered at once interesting and improving, by the father and mother taking their turn in reading, and afterwards each selecting a verse and giving a reason for the preference—thus keeping up the attention and connecting it with a pleasure. The natural temperament of children must regulate the degree of attention which parents require or can command. The demand upon the time and attention of children should not be continued so as to weary; but we think that some degree of restraint is desirable, and that noisy mirth should be repressed. We are not inclined to measure the piety, either of children or their seniors, by the number of services which they attend, nor the growth of their piety by the length of their prayers; but, while we question not the devotional spirit of our neighbours, whose practice is different, we deem it unwise to neglect any means whereby we may advance our souls in the grace of God.

We also like to consider the Sabbath as a pleasure and a privilege. We look upon it as a holy-day, given to us to revive in our hearts the remembrance of Divine love; when, by meditating on his word, and contemplating his works, and thanking him for his gifts, we may join in the sentiment of a modern poet, who said, as he stood in a country church-yard on the Lord's-Day, that he felt as if the Almighty had given us fifty-two springs. It is the return of light and warmth and strength and joy; and he who can best instil such feelings into the youthful mind, is the best instructor and guide. The consideration and comparison of different methods of accomplishing this happy end, may lead parents and teachers to adopt those which are most influential, and may also tend to a mutual feeling of charity in our estimate of the religious character. 'He that regardeth the day, regardeth it unto the Lord; and he that regardeth not the day, to the Lord he doth not regard it.' 'Let every one be fully persuaded in his own mind.'

These hints are offered, in the hope that the subject may be taken up by an abler intellect and a more practised pen. There are some excellent chapters on religious training in Abbot's 'Mother at Home.' With a few exceptions of doctrine, they contain almost all that is needful. Dr. Carpenter's 'Systematic Education' also contains some judicious and practical lessons on the same subject.

THE WANDERER RETURNED.—A FRAGMENT.

—— I HAVE been afar where the ripe orange glows,
And hangs its golden fruitage on the bough;
Where vineyards are common as orchards here,
And the purple grape in rich festoons
Hangs half-conceal'd beneath its spreading leaf.
Clime of the sun! where flowers, bright as its beams,
Are scatter'd o'er the earth in fair profusion;
And birds take such gay colors from the sky,
As if in its own hues their plumes were dyed.
Nectarian fruits are there, whose juices rich
Supply delicious fountains to the tongue
Of thirst, and fragrance breathes in every gale,
Laden with sweets most grateful to the sense;
Whilst all things beautiful combine to make
Each scene an Eden to the sight.

But never did I see a land so fair,
And fields that look'd so lovely to my eyes,
As thine, my country: when I touch'd thy shore,
After long absence, how my heart leap'd in me!

I could have fallen to the ground, and kiss'd
The sacred soil of Britain—name ador'd
Deep in my soul, with which a magic charm
Is link'd, that winds around my heart; and utter'd
Only on a foreign soil, sent thro'
That heart a thrill of fondest rapture, till,
As lovers feel whene'er the name of her
They love is breath'd, tears started to my eye,
Tears of delight, when strangers spoke of thee
And prais'd thy virtues; but the slightest hint
Of blame, tho' merited, my bosom fir'd
With sudden indignation, and my lips
Would burn to vindicate thy sullied fame;
Whilst my cheek glowing blush'd, and my sighs told
How deep I felt charges, alas! too true.

Hail, land of freedom! island home, secure
Amid the circumambient waves, that round
Thy rocky coasts are as a girdle spread
By fostering nature, careful of thy weal;
Or some enchanter's ring of emerald bright,
Potent to guard from every threat'ning ill.
Green Ocean holds thee in his vast embrace,
Isle of the great and good! his fresh'ning breath
Breathes beauty o'er thy face, and nerves thy sons
With soul and strength to guard their native rights.
Where Freedom, like a giant oak, spreads wide
His arms, and towering lofty to the skies,
Shelters thy children with its mighty shade,
And with its fruit enriches them.

Elsewhere on land or deep, I was like Cain,
A wanderer;—here! I feel myself at home,
And only here—where first I saw the light,
First look'd on nature's beauteous face, first recognis'd
A mother's tender smile, and felt how sweet
It is to love and to be loved—first learn'd
From that dear mother's lips my mother-tongue,
Lisping my infant thoughts in infant words,
Naming the name of parent—and of God,
To whom my little hands were here first rais'd
In prayer, and the great mystery reveal'd
Of all the miracles I wondering saw.
O Earth! on which my infant knees first bent,
And my young soul dreamed brightest dreams of Heaven;
Rapt with the beauty of the day and night,
Seeing afar its glories in the sun,
And in the stars, and in the pale-fac'd moon,
Unable to conceive of ought more fair
Than the blue sky, with its bright orbs of light,
The dwelling, as it seem'd, of highest God;—
Whilst thou, my native soil, in fruits and flowers
So rich and gaily dress'd, appeared His garden—

Now lov'd the more for this, that thou wert then
The temple of my earliest piety,
And shalt be of my latest.—Here I feel
His presence most where first I pray'd to Him
As a Father, whom long intercourse
Has made familiar to my thoughts, and dear,
Beyond expression, to my inmost heart,
As the sole giver of all things, both good
And fair.—This land, this very land, which now
I touch with thankful foot, reminds me more
Of the Invisible than all the climes
That I have wander'd o'er.—Here most I feel
His love, which is, indeed, to no one place
Confin'd, being general as the light and air,
But most affects me here, whilst the warm gush
Of young devotion, like a fervid stream,
Bursts from my soul, and the confiding prayer
Of happy childhood springs to my opening lips.
O land belov'd! to me the House of God,
Upon thy sacred soil I bend my knee,
And bless Him that I touch thee once again,
For thou to me art as the Gate of Heaven
To wandering angels when returning home.

Such feelings cold philosophy may scorn,
And the world's general citizen deride.
Let him—within my breast nature is strong:
I hold her dictates sacred—safer guide
Than schools or metaphysics—taught by her
Beyond all lands my native soil I love.
Whilst yet I live, England! be thou my home,
And when I die—as soon, perchance, I may—
Afford thou me a grave, my father-land,
And on thy bosom, let me calmly sleep
As on my mother's breast.

J. B.

PROVISION FOR THE POOR, AND CONDITION OF THE LABOURING CLASSES.

A VOLUME containing statements on 'The Provision for the Poor, and the Condition of the Labouring Classes in a considerable portion of America and Europe,' has just been published under the respectable sanction of Nassau W. Senior, Esq., consisting of matter prepared for the sole purpose of forming an introduction to the foreign communications contained in the Appendix to the Poor Law Report, but published separately on account of the value and extent of information it contains. The information is derived partly from private communications from trustworthy quarters, diplomatic answers to inquiries suggested by Viscount Palmerston, and diplomatic answers to questions framed by the Poor Law Commissioners. Information of so authentic a character, and on so vitally important topics, cannot fail to interest, and we shall therefore condense as much of it as we can into our pages, referring the reader to the work itself for the details on which the general conclusions are grounded.

In most parts of the United States a legal provision is made for paupers. The system was derived from England, and modified in consequence not only of the local circumstances of the country, but also of the prevalence of slavery in many of the states, and of federal institutions which prevented the removal from one state, of paupers who are natives of another. The Commissioners (of whom the philanthropist, Dr. Tuckerman, was one) appointed to revise the Poor Laws of Massachusetts, recommend the abolition of a state provision for the poor, on the ground of its tending to increase pauperism. Either an increase of the evils of pauperism, or a clearer perception of them, has induced most of the states, during the last ten years, to make, both in their laws for the relief of the poor, and in the administration of those laws, changes of great importance. They consist principally in endeavouring to avoid giving relief out of the workhouse, and in making the workhouse an abode in which none but the really destitute will continue. *Compared with our own, the system is in general rigid.*

It appears that a legal claim to relief exists in Norway, Sweden, Russia, Denmark, Prussia, and some smaller states, and does not exist in Holland, Belgium, France, Venice. The great peculiarity of the system in the north of Europe, is the custom of affording relief by quartering the paupers on the landholders in the country, and on the householders in the town.

In no country, except, perhaps, the Canton de Berne, has compulsory relief produced evils resembling, either in intensity or in extent, those which have been experienced in England, and in the majority of the nations which have adopted it the existing system appears to work well. These opposite consequences from the same principle may be accounted for on several grounds.

Among some of the nations in question villainage still exists. Now where slavery, in any of its forms, prevails, the right of the slave or villain to support is a necessary and safe consequence. It is necessary, because a person who is not a free agent cannot provide for himself. It is safe, because one of the principal evils of pauperism—improvidence—can scarcely exist among slaves, and the power of the master enables him to prevent idleness and fraud. The poor laws of Russia, therefore, if they can be called poor laws, are merely parts of her system of slavery.

Among most of the other nations in question the compulsory system is in its infancy. Denmark has only lately got rid of slavery, and her poor laws date from 1798. Those of Sweden, in their present form—of Mecklenburg, Saxony, Wurtemburg and Bavaria—all bear the appearance of recency. In Wurtemburg assessments had been long obsolete, until they were re-introduced during the famine of 1817. The only country in which the compulsory system appears to have continued as long as it has in England, is that in which it has produced effects resembling those which have followed it with us, viz. the Canton de Berne.

Another circumstance which renders compulsory relief less dangerous in the countries which we have been considering than in our own, is the economical situation of their labouring population. In England the great mass of the people are day-labourers, enjoying, where they have escaped the oppression of poor law abuses, high wages and steady employment, but possessed of little visible property, and seldom living under their masters' roof. Such persons are not deterred from demanding relief by the fear of losing their property, since, where they have any, it is capable of concealment, and they need not always fear degradation, since the fact of their receiving it may often be concealed. There are many instances in the Poor Law Evidence, in which the masters, and even the companions of paupers, were not aware of their receiving allowance. But the class of persons without visible property, which constitutes the bulk of English society, forms the small minority of that of the north of Europe.

All the returns concur in stating the number of day-labourers to be very small.

It is probable, therefore, that the class of persons who, in the north of Europe and Germany, would be exposed to the temptation of applying for public relief if it were granted on the same terms as in England, would be a small minority instead of a large majority, and would be perhaps one-seventh, one-fifth, or at most one-third, instead of three-fourths, or even a larger proportion of the whole community.

But the conditions on which parochial assistance is afforded in the countries in question form, perhaps, the principal difference between their systems and that which we have adopted. In England, where the scale and the allowance system prevail, no condition whatever can be said to be imposed on the pauper. What he receives is a mere gratuitous addition to his income. Even where work is required, the hours are in general fewer, and the labour less severe, than those of the independent labourer. And the workhouse—the most powerful of our instruments of repression—affords, in general, food, lodging, clothing and warmth, better than can be found in the cottages, *and may be quitted at a day's notice.*

But in all the countries which we have noticed, except the Canton de Berne, and perhaps Denmark, the great object of pauper legislation, that of rendering the situation of the pauper less agreeable than that of the independent labourer, has been effectually attained. He loses all right to property; he becomes incapable of contracting marriage while receiving relief, and in many countries, if he have once received relief, cannot marry until he has reimbursed the parish, or has procured security that his future family shall not become chargeable, or till three years have elapsed since he last received relief. If married, he loses control over his children; he cannot choose his residence or his occupation; and, if he once becomes the inmate of a workhouse, he incurs *the risk of imprisonment for life.* When such are the terms offered by the public, it is easy to understand that none but the really destitute will accept them.

The prevalence of habits productive of pauperism is repressed by subjecting the whole labouring population to superintendence and restrictions, which we should consider vexatious.

In almost all the countries which have been mentioned, endeavours are made to prevent the existence of a redundant population, by throwing obstacles in the way of improvident marriage. Marriage on the part of persons in the actual receipt of relief, appears to be everywhere prohibited, and the marriage of those who are not likely to possess the means of independent support, is allowed by very few. Another means by which the extension of pauperism is opposed in the countries which we have described, is the care taken by the government to provide for the education of the labouring classes. Among all the Continental communities which recognize in the poor the right to relief, the only one which does not appear to provide the means of education, and to enforce their being made use of, is that in which pauperism has become absolutely intolerable, viz. the Canton de Berne; and even there, any *aubain* (or person not entitled to *bourgeoisie* in the parish in which he resides) may be summarily ejected (unless possessed of landed property in it) if it can be proved that he does not either send his children to school or provide otherwise for their education. Lastly, in most of the countries which have been considered, the local administration of the laws for the relief of the poor is controlled by a central superintending authority. The only countries, the reports from which state that this is not the case, are Sweden, Denmark and Berne; and these are the three countries in which the poor laws are the worst administered, and in all of them the mal-administration which the reporters deplore is mainly attributed by them to the absence of a central control.

One of the most striking circumstances connected with the countries which do not recognize a legal claim to relief, is the accuracy with which the population seems to be regulated with reference to the demand for labour. In the ill-administered parts of England, there is, in general, no approach to any such regulation. That sort of population which has acquired the technical name of a surplus population, not only continues stagnant in places where its services are no longer required, but often springs up and increases without any increase of the means of profitable employment. The parochial returns are full of complaints of a want labourers in one parish, and of an over-supply in another, without any tendency of the redundancy to supply the deficiency. In time, of course, the deficient parish is filled up by natural increase; but meanwhile the population of the redundant parish does not seem to diminish. In general, indeed, it goes on increasing with unchecked rapidity, until, in the worst administered portions of the kingdom, a state of things has arisen of which the cure is so difficult, that nothing but the certainty of absolute and almost immediate ruin from its increase, or even from its continuance, would have induced the proprietors to encounter the dangers of the remedy. Nothing like this, indeed, exists in any of the countries affording compulsory relief, except Berne. But they provide against its occurrence by subjecting the labouring classes, indeed all classes except the opulent, to strict regulation and control, by restraining their marriages, forcing them to take service, and prohibiting their change of abode, unless they have the consent of the commune in which they wish to settle. By a vigilant exertion of these means, the population of the north of Europe, and Germany, seems in general to be proportioned to the means of employment and subsistence; but in the countries which have not adopted the compulsory system the same results are produced, without interference or restriction.

Another, and a very interesting portion of the information, respects the comparative condition of English and foreign labourers. On comparing the statements respecting the wages, subsistence, and mortality of those portions of continental Europe which have furnished returns, with the corresponding statements respecting this country, it appears that in every point England stands in the most favourable, or nearly the most favourable position. With respect to money wages, the superiority of the English agricultural labourer is very marked. His wages are nearly double the average of agricultural wages on the Continent. And as fuel is generally cheaper in England than on the Continent, and clothing is universally so, his relative advantage with respect to these important articles of consumption is still greater. On the other hand, as food is dearer in England than in any part of Europe, the English labourer, especially if he have a large family, loses on this part of his expenditure some of the benefit of his higher wages, and if the relative dearness of food were very great, he might lose the whole. On a comparison, however, it appears probable that even in this respect the English family has an advantage, though less than in any other. Of the 687 English parishes which have given an answer from which the diet of the family can be inferred, 491, or about five-sevenths, state that it could obtain meat; and of the 196 which give answers implying that it could not get meat, 43 are comprised in Essex and Sussex, two of the most pauperised districts in the kingdom. But in the foreign answers meat is the exception, not the rule. In the north of Europe the usual food seems to be potatoes and oatmeal, or rye bread, accompanied frequently by fish, but only occasionally by meat.

In Germany and Holland the principal food appears to be rye bread, vegetables, the produce of the dairy, and meat once or twice a week.

In Belgium, potatoes, rye bread, milk, butter and cheese, and occasionally pork.

The French returns almost exclude fresh meat, and indicate a small portion of salted meat. Thus we are told that in Havre they live on bread and vegetables—never animal food, or very rarely. In Brittany, on buck-wheat, barley bread, potatoes, cabbages, and about six pounds of pork, weekly. Their food in Piedmont is said to be the simplest and coarsest; no meat, and twice as much maize flour as wheat flour. In Portugal, salt fish, vegetable soup, with oil or lard and maize bread.

Further evidence as to the relative state of the bulk of the population of England is afforded by the ratio of its mortality.

The only countries in which the mortality appears to be so small as in England, are Norway, in which it is one in fifty-four, and the Basses Pyrenées, in which it is one in fifty. In all the other countries which have given returns, it exceeds the English proportion sometimes by doubling it, and in the majority of instances by more than one-fourth. Thus, in England deaths are as one in forty-nine, in New York one in thirty, in Russia one in twenty-five, in Saxony one in thirty-four and a half, in Belgium one in twenty-eight and a half.

While, however, the English labourer appears to be in a better condition than the Continental, the American has a far better portion than either. The command a man has over food is a better criterion than the rate of wages, and we find statements which show indisputably the superiority of the Transatlantic labourer. Thus we read that in Massachusetts, 'There are very few who do not eat meat, poultry, or fish, twice or three times a day.' Of New York it is reported, 'A family united could subsist well on their aggregate earnings—have tea, coffee, and meat, twice a day.' In Urugay (South America), 'A family may subsist on the labour of the husband alone, and have a meal, with meat, three times a day.'

So far as the state of morals may be inferred from the proportion of legitimate to illegitimate children, England stands well—the number being nineteen to one; whereas in Denmark it is nine to one, in Hamburgh four to one, in France about nine to one.

ADMISSION OF DISSENTERS TO THE UNIVERSITIES.

A Letter to the Rev. Thomas Turton, &c. on the Admission of Dissenters to Academical Degrees; by Connop Thirlwall, M.A. Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

Thoughts on the Admission of Dissenters to the University of Oxford, &c. in a Letter to a Dissenter; by the Rev. W. Sewell, M.A. Fellow and Tutor of Exeter College, Oxford.

Mr. Connop Thirlwall and Mr. W. Sewell are both Fellows of Colleges, but they have no fellow-feeling on the subject of the admission of Dissenters to the Universities; and, having no common principles, they differ extremely both in style and argument. The former excels in dispassionate reasoning—the latter in wordy declamation; the one exhibits the calmness of the philosopher and the charity of the Christian—the other the narrow-minded prejudices and intemperate zeal of the bigotted Churchman; the one is an able and honourable representative of the wisdom and liberality of Cambridge—the other is a fiery advocate of the intolerant principles and exclusive articles of Oxford.

'I DENY THE RIGHT OF ANY SECT TO DEPART ONE ATOM FROM THE STANDARD WHICH *I hold to be the truth of Christianity.* And I deny the right of any legislative power, of any minister of God, of any individual on earth, to sanction or permit it, without using every means in their power to controul and bring them back from their errors. When it shall be right in any man wilfully to lead others into wrong, then I will allow the right of conscience, and never before.'—*Sewell's 'Thoughts,'* p. 96.

It was our original intention to have entered pretty largely into an analysis of Mr. Sewell's Letter, making such observations on his arguments as they seemed to require; but when we came to the passage just quoted, we at once dropped our design. It would be worse than folly to argue with a writer who assumes to himself infallibility, who is the express personification of the character described by Shakespeare:

> ' I am Sir Oracle'—THE REV. W. SEWELL, M.A., FELLOW AND TUTOR OF EXETER COLLEGE, OXFORD.——
> ' And, when I ope my mouth, let no dog bark.'

It is the more unnecessary to enter into any controversy with this Oracular Fellow of Oxford, as the foundation of his whole reasoning is a mere assumption. He draws a highly-coloured picture of a fancied state of things, existing only in his own happy imagination, and most unlike the sad and sober realities of Church and State, as dominant in this country: and then, on this hypothetical basis, assuming the privileges of a poet, and giving to ' airy nothing a local habitation and a name,' he builds his arguments. His whole pamphlet is a mere begging of the question from beginning to end, all his observations resting for their support on the dictatorial position—contradictory to experience and libellous to Christianity—that religion cannot exist separate from an Establishment. This position, however, as if to hide its weakness, he surrounds with the imposing vestments of pompous diction and rhetorical figures: preserving, at all times, the magisterial air of a collegiate tutor, and the dictatorial tone of one authorized to instruct. With such an air and in such a tone, he lays down self-evident principles, such as none will, in the abstract statement, object to; making, however, a woeful misapplication of them to his favourite Establishments—his church and college—though in their very nature opposed to the spirit of such principles, and destructive of all he is contending for. He professes tolerance, but his own principles, carried out to their full extent, would make him an inveterate persecutor—the Laud of the nineteenth century. Immaculate himself—belonging to an immaculate church and an immaculate college, ' so perfectly pure, so intensely bright, that not a speck or flaw—not the shade of the shadow of an atom can be thrown on it without exciting the warmest, the *most violent feelings*.'—p. 81. The Dissenters may congratulate themselves that this most orthodox Fellow of the most orthodox College possesses not the power to manifest his animosity against them in any more formidable manner than verbal calumny and intemperate abuse. He accuses them, generally, ' of coldness and irreligion—of utter indifference to the very first principles of Christianity, unless they are actuated by motives of ambition;' and he is particularly charitable to the Unitarians, whose religion he represents as mere ' ethics,' *which* ' *are not Christianity—which are scarcely piety*:' yet he inserts a saving clause for the Wesleyan Methodists—(let them be thankful!)—for their ' attachment in the hour of trial'—an attachment which, with a heart overflowing with gratitude, he assures them ' the Church will never forget, as it will always return.' On this disinterested attachment he is very pathetic—it calls forth all the tenderness of his nature, and in the soft effusions of this melting mood, he acknowledges them as 'brethren in the faith,' and most sentimentally declares, with a voice trembling with agitation, 'we can scarcely bear to look upon' them 'as separated!' It is only justice to this tender-hearted controversialist to state, that there is one other subject on which he is still more *lachrymose:* he weeps at the anticipated possibility of the dismissal of his Church and College 'from the post of guardian and instructor, and warner and spiritual guide, and constituted intercessor for this nation,' and beholding, in prophetic vision, their 'place supplied by sophists, and babblers, and sordid calculators, and needy spendthrifts, and cold-blooded moralists, and all the tribe of panders and corrupters to a rashly emancipated people,' he weeps again, and, awfully apprehensive lest God himself should be hurled from his throne by this powerful band of wicked mortals; he trembles at the peril of a Being 'once entrusted to our care!' Let no one suppose all this weeping and trembling is occasioned by a fear of losing the emoluments of an Established religion—the lucrative posts in church and college: let no one profane the sacred grief of this melting Oxford Fellow and his brethren, by comparing it to the effeminate sorrow of the Trojan matrons, clinging to the pillars of their spacious domes, and imprinting them with mournful kisses, on the irruption of the Greeks into their domestic abodes—

> 'Tum pavidæ tectis matres ingentibus errant,
> Amplexæque tenent postes, atque oscula figunt:'

No; the nervous emotions of these reverend and oracular gentlemen arise from the purest and most disinterested sentiments of patriotism and religion—they weep for the nation, they tremble for the altars of the Deity! The one will be ruined—the other will be overturned, if *they* cease to be the guardians of the public welfare and the public faith! Hence their patriotic terrors; hence their pious tears! With due respect to their professed sentiments, we should like to see one simple experiment tried—remove from the Establishment the loaves and fishes of church and college preferment, and observe the effect of such a change on its most ardent supporters. We cannot but suspect there would shortly be a great diminution in the fervour of their zeal, and a most miraculous opening of their eyes to the clear perception of errors and abuses which they now cannot see. It is, at all events, 'devoutly to be wished' that their immaculate morals and pure motives were put to this test, were it only to prove the reality of their merits, and to convince an unbelieving public of the perfect disinterestedness of their conduct in crying up, with so much abuse of their fellow-Christians, the absolute necessity of a Church Establishment to the safety and salvation of the State. Till this salutary experiment has been tried, we, at least, without wishing to be uncharitable, shall very much doubt the professed disinterestedness of such outrageous defences of existing establishments as the Rev. W. Sewell's. Our doubt is in exact proportion to the quantity of unnecessary abuse and ostentatious presumption with which the 'Thoughts' of this Oxford Fellow and Tutor are so largely mixed up, to the injury of his argument and the detriment of his character. Pompous phrases, bold assertions, and harsh invectives gain an advocate but little credit with those who love simplicity, charity and truth: neither can they be considered becoming in one who assumes to himself, in common with his brethren, 'the post of guardian and instructor, and warner and spiritual guide, and constituted intercessor for this nation.' It would, however, be very presumptuous in us to address any thing like admonition to one who holds so exalted an office, and is invested with such infallible attributes, as this holy advocate of an immaculate Church Establishment. We shall, therefore, content ourselves with the humble hope, that he may not in future abuse his high prerogatives, to the injury of his fellow-creatures, or so far forget the weakness of the mortal in the exaltation of the saint, as to seize the bolts of the thunderer, and hurl the fires of heaven:

> 'Snatch from His hand the balance and the rod,
> Rejudge His justice, be the God of God!'

It is enough to have once committed the folly of impotence vainly grasping at power, without hazarding the longer possession of 'a little brief authority,' by madly attempting to play

> ——'such fantastic tricks before high heaven;'

as, if they do not 'make the angels weep,' are sure to make all wise men laugh. An 'angry ape,' trying to be mischievous, at the risk of its own personal safety, puts all gravity out of countenance.

RELIGIOUS ESTABLISHMENTS.

It does not require the eye of prophecy to see that the great question which is to absorb, for a time, all minds, is that of Religious Establishments. The public is preparing for the discussion. Events are urging it forward. Nay, already it has commenced, and, with many, convictions are formed of the most decided character. We do not refer to the veterans of Nonconformity. It is an old and a long-since-settled question with the bulk of them. We think of the mass of the nation. Of these, no few have come to a decision for the most part unfavourable to religious establishments, caused mainly, it may be, in many instances, rather by the presence of existing corruptions, than any well-drawn general principles. And though great practical questions are ordinarily settled by decisions thus formed, it cannot fail to be desirable that the public mind should be enlightened as much as possible, that on this—as on all points—its judgment should be formed on principle rather than on feeling. Reason, not passion, should be the arbiter in great social questions. At the same time, it is neither undesirable, with a view to obtain a patient hearing, to blend with the discussion of abstract principles the feelings of aversion which existing corruptions justify, nor improper in argument to exemplify the tendency of error, by exhibiting the evils to which it has in any case led. We shall, therefore, in speaking somewhat at length on the question of religious establishments, deal rather with what they are and have been, than what the imagination of the social philosopher may, in the dreams of his fancy, picture them forth. And while we declare at once, that we ourselves are hostile to them in every shape, we feel no doubt that the *Christian Teacher* will not be indisposed, in order to have the question discussed in all its bearings, readily to admit a defence from any one who may have the chivalry to undertake it.*

There seem to be only three principles on which a religious establishment in alliance with the state can be defended:

1. That it has been prescribed by Divine authority, or institution; or,
2. That the religion established is the true religion, and ought, therefore, to be protected by the state; or,
3. That such an establishment is highly useful both to religion and the state.

1. That a religious establishment in alliance with the state has been prescribed by Divine authority may, perhaps, be argued from the institution of the Jewish religion: but before such an argument can be admitted as valid, it must be shown that the religious establishments which have been formed in other countries were framed exactly upon the model of this; otherwise, not being similarly constituted, they can plead no Divine authority or prescription, from the existence of the Jewish establishment, for their own. This establishment, however, differed equally from all that preceded and all that have succeeded it, being, as is well known, a theocracy in which the Deity was both God and Monarch. Nor was this institution altered by the election of judges and kings, for both were elected by His authority, and not by the general voice of the people acting on their own, being chosen and appointed by His messengers and prophets, and filling, therefore, the situa-

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* Our correspondent has rightly interpreted our feelings.—Ed.

tion only of prime ministers or viceroys, to whom certain powers were delegated and entrusted by the Supreme Head of the government. Hence, under this establishment, the religious and civil laws were the same, being incorporated into one system by Divine prescription, and the church and state were not merely allied, but identified, constituting one and the same body: but in all other religious establishments they have formed two distinct bodies, possessing separate rights and interests, though, by a conventional alliance, united for mutual defence. From this most important difference existing between the Jewish establishment and all others, it is evident none have been formed upon the exact model of it, and it was impossible they should, unless the Almighty had condescended to place Himself at the head of them, in the double capacity of Supreme Magistrate and Deity. No just argument, then, can be adduced in support of a political alliance between church and state from the establishment of the Jewish religion, differing so widely as it did from all other establishments, and being, moreover, a Divine institution.

It cannot be pleaded by way of objection to this assertion, that, though there is, and can be, no exact resemblance between other religious establishments and the Jewish, the principle on which they are formed is authorized by the example of the Deity in the union of the Jewish church and state: because that union seems to have been formed for especial purposes which have been accomplished, viz. the preserving the knowledge of the true God on the earth, and the preparing mankind for a fuller revelation of Himself and His will, which has already been made. Besides, the Jewish establishment is characterized by many features which seem to indicate that it was intended only for a particular people and period, which its dissolution, also, appears to confirm: especially as in the whole code of the Mosaic law there is not a single precept enjoining the adoption of a religious establishment on other nations, or recommending the principle of such an establishment. Taking these circumstances into consideration, in addition to the peculiar constitution of the Jewish establishment, differing most essentially from all others, how can this establishment be regarded as justifying the principle of an alliance between church and state? No injunction can be brought from the Scriptures of the Old Testament in support of such an alliance, and no strict analogy exists between it and the Mosaic economy: all such alliances being, moreover, of human, whereas this was of Divine institution.

Not to insist further on the generally acknowledged fact, that the Jewish establishment was exclusive in its nature, and not intended for general adoption, it is a very serious and important question, whether, independent of this consideration, the conduct of the Deity, in his extraordinary communications with mankind, ought to become the object of imitation to his creatures in the common affairs of life; and that it ought not, unless expressly enjoined as such, we may reasonably conclude from this consideration, that, as our finite understandings cannot comprehend the plans of Infinite Wisdom, whose thoughts are as far above the reach of our thoughts as the heavens are above the earth, we might very probably misunderstand their design, and commit the most egregious errors in attempting to act conformably to it. Hence it appears, that so far from the establishment of the Jewish religion authorising an alliance between church and state, were that alliance, which it is not, strictly analagous to it, notwithstanding the closest resemblance, it might be neither safe nor justifiable. The argument will admit of the following illustration. It is recorded in the history connected with the establishment of the Jewish religion, that the Deity expressly ordered the Israelites to destroy the Canaanites, lest they should be corrupted in their sins and become idolaters; but should we be justified, without as express a command from the Deity, in taking away the lives of our fellow-creatures, however wicked might be their conduct or erroneous their faith? Yet the same principle, carried to its legitimate extent, on which an alliance between church and state is defended, viz. the ordination of the Deity in the establishment of the Jewish religion, would equally authorise the members of such an alliance, to commit the most cruel acts of religious persecution against all persons whose opinions, or conduct, were considered dangerous to their religious welfare. The example of the Deity might, on this principle, be pleaded equally in support of a religious establishment and in vindication of religious persecution: so that this must be considered a very unsatisfactory and unsafe mode of reasoning. All inferences, indeed, as to the excellence of institutions, or the propriety of conduct, drawn from the recorded communications, or acts of the Deity, unless supported by His direct injunctions, must be very dangerous, as well as inconclusive.

If no argument can be drawn from the particular institution of the Jewish religion, to show that religious establishments in general are supported by Divine authority, or prescription, much less can any such argument be derived from the institution of Christianity. An alliance of his church with the state seems never to have entered the contemplation of Christ; he not only did not expressly enjoin such an alliance as calculated in any way to serve the purposes of his religion—he never made even the remotest allusion to it. From his perfect silence on the subject, he appears not to have once anticipated any such alliance as about to exist at any future period: at all events he gave no sanction to it. Had it formed any part of his mission to connect the religion he came to teach with the state, a fine opportunity of his doing this presented itself at that popular period of his ministry when he was conducted into Jerusalem in triumph by the Jewish populace, who, with shouts of unanimous applause, acknowledged him as the expected Messiah, whom his countrymen, under the mistaken influence of prejudice, anticipated as about to come in the character of a temporal prince: availing himself of this prejudice, he might easily have incorporated his religion with the Jewish establishment, and have ascended the throne of David in the double capacity of prophet and king. How, then, can we account for his not, at this favourable moment, uniting the Christian church with the state, but by conceding that the formation of such an alliance constituted no part of his Divine commission—that his religion, not being political either in its nature or design, was not to owe its establishment to political power, and therefore, neither required nor sought a connexion with the civil government of the Jewish, or any other kingdom. He himself, indeed, declared that his kingdom was not 'of this world': from which, in connexion with the general character of his whole conduct and teaching, we may safely infer, that the dominion his religion was intended to exercise was purely spiritual.

It has, however, been asserted by the most learned advocate of a religious establishment, such as exists in this country, as a circumstance favourable to such an establishment, if not authorising it, that 'the Author and Finisher of our Faith,' in 'revealing the will of his Heavenly Father to mankind, actually formed our holy religion into a society, on a common policy, with public rites, proper officers, and a subordination of the ministry.'* This assertion can be founded only on what Christ himself instituted, or what was instituted on his authority by his apostles: the best mode, therefore, of ascertaining how far it is correct, will be an examination of the institutions that were really formed by the sacred founder of our religion, and by those whom he commissioned and empowered to teach it.

The only rites which Christ appointed to be practised in his Church were those of Baptism and the Lord's Supper, and the only officers he ordained were the twelve Apostles, whom he commissioned to preach the Gospel. To these rites the apostles added no others, and the only additional officers they created were Deacons and Elders, the business of the former being apparently to superintend the distribution of the money collected for the relief of the poor (Acts vi. 1—6.), and probably to visit the sick, that of the latter to exercise several ecclesiastical functions, more practically instructing the younger members of the Church in the principles of their religion, inspecting the morals of the individuals composing the Christian society to which they belonged, administering wholesome reproof to the weaker brethren, and composing, by their authority, any feuds that existed amongst them. The Bishops who are mentioned in the Epistles, seem to have been no more than Elders, as the word that is thus rendered in the common version of the Scriptures signifies merely an overlooker or superintendent, by which it would have been more correctly translated: and no such lords as those now designated by the title of bishop, exercising both a temporal and spiritual authority, were ordained either by Christ or his apostles. The rites and officers appointed by them in the Christian church were, therefore, few; and as to a 'subordination of the ministry,' in the sense these words seem to be used in the passage quoted above, as indicating different grades of authority and rank amongst the first teachers of Christianity, no such thing appears to have existed in the apostolic age: all were equal as ministers of Christ, who had himself expressly forbidden his disciples to assume any superior authority one over another in these emphatic words; 'Ye know that the princes of the Gentiles exercise dominion over them, and they that are great exercise authority upon them; but it shall not be so among you: but whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister, and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant, even as the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many.' (Matt. xx. 25—28.)

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* Warburton's Alliance between Church and State, book i, § 5, p. 39. Ed. 2.

The rites and officers, then, which were instituted by Christ and his apostles, were not such as peculiarly appertain to an established religion in alliance with the state;—they are not in any way necessarily connected with an alliance of this nature, and they cannot be adduced as an argument in support of it. They are not, in the remotest degree, related to the policy which dictated a union of church and state—they confer none of the powers and sanction none of the ordinances which, in such unions, have been exercised and decreed. The society, formed by the great founder of Christianity, was of a purely religious kind—it had nothing political in its nature or its tendency, in its spirit or its constitution, in its rites or its doctrines: nor did Christ or his apostles ever utter a single precept recommending its alliance with the state; they never made the most distant allusion to it; and from the whole New Testament, not one passage can be brought that gives any sanction to it as of Divine authority or appointment.

2. The next principle on which the advocates of an alliance of the church with the state may attempt to defend it, is, that

the religion established is the true religion, and ought, therefore, to be protected by the government. This principle must be founded on one or both of these two reasons, either that true religion is necessary to the future salvation of the soul, or to the welfare of the present life;—if on the first, the magistrate, whose office is entirely civil in its nature, relating to the affairs of this world only, can properly take no cognizance of religion in his public capacity, without going far beyond the duties he was appointed to perform, and entering into a province which lies not within his jurisdiction; if on the latter, it may be justly urged against his interference with the interests of true religion, that they may be as extensively preserved without the sanction of his authority, or the aid of his protection, and that such interference is not calculated to promote them—as is sufficiently evident from the history of all religious establishments, these being unable, from the constitution of the human mind, and the nature of religion itself, to produce a general uniformity of belief in the articles of the established faith, or a virtuous course of conduct consistent with Christian principles; and, what is equally indicative of their inefficiency to produce the proposed object, having, moreover, generally injured instead of promoted the welfare of society, by cruel persecutions and invidious distinctions, inflicting severe penalties on the most upright and pious individuals, and exciting in the hearts of thousands the most malignant passions, by which communities, that would otherwise have been peaceful and happy, have been thrown into insurrectionary commotions, and been exposed to dreadful calamities.

It may be further objected generally to the principle of establishing a religion on the ground that it is true, that it involves a very important question, a satisfactory decision of which is absolutely necessary to its consistency; viz.: Whether the established religion be the true one? The magistrate is not, perhaps, the most proper person to settle this question, as there is nothing in the usual habits or business attached to his office, to render him peculiarly fitted to act as a spiritual judge, or to decide, amongst disputed opinions, on matters of faith and morals, which is true, and which is false. Now, as there can be only one true religion, if the magistrate is to decide in every country what that is, it must necessarily happen that false religion will be established in all places where the true is not embraced by the magistrate; and there is no uncharitableness in the supposition that this would happen in a majority of places, as, indeed, must inevitably be the case, unless magistrates possessed a much greater portion of wisdom and piety than other men, and were exempted from all liability to error, which, unfortunately for the world, they never yet have been, nor is there any reason to suppose they ever will be. Since magistrates, then, like all human beings, are subject to errors of judgement—since they are exposed to the various and powerful influences of education, passion and prejudice, we may be assured that, as on all other subjects, so on religion, they would fall into serious mistakes, and the churches they connected with the several states over which they exercised supreme control, would be as various as their own minds and feelings, and errors of every description would be intimately connected with them;—so that the interests of true religion, which this principle of establishing it as such is supposed to preserve, would thus be most essentially injured by the general prevalence and domination of the false. The principle, then, is absurd; as, even by acting upon it, the end and object at which it aims, namely, the protection and support of true religion, could not be attained.

A still stronger objection may be made to this principle; viz., that the magistrate has no right to judge, in his official capacity, for any other individual, much less for a whole people, what constitutes true religion. This right appertains not to his office as supreme civil governor of the nation; it was never conceded to him by his subjects, who, indeed, had no power to grant it, since it is the duty of every man to exercise his own judgement in matters of religion, as he must be accountable to a higher power than any earthly prince for his conduct; and he cannot, therefore, authorise another to dictate what religious opinions he shall believe, as to no other can he transfer his moral responsibility. It will be unnecessary here to combat, for a moment, the old abandoned doctrine of the Divine right of kings; or to prove, by any formal process of reasoning, that, as the civil ruler has never been entrusted by his subjects with the sacred authority of deciding what is true in religion, he has not received any such authority from Heaven; and it may therefore be safely concluded, without any additional proof, that the assumption of it is an usurpation of the most sacred and inalienable of the rights of man.

3. The last principle on which a religious establishment allied to the state may be advocated—and it is the chief ground of fence on which its modern supporters rely—is its utility. It is said to be highly useful in promoting religion amongst the people, which could not exist, it is intimated, without being established. The former part of this assertion is very questionable, as will subsequently appear; and the latter is utterly false, being a gross libel on the nature of true religion, as if it owed its very being to the state—and what better argument than this could those who deny the truth of all religion desire against it? 'From the very concessions of its adversaries,' they might say, 'you see what their boasted religion is—not a thing of heavenly origin, as they are anxious to make us believe, but entirely of the earth, in its whole nature and character "earthy," owing its existence to state policy,

and being merely its creature and tool': and, in fact, such a mode of reasoning has not unfrequently led men of a sceptical turn of mind, who saw how completely the established religion was converted into such a tool, to renounce all faith in it—a pretty strong proof, by the way, of its inutility. To remove, however, all objections of this kind, resulting from the established abuses of religion, it may be asserted with great truth, that nothing is, in its very nature, more independent of the state, and more capable of existing without its protection. Religion may be defined to be, a belief in certain great and important truths, such as, that there is a God, who is the moral governor of the world; and a future state of retribution, in which the wicked will be punished, and the virtuous rewarded,—requiring an exemplary course of conduct consistent with a faith in these solemn truths. Such, at least, we may assume as a general definition of revealed religion. What necessary connexion, then, is there between such a belief and its support by the state? Should the state become infidel, and decree that there was no God, would it necessarily follow that we should cease to believe in the existence of a God? Or, should it be Polytheistical, and command the worship of many idols, such as the Pagan establishments supported, would our faith in the being of one sole and universal Deity be as necessarily altered? Nay, should it persecute all those who would not bow down in the temples, or offer up sacrifice on the altars of these idols, could it compel men sincerely to conform to their worship? Outward conformity might be practised by multitudes to escape the penalties attached to disobedience to the orders of the state, but it would be no proof of inward conviction—the idols might be worshipped and despised—so that the religious belief of the worshippers might remain unchanged by the strictest state-decrees, which would only avail in making men hypocrites, and in being injurious, instead of useful, to their religious welfare. But in spite of such decrees, and all the persecution that enforced them, many persons would refuse to worship the idols, and serve God according to the honest convictions of their own minds;—thus, in open defiance of all the punishments the state could inflict, true religion has existed, and been practised. Did not Christianity itself, at its commencement, thus exist without the patronage, and spread notwithstanding the persecution of the state? After its corruptions in the dark ages, did not the reformation of it take place (so far as it did take place) in opposition to temporal as well as spiritual authority? And from the Protestant established churches, that arose out of it, have not numerous Dissenters always existed, the best friends of both civil and religious liberty, who would never submit to the decrees of the state, respecting forms of worship, or articles of faith; but in the face of all sorts of penalties, and under the infliction of the severest sufferings, nobly persevered in worshipping God according to the dictates of conscience? Religion does not, then, depend upon the state for its existence—nor is there any necessary connexion between them resulting from its nature. Consisting in belief, and a conduct accordant with it, it can exist independent of the splendid edifices, pompous erections, and richly-endowed sees of an established church—it can exist independent of the crowded temple, and the surpliced priest—in the rudest dwellings, in the most lonely and obscure retreats, it can exist without the cognizance or the protection of the state. When Jesus prayed on the naked mountain, or in the solitary desert, there was religion—when his followers were driven from places of public resort to untenanted rocks and unpeopled caverns, and in them bowed the knee to God, there was religion—and wherever the humblest worshipper offers up his devotion to Heaven in sincerity and truth, though it be in the secret retirement of his chamber, away from all human society, there religion is, existing in the heart, breathing from the lips, and influencing the conduct.

To those who deny the possibility of religion existing separate from an Establishment, it may be proposed as a question worthy of their serious consideration, whether it does not exist amongst the numerous classes of Dissenters from the Established Church of this country, and whether the members of that church can offer any stronger proofs of their being in possession of the true faith, or of true piety, than the great body of Christians who have left it? If sacrifices of worldly advantage in various ways—if the loss of reputation, if voluntary exposure to obloquy for conscience's sake, be proofs of religion reigning as a dominant principle in the mind and heart, these proofs may be brought as evidences of its vital influence over thousands out of the pale of the Establishment, and others, equally powerful, may be found, if sought for, in the pious attendance on Divine worship, and the eminent virtues, both private and public, of numerous individuals in the several societies of Christian Dissenters. Should it be objected, that these virtues may be owing, in a great measure, to the Established Church; that much of the respect in which religion is generally held may be traced to the influence that church has exerted on the moral feelings of the community at large, by the illustrious example of its faith and piety; and that, but for this example, religion would have fallen entirely into disesteem, and been banished from the kingdom;—to those who make this bold assertion, of which it is unnecessary here to enter into a particular refutation, another question may be proposed for their candid and serious consideration—Does not religion exist in that land of civil and religious freedom, to which many excellent and pious men were driven, in former times, by the persecutions of the Established Church of England, preferring the conscientious worship of God in woods and deserts, peopled only by savage tribes, to all the comforts of civilized life in their native country, where the liberty of such worship was denied them?—does not religion exist amidst the countless multitudes who acknowledge its divine authority, and offer up their voluntary prayers to God in a thousand temples, unconnected with any religious establishment in America, where no such establishment has ever existed, and can, therefore, have exercised no influence whatever on the public faith or piety? Not only the nature of religion itself, which, it cannot be too often repeated, is a purely personal thing, existing solely between God and a man's own conscience, but the sincere profession of it in various countries, by persons of all ranks, without the patronage of an Establishment, and in direct opposition to its persecuting decrees, prove, beyond all doubt, that it can subsist in the soul, and influence the conduct, without any connexion with the state;—and of this we may feel assured, that if religion could not exist separate from an Establishment, or depended upon the protection and support of the state for its diffusion or welfare, the Deity would have empowered Christ to have formed a union between it and some existing government, and to have given express injunctions for the continuance of such an union.

An established religion is said to be further useful in preventing schisms in the church and in producing uniformity of religious opinion. If by schisms be meant differences of opinion on religious subjects, and dissent from a standard of faith established by human authority, the utility of preventing such schisms, if practicable, will be denied by all who consider the important benefits that result to society from the unfettered exercise of the human mind in the investigation of all religious doctrines, professing to be of Divine authority; since to such investigation alone is owing the establishment of the most salutary truths, as well as the exposition of the most baneful errors, and without it mankind must be ever exposed to impositions in religion of the grossest and most injurious kind. Deny men the right of private judgement, and you immediately convert them into the victims of superstition and the dupes of priestcraft; you take from them the means of ascertaining what nature and revelation teach on the great subjects of their destiny and duty, rendering them blind to all the light it has pleased God to cast upon them; you make them the passive slaves of spiritual tyranny, and expose them to all the dreadful ills which 'spiritual wickedness in high places' may choose to inflict upon them. The suppression of free inquiry on religious topics leads, moreover, to ulterior consequences most fatal to the best interests of society: for when the mind has once ceased to reason on the most momentous of all subjects, it is not very probable that it will exercise its judgement on matters of minor importance, even if its powers of discrimination were not blunted, as they must be, by a habit of implicit reliance on the decisions of others, and of entire submission to their decrees. Hence the sacrifice of religious has been generally followed by that of civil freedom: the most subservient subjects of despotic governments having been found in the Established Church, and the most patriotic opponents of tyranny out of it, in the ranks of those conscientious servants of God, who denied and resisted its usurped authority, nobly contending for the 'liberty with which,' according to the declaration of an apostle, 'Christ has made us free.' The history of the Christian church, from the earliest period of its alliance with the state, in those countries in which it was established, proves, beyond all dispute, the truth of this assertion: so that were religious establishments able to prevent schisms, the utility of such prevention might be justly called in question, especially when it is further considered, that the only means of producing this effect must be bribery or force, purchasing the sacrifice of individual opinion by the loaves and fishes of state patronage and preferment, or suppressing it by persecuting statutes—by fine, imprisonment, and death. By the adoption of the former mode of buying up the consciences of men, the moral welfare of society must be seriously injured, as it would nurse in its bosom the basest of all vices—religious hypocrisy, and by the practice of the other its civil interests would be greatly impaired, as it would create much personal suffering and distress, occasion domestic feuds and altercations, and eventually lead to public dissensions and calamities. Before, indeed, a general suppression of opinion could be produced by persecution (if it were possible so to produce it), the civil rights of mankind must have been frequently violated, their personal security endangered, and their lives as well as property destroyed: and, though in the silence thus enforced by ruin and devastation, in this annihilation of religious freedom by the sword of the magistrate, the prejudiced bigot, the time-serving priest, or the despotic statesman, would, no doubt, boast of the tranquil and undisturbed state of the church, to it and to them might be applied with equal justice the emphatic words of the philosophic historian, who impartially recorded the aggressions and crimes of his countrymen:

> 'They make a desert, and they call it *peace*.'*

But so far is an established church from being calculated to prevent schisms, that it has a direct tendency to create them. The usurped authority it assumes and the despotic acts it performs naturally excite feelings of indignation and disgust in the minds of all but the spiritually enslaved, or those more wretched apostates, who violate the most sacred obligations to promote their temporal interests, and trample upon religion itself, using it as a stepping-stone to wealth or power: and the experience of past ages has abundantly proved that multitudes of conscientious men, under a solemn sense of duty to God, will resist the spiritual domination of temporal princes, assuming the office of His vicegerents, and, at all risks of personal comfort and safety, separate themselves from a religious establishment supported by the state and subservient to its will. One instance, amidst a multitude which the pages of ecclesiastical history would supply, will be sufficient to establish this undeniable fact, and it may be the more satisfactory to some, as it occurred in the Church of England. I allude to the schism produced in that church by the despotic Act of Uniformity, passed in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when upwards of 2,000 ministers resigned their livings, and left the Establishment, rather than admit the authority, or obey the injunctions, of that most tyrannic act, leaving to future ages a noble example of virtue and integrity, worthy of the highest admiration.*

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* 'Atque ubi solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant.'—*Tacit. Agric. Vit.*

As a religious establishment is unable to prevent the occurrence of schisms in the church, being itself often the cause of them, it is equally ineffectual in producing uniformity of opinion on points of faith and doctrine. The minds of men differ as much as their countenances, and it would be contrary to their nature for them all to think alike on any subject: hence differences of opinion have always existed amongst the members of every establishment—those which existed in the Romish Church are notorious from the public debates that were carried on in its assembled councils; and in the Church of England it is well known that a great difference of sentiment has existed as to the nature of the Articles themselves, one party contending that they are Calvinistic, another that they are Arminian, and that the highest authorities have disagreed in the manner in which they have understood the doctrine of the Trinity, various modes of explaining this mysterious dogma having been adopted by different individuals occupying some of the highest stations in the hierarchy. The numerous grades of opinion that exist amongst the promiscuous multitude that frequent the Established Church, it is unnecessary, were it possible, particularly to describe: that such differences do exist is a generally-acknowledged fact, and it is sufficient to disprove the assertion, that uniformity of religious opinion is produced by a religious establishment.

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* We may add here, that the Church of England is itself a great schism, or separation, from the Roman Catholic Church, and is, therefore, the very last that, denouncing heresy and division, should offer its own authority or example as an antidote against them.

(To be Continued.)

CRITICAL NOTICES.

'*The Works of William Ellery Channing, D.D.* Vol. 1.'—Hedderwick and Son, Glasgow; Hunter, Fox, and Mardon, London.

It has sometimes been objected to those whose special function it is to regenerate the existing forms of Christianity, and breathe at once a purer and a more energetic spirit through society, that they are practically inattentive to the claims of the missionary enterprise, and leave the Heathen world in the unmitigated ills of moral darkness. But what is the fact? They do not themselves visit the Islands of the South Sea, but they send an influence in the hearts of the actual missionaries. If they improve Theology, they improve the administration of Christianity, and aid in missionary labours. Spiritual aggression does not consist in the transmission over 'the waste of waters' of bodies in human shape. The missionary effort is in moral and intellectual power: and he that creates and diffuses these, does a missionary work. It matters nothing whether the diffusion takes place by his own corporeal efforts, or by those of another. Let mind speak—and what signifies it by whose lips? The most effectual missionary is found in the most powerful and the most prolific mind. And far more valuable is the labour of the secluded philosopher, who, from the depths of his retirement, sends forth thoughts which girdle the earth with light, and breathe a new moral impulse through society, than even an army of the ordinary church militant, carrying about the world influences that are powerless, because poor in kind and stale with repetition. If this is a correct view of the nature of missionary influence, then Dr. Channing, weak as he is in body, and narrow as is the circle of his locomotion, is among the greatest of missionaries; for his thoughts are going up and down the world girded in power, and followed with the peace and happiness of a spiritual regeneration. And a solemn thought it is—a thought as impulsive to industry in moral enterprise, as it is solemn, that the mind of a solitary and infirm Christian should be germinating in minds of the most diverse character throughout the old and the new world; and wherever it is allowed to exert its natural influence, leaving a new creation of moral beauty. What a sacred thing is mind! What awful responsibilities does its possession involve! What a noble function is its exercise! What a high vocation is that of the Christian Teacher, 'thoroughly furnished' for his office!

In the belief that Dr. Channing's writings are eminently fitted to bless mankind, by increasing the amount and furthering the progress of Christian truth, we rejoice at every publication that proceeds from his pen; and are no little pleased to find that after most of his pieces have been repeatedly presented to the public, the demand for them should be such as to call forth the work of which the title stands at the head of these remarks. 'The present *is the only complete edition of Channing's Works which has yet been published*—the Publishers having been enabled to enrich it with several articles which have not appeared in any collected copy of his writings, while the price is but half that of the Boston and London edition,—six shillings each volume. They have considered it proper, also, to throw his Sermons chiefly into the second volume—those only upon the Evidences of Christianity, being introduced into the first. By this arrangement, they have brought before the reader, in a consecutive form, the whole of those exquisitely beautiful and original pieces of literary criticism, and other literary miscellanies, which have been so generally admired for the depth and originality of the ideas—the comprehension and grasp of thought—and the singular eloquence and vigorous terseness of style which they exhibit.'—The work is neatly executed. We hope the second volume will be found to include the very beautiful and very valuable discourse recently delivered before the Fraternity of Churches in Boston, on 'The Ministry for the Poor.'

'*Observations on the Discourse of Natural Theology, by Henry Lord Brougham; by* THOMAS *WALLACE, Esq., L.L.D.*'—Ridgway, London.

THIS is a temperate and respectful exposure of some errors committed by Lord Brougham, in a work lately reviewed by us, in which we find no little similarity to the views we ventured to advance. We notice the volume, not with any view of levelling a shaft at a nobleman for whom we entertain the highest respect, and whose services we regard as of literally incalculable importance to mankind, but merely in the execution of a duty imposed on us by a love of truth and the claims of literary justice.

Mr. Wallace, in his introduction, expresses a feeling identical with our own: 'The following observations are written by one who, firmly believing in the immortality of the soul, acknowledges his ignorance whether that soul be material or immaterial. It is also his firm conviction, that certain knowledge on that subject is neither attainable by man in his present state of existence, nor necessary for the government of his concerns, either as they respect this world or the next.'

After giving utterance, in no meagre terms, to the admiration which the publication of such a work from such a quarter inspires him with, the Observer proceeds to take his objections to that part of the argument of Lord Brougham, which is based on the assertion of the soul's immateriality.

Mr. Wallace justly complains of the noble writer's having introduced, as an instance of the kind of inductive proof necessarily connected with Natural Theology, a metaphysical and theological proposition, still and ever likely to remain a subject of debate; that it was both inconvenient and dangerous to do so, inasmuch as thus the advocate of inductive proof in the science of Natural Theology takes upon himself to show, not only that this controverted proposition naturally belonged to a class of proofs appropriate to that science, but also the additional, perhaps the impossible task of establishing the disputed proposition itself; and that, while professing to elucidate and strengthen those indications which natural science suggests to us that we shall have an existence hereafter, he has embarrassed by teaching us that the *possibility* of a future life depends on the *contingency* of an abstruse question being decided *one* way—namely, that the substance of the human mind is material, and in some degree makes a disputable and unproved fact, one of the principal supports of the science the rank of which he seeks to raise.

Mr. Wallace states, as points in which Natural Theology differs from Physical Science, that from the proofs on which it rests being short of the precision and certainty which those in physical science possess, it is liable to suffer by the fallacious and fanciful reasonings of unsound logicians; that interest and prejudice interfere to bias the convictions in all religious topics; and that *conclusive experiment* is not to be had.

A considerable portion of the work is taken up in combating the reasonings adduced by the ex-Chancellor in favour of the immateriality of the soul. That the writer is not unsuccessful, may be inferred from the fact of so many previously to Lord Brougham having lost their pains in a similar metaphysical knight-errantry, as well from the circumstance, which shows how easily great minds are deluded by fallacies, that his lordship actually confounds 'immortality' with 'immateriality,' as if that *must* live for ever which is not material.

The writer concludes by adducing a few of those arguments that are commonly urged against the immateriality of the soul, stated as 'queries,' as the most befitting for one who proposes them as difficulties to be solved, not arguments to convince.

With neither Mr. Wallace's exposure of Lord Brougham's defence of the soul's immateriality, nor his queries, do we intend to trouble our readers. It is enough to have indicated the tenor of the work in its bearing on the 'Discourse of Natural Theology.' Those who are fond of the thorny and fruitless paths of disquisitions, wherein nothing is defined or definable, may consult Mr. Wallace himself, and some hundreds of other dusty tomes—for the bulk of our readers, they are too well occupied to feel disposed to indulge in so great a waste of time and patience.

'*An Historical Sketch of the Origin of English Prose Literature, and of its Progress till the reign of James I.; by* WILLIAM GRAY, *Esq., of Magdalen College, Oxford.*'—Oxford, Talboys.

THIS is one among many proofs which the press is daily furnishing, of an increased and increasing attention to the philosophy of the English language. We think not with those who decry the classics in order to extol the modern tongues. Properly there is no rivalry in knowledge—but rather an harmonious blending of interests, since, in the words of Cicero, *omnes artes quæ ad humanitatem pertinent, habent quoddam commune vinculum et quasi cognatione quadam inter se continentur.* The alliance is strikingly exhibited in the subserviency of the classics to the English, for without a knowledge, original or derivative, of the first, the second can be but imperfectly understood or employed. We are not sure, however, but the increase of attention to the English may in part be ascribed to efforts made in hostility to the classics. Nor, perhaps, will such efforts be regarded as altogether uncalled for by those who remember the extent to which even English Grammars of a few years since were constructed on the model of the Latin. The chains of a foreign tongue are now pretty well shaken off, and the English is allowed to walk in its native ease, dignity and strength. What we are mainly anxious to see, is an extensive devotement to the Teutonic tongues, because they are the parents and the natural support of our language, and the Saxon and German are able to give the students of English assistance far superior to any other. With this desire, we cannot express ourselves satisfied with Mr. Gray's brief essay. He has not ascended to the originals of our prose literature. He has not viewed it in connexion with its natural allies. He takes up the main branch of the river many a good mile from its source, and on its tributary streams he casts at the best but a passing glance. In fact, he has done any thing but justice to our Prose; for instead of devoting all his energies to it, as his subject demanded, he has allowed himself to be incessantly diverted by the attractions offered by the flowers of our poetry;—and were the portions of matter given to each carefully measured, we are not sure that the Muse would not be found the favoured party. This comes in part of that itch of authorship which, unhappily for our literature and thy pocket, most generous public, impels all of all sorts into the folly of publication. Poverty and imperfection prevail. Time is not given to amass and mature. Collect, write, publish, which used to be the act of a life, are now performed on a journey by the rail-road, or after supper. It is little less than ludicrous, for the subject of English Prose Literature till James I. to be dispatched within the space of some hundred octavo pages. We are sorry to add that the piece is as dry as it is meagre; and we owe no small grudge to Mr. Gray for handling so, as to risk creating a dislike for it, a subject which ranks high among our attachments. So important and interesting, however, is the matter, that even Mr. Gray has not been able to write a piece thereon devoid of value; and, in the absence of a better guide, his book may be read with advantage.

'*Cobbett's Legacy to Parsons.*' London, 11 Bolt Court.

We are not among the admirers of Cobbett. We can, indeed, remember the time when parental influence had its effect in leading us to an exaggerated estimate both of his value and his influence in civil society; but as soon as we could form an opinion for ourselves, we learnt to feel more disgust at his moral iniquities than respect for his mental excellence.

We have made these remarks, not to introduce an analysis of his character, still less to pass a censure on a dead giant; but merely to caution our readers against drawing a general inference from such laudatory remarks as may ensue.

Cobbett and tergiversation, if not synonymous, are so connected together, that no one tolerably well acquainted with recent history can well avoid thinking of the one on hearing the other named. His fickleness of opinion was manifest on the Church question in no ordinary manner; and not long since, he appeared to have given in his adhesion to the Establishment. His 'Last Thoughts,' however, make ample atonement for whatever thrusts he may have aimed at Dissent and Dissenters. In his 'Legacy to Parsons,' which has had, and is still having, a most extensive circulation, he has in a short compass, and on evidence that is for the most part irrefragable, (no small merit in any thing from William Cobbett's pen,) taken as it is from Acts of Parliament quoted at length, drawn up such an accusation against the Church of England, and given utterance to it in so forcible and striking a manner, that his small eighteen-penny production will do more damage than the most elaborate treatises that have appeared.

MISCELLANIES.

GENERAL SYNOD OF ULSTER.

This large and influential body of Orthodox Presbyterians held its annual meeting in Belfast, during the first week in July. We notice the circumstance in our pages for the purpose of directing attention to the evil working of the Presbyterian system of church government, even under the modified form in which it exists in Ireland. We say the *modified* form, because the Presbyterian Church in Ireland depends for its authority on the sufferance of the people, and cannot, like its neighbour in Scotland, back its decrees by the power of the civil law. In one respect alone has the Synod in Ireland secular authority. It has the control of the *Regium Donum*, and by degrading a minister from his office, it can deprive him of participation in that public charity. But the chief power of Presbyterianism in Ireland lies in the countenance and control of public opinion; and this power it has hitherto wielded with skill and despotism. The late meeting furnishes an instance of the exercise of this priestly authority, exposes the evil of any system of church establishment, and, at the same time, happily assures us that the day is gone by when the mass of the people, who truly constitute the church, will commit their religious rights to the keeping of a few.

At this meeting an appeal was heard from a minister and a large number of his congregation, against the acts of the Ballymena Presbytery, a section of the general body. It appeared in the course of debate, that Mr. Patterson, the minister of a congregation in Ballymena, had expressed his approval of the system of education lately introduced by Government into Ireland, and had placed a school connected with his congregation under the care of the Board of Education. This step offended Mr. Patterson's clerical brethren in the Presbytery. Two of them, who appear from political feeling to have regarded the Government plan of education with almost insane hatred, determined to visit Mr. Patterson with condign punishment for thus venturing to act upon the dictates of his own judgment. They availed themselves of the machinery of Presbyterianism to effect his ruin. Means of the most disgraceful kind were resorted to; secret emissaries were employed to weaken his influence and traduce his character; and when popular feeling had been, as was supposed, sufficiently excited against him, he was summoned before his Presbytery. For five days he was subjected to a mock trial, during which charges of the most frivolous nature were examined with pretended gravity, and the most ignorant and fanatical of his congregation brought forward to give their opinions as evidence. In fine, he was sent back to his distracted and excited people—not condemned, for that his Presbytery did not venture to do, in the face of evidence that went to prove 'that he was a man against whom the tongue of calumny could not bring a plausible impeachment,' but with charges of moral guilt, and religious error, and professional incapacity, hanging over him, unchecked and undetermined.

Against this conduct of his Presbytery, Mr. Patterson appealed to the General Synod. Even in that more public and less interested court, there were men who once had power to dictate the decisions of that assembly, who attempted to uphold *their system* at the expense of justice, and would have screened a section of their body from blame, although they might thus sacrifice an innocent member. Fortunately they calculated upon an influence which they did not possess; a very large majority expressed sympathy with Mr. Patterson, condemned the conduct of his Presbytery as unwarrantable, and the charges brought against him as frivolous and vexatious. But to what are we to ascribe this decision? Certainly not to the system of Presbyterianism, which, but a few years since, would have lent its aid to crush a refractory member, who might have dared, as Mr. Patterson, to assert his independence, and was even now hardly restrained by the more liberal spirit of the times. And yet this is the system which some think is wanted among the enlightened Dissenters in England, and which some have even endeavoured to introduce. They have hitherto been disappointed, and we believe will long be so. G. F.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF RAM MOHUN ROY, BY DR. JOSEPH TUCKERMAN.

(To the Editor of the Boston Observer.)

February 20, 1835.

My dear Sir,—You ask me to give you my reminiscences of Rajah Ram Mohun Roy. They are few, for I had only three interviews with him. But such as they are, I give them to you with pleasure.

Among the brightest of the anticipations with which I looked to Europe, when I was advised by my physician, in June, 1833, to leave my country for a year, was the hope of seeing that great and good man, with whom I had interchanged a few letters while he was in India, and from whom I had received a note, full of kindness, after his arrival in England. I had, I believe, known more of him than was known to any one here, for I knew that he was a believer in Christianity long before he embarked for Europe; and I knew also the reasons by which he justified himself, in refusing to make an open declaration of his faith. In thinking of him, therefore, and in looking to the pleasure of seeing him, you will easily conceive that I had other and happier associations with him than I could have had if I had thought only of the gratification of being introduced to a learned Oriental, or to any distinguished stranger. My name was known to him; and much more than his name, or his fame, was as well known to myself.

Nineteen months have now passed since I saw him for the last time; and I then parted from him with the feeling, that after the interval of a few months of absence from England, I should again be with him, and with much more ample opportunities than I had yet had for the freest communication upon topics to each of us of the highest interest. So, however, it was not to be. I left London for the Continent on the 21st of August, and he died on the 27th of the following month. My notes of the conversations I had with him are brief, because in my first visit to London I had very little leisure for my pen, and because I then thought that I should see him again in the following spring. I can, however, give you the subjects of these conversations, and some of the sentiments which he most strongly expressed in them. A word or two, in the first place, of his personal appearance, and of first impressions at meeting him.

The Rajah was over six feet in height, and his whole frame was proportionally large. I have seen nobles with whom it was not easy to associate an idea of nobility. But from Ram Mohun Roy you could not dissociate the idea. I think it would have been impossible that any one, of common sensibility and discrimination, should any where have seen him for the first time, and without having before even heard a word of him, and not have been strongly impressed with the indications of an extraordinary mind and character. An engraving of him which I have recently received from London represents his face as short and full. It, however, was not so. The engraving which was made here in 1828, and which is in the Boston edition of his works printed in that year, is a much more correct representation, both of the outline and of the expression of his countenance. I have never seen in any face a more striking and impressive union of exalted intellect and of glowing benevolence. His eye was very bright, and his smile was eminently beautiful. His complexion was darker, rather than lighter, than that of our aborigines. When I first saw him he was sitting at his writing table, and was engaged with his pen. But no sooner was my name announced, than he arose, and approached me so rapidly as to meet me not far from the door at which I had entered, and folded me in his arms. I cannot express to you the feelings with which, for the first time, I saw him standing before me, and heard his voice, and felt the pressure of his hand, and received the warm and living expression of his countenance, and of the whole man. He was in full Oriental costume, or rather, I may say, in the full costume of his order. I had before a tolerably distinct idea of him in my mind. But, paradoxical as the expression may seem, he was at once a more imposing, and a more attractive being, than I had even imagined. I can form no idea of a more perfect union of gentleness with dignity—of kindness with respect—of the *suaviter* with the *fortiter*, or, in one word, no conception of a more perfect Christian urbanity, than I saw and felt in the deportment and manners of Ram Mohun Roy. I need not speak of his great attainments in Oriental learning. He spoke our own language also with great accuracy, and had made himself familiar with the circle of its literature. Even if you had never heard of him, you could not accidentally have fallen into his company without feeling that you were with a very extraordinary mind. And yet you would almost at once have been as much at ease with him as you could have been after an acquaintance of years. So, at least, I felt. Had I gone to Europe exclusively for the gratification of seeing him, and of communicating with him, I now feel that I should have been completely compensated, even by the few interviews which it was my happiness to have had with him.

The first time I saw him was on the 13th of August, 1833. He was then living in 48, Bedford square. My strong desire at that time was, to learn what were his impressions of Christians in Christendom. He had seen Christians in India, Christian missionaries and merchants, Christian soldiers and sailors. Even amidst the deep darkness of an idolatry as debasing as is to be found upon the earth, he had been brought to the light, and liberty, and happiness of a belief in Christianity, simply by the study of the Scriptures. He had, I think as early as 1819, published in Calcutta, 'The Precepts of Jesus the Guide to Peace and Happiness, extracted from the books of the New Testament.' This he had thought the most effectual means he could employ to call the attention of his countrymen to the religion of Jesus. Yet, instead of being hailed as a coadjutor in the cause of missionaries, he was considered and treated by them as a heathen opposer to their cause. Nor did our religion manifest itself to him in an essentially more attractive form, in the general character of the other English residents in Calcutta. Yet, in reply to his opposers, he had published three successive 'Appeals in Defence of the Precepts of Jesus.'

Under the most unfavourable circumstances, he had continued to believe, and to live, as a Christian. Now, however, he was in the bosom of Christendom. He was surrounded with Christian institutions. He was in the very midst of that people, to whose zeal to Christianize India he was indebted for his very knowledge of the Christian Scriptures. He had come to England, indeed, as the ambassador of the King of Delhi; but I was quite sure that one of the highest objects of interest to his mind would be, a comparison of Christians, as he would see them there, with their religion. I very soon led our conversation to this topic. He said that he found society there, to a great extent, to consist of two classes. First, of those so bigotedly attached to the distinctive peculiarities of their faith, or forms of worship, that they were not only wholly indisposed to look beyond them, but that they could not conceive of any religion, or could not admit that there was any, without the bounds of their own faith, or of their own forms. And, secondly, of those who knew little of Christianity, and cared less for it as a divine dispensation; many of whom were yet scarcely less solicitous than the most bigoted believers to uphold the church—exclusively, however, as a part of the enginery of government. Of religion itself, and of Christianity, he spoke with great sensibility, with strong emotions of reverence, and with great natural eloquence. I think I have never seen stronger indications of religious feeling in any one. He spoke of man, unaffected by religion as a personal concern, as an animal far more dangerous than wild beasts, and as sinking himself lower than the brutes; and he said he should much prefer at once to bury his son, than to have him grow up and live without a just sense of his relation to his Heavenly Father, and of the interest and character which are proper to man as a subject of the moral government of God. It is quite impossible to give you a conception of the manner in which he spoke upon these subjects; of the uncharitableness of certain classes of Christians towards each other; of the indifference to their religion among many who call themselves, and are called, Christians; and of the unchristian principles and lives of professed believers. In this first interview which I had with him, no distinct expression was given, I think, of his own views of any particular doctrine of our religion. My object was attained in the clear and full judgment which he expressed of the religious and moral state of society around him. This was to me greatly interesting and deeply affecting, as the judgment of a most intelligent and impartial observer. It was, too, the judgment of an observer, who, having been converted from heathenism to Christianity—having first opened his eyes to the light of Christian truth, holiness, and love, in the full maturity of all his power—and having received the religion of Jesus, not through the medium of any uninspired teacher's mind, but directly and exclusively from the New Testament, seemed to me qualified to give a fairer and a more unprejudiced estimate of what we call Christian society, than is least ordinarily to be looked for from those who have been educated from their infancy under Christian institutions. He seemed to me to look at Christendom with the eyes and the sensibilities of an apostle. I can only say, had you heard, as I heard him, in tones the most touching, and alternately of admiration and grief, now deploring the unchristian temper, interests, principles, and lives of Christians, and now giving full expression to his own sensibilities with regard to the interests and claims of the Gospel, you would have left him with the feeling that you had been with one who had himself been with Jesus.

(To be Continued.)

METHODIST DISPUTES.

The extraordinary movement amongst that extensive religious communion, the Methodists, has assumed a character interesting not merely to those connected with the society, but to all classes of the community. It manifests the regular workings of human society, and is well calculated to afford instruction. Painful as it is to see discord shedding her baneful influences and disrupturing the ties of religious friendship and communion, it is still instructive to trace her in her progress, and gratifying to witness her power exerted, when she is the only auxiliary by whose means subject multitudes may be rescued from an enthralling bondage. The spirit of peace is the spirit of Christianity. But peace consists not in a tame surrender of our privileges to those who have the temerity to wrest them from us. The lover of peace is he who would entirely eradicate the principles which tend to generate discord; and it is frequently his imperative duty strenuously to exert himself in opposition to those arbitrary principles which have uniformly been the producers of discord in society. And yet, he who raises his voice or his hand against established usurpations is immediately railed against as the disturber of peace, the introducer of discord, and the adversary of the Gospel of his Saviour. Yet, in reality, these characteristics are much more applicable to the opposite party, who, by their tenacious adherence to established abuses, carefully preserve the seeds of discord, which are certain, sooner or later, to germinate and yield a full crop of their deleterious fruits. The same parties too, 'lovers of peace and harmony,' are by no means sparing of efforts, illiberal censures, abuse, when exposing the supposed corruptions and abuses of older institutions. This ardent affection for tameness and submission is a new-born zeal, springing up only when their own corruptions are attacked, and carefully suppressed when the errors of others are assailed. Who, for instance, would imagine that so much meekness, so great a dread of injuring the feelings of others, and of preserving harmony and good-will, resided in the breasts of the Conference preachers, when descanting on the abominations of Popery, or the God-denying and blasphemous Socinian, as has recently displayed itself when a portion of the scarlet robe was suspected to be in their own possession.

In respect to the present dispute among the Methodists, it is a great mistake to suppose that it originates in the question of a Theological Institution. The introduction of this question was only the occasion of the breaking forth of a spirit which had long brooded in silent indignation. The principal grounds of disaffection in the Methodist body are the assumption of irresponsible power on the part of the Conference, and the exclusive character of that body. By these the power of regulating their own affairs is taken completely from the people and vested in the clergy.

In the most recent case, for instance, Dr. Warren, the great leader of the movement party, was himself an advocate for the Theological Institution, until he discovered that it was disliked by the body of the people for whose benefit it was intended, and by whose contributions it was to be supported. Then, finding the Conference party determined to carry their point, in opposition to the will of their subjects, he boldly and manfully opposed the project of a college. His feelings on this subject will be perceived by the following extract:

> 'It ought to be universally known, that the objections on the part of Dr. Warren, and the principal persons acting with him, are not so much against the employment of means to secure to pious and promising young men increased capabilities of usefulness, as against a separate establishment used by a dominant party to increase its own power, by admitting and recommending only such ministers and missionaries as might be moulded according to its views, and imbued with its spirit, and who would therefore assist in the more entire subversion of the liberties of the community. Till Dr. Warren saw, or thought he saw, this to be the design, he voted for the institution, and even for the appointment of Dr. Bunting as its president. But when that conviction flashed upon his mind, *then*, and not till then, did he stand forward as its opposer. Convinced, too, after what he had seen, that there was no alternative between an institution which should be thus subservient to party purposes, and no institution at all, he set himself to show that it was not essential to the prosperity of the body; and that some at least of the proposed advantages, might be secured without it.'*

Mr. Greenhalch, of Manchester, who was expelled from the Methodist body, on account of his opposition to the Theological Institution, says—

> 'We protest against it as a serious innovation on Wesleyan Methodism; tending entirely to subvert its original intention and design, and investing its officers, and particularly its president, the Rev. Jabez Bunting, with an amount of power and authority dangerous to the peace and prosperity of the Connexion. These and such like are the reasons for our opposition to this bold and reckless measure, a measure which we believe has been concocted and carried for party purposes; and which, unless we conscientiously and fearlessly do our duty, as Christians and Methodists, will ruin a system to which we are sacredly attached, and which we were fondly hoping, and ardently praying, would be transmitted in its native simplicity, and majesty, and power, to our children and children's children, until all flesh shall see the salvation of God.'†

The following extracts will show the encroaching spirit of the Conference, and the grounds of complaint amongst the people:—

> 'For several years past, many of your Leaders have watched, with anxious and foreboding feelings, the proceedings of a ruling party in the Conference, perceiving in their conduct an evident intention to depart from that simplicity which was formerly the chief glory of Methodism, and the means, under God, of its rapid increase. The arbitrary attempts at Leeds, in the year 1827, to introduce an alteration in the mode of public worship in direct opposition to the wishes of the people, as expressed by their representatives, the Leaders, formed the first open demonstration of the determined intention of this party to carry into effect their views, in defiance of the laws of Methodism, and at any sacrifice of the numbers and peace of the Society. The lamentable consequences which ensued,—the unhallowed feelings excited, and the secession from our body of many most valuable and useful officers and members,—must be fresh in the recollection of you all.

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* T. Allin's Letters to the Rev. John Maclean, p. 8. Note.

† Ibid.

'Recent occurrences have shown that the disposition to treat with contempt the established laws of Methodism, to change its principles of government, and to establish in their place a tame submission to the despotic will of a few, is more active than ever. The resolution of the last Conference to establish a College, or Theological Institution, which would inevitably alter the whole character of our ministry, without deigning to consult the people through their recognised organs, the Leaders, as required by the rules of 1797, and the illegal suspension of Dr. Warren for nobly daring to advocate the cause of the people, prove demonstratively, that the encroachments on our rights are advancing with an accelerated pace, and if not immediately and successfully counteracted, threaten speedily to destroy our remaining privileges, if not to cause our dissolution as a religious community. When we add to these things the want of that pastoral care and attention on the part of our preachers to the Society generally which the Scripture enjoins, and the suspicious jealousy with which every person advocating liberal sentiments is regarded, we cannot help feeling strongly that the time for action is fully come.'

'We therefore require from the Conference,

'1st. A revision of the rules of 1795 and 1797, to divest them, as much as possible, of all ambiguity and doubt as to their meaning with respect to the rights both of Preachers and people.

'2nd. To obtain from the Conference their [its] consent to open all its sittings to the public, under the following restrictions:—first, that the people shall sit apart from the Preachers, and not be entitled to vote; and secondly, that each Travelling Preacher in full connexion be allowed to admit, by ticket, one person to each sitting of the Conference, excepting only when *the characters of the Preachers are under examination*, (!!) and when the Members of the Legalized Fund are transacting their own peculiar business.'*

The parties issuing the above also published an 'Address' in the form of a pamphlet; and then a 'Second Affectionate Address,' in which these things are more distinctly indicated. The Conference and the people having been at variance, 'A Plan of Pacification' was agreed on between the parties in the year 1795. This plan having failed, about 200 Trustees, delegates from all parts of the kingdom, assembled at Leeds during the sittings of the Conference, in the year 1797.

'On this occasion, further important stipulations were conceded, touching financial and all other temporal matters, the admission and expulsion of Leaders, Stewards, Local Preachers, &c.'

These concessions provided for the publication and circulation amongst the members, of an account of various transactions.

'The Plan of Pacification and these concessions have been not inaptly termed the Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights of the Methodist Connexion. This solemn treaty was signed by 150 Preachers, at Leeds, August 1st, 1797.'†

The introduction of an organ into the chapel at Leeds against the wish of the people, was considered an infringement of these concessions, and gave rise to a division, and the establishment of a distinct body under the appellation of the Protestant Methodists. I have lately been informed by a member in the Burnley district, that the Old Methodist Societies in that district contain 800 members, and that the Protestant Methodists have between 500 and 600. In other parts of the country similar progress has been made. The following account‡ will display the arbitrary power of the Conference and the feelings of the disaffected portion of their subjects.

'Before Brunswick Chapel was erected in Leeds, a pledge had been given by the superintendent and others to the subscribers, that neither an organ nor the Church service should be introduced into that chapel: with this pledge the subscribers were satisfied.

After the chapel was opened, two individuals commenced an active canvass among the seatholders, and got up a petition to the trustees, praying them to erect an organ. A meeting was called, when the subject was considered, and there was a majority of two in favour of it. Many of the trustees neglected to attend, (which they deeply regretted afterwards,) as it was supposed, if they had been at the meeting, there would have been a large majority against the organ.

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* Address of the United Methodist Association to the Societies at large. Published on a sheet at Liverpool, 1834, paragraphs 2, 3, 6, and 7.

† Second Affectionate Address of the United Wesleyan Methodist Association. Manchester, 1834, p. 5.

‡ Second Affectionate Address, p. 6.

'Mr. Stanley, the superintendent, brought the case before a numerous leaders' meeting, on the 13th October, 1826, and the proposal was negatived by a large majority. A petition against the introduction of an organ, was signed by sixty local preachers, and sent to the meeting.

'The trustees afterwards applied to the regular district meeting of preachers, for permission to erect the organ, and their application was negatived—there being 13 against it and 7 for it. The society now expected that all dissensions would cease; this was, however, not the fact; although, from the following rule, it might have been expected to be so:—In the Minutes of Conference, 1820, p. 66, on the subject of organs, it is stated—" but every application for such consent shall be made at the district meeting; and if it then obtains their sanction, it shall be referred to a Committee at the Conference, who shall report," &c. To the surprise of the society, the Trustees were still determined to have the organ, and applied to Conference for leave to erect one.

'A deputation was sent to Conference with a petition on behalf of the society, and both parties were admitted to a conversation with a committee of preachers, at a late period of the Conference, when many members of the district meeting had returned to their circuits. Of this committee of preachers, there were only two who were unfriendly to the introduction of organs into our chapels, and the trustees had no difficulty with such a committee to gain their object.'

Is it to be wondered at that the deeply-wronged society at Leeds, under such circumstances, should manifest their displeasure at this contumacious violation of their rights? They, however, in the first instance, waited upon Mr. Grindrod, their new superintendent; and after a long conversation they received for answer, 'that it was deemed unnecessary to interfere in any way in the matter.'

'This was more than any society could bear; and, as might be expected, there were meetings held, and condemnatory resolutions passed.

'At the local preachers' meeting, a charge was brought by one of the trustees against a local preacher, (without any previous notice being given,) for calling illegal meetings. He did not attempt to deny that he had called such meetings, to prevent the organ from being erected, and Mr. Grindrod suspended him from preaching three months. This outrage was resented by the local preachers, and from 50 to 60 of them resolved not to take their appointments until this illegal sentence had been revoked, which had been passed upon one of their brethren without their consent.

'Having briefly detailed the circumstances of the Leeds case, up to this period, we will now show you how the Laws of Pacification bear upon this case. By these laws, the majority of trustees of any chapel, on the one hand, and the majority of stewards and leaders belonging to that chapel, (as the best qualified to give the sense of the people,) are to decide. Again, it is the same relative to baptism, the burial of the dead, and service in church hours; and the Conference have required that they should give their consent in writing, that they are persuaded that no separation will take place thereby.

'Now if the stewards and leaders have a power to interfere in the Lord's Supper, baptism, &c. according to the Laws of Pacification, surely they have the power to interfere when an organ is to be erected. The Conference do not wish to divide a society in matters of more serious importance, even where the worship of God is concerned. How then is it, that Conference, in this instance, trampled upon its own laws, when for 12 years, from 1808 to 1820,* they actually prohibited the introduction of organs into our chapels? We answer, there is a certain leading church-party in the Conference, who, being anxious for church prayers as well as for organs, the opinions of any society, however numerous, are called heterodox by them; and if a few rich men are favourable to their introduction into any of our chapels, they are sure to have their wishes gratified. So it was in Leeds, and so it has been elsewhere, which we shall notice in another part of our address.

'A special district meeting was summoned at Leeds, and Mr. Grindrod took especial care that it should be one of the right sort. He had the power, according to the rule in the Large Minutes, vol. i, p. 379, to summon three of the nearest superintendents; which rule he violated, and requested preachers at a considerable distance to attend, passing over a considerable number of preachers in the circuits nearest to Leeds.

'This district meeting was illegal; 1st, because several very influential preachers were there who had no legal right to attend; 2nd. its object was illegal, as it was summoned to try the delinquents, and it had no jurisdiction to try either leaders or private members:—"That travelling preachers alone are, by the present constitution of Methodism, amenable to special district meetings; and that the application of the judicial and inquisitorial powers of such meetings, to officers and members of societies, is a novel and unauthorised extension of their jurisdiction, will appear by a simple reference to the rules of Conference, authorising and empowering such meetings. However, this district meeting thought otherwise. It trampled upon the rights of the leaders' meeting, which has alone the power of trying and removing its members." This district meeting "swept the floor" of the Leeds society, turning out a numerous body of local preachers, leaders, and about 1000 members of Society, in the year 1827.

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* Minutes, vol. iii, p. 37.—'The Conference judges it expedient to refuse their [its] consent to the erection of any organ.'

'How did the organ party behave, think you, towards their deeply-injured brethren? The organ was opened with a pomp and parade unparalleled in Methodism. Mr. Wesley, the celebrated organist, was called down from London—popular preachers were engaged—the whole country was insulted with this unholy triumph of a few individuals over one of our oldest and most venerable societies—handbills were posted in all the neighbouring towns—and in Manchester, and even in London, we saw placards above a yard in length, and printed in the largest and boldest characters! They triumphed; but their triumph planted "the root of bitterness" in the Connexion; it has been growing for years; it has sprung up; and now, like the Banana [Banian] tree, its branches have spread and taken root again—one branch has extended to London, another to Liverpool, and another to Manchester; and its branches are now spreading through the vast empire of Methodism.'

At the commencement of this affair, it will be seen that 1000 members were cut off at Leeds. The quarrel was taken up by the London South Circuit, and an address on the subject was forwarded to the Conference reprobating their conduct on the occasion. This address was rejected by the Conference, and a number of the most influential men of the circuit agreed to a series of resolutions highly condemnatory of the arbitrary conduct of the Conference. The 7th resolution is as follows:

'We utterly deny all right, power, or authority, either in the Methodist Conference, or in any district meeting, to interfere in the *local affairs* of this circuit; or to try, suspend, or expel, any *local* officer or member of society; and we *solemnly* and *affectionately* enjoin and warn all our leaders, local preachers, trustees, and stewards, in case any special district meeting shall at any time assemble within this circuit, *on any such matters or affairs*, neither to attend nor to hold any communication with such special district meeting, or with any member thereof: and we further solemnly engage and pledge ourselves to oppose, with all our influence, any attempt to introduce into any of our local meetings, on any pretence whatever, any preachers who are not regularly stationed in the circuit, without the special leave of such meeting first obtained, and without a positive engagement, on the part of every preacher so introduced, to withdraw immediately, on being requested so to do by any member of the meeting.

In the London North Circuit the affair was taken up in like manner, and led to the secession of several of its most intelligent and influential officers and members. In this circuit the question could not be regularly discussed, as it had, through the arbitrary conduct of the Conference, been eight months without any circuit steward. Similar proceedings were adopted at Manchester, Liverpool, and throughout the country.

Another instance in which the arbitrary principles of the Conference were displayed, and caused to the society the loss of 500 members, is recorded in the following extract.

'The following statement will show how the preachers have lost the confidence of the people:—When Grosvenor-street Chapel, in Manchester, was first projected, the idea of erecting that building was abandoned by the superintendent, in consequence of there being so many among the leaders and intended trustees, who were opposed to the introduction of the Liturgy into that chapel. Some time afterwards, another superintendent was appointed, and he made this promise when the project was resumed,—that "it was to be a chapel, not a church; and the question of the Liturgy shall be determined fairly by the three estates of our society—preachers, trustees, and leaders." The subscriptions and building went on—the money was collected, until there was a whisper that the Liturgy was to be introduced. The society then became greatly agitated, and the subject was introduced at a leaders' meeting, and fully discussed, when there was an overwhelming majority against the Liturgy. The superintendent then proposed (at the suggestion of the minority) to refer this matter to the preachers, trustees, and leaders in the vicinity of that chapel. This arrangement was consented to, and a meeting was therefore held, when 26 to 9 voted against the measure. The meeting separated, and it was expected that the decision would be conclusive, but, to the astonishment of the society, the Liturgy was introduced when the chapel was opened. The superintendent said, in justification of his conduct, at the leaders' meeting, "he had found out that the leaders had *no* right to interfere, that it belonged to the preachers and trustees;" and he discovered ultimately that the preachers alone had the right. He was then reminded of his promise, which he partially denied; but got out of it in this way—that he had not then a correct view of the matter of right. The leaders prepared a very respectable [respectful?] petition to Conference, signed by 108 out of 117, which was presented to that body at Liverpool, who ordered the superintendent to inform them it was the will of the Conference that the Liturgy should be used. The two following years exhibited a loss of 500 members; and at the ensuing Conference, which was held in Manchester, the leaders again presented a petition, and just before the close, a committee of the preachers met a delegation from the petitioners, and because they could not prove that the petition had been read by every man who had signed it, it could not be received; and to complete the farce, the superintendent received a vote of thanks for his successful opposition to the petitioners'!!*

The expulsion of Mr. Stephens, which was resorted to in consequence of his taking part in the Church and State question, or rather, of his taking the *wrong side* in that question, illustrates the growing intolerance of the high church party in Conference.

'In the case of Mr. Stephens, we have before us a striking anomaly; on a party question, one opponent tries another. We say nothing of the merits of Mr. Stephens's case: he may have been either right or wrong. But here is the injustice towards him; he was tried, not by a tribunal legally and impartially constituted, but by a powerful party bent on his degradation.'†

The expulsion of Mr. Stephens was followed by the expulsion or secession of numerous members at Ashton, Oldham, and many other places. Then comes the adoption of the Theological Institution ‡

'The manner of introducing the Theological Institution, is another instance wherein our charter has been violated. As early as 1744 such an one was projected, it has been said, by Mr. Wesley, our venerable founder. This is, however, denied by others. Does it not however appear strange, if it were so desirable an object—a consummation so devoutly to be wished, that it should have been so long neglected? Have the people generally petitioned Conference for it? No, brethren. There is only a small, diminutive party in our connexion, who are anxious for this Institution. These, being in favour of church prayers and organs, are of opinion that an institution or college would be an admirable accompaniment. This party is composed of wealthy laymen, who do not consider themselves Dissenters from the Church; and therefore you cannot wonder at their conformity to the formularies of the Establishment. But the generality of our people are Dissenters, and neither desire the church prayers, organs, nor the institution; and it has not been explained to us as yet, on what principle of justice these Conference pets are to be indulged in their wishes, at the risk of the peace and happiness of the whole family in the connexion.'

'That we may identify this party with the Theological Institution, we have only occasion to refer to the fact, that they sat in committee in London with the preachers appointed to "arrange a plan for the better education of our junior preachers." This is a most singular fact, and might have been attended with very serious consequences. How it came to pass that this respectable committee should so far forget our rules, and venture to call an illegal meeting, remains to be explained. However, this is the fact, and the following rule will convince you of it: "Let no man, nor number of men, in our connexion, on any account or occasion, circulate letters, call meetings, do or attempt to do any thing new, till it has first been appointed by the Conference." || Mark! the committee were appointed to arrange a plan, and they were not invested with any power to call a meeting of rich laymen to overawe the Conference in its decisions. This was highly improper, and a direct violation of our charter. Did the Conference ever call this committee of reverends to account? No such thing—they received a vote of thanks; and we contend, by so doing, the Conference has rescinded its own law: and as they have allowed an illegal meeting on one side of the question, the people have now the right to call meetings on the other. The preachers were the first to break the charter which has been maintained inviolate by the people; and as they have set themselves up above the law, our Association has been formed for the purpose of bringing them back again to the laws of 1795, and 1797.'

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* Second Affectionate Address, p. 13. Note.

† Affectionate Address, p. 6.

‡ Second Affectionate Address, p. 9 and 10.

|| Minutes of 1796, p. 347.

This caused the formation of the 'United Wesleyan Methodist Association,' to whose addresses reference has been made in the foregoing remarks. This association is composed chiefly of men still retaining their connexion with the Wesleyan body, but united for the purpose of constitutionally obtaining a redress of their grievances. Should they fail in this attempt, it is their intention to secede from the body. The principal objects of the Association are stated to be:*

'1. That the Conference, to a certain extent, be opened to the Methodist public.

'2. That the respectful addresses of the societies be no longer treated with contempt.

'3. That all ambiguous laws and equivocal regulations of Methodism be revised, and extricated from that looseness which a cohort of district police may ride through at pleasure.

'4. That there be no more *Star-chamber* courts, or *modern* district meetings, unknown in Mr. Wesley's time.'

Such are the grounds of contention. To speak, therefore, of organs, of liturgies, or of theological institutions, as the subjects of debate, is marvellously to mistake the nature of the question. These are but the outward manifestations of inward principles. The contention is between two sets of opposing principles. It is the struggling of indignant man against his oppressor—the spirit of reform breaking the shackles of an intolerant hierarchy, and every friend of freedom and of man must wish the Association—God speed.

The Conference, at its recent session in Sheffield (the ninety-second), has decided against conceding any of the demands of the discontented. The two parties were fairly arrayed against each other. The Conference authorities, anticipating the designed attack, had convened influential laymen known to be 'sound' in their attachment to things as they are, from all parts of the country, and from them Dr. Bunting procured a vote of confidence. Thus strengthened, they proceeded to treat the overtures of the reformers with neglect, and at last peremptorily refused even to recognize the opposing phalanx, but promised that if any parties, supposing themselves aggrieved, petition Conference, and refrain from agitation, provision shall be made by existing instruments for doing justice, 'on the basis of those long-tried and scriptural principles which the laws and usages of Methodism have ever recognized, and from which the Conference, by the blessing of God, *are resolved never to depart.*' The laws of the Medes and Persians change not. Deprived of hope from the Conference, the complainants have resolved to maintain their separate identity without severing themselves from the parent trunk, and to agitate the kingdom, with Dr. Warren as their leader.

We subjoin a few specimens of the means employed to keep down diversities of opinion, and maintain unassailed the powers that be—specimens for which it is pleaded, in the true spirit of an established misgovernment, and after the manner of a certain *Presbyterian clique*, that they are in accordance with usage. In the Conference, however, they do try a man before they expel him:—'Rev. W. Poinning, who had made use of some expressions *derogatory to the dignity of Conference*, was to have an admonitory letter.'—'Rev. Jonathan Barker was tried for not attending the Manchester District Meeting, and for having been seen going into Dr. Warren's house.'—'The Rev. Thomas Rowland was required to apologize for having seconded Mr. Bromiley's motion.'—'Rev. Joshua Fielden was charged with having published a pamphlet.'—'The Rev. J. Marsden was charged with having expressed sentiments favourable to the people.'—'Rev. Robt. Emmett was expelled because'—to use the words of the President—'although, in the grosser sense of the word, he was not charged with immorality, yet, by having sown the seeds of dissension, speaking evil of the preachers, attending public meetings, he had rendered himself liable to expulsion.' The severity in these cases of breach of discipline contrast strangely with the lenity observed to certain other delinquents; for instance—'Dr. J. C. Alcom was charged with repeated acts of inebriation, and with having preached while in that state; the case was clearly proved, and he was put back on trial.'—'George Birley was charged with intoxication and uncleanness, and was to be received again on trial.'

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* A Report of the Extraordinary Proceedings which took place at a Meeting held in the Music-Hall, Leeds, December, 17th, 1834, p. 1.

INTELLIGENCE.

On occasion of the recent Scientific Meeting at Dublin, the Rev. J. Kenrick, of Manchester College, York, preached a sermon, 'On the Religious Improvement of Natural Science,' which so delighted the audience, that its publication was requested. The discourse, we are glad to hear, is to appear.

The Rev. W. Johns has it in contemplation to publish a small volume on the Proem to John's Gospel; from which, knowing his extensive reading in what we regard as essential to a full understanding of the Evangelist's meaning—the early Fathers of the Christian church, we expect considerable light will be thrown on a very interesting but much perverted portion of Scripture.

Many of those families who resort to SOUTHPORT for the benefit of their health, must have felt much inconvenience from want of the means of worshipping in public in agreement with the convictions of their minds. It is, therefore, with great satisfaction we learn that arrangements have been made for services, in which the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ is the sole object of adoration; and we hope that the liberality of Unitarian Christians, especially of those who enjoy the advantage, will provide ample means for their continuance.

TRINITARIAN CONTROVERSY.—In consequence of the Rev. Mr. Bagot having addressed three sermons to the Unitarians, and challenged their Ministers to a discussion on the doctrine of the Trinity, the Rev. H. Acton, of Exeter, delivered a lecture on Sunday night last to a very crowded audience. He will deliver another lecture in continuation on Sunday night. Reporters are engaged to take notes of the discourses on behalf of Mr. Bagot, who will probably return and reply to the Rev. Gentleman. The subject excites great interest from the known talents of each of the champions.—*Exeter paper*, *Aug.* 15.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Dr. H.'s MSS. have come to hand: also J. B. H. and 'A Layman.' A. was anticipated in his strictures. M. shall receive attention.

J. H. T. will be good enough, in the promised Review of Mr. White's work on 'Heresy and Orthodoxy,' for our next number, to advert to the announcement below, relatively to time. The MS. is safe. W. came too late for the present number.

N. B. Communications designed for the out-coming number of the *Christian Teacher*, must be in the Editor's hands at the latest by the 15th of the current month.

Forrest and Fogg, Printers, Manchester.

THOUGHTS ON BAPTISM.

It would be for the interest of Christianity, and the peace, internal as well as external, of those who profess it, if the followers of Jesus were attentively to mark how frequently, and upon what a variety of things, which many consider as essentials, the New Testament baffles all efforts to settle the existing questions. This is a most important fact. God cannot be supposed to demand from his rational creatures any thing which he has not afforded them means to accomplish. If, therefore, we have no power to ascertain any one point, supposed to be essential to our eternal happiness, the supposition that it is our duty to be convinced some way or other about it, must be false. I cannot conceive a clearer demonstration on a moral subject.

But we are constantly told that essentials are clearly stated in Scripture. It would, however, be much more correct to say that nothing can be essential which is not clearly stated. But let us, if possible, understand each other. Clear, expresses a relative notion. Clearness, applied to subjects of mental perception, must be measured by the power which the object, said to be clear, has of producing the same impression on the minds of different men, under a great variety of circumstances. We may easily illustrate this by a reference to the organs of vision. Suppose (what the merciful Author of Nature has not allowed in any important case) that there were objects in the external world, which, offering themselves constantly to the eyes of men, produced such various, and even contrary impressions on the retina, that mankind, to maintain the truth and accuracy of some one of those impressions in opposition to all others, had divided itself into hostile, irreconcileable parties. Could such objects, however great their importance might appear, be said to be clear? In regard to the pictures on the eyes of individuals, the word clear might be used in the sense of definite and vivid; but objects capable of producing many definite and vivid, but dissimilar pictures or impressions, could not be clear in an absolute sense—they would not be clear to mankind.

Just like this is the case of the Scriptures respecting many points which divide the professed followers of Christ. The Scriptures are anxiously studied by a vast number of men, all equally desirous to find the exact meaning of those writings on things which they suppose to be of more value than life. Yet, few who think for themselves, few who do not receive the impressions of others as if in reality they were their own, see the same things in the same passages. Every individual declares that he sees clearly what many others assure they themselves cannot see; asserting besides, that they perceive quite a different object with the utmost possible clearness. Can such relative clearness (philosophers call it subjective, in allusion to the subject on whom the impression is made) be attributed to the object (whence the word objective) from which the various impressions are derived? May it not be said with more accuracy of language, that the impressions in themselves may be clear, but the object is obscure?

Yet, in spite of all this well-known variety of impressions received from the Scriptures by different individuals, there is a surprising unity in the perception which Christians, free from passionate zeal, have of the spirit of the New Testament, and of the moral tone of conduct (internal and external; of intellect and sentiment,) which that spirit, cherished by the soul, never fails to produce. Since, therefore, this is the only invariable result of what has been revealed to mankind through Christ, this alone can be essential to the safety or salvation promised by him. Otherwise that salvation would depend on interpretations of passages, to which no human skill, however conscientiously applied, can give any tolerable certainty.

In this fragment, (which, though not properly connected with philosophy, is yet offered to the *Christian Teacher* with views similar to those which produced one already favoured with admission to its pages,)* it is intended to apply the general observations already made, to the subject of Baptism; a ceremony, which, if the agreement of multitudes upon any thing of this kind, could be taken as the proof of its truth, would unquestionably be the indispensable condition of every advantage offered to mankind in the Gospel. Few indeed are still the professors of Christianity, who allow themselves a doubt whether Christ did not make some kind of washing with water, attended with a certain form of words, indispensable to his disciples, and universally, to those who should be saved. In the history of the Reformation there is scarcely a fact so striking to the writer of these pages, as the intuitive perception which the primitive Quakers had in regard to that supposed sacrament, and the boldness with which they rejected the established interpretations of Scripture. Erroneous and extravagant as their notion of individual inspiration was, they were, in reality, the most enlightened of all the reformers; and when Christians shall have cast off all the prejudices which they owe to the false philosophy of the fathers, they will be found wonderfully to agree with the original Society of Friends, their enthusiasm excepted. But to return to Baptism: According to the most generally received notions of Christians, if the Gospels had been intended to acquaint mankind with any one thing, besides the spirit of Christ, as necessary to salvation or spiritual safety, and consequently, to deliver it in clear terms, it would be the manner of administering baptism. And yet to any one who dispassionately consults the New Testament, nothing can be more uncertain. Ecclesiastical history, in spite of the partiality and scarcity of its early documents, shows the unsteadiness of the practice of the early churches on this point. The New Testament itself opposes, by implication, the later supposition of a form of words, which, joined to the application of water, is supposed to operate like a charm. All this has been abundantly shown by the Anti-Pædobaptists; a denomination of Christians, who, if the established tenets concerning the necessity of baptism were true, would be unquestionably right; and who, if we grant them the grounds on which they have contended with the Pædobaptists, the victory belongs of right. But all this has little or no connection with our object, which is to give a specimen of the indefiniteness of the New Testament, on a subject which language might have conveyed with the greatest precision; for, as far as the matter and form of the supposed sacrament are concerned, human language presents no difficulty of that kind which makes the expression of invisible and supernatural existences quite impossible. The present writer, however, has another object in view—namely, that of allaying the anxiety which still exists among some of the more liberal Christians in regard to the baptismal rite.

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* Vol. I. No. vi.

We here subjoin a view of all the passages relating to baptism, (repetitions excepted,) distributed into three classes. I. Passages in which the Greek root of βαπτιζω, (I baptise,) and βαπτισμα, (baptism,) may express plunging, and, at all events, some external application of water. II. Passages in which it is taken in a moral sense. III. Passages where it is doubtful whether it is taken in a physical sense, or not; and in which the manner of using the water, (if water is literally meant,) is not clearly stated.

I. Passages in which the Greek root* may express plunging, and, at all events, some external application of water.

1. Matt. iii, 5 & 6.—'Then went out to him Jerusalem and all Judea, and all the region about Jordan, and were baptized of him in Jordan, confessing their sins.'

Here the doubt occurs whether women as well as men were plunged into Jordan. This form of baptism, considering the obvious objections arising from modesty and delicacy, seems incredible. Was then the baptism performed by affusion, or pouring, as the Roman Catholic painters have represented it, and as the Roman Catholic Church practises it? Why, in that case, did Christ go into the water? See Matt. iii, 16, Mark i, 10. Why did Philip go into the water with the Eunuch. Acts viii, 39. The figurative applications of the act of baptism which Paul frequently makes, such as 'being buried and rising again,' evidently imply immersion. Indeed this notion was so established among the early Christians, that in the age of Cyprian (who was put to death as a Christian, A. D. 258) there were many who denied that baptism conferred on persons dangerously ill, and who could not rise from their bed, (hence called *clinici*,) to be plunged, was valid. Let all this be kept in mind.

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* It must be known to every one acquainted, even in a slight degree, with the philosophy of language, that the essential notion, whether in noun, verb, or adverb, is expressed by the common root of those words. Βαπ is the root in this case. 'T is added in the root to the P sounds: κλεπ (in κλεπος, theft) κλεπτω.' Thiersch translated by Sandford, p. 234. The plain English readers need only bring to their recollection any of numerous sets of words, which are derived from the same root; v. g. STR-*ike*, *iking*, *uck*. *oke*. *iker*. The essential notion is expressed by the root; all the rest are modifications.

2. John i. 31.—'And I knew him not; but,' &c. 'am I come baptising with water.' This is said as in contrast with the baptism by the Spirit.

3. Acts viii.—The expressions *baptism* and *baptize* evidently mean the use of water by plunging. See v. 39. 'And when they (Philip and the Eunuch) were come out of the water.'

4. Mark vii. 3. 4.—For the Pharisees, and all the Jews except they *wash* (νιψωνται) their hands oft, eat not; and when they come from the market, except they *wash* (an arbitrary translation, for the word is βαπτισωνται, i. e. bathe or *baptize* themselves) they eat not.

This is an important passage; and the manner in which the translators have avoided the impression which the word βαπτισωνται literally translated might produce, betrays the perplexity which it may occasion to those who consider baptism as a sacrament, necessary to salvation. The reader is desired to remember that the Greek word βαπτισωνται, is used here to express an application of water performed by the person who undergoes it. Those who understand Greek will immediately perceive that the word bears one of the senses of the middle voice. Such as are not acquainted with the original language must be told, that words similar to this have exactly the same form in a passive sense.

II. The same expressions used spiritually or morally.

1. Matt. xx. 22, 23.—'Are ye able to drink the cup (not, *of* the cup) that I shall drink (not, I shall drink *of*), and be baptized with the baptism that I *am* (not, *am to be*) baptized with?'

The baptism of which Jesus speaks is not his death, but that dedication (such was the established signification of the baptisms used by the Jews) to the will and service of his Father, which is proved by every action of his life, and was made perfect on the cross. This should be remembered when we are endeavouring to find the true sense of baptism as a dedication to God, in the character of disciples of Jesus. In the sense of dedication, or profession of attachment to a leader, must the word be understood.

1 Cor. x. 2.—'They were baptized unto Moses,' &c.

2. Mark i. 8.—'I indeed have baptized you with water, but he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost.'

III. Doubtful sense of the same expressions, in regard to water, or the manner of using it.

1. Matt. xxviii. 19.—'Go ye therefore and teach (literally make proselytes, i. e. call disciples from among all nations) baptizing them *into* or *to* (not *in*, as if the use of the name had a mysterious virtue) the name of the Father,' &c. &c.

Observe that, since the word baptize (as we have found in the preceding passages) is capable of various senses, it must necessarily be subject to the same uncertainty in this place. It may mean, aggregating men to the body of Christ's followers, inducing them to devote themselves to God as disciples of Jesus, which is the sense of βαπτιζω in Matt. xx. 22, 23.—It may mean to use some bathing, ablution, or dipping, all of which were Jewish ceremonies, used when persons attached themselves to a religious society. It may mean the use of this symbol, not as one of spiritual grace, but of the determination to enter upon a new course of life; the symbol being applied either by some regularly appointed minister (as the Church of England believes) or by any one, man, woman, or child, as the Roman Catholics assert, in regard to cases of necessity; or by the proselyte himself, as seems to follow from some passages which will be presently mentioned.

2. Acts ii. 38.—'Peter said, (to the multitude,) Repent, and be baptized every one of you.'

'Three thousand were added to the church that day.' Did the apostles *plunge* them all? Did they sprinkle them? Did they pour a stream of water on each? Or, lastly, did every one perform for himself the well known ceremony of dedication, επι τῳ ονοματι I. X.?[*]

3. Acts viii. 13.—'But when they believed Philip'—'they were baptized, both men and women.'

I repeat the former question. Were they all *plunged* by the hands of Philip? Who can believe that such a practice would have passed without suspicion and reproach on the part of the enemies of Christianity? Remembering the sense of βαπτιζομαι, in Mark vii. 4., we feel inclined to believe that this multitude baptized themselves.*

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[*] Here again, '*in* the name of Jesus Christ,' gives a wrong sense: επι with a dative expresses subordination. The meaning is that of professing the principles of conduct which the new religious society, formed under the name of Jesus, professed and taught.

4. Acts viii. 16.—'For as yet he (the Holy Ghost; but there is no *he* in the original) was fallen upon none of them; only they were baptized in (*into* or *to*) the name of Jesus.'

This seems to be the baptism which was generally required of proselytes; namely, the acceptance of Jesus as their religious leader. All the doubts in regard to water, and the manner of using it, which the immediately preceding passage admits, apply to this, since both relate to the same Samaritans made proselytes by Philip.

5. Acts ix. 18, 19. 'And immediately there fell from his (Paul's) eyes,' &c. &c., 'and he received his sight, and arose and was baptized;† and when he had received meat, he was strengthened.'

Was the fainting Paul taken to a river? All the senses of the word εϐαπτισθη may apply to this passage.

6. Acts xvi. 15.—'And when she (Lydia) was baptized.' (The same Greek tense.) The objections to the supposition that the apostles administered baptism to women by immersion, make it probable that the meaning, *baptized herself*, is intended.

7. Acts xvi. 33.—'And he (the keeper of the prison at Philippi) took them the same hour of the night, and washed their stripes; and was baptized, (εϐαπτισθη) he and all his, straightway.'

All the doubts as to the manner occur with increased force, considering the late hour of the night.

8. Acts x. 47.—'Then Peter said, Can any man forbid water, that these (Cornelius with his 'kinsmen and friends') should not be baptized?—and he commanded them to be baptized.'

Why did he not baptize them himself, especially if he conceived that a proper minister was indispensable? The men of Joppa, who had accompanied Peter, are called brethren, not elders. This seems an additional reason to suppose that he ordered the new converts to perform for themselves the well-known ceremony of admission into the Christian society.

It seems evident, from all this, that baptism, as an external application of water, in connection with certain words, could not be commanded by Christ as an indispensable condition of salvation. Such a necessity is perfectly inconsistent with the uncertainty as to the matter and form, (such are the strange names gravely uttered by divines in relation to baptism) of the supposed sacrament. The plain inference from our examination of the various passages concerning baptism, is this. The internal disposition signified by the ceremony—i. e. the determination to begin a new life according to Christian principles, was the essential condition demanded. The external ceremony would be performed or omitted, would take place in a variety of manners, according to circumstances. In most cases, to be baptized, would mean some external application of water; but probably, in many of the passages above mentioned, the word is used, not for the external symbol, but for the thing signified, i. e. admission into the Christian society. The names of such symbols are so used in all languages. In our universities, a man rejected as incompetent for a degree, is said to be *plucked*, because any of the masters present, when the grace is granted, may exclude the candidate by *plucking* the proctor's long sleeves. χειροτονεω, which literally expresses the putting up the hands, means election, in all manner of forms. Thus ψηφισμα signifies a *decree*, though *pebbles*, from the Greek name of which the word is derived, might not be employed to vote.

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* In verbs capable of that sense of the middle voice which expresses doing any thing for oneself, the aorist passive and the preterit passive frequently take this signification. See Matthiæ's Greek Gram. § 493. *e.*

† The passive aorist. See the preceding note.

Some readers may have expected to find the words of Christ to Nicodemus, 'Except a man be baptized of water and the spirit,' &c. &c., in the preceding collection of passages. But in regard to those words it should be observed that at the time when they were uttered the Christian baptism of the present question had not been instituted. Whatever is there said of water must have been understood according to the practice well known among the Jews. The same uncertainty therefore must remain in regard to the method of using the water which has been shown to exist in all the preceding passages.

Now, the existence of all these doubts is an unquestionable fact; what conclusion are we to draw? Unquestionably this: that whatever has been left in this state of doubt cannot be considered as a matter of vital importance in Christianity. The contrary supposition is opposed to every clear notion of the character of God which we derive from the spirit of the New Testament.

Shall we then give up the practice of baptism? I answer, let every one employ it or not as his feelings and notions may lead him. But let all enlightened Christians endeavour to dispel the widely extended superstition, which makes people look on baptism as a charm which may fail of effect by any inaccuracy in the manner of using it, and the omission of which endangers the soul even of infants. We have no directions similar to the accurate prescriptions of the books of Magic. Minute directions have not only been omitted, but every thing relating to the method of baptism has been left in a state of positive obscurity and confusion. Christians who consider such things as essential, and, as such, expect to find them in the Scripture, if their minds are not subdued by superstition, are greatly and painfully perplexed. This cannot happen by accident, or from an oversight of the founder of Christianity. If Christians cannot satisfactorily find what they look for as essential, they should conclude that the supposition, under which they search, is wrong. Nature supplies man with every thing necessary to life; would Grace be more niggardly, and deceitful?

The next question may be, How does all this affect the point of infant baptism? I think it is the only view that justifies it. Since the application of water is only a sign of admission into the body Christians; since baptism is not a charm in which a supernatural change is to follow an external action, in the order of cause and effect; since the application of water is not necessarily simultaneous with the real or spiritual baptism, i. e. the voluntary dedication to God's service under the guidance of Christ; and, lastly, since the latter can take place at any time, with or without any external ceremony; the ceremony of baptism may be used with advantage during infancy; or, to speak more correctly, and according to result of the foregoing examination, it should be used in infancy, or never. The baptism of grown-up people implies a belief of a necessity, which, as we have seen, is disproved by the vagueness of the New Testament on that point. From every thing we have observed, we must avoid encouraging such a belief as, one which is erroneous and mischievous. But the practice of infant baptism, once cleared of the superstitious notions which are connected with it, may have an actual moral effect on the parents and other persons connected, through them, with the infant; and a prospective utility in regard to the infant itself.

A child who, on the first dawning of reason, should learn that he has been solemnly devoted (*baptized:* See the sense of the word, Matt. xx. 22, 23, as explained above,) to God as one who, from his birth, was intended to be a disciple of Christ, will naturally wish to become acquainted with that great and glorious Saviour of mankind; and if the parents know how to present a true picture of him to the opening mind, its first affections will be fixed on that perfect model of humanity. This will be the true regeneration, the true new birth of the infant, into the moral, the mental, the spiritual world, out of the mere animal existence to which 'the will of the flesh,' brought it, not only unconscious of a higher destination, but the most helpless and wretched being among the tribes of the mere animal creation.

> ——— ut sævis projectus ab undis
> Navita, nudus, humi jacet, infans, indigus omni
> Vitali auxilio. ———
> ——— ut æquum est
> Cui tantum in vita restet transire malorum.—*Lucret. V.* 224. *et seq.*

The postponement of baptism to an adult age is morally dangerous; and the danger increases in proportion to the superstitious notions entertained of its efficacy, by the persons who intend to receive it. The expectancy of a charm which can wash away past sins, naturally encourages the commission of sins. Even if this degree of danger should be escaped, it is difficult not to incur that of moral negligence, during a period when the mind thinks itself still unengaged to fulfil the full duty of a Christian. Even confirmation (putting aside the hierarchical trick which derives its efficacy from the hands of the bishop) is frequently found to have a similar effect on many among the uneducated classes. During the early ages that infant baptism had not become a general practice, there was a very prevalent feeling that it was prudent to defer that supposed method of restoring innocence, till the passions of youth had had full sway. St. Augustin expressly tells us, in his Confessions, that this was the advice of his mother's Christian friends, in regard to himself. Most people, indeed, delayed baptism to their dying hour, in order that the unlimited efficacy of that charm should not be wasted on a few moral stains. This was the case of Constantine, called the Great, the murderer of his eldest son, and of his own wife: a man, who, in the pursuit of exclusive empire, despised the laws of religion, as well as those of common humanity; but who, especially as he advanced in age, showed the highest degree of superstition and puerile vanity, and, as it happens not unfrequently to the thoroughly superstitious and ignorant, found confidence and repose in the methods of priestly delusion. He was solemnly baptized when dying; and declared upon coming out of the fount, that he felt himself totally relieved from the impressions of guilt, and blessed again with the unsuspecting serenity of infantine innocence.

Even the absurd practice of employing sponsors—that practice which, in connexion with the orthodox doctrine, implies the acknowledgment of the insuperable objection which the unconsciousness of the principal contracting party presents—might be retained with advantage. It would be indeed affecting and sublime, to see some respected friends of the parents engaging solemnly to be second fathers and mothers to the child. This would be really a spiritual relationship to all the parties concerned. I would of course have the sponsors present. The proxies of proxies, almost universally employed in the Church of England, is a kind of double-distilled absurdity. Rational grounds of friendly connections, of what might well be called relationships by choice, should be established, and multiplied as much as possible. Our social nature admits them, and pure Christianity, the religion which considers mankind as one family, is most ready to adopt them.

The practice of making the parents themselves sponsors for their children, is the most positive and solemn recognition of the erroneous notion from which the supposed necessity of sponsors arose; namely, the idea that a moral engagement is necessary to give efficacy to the supposed charm, and that such an engagement can be made in the name of an unconscious child. W.

RELIGIOUS ESTABLISHMENTS.

(Continued from page 564.)

Having considered, at some length, the arguments usually adduced in favour of an Established Religion in alliance with the State, it remains for us to notice the objections which are made to such an Establishment by those who dissent from it.

The first, and most important, of these is, that it confers on the chief magistrate an authority in religious affairs which belongs only to Christ, consituting the head of the Government the head of the Church. Of the Christian Church Christ is the only legitimate head, deriving the authority he claimed from God: it is, therefore, an unjustifiable usurpation of spiritual power in any temporal prince to assume ecclesiastical supremacy—such a supremacy not being sanctioned by divine prescription, and incapable, from its very nature, of being conferred by any civil compact, or institution merely human. Could it be proved that a whole people had, at any time, by common consent, and by solemn league and covenant, invested their sovereign with full power to govern the Church as well as the State, even this unanimous consent of a whole nation would not confer upon the monarch a legitimate right to exercise such a power, since his subjects could not justly bestow it: this right belonging solely to the Deity, to whom alone man is responsible in religious matters; his responsibility necessarily arising out of the relation in which he stands to God, as the creature of his formation, so that it is incapable of being transferred to any other person, except by divine appointment, without a direct and fearful violation of the solemn duty every human being owes to his Maker. Spiritual power, however, has seldom, if ever, been conferred on princes by the consent of even a majority of their subjects—it has generally been a double usurpation, an usurpation of the rights belonging to man, as well as of those belonging to God. This truth is written on the page of Ecclesiastical History in characters too strong to render it questionable; and a most striking confirmation of it is afforded by the origin and progress of the Church of England up to the period when it was established in its present form.

It is a well known fact, that at the commencement of the reign of Henry VIII. this kingdom acknowledged the supremacy of the Pope, the king himself having written a book against Luther, for which the Roman Pontiff conferred upon him the title of Defender of the Faith—a title which, with admirable inconsistency, it may here be observed, has ever since been retained by the Kings and Queens of England, though some of the most important articles of that faith, in support of which Henry's book was written, (being a defence of the Seven Sacraments of the Roman Catholic Church), have been rejected by them as unscriptural: no sooner, however, had the Pope refused to sanction the divorce of the licentious monarch from his lawful wife, than he renounced the supremacy of the head of the Catholic Church, and procured an act of parliament, by which he was himself declared to be sole and supreme head of the Church of England. Other acts, of a still more despotic nature, were soon passed, by which all ecclesiastical authority was transferred to the king; in the exercise of which he suppressed the monasteries and abbies, augmenting his revenue by the immense profits arising from the rents of the lands, and the sale of the effects belonging to them, and, at the same time, greatly curtailed the incomes of the richest sees, appropriating to himself and his courtiers a large portion of the landed property from which they arose. In the exercise of the same authority, enlarged and confirmed, he sent circular letters to the Bishops, forbidding all preaching through the kingdom, till he had published certain articles of religion, which, afterwards framed by himself, his subjects were required to receive; the heaviest penalties being denounced against all who refused submission to them. He further issued injunctions to regulate the behaviour of the clergy, whom he denied all power in ecclesiastical affairs; and he finally published, under the sanction of parliament, a statute, 'for the abolishing of diversity of opinions in certain articles concerning the Christian religion,' which was ordered to be read once a quarter in all churches, and to be enforced by the most dreadful punishments; in reference to which it has been significantly and appropriately termed, 'the bloody statute.' Now, it cannot be supposed that all this spiritual authority was voluntarily conceded to the king by the unanimous consent of the whole nation, or that, in sanctioning the usurpation of it by this despotic monarch, the parliament acted in strict conformity with the wishes of the people: a great majority of them, as well as of the clergy, being, doubtless, still Catholics in principle. In the reign of a tyrannic prince, parliaments are generally subservient to his will, and seldom speak the voice of the nation: nor can we suppose it to have been otherwise at this period of our history, when the power of the Crown was much less limited than it is at present, and the acts of despotism which it could commit with daring impunity are so strikingly displayed in the violent death of more than one Queen to gratify the passoin of a licentious monarch. That no universal resistance was made to his spiritual oppression cannot be justly urged as a proof that the majority of the people acquiesced in it, any more than that their submitting to his acts of civil oppression manifested their entire approbation of them: especially as there were many individuals, (amongst whom the most distinguished were Sir Thomas More, who had been Lord Chancellor, and Fisher, Bishop of Rochester) who did resist the ecclesiastical authority he assumed: some being beheaded, others burnt at the stake, for their non-submission, and many more, we have every reason to believe, in dread of similar punishments, outwardly conformed to what they inwardly disliked. This is rendered highly probable by the fact, that on the king's requiring his subjects to swear, under the penalty of treason to all who refused the requisition, that he was supreme Head of the Church, two insurrections subsequently took place, one in Lincolnshire, in which 20,000 individuals refused the oath, and another in the north of England, of a still more formidable kind: and though they were suppressed, the former by the proclamation of a general pardon, the latter by an armed force, after an obstinate resistance, it cannot be supposed that the insurgents, though subdued by punishment, and overawed by fear, afterwards willingly consented to the ecclesiastical supremacy and spiritual domination of the king.

Edward VI. inherited by succession the spiritual power which his father had usurped and made hereditary: and the council, appointed by Henry's will to regulate spiritual affairs during his minority, introduced considerable changes in religion, repealing the late king's acts respecting the six articles, and passing others in direct opposition to them, by which all images were removed from the churches, a new liturgy was appointed to be read in them, and new articles of faith to be taught. These deviations from the ceremonies and doctrines enjoined by royal authority in the preceding reign, were so important, that if we suppose the people to have voluntarily submitted to the ecclesiastical regulations of Henry, they must have been adverse to those of Edward and his council: especially as the ejected images had for ages been the objects of superstitious veneration, and the lower orders of the people, particularly in country places, were strongly attached to religious processions and wakes, which were abolished at the same time with the images: and that a large proportion of the nation were strongly opposed to these changes is evident from the insurrections that they occasioned in several counties, of numerous bodies of men, those in Devonshire amounting to 10,000, and those in Norfolk to 20,000. If however, for the sake of the argument, we suppose the alterations made in the reign of Edward, in the ceremonies and doctrines of the church, to have been acceptable, notwithstanding the opposition of multitudes, to a majority of the nation, it must be conceded, as a necessary consequence of this admission, that those which were again introduced in the succeeding reign—that of Mary, who, in the exercise of her ecclesiastical authority, annulled all the acts of her brother in favour of the Protestant religion, and restored the Roman Catholic—were unacceptable to the people, and that the head of the church, in enforcing these changes, acted in direct opposition to the will of the nation: an inference which seems to be authorised by the fact, that Mary had recourse to the most bloody persecutions to enforce her edicts, which were resisted by multitudes, many of whom fled from the kingdom, many died in prison, and many were burnt at the stake. Should we again make the supposition, that the majority of the populace were brought over, by compulsory acts, to the queen's opinions, and became willing slaves of the Roman Catholic church, they must, then, assuredly, have been adverse to the ecclesiastical supremacy of Elizabeth, the successor of Mary, who, in the exercise of that supremacy, as head of the Church of England, abolished the statutes of her Catholic sister, and restored the Reformed Religion: unless, indeed, we could suppose, that the will of the reigning monarch could change the religious opinions of the nation, in a moment, by the powerful operation of some secret charm, similar to that by which the royal touch was once supposed to cure one of the most malignant diseases to which the human frame is subject. The days, however, in which the public had faith in such miraculous cures of either moral or physical evil are gone by, and it is now generally known that men are not formed of such Protean matter as to be capable of being suddenly transformed from one thing to another, either by the exercise of their own will, or the influence of that of others, however exalted the station they may occupy in the church or the state.

The acts of Elizabeth, if not altogether as bloody, were, at least, as despotic as those of Mary: and there can be no doubt that they were opposed to the wishes of a great body of her subjects. The nation was, probably, at the time of her accession to the throne, as of that of Mary, pretty equally divided in opinion on religious subjects, so that the edicts of both must have been disliked by multitudes, as is, indeed, proved by the evidence of recorded and well authenticated facts. As to the acts of Elizabeth, especially those of supremacy and uniformity, it is matter of history that they were much disliked by great numbers both of the clergy and the people, and that they consequently drove thousands out of the bosom of the church, both ministers and laymen, many of whom endured the severest sufferings, rather than submit to them.

We are borne out then, by the evidence of history, in asserting that the exercise of supreme ecclesiastical authority by the kings and queens of England, was never voluntarily conceded to them by the nation at large: that it is an usurpation of a sacred right, which their subjects never resigned into their hands, and, as was previously observed, never could transfer to them, consistently with their duty to a higher power. Every earthly prince, therefore, who assumes spiritual supremacy, whilst he invades the most sacred of the rights of man, which no civil compact or institution can confer upon him, acts at the same time, with regard to the Deity, that most presumptuous part, which the poet, in bitter irony, calls upon man to perform, as the consummation of human pride and folly.

> 'Snatch from His hand the balance and the rod,
> Rejudge His justice, be the God of God!'

A second objection which is justly urged against an Established Church in alliance with the state, is, that whilst it constitutes the Chief Magistrate the Head of the Church, it authorises him, in that capacity, to dictate what forms of worship shall be practised, and what articles of faith shall be believed! Such dictation has been practised by all princes who have obtained ecclesiastical supremacy: they have, at their own pleasure, and often contrary to the expressed wishes of the clergy, as well as the people, abolished rites and ceremonies to which both were strongly attached, and forbid the preaching of doctrines which the most enlightened ministers and pious men held in the highest reverence and esteem: they have also done the reverse of this, introducing new forms, and new tenets, unacceptable to great multitudes of their subjects, insisting upon their being regarded as sacred, and received as true. Amongst these, how many trifling, puerile, and superstitious customs have been established—how many irrational, incomprehensible, and unscriptural dogmas have been promulgated!

Subjected to this ecclesiastical dictation of the temporal power, religion has frequently been made to assume the most different aspects: at one time being stripped of much that was deemed becoming in its appearance, and imposing in its habits; at another, muffled up in the most sumptuous attire, and set off with the most pompous decorations: and always, perhaps, invested with more external ornament than is consistent with the purity and simplicity of its real nature. Its language, too, as well as its form, has been rendered various, and even contradictory: being made, in one reign, to assert as solemn truth, what, in another, it had proclaimed to be pernicious error, and sometimes, in different periods of the same reign, pronouncing articles of opposite tendency as of divine authority, and necessary to be believed. The spirit it has manifested has, also, been changeable as its form and its language: sometimes being violent and persecuting, at others more mild and tolerant, though always too assuming in its air, and too imperious in its deportment. These changes, which have been so often made in the forms and doctrines of the established religion, by the will of the ruling magistrate, have given it the character of a state-puppet, ready to play any part, however absurd or ridiculous, which the wishes of the monarch or the purposes of the state may require; nor has this character been at all diminished by the mummery and the mysticism which have frequently been connected with it. The interests of true religion have, then, been greatly injured by the varying aspect, and more than chamelion variety of colours, which the spiritual authority of temporal princes, at different times, not very distant from each other, has communicated to it: nor can we wonder, when by one* of these princes, in his spiritual capacity as head of the church, a solemn proclamation was made for the encouragement of diversions on the Lord's day, usually termed 'The Book of Sports,' if, by many persons, unacquainted with its real nature and evidences, religion should have been regarded altogether as a farce.

This power in the chief magistrate of dictating the forms and doctrines of religion, is further injurious to it, as such authority may be, and has been, exercised by princes of the most irreligious character: the lustful Henry and the licentious Charles were both invested with spiritual supremacy, both were defenders of the faith, both heads of the church. When such profligate men as these are allowed to lay their sacrilegious hands on the ark of God, must they not pollute it? When a wicked king stands in the temple as chief pontiff, must it not be desecrated? When a violator of the most sacred obligations, when a derider of the most holy things, assumes the office of a guardian of religion, must it not be injured by his protection; must not its purity be contaminated by his touch; must not its authority be diminished by his support; must not its divine origin be discredited by his assumption of ecclesiastical supremacy?

This supremacy, dictating the mode in which God is to be worshipped, and the doctrines respecting His nature, or will, which are to be believed, is, moreover, inconsistent with the nature of religion and of the human mind: the latter being unable to assent to asserted truths without sufficient evidence to produce conviction, and the former being incapable of existing unless it is voluntary. A compulsory religion is no religion at all: it is true, a man may utter a certain form of words, and bend his body in a certain way, as he is commanded; but except he does it with the sincere approbation of his mind, and from his own convictions of rectitude, this is not a confession of faith, nor an act of worship—it is merely the utterance of so much empty breath, merely the unmeaning inclination of the form without the solemn purpose of the spirit: or it is something much worse, it is religious insincerity, it is religious hypocrisy. The prince may extend his sceptre, and the spiritual lord his crosier; the one may proclaim his edict, and the other pronounce his creed; but the wand of temporal or ecclesiastical authority, however widely its rule may extend over the kingdoms of the earth, cannot exercise any command over the sentiments of the soul: the threatening edicts of kings, the anathematizing creeds of priests, cannot alter the decisions of the mind. The thoughts and the affections cannot be controlled by the most arbitrary acts of power—by the persecution of the state, or the denunciations of the church;—and if they could, if the faith we professed were the effect of compulsion, if the homage we paid to the Deity were the result of violent measures, it cannot be supposed that such faith and such worship would be acceptable to God. True worship is the dictate of the heart—true faith the conviction of the understanding alone; and no forms of public adoration, however imposing—no professions of speculative principles, however solemn—are pleasing in the sight of Heaven, unless they are voluntarily used, and made in compliance with what we sincerely believe to be the real requisitions and true doctrines of religion. This important truth, established on the strongest grounds of reason, is confirmed and sanctioned by the express words of revelation, Christ himself having declared that 'the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth,' and that 'the Father seeketh such to worship Him,' (John iv. 23); adding, in proof of this solemn declaration, 'God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and truth.'

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* James I.

Another evil connected with the exercise of supreme ecclesiastical authority by the chief magistrate, which cannot but be injurious to the interests of true religion, is, that to a compliance with the forms of worship, and a profession of the articles of faith dictated by that authority, high privileges are attached; whilst to non-conformity with the one, and a denial of the other, are affixed severe penalties. Such privileges and such penalties are almost the necessary consequences of an established church in alliance with the state; the former being deemed requisite as inducements to its support, and the latter as discouragements to dissent from, or opposition, to it. Now, as these inducements will have the strongest influence upon those who have no regard for religion but as it promotes their worldly interests, they may be justly considered as a sort of premium on religious insincerity; and as those who are most upright in the discharge of their religious duties will not be deterred by any discouragements from performing them, they will necessarily be exposed to much persecution and suffering for complying with the honest dictates of conscience, and doing what they believe God requires them to do. Thus, whilst many wicked men are rewarded for a mere nominal profession, many of the most pious and virtuous characters will be visited with severe chastisement for uprightness and integrity;—so that the moral qualities, which religion most imperiously commands us to cultivate, and without which it cannot exist, are made the objects of ecclesiastical censure and state persecution. We appeal, in confirmation of this fact, to the general testimony of ecclesiastical history. We appeal to the bloody statutes of persecuting kings and queens, who reduced the most conscientious of their subjects to want and misery, incarcerated them in the gloom of dungeons, exposed them to the consuming flames of faggots, or drove them into homeless and hopeless exile in foreign lands. We appeal to the massacre of St. Bartholomew and the fires of Smithfield—to the shocking cruelties that have been committed, and justified in the name of religion, not only in this country, but in every country on the face of the earth where a church has been connected with the state. We appeal to tortures too dreadful to be described, to barbarities which savages would have shrunk from perpetrating, to acts of enormous cruelty and injustice alike hateful to man and offensive to God. We appeal to the unparalleled sufferings of unnumbered martyrs, in all countries and in all climes, whilst living, and to their violated sepulchres when dead; and we invoke their injured and indignant shades to bear witness, before heaven and earth, to the nameless torments that have been inflicted, the cruel assassinations that have been committed, and the precious blood that has been shed by wicked princes in support of state religions and established churches!

Will it be replied, in answer to this solemn charge—which, at the bar of Almighty God, shall most assuredly be urged against all the crowned heads, who, usurping His authority, have hurled the thunders of the church, and wielded the arms of the state, against the most upright of their subjects, when those subjects themselves shall appear as witnesses against them in the great day of account, appealing to the 'deep damnation of their taking off' from all the comforts of life, and from life itself;—will it be replied, that the times and the deeds to which we have alluded, are for ever gone by, and that Established Churches now tolerate other sects? But, just Heaven! is it to be endured that men should merely be tolerated for doing what they conceive to be their most solemn duty—for imitating the noble example of the first apostles and confessors of the Christian faith, in obeying God rather than man, which, were they not to do, they must forfeit the favor of Heaven, lose the approbation of their own consciences, and justly expose themselves to universal censure and contempt? It would be wrong to suppress the indignation such a reply so justly excites:—but is it true that Established Churches no longer persecute? Has the Pope, then, at length resigned the authority he has usurped for ages—and do Italy and Spain furnish no examples of religious persecution? Is the Inquisition yet abolished—and do Catholic princes exercise no persecuting power in their dominions, as the agents of a spiritual lord, if not spiritual lords themselves? To come nearer home—what shall we say of the Church of England? All must allow it has been a persecuting Church at no distant period; and that, till within a very few years, it deprived Dissenters of their civil rights, unless they would convert the most solemn ordinance of the Christian religion into a stepping-stone to office; thus virtually excluding them from all places of honour and emolument in the state, to which their well-known loyalty and abilities entitled them, by imposing on them a test incompatible with their religious principles. The Test and Corporation Laws, with many other persecuting statutes, are now happily abolished; but is there nothing of a persecuting nature remaining in this Church? Does it not make Dissenters pay towards the support of an Establishment they dislike? Does it not make the validity of their marriages, with a single exception,* depend upon the celebration of a religious service in its temples, a service involving in it assent to some of its peculiar doctrines? Does it not exclude their sons from the only colleges in this country which can bestow literary titles and rewards? Does it not still anathematize all of them who do not believe in the Athanasian creed? And do not this exaction, exclusion, and condemnation constitute a species of religious persecution, partially injurious to the interests, and most justly offensive to the feelings of Dissenters? Do they not involve invidious distinctions, which ought not to exist in a free country? Do they not encourage bad feeling between different orders of men, the one being more privileged than the other, merely for professing a belief in the doctrines of the Established Church? But suppose that these grievances did not exist, or were not really what we represent them; there is always a danger, whilst any church continues in alliance with the state, lest a period should arrive, when, from motives of state policy, relating to national or foreign objects, from the violent passions and prejudices of the monarch, or from compliance with popular opinions, which are always subject to change, it should again become intolerant and persecuting. The lion is never to be trusted, however mild a look he may wear, whilst he possesses his claws and his teeth: and no security can be felt against the future aggressions of an established church, whilst its head is a temporal prince, invested with ecclesiastical and civil supremacy.

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* In favor of the Quakers, or Friends.

A third objection to an established church in alliance with the state, arises from the splendid and expensive hierarchy usually connected with it. No example of such a hierarchy is to be found in the New Testament, and no injunctions are given for the formation of it either by Christ or his apostles. The teachers of the Christian religion in the apostolic age, were all equal in rank and privilege, or rather, they were all alike destitute of rank or privilege, in the secular meaning of those words, no ecclesiastical dignity being conferred upon one, more than upon another, and nothing like external pomp in appearance being assumed by any of them. Hence, in the simple records of the first Christian Church, we meet with no long list of titled dignitaries; no Right Reverend Prelates and Fathers in God; no Lords Spiritual and Temporal; no Archbishops, or Bishops, (the word thus translated meaning originally an overseer, or overlooker); no Deans, Sub-Deans, Prebends, Canons, Archdeacons, Rectors, Vicars, and Curates. These high-sounding names, with all the ostentatious robes, rich benefices, splendid dwellings, and worldly distinctions, connected with many of them, were never usurped by any of the ministers of Christ in the apostolic age, not even by those whom he himself had chosen as his ministers, and who were invested with supernatural powers, successfully to perform the work of their ministry. The most learned and gifted of these Divinely commissioned teachers was styled, in the simple and unpretending language of Scripture, 'Paul, the Apostle,' or 'Paul an Apostle of Jesus Christ,' without any ostentatious epithet, descriptive of superior rank and authority; 'Saint,' which it is now usual to prefix to his name, having been added by the idolizing reverence of modern times. This great Apostle assumed no titles expressive of spiritual domination, which he absolutely disclaimed, (2 Cor. i. 24,) in common with the other apostles, who never presumed to be, what so many, with much less claim to ecclesiastical supremacy, have made themselves—'lords over God's heritage.' (1 Peter v. 3.)

But though no example of a spiritual hierarchy is to be found in the primitive church, and no precept is given in the New Testament for the institution of any order of ministers, invested with the powers and privileges which those constituting such a hierarchy possess and exercise, it may, perhaps, be urged in favor of its existence, that the Scriptures contain no formal prohibition of such an institution, and that its continuance is justified by its expediency. On this principle, it may be stated, that the example of the clergy is more influential, from the high situations which some of them occupy, the lofty titles by which they are dignified, and the wealthy livings they enjoy: whilst the public services of religion are rendered more impressive, by the imposing appearance of stalled prelates, and richly robed priests. It may however, on the other hand, be replied, that high rank and affluent circumstances are not favorable to the cultivation and practice of those self-denying virtues, which ministers ought to exhibit in their conduct, if their example is to be conformed to the standard of apostolic piety, (1 Tim. iii. 1—7. Tit. i. 7.) and to exert a wholesome influence on the people; that, whatever impression is made on the public mind by the splendid appendages of an august and titled hierarchy, (and often, it should be remembered, those appendages are looked upon with jealousy, and create envy,) they can never produce so much real respect and sincere admiration, as the virtues, to the growth of which they are adverse, and to the imitation of which, they are not, therefore, likely to lead; that, moreover, as the most industrious of the clergy, who are actively engaged in performing the duties of their profession, have but a very scanty provision made for their temporal wants, their example must necessarily be destitute of that influence which is ascribed to wealth, and their situation, contrasted with that of their spiritual superiors in the church, producing in some minds compassion, in others contempt, is inconsistent with the argument of an ecclesiastical hierarchy, grounded on the imposing effect produced by its secular privileges and dignities; the majority of the ministers in the Established Church not being in possession of these, which are monopolized by a few, neither the most talented, nor the most virtuous, whom high connexions and state patronage have promoted.

That the services of the temple are rendered more impressive by the pomp of hierarchical display may, perhaps, be in some sense true, as men in general are very much influenced by external impressions: but it cannot be doubted that such display is calculated to draw off the attention from the great object of worship to His creatures, and that, whilst the senses are so strongly affected by the imposing splendor of religious rites, the mind can scarcely be enough abstracted from their influence to be wholly fixed on the sacred business in which it ought to be exclusively engaged. That worship is the most spiritual which is the least connected with those objects that remind us of man, and hence the mountain and the desert are more propitious to true devotion than the gorgeous temple, with all its pompous decorations and ostentatious ceremonies. In retirement from the presence of our fellow-creatures, whether in the solitudes of nature, or in the seclusion of the chamber, the soul may hold the closest communion with its Maker: and silence and loneliness are more favourable to such communion, than the crowded congregation, the singing choir, or the chanting priest. The imposing services of the temple, connected with a splendid hierarchy, are indeed far from being requisite to excite or cherish devotion in the heart: since neither its existence nor its ardor depends on forms of worship, being often felt most warmly, and most deeply, in the absence of all external appearances, when they are shut out from the closed eye, whilst the spirit communes in speechless converse with its God.

It may, however, be further urged in favor of the richly endowed hierarchy of an Established Church, that it renders the clergy independent of the people, who have no voice in their election, and no power to eject them from their livings, when once inducted into them: an independence, it may be said, which adds much to their dignity and their virtue, as it prevents them from becoming wholly subservient to the people's wishes, and the passive slaves of the people's prejudices. There is something very plausible in the mode of stating this argument; as it is certainly inconsistent with the character which a Christian minister ought to mantain, to submit to a mental thraldom, preventing freedom of opinion and speech, in order to ingratiate himself into popular favor, and to secure his place in any church: but the argument is more specious than solid. It does not necessarily follow, from a minister's being dependent for his livelihood on the will of a congregation whom he serves in the office of spiritual pastor, that he must absolutely mould his opinions by theirs: it may happen, as indeed it usually does, that their religious opinions coincide on all those points of faith and doctrine deemed important by both; this coincidence being the bond, as it was the origin, of their union, and should any changes take place in their religious opinions, it will be more generally found that it is the result of the minister's influence upon the people, than of the people's upon the minister. Even in the extreme case of the minister being led, by serious inquiry, to adopt opinions diametrically opposite to those of his congregation, which all his arguments cannot induce them to embrace, and which he, therefore, cannot advocate from the pulpit, without the risk of losing his situation, as his continuance in it is wholly dependent on the people; it is by no means a necessary consequence of this dependence, that he shall suppress his own opinions, or practise any base compliance with theirs. The conscientious man, in such a situation, trying as it must be, will not hesitate a moment in the course of conduct he ought to adopt: he will at once resign his situation, though such a step may be attended with much inconvenience, and can scarcely be taken without deep regret. The inconvenience, however, will probably be lightened by the generosity and affection of the congregation he has previously served, if his conduct has been such as to merit the one and secure the other: and many congregations will be probably found, to whom the publication of his opinions from the pulpit will be acceptable; especially if they be such as are professed by the numerous religious societies of the day, who are always ready to open their arms to receive a new convert to their faith, and many of them not backward to provide for his wants. Thus the moral and intellectual freedom of ministers, dependent for the supply of their temporal wants on the congregations they serve, is amply preserved, either by a coincidence of opinion between the parties, or a separation: but in an Established Church that independence is entirely destroyed, even in the highest of the Episcopal order. 'What!' the mitred prelate may indignantly exclaim, 'am I not the spiritual Lord of the people, more independent of them than a temporal prince of his subjects, and is not this crosier the emblem of my absolute authority?' 'Yes, my lord,' it may be replied, 'you are indeed independent of the people, but you are wholly dependent upon the state: you must worship God according to the forms the state has ordained; you must teach as the doctrines of Christ what the state has appointed; you must profess a faith in the articles of those creeds which the state has prescribed. You are the spiritual slave of a temporal lord, whom you acknowledge to be the head of the church, and from whom, as a reward for your subserviency, you receive all the dignities and emoluments of your office: and yet, notwithstanding all your wealth and titles, the poor Christians of Berea were 'more noble' than you, for they 'searched the Scriptures daily whether those things were so,' (Acts xvii. 11), which you are virtually prohibited from doing, for the things written in the Church Prayer-book you must believe, whether they be agreeable to scripture, or not: at all events, you must profess a faith in them, and you dare not teach any tenets opposed to them. You are commanded to anathematize all who do not believe some of them, and you know that the open renunciation of any might be followed by your ejection from the Church, and the loss of your mitre.' Such is really the situation of a hierarchy connected with a religious establishment: its ministers, through the long-graduated scale of ecclesiastical preferment, from the most distinguished prelate on the Episcopal bench in the House of Lords, to the humblest curate in the village church, must all be equally subservient to the will of the chief magistrate, who, in the exercise of his ecclesiastical supremacy, has made religious ordinances, respecting both belief and worship, with which they must strictly comply, or incur the risk of being stripped of their gowns, and driven from the pale of the Establishment in disgrace. It is a well-known fact, that when the Church of England was settled by Queen Elizabeth in its present form, the Bishop of Ely, opposing her will on one occasion, in which, too, no point of faith was involved, was brought to a humble compliance with her wishes, by the following menace:—'Proud Prelate! I understand you are backward in complying with your agreement; but I would have you know, that I, who made you what you are, can unmake you, and if you do not forthwith fulfil your engagement, I will unfrock you.'

This total dependence of the ministers of religion on the state must naturally render them afraid to enquire, whether the established doctrines are true, lest, finding them false, they should be reduced to the necessity of professing a faith in opinions they do not believe, or of forfeiting all church preferment by an honest and open renunciation of it: thus sacrificing either integrity to interest, or the comforts of life to the dictates of conscience. This is a cruel dilemma for men to be reduced to: the upright servant of God will, however, no doubt, embrace poverty and expose himself and his family to destitution, rather than incur the fearful guilt of religious hypocricy; but how many will prefer the interests of this world to the stern integrity which renounces them for the rewards of the next!—how many will obey man rather than God, when all the ills that man, armed with supreme temporal authority can inflict upon him, are the necessary consequences of obedience to a higher power, from which no immediate interference is to be expected; the sufferings of virtue being wisely permitted to exist for a test of its excellence in its passage through the probationary scenes of time to the happiness of eternity!—how many, too, anxious to avoid the awful responsibility of such criminal conduct, will practise, as less sinful, that mental reservation which some too easily persuade themselves is justifiable in certain circumstances of difficulty and danger, or meet, with voluntary obtuseness of intellect, every argument opposed to the doctrines it is their interest to believe, or forcibly avert their thoughts from all such arguments, as, liable to shake their faith, may disturb their peace, and injure their welfare! Such being on the mind the natural influence of an entire dependence of the ministers of religion on the state, the direct tendency of such a dependence is to suppress free enquiry, to support established errors, to encourage ignorance, and to generate vice.

This dependence, then, is evidently much more injurious to the interests of truth and virtue than a dependence on the people: the latter is, indeed, favourable to moral and intellectual improvement, since, whilst Dissenting Congregations generally profess to encourage free enquiry into the oracles of Divine Truth, protesting against a submission to human authority in religious affairs, the fear of losing their good opinion exercises a very wholesome influence on the manners and habits of their spiritual pastors, who are well aware that the loss of that good opinion may be followed by the loss of their places. This restrictive and salutary influence is, in a great measure, wanting in an Established Church supported by the State, its ministers being independent of the people, and able to enjoy all the emoluments of their benefices, however indolent they may be in providing for the spiritual wants of their parishioners, or however inconsistent their conduct may be with their profession. Hence, in the bosom of Established Churches the greatest profligacy has sometimes been practised with impunity, such as could not have escaped without public censure, and deserved ejectment, in any other Christian society, where the minister was amenable to public opinion: and, though it cannot be denied, and it is grateful to acknowledge, that the most illustrious examples of every Christian virtue have been exhibited within the pale of Religious Establishments, which those without it may justly contemplate with admiration and improvement, and though it must be confessed, with honest regret, that amongst the ministerial order in Dissenting Congregations, however eminent many of them may have been for the most distinguished uprightness and piety, the imperfect virtues of others have been blended with a strong admixture of human errors, showing how difficult it is, even in circumstances most propitious to moral improvement, to restrain the passions and avoid the failings of our nature; it will still hold as a general truth, that the moral restraints and checks on the conduct of ministers are more numerous and powerful in those Christian societies where their temporal interests depend upon the people, than in churches where they are wholly dependent on the State; and that they will, therefore, be naturally more careful to shun all acts of omission, and commission, that might offend the moral feelings or judgment of their congregations, than other pastors who are not responsible to their flocks for any acts they may commit.

Such are some of the great and important considerations, on which dissent from a church in alliance with the state is founded; principles which ought to be rendered sacred in our esteem, not only for their own intrinsic and abstract value, as most intimately connected with both the civil and religious liberties of mankind, but also, for the noble stand in defence of them, which was so often made by our pious and virtuous forefathers, against all the wicked decrees and persecuting statutes, of 'principalities and powers,' waging war against the dictates of conscience, and impiously usurping the attributes of God, whilst they denounced upon His creatures, the most upright and the most worthy, the unsparing vengeance of Heaven, and the most dreadful sufferings of earth. Amidst those sufferings, however, whilst the frame was wrenched with all the implements of torture, or wrung with all the agonies of death, these holy martyrs were victorious both in the dungeon, and at the stake: and by those flames which consumed their bodies to ashes, were kindled the sparks of truth and liberty, which one* of the sacred band prophecied with his dying breath, should never be extinguished, and which have continued ever since, to increase in magnitude and in splendor, till, having dissipated with their light, the gloom of the past, they now gild the darkness of the future, with a luminous radiance, clearly revealing to the eager and expectant eye of the present generation, the glories of the age to come. Oh! happy period, hasten to arrive: when the cause of religious freedom, involving such high and important interests—the interests of both time and eternity—sealed as it is by the testimony and consecrated by the blood of so many noble and illustrious men, shall be universally triumphant—when kings and priests shall no longer dare to intrude upon the province of the Deity, or substitute the commandments of men, for the word of Revelation—when states shall cease to make religious exactions, and churches no more anathematize those they cannot convert—when Christ shall be acknowledged by all the kingdoms of the earth as their only spiritual head, and God shall be worshipped by united nations in the bond of charity and peace!

THE OLD MAN'S PRAYER.

'Twas evening—and the sun had set—
But ere it left the summer skies,
Upon the blue wave lingered yet
The chastened glory of its dyes,
   And shed the last serenest smile
   Upon the Old Man's native isle.

His native isle—far had he come,
Though 'in the sear and yellow leaf,'
To view once more the cherished home
That shared his childhood's joy and grief;
   Where every tree, and stream, and flow'r,
   Was fraught with some familiar lore

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* *Latimer.*—'We shall this day light such a candle in England, as I trust, by God's grace, shall never be put out.'

Of boyish hopes, and fond words spoken;—
And as the gentle twilight fell
Upon each dear and treasured token
Of that fair scene he loved so well,
The Old Man gazed upon the spot,
His tears were stayed, his woes forgot.

And now the pale stars, one by one,
Had met their silent watch to keep;
And o'er the waters, every tone
Had ceased its vesper minstrelsy,
And breathless as an infant's sleep
Cradled beneath its mother's eye

The still world seemed;—it were a sight
Might well awake a nobler lay,
As there, amid that holy light,
The Old Man knelt alone to pray;
For the moon-lit heaven, and the tranquil flood,
Spoke the felt presence of his God.

'Tis morning—and the freshened air
Hath kissed the dew-drop from the flow'r,
Yet still the Old Man lingers there;
Albeit his pray'r is heard no more;—
The sun that gilds yon distant wave,
Hath beamed upon the Old Man's grave! H. H.

STATE OF EDUCATION.

'Report of a Committee of the Manchester Statistical Society on the State of Education in the Borough of Manchester, in 1834.'—London, Ridgway.

THESE are the first fruits which the public have reaped from a society whose objects are excellent, and whose members are both benevolent and wise. The example thus set, will, we hope, be followed generally. There are few branches of knowledge in a less satisfactory condition than Statistics, and we see not how it can be so well improved as by local institutions. That for some things, especially for taking the census of the population periodically, the centralization which belongs to government, is useful, if not necessary, we have no hesitation to grant; but we feel equally sure, that inquiries on so vast a scale as those instituted by men in power, must be liable to many causes of error. The more you enlarge the field of observation, the greater your difficulty to find suitable observers. Enquiries conducted by Government necessarily issue from a centre; and no centre of civil society can have safe and definite radiations, extending, like the spider's web, to every part of the circumference. Some places will be neglected, or superficially surveyed. Some agents will be incompetent, or careless. An error once made has small chance of revision. But local societies might, by wide spread affiliations, possess all the advantages of centralization, and secure, in addition, accuracy and minuteness of information. As a confirmation of our views on the superiority of local enquiries, we may mention that the Report of the Manchester Statistical Society supplies most material corrections of the returns made to Government pursuant to a motion by Lord Kerry. In the township of Manchester alone, 10,671 scholars were omitted; false returns were made by one person of three Sunday schools that never existed at all, and which were stated to contain 1590 scholars; and double returns were made of three other schools, containing 375 scholars.

It appears that the numbers attending the different schools in Manchester, are 43,304; of whom,

10,108 attend day and evening schools only,
10,011 attend both day and evening schools,
23,185 attend Sunday schools only.

The population of the borough being 200,000, the number of persons receiving instruction is about 21 per cent. Of those attending day and evening schools, the numbers give about 10 per cent. If from 43,000 we deduct 10,000 for scholars under five and above fifteen, there remain 33,000 children between the ages of five and fifteen under instruction. The whole number of children in the borough between these two periods is about 50,000; it thus appears that two-thirds of this number are educated, and that one-third are receiving no instruction whatever. This is an awakening fact—about 16,000 children needing, but not receiving, education.

It is interesting to observe the proportions in which the gratuitous education is divided between Churchmen and Dissenters; and this we may learn from one of a very valuable and interesting series of tables appended to the Report. Of Sunday schools, for instance, there belong

To the Establishment	25 schools,	10,284 scholars;
To Catholics and other Dissenters	61 schools,	22,912 scholars.

The Dissenters educate more than twice the number of Sunday scholars educated by the Church. For this there must be a cause. Is it to be found in the superior numbers, or the superior wealth, or the superior benevolence, or of all these united, on the part of Dissenters? And can it be imagined that an Establishment can be supported in its exclusive possession of funds, which it enjoys only on the now exploded supposition of its being the spiritual teacher of the whole community? It has lost its claim to tax the whole by losing the affections of something approaching to one half.

If we feel dissatisfied at the extent to which education is diffused in Manchester, we shall find less reason still to be satisfied with its character. The Committee report first on dame schools: those, namely, in which reading only, and a little sewing, are taught. Many may have thought that these nurseries of ignorance, prejudice, and bad feeling had nearly disappeared; but they are the most numerous class. Of 320 day schools, they constitute one half. Generally in the most deplorable condition, the greater part of them are kept by females whose only qualification for this employment seems to be their unfitness for every other. They are, for the most part, found in very dirty unwholesome rooms. In one were eleven children, in a small room, in which one of the children of the mistress was lying in bed ill of the measles. Another child had died in the same room, of the same complaint, a few days before; and no less than thirty of the usual scholars were confined at home with the same disease. How painful is it to learn that the number of children subjected to these evils is 4,722. Plenty of scope is here for the introduction of well-managed infant schools. The great difficulty appears to us to be in providing the building; for when a suitable building is obtained, even if a rent has to be paid, children might be well educated on the infant school plan for one half of what is paid at these dame schools—the average is four-pence. In fact, infant schools may be made nearly to support themselves, especially if a building were provided gratuitously by the Government. We ourselves are intimately acquainted with an infant school, where above one hundred children are well educated at a cost for each child of three-halfpence on the average; and with a subscription list under forty pounds per annum, and rent to pay.

From the dame schools, the Report passes to common day schools, which seem to be in a rather better condition, but are still very little fitted to give a really useful education. The masters are generally in no way qualified for their occupation, take little interest in it, and show scarcely any disposition to adopt improvements. Yet they have generally a good opinion of their qualifications. One of them remarked that there were too many schools to do any good; adding, 'I wish Government would pass a law that nobody but them *as is high larnt* should keep a school, and then *we* might stand a chance to do some good.' One of these masters, who was especially conscious of the superiority of his establishment, began, on the occasion of the visit of the society's agent, to dilate on the various sciences with which he was acquainted; among which he enumerated Hydraulics, Hydrostatics, Geography, Geology, Etymology, and Entomology. On coming to the subjects taught in the school, he was asked—'Do you teach Reading and Writing?'

'Yes!'—'Arithmetic?' 'Yes!'—'Grammar and Composition?' 'Certainly!'—'French?' 'Yes!'—'Latin?' 'Yes!'—'Greek?' 'Yes!'—'Geography?' 'Yes!' And so on till the list of queries was exhausted, answering every question in the affirmative. As he concluded, the visitor remarked—'This is *multum in parvo* indeed;' to which the master immediately replied—'Yes, I teach that; you may put that down too.'

In the great majority of these schools, there seems to be a complete want of order and system. In one, where there were about 130 children, the noise and confusion were so great as to render the replies of the master to the enquiries put to him totally inaudible. He made several efforts to obtain silence, but without effect; at length he ascended his desk, and striking it forcibly with a ruler, said, in a strong Hibernian accent, 'I'll tell you what it is, boys; the first I hear make a noise, I'll call him up, and kill him entirely;'—and then perceiving, probably, on the countenance of his visitor some expression of dismay at his murderous threat, he added quickly, in a more subdued tone, 'Almost, I will.' His menace produced no effect. The master gave up the point, saying, as he descended from his desk—'You see, the brutes, there's no managing them.'

Religious instruction is seldom attended to beyond the rehearsal of a catechism; and indeed, in the present divided and embittered state of religious feeling, it is not easy to see how it could receive adequate attention. Real cultivation of mind and improvement of character, which might receive, and ought to receive, the first and last care, are totally neglected. 'Morals!' said one master, 'how am I to teach morals to the like of these?'

Circumstanced as Manchester is—the centre of immense and growing wealth, of liberality surpassed by none in the kingdom, and of enlightenment superior to that of most of our cities—it can hardly be inferior as to the means of popular education to other parts of the country. If the inference is correct, what a painful view have we of the actual condition of the children of the masses. One-third without education, and thousands who receive education, subject to such a discipline as injures nearly as much as it benefits. But for the Sunday school, there would scarcely be a bright spot in the dark picture; and the education afforded there, though not bad so far as it goes, is wretchedly insufficient for the great purposes of education; as must be known by those who are aware of the shortness of the time employed, the inadequacy of the teachers, and the paucity of the subjects taught. And while it is a bitter grief to have to believe that the rising generation generally are under influences so unsatisfactory, it is still more lamentable that the youth of Manchester should be training up in a way which can leave no fitness behind for the important duties they will have to perform, and the important interests they will have to be concerned with, as being members of that body on whom the manufacturing prosperity of the kingdom depends, while they are liable to many influences fitted to pervert, disturb, and convulse their own minds, and thereby society. If ever there was a special demand for a sound education—an education teaching youths to know and feel their duties and their real interests, softening and harmonising their characters—it is demanded in the manufacturing districts. And those who think, as we think, that these great interests—the interests of education, the real interests of the masses—are deferred, if not sacrificed, to the petty game of party, which some men have played, and seem disposed to play, at all risks, will find it impossible to restrain the expression of their deep dissatisfaction.

The Report, after enumerating specifically the several wants of the youthful poor of Manchester, in respect of education, alludes, with great propriety and force, to the mortifying contrast presented by Prussia and several of the German states, where all children of every class, between the ages of seven and fourteen, attend school under the superintendence of a master educated for the profession, and are instructed in the Christian religion, the German language, the elements of Geometry, the general principles of Drawing, the elements of Natural Science, Geography, History, Singing, Writing, Gymnastic Exercises, and the simple kinds of manual labour.

On this important subject we are tempted to enlarge.

The great business of education should be, to train, in each case, the individual in such a manner, as to fit him to discharge the duties of actual life. What things ought boys to learn? 'Those,' said an ancient sage, 'which they will have to practise when men.' This, which is a fundamental principle, is almost entirely neglected in the education of our peasantry. They have to labour with their hands, and they are taught to write; they have to get their living, and they are for years kept ignorant of the connexion God has made, between labour and competence. In this most important matter, we may take a lesson from M. de Fellenberg, of whose plans and exertions we shall proceed to give an outline.

His efforts in the cause of education were excited by the palpable defects which presented themselves wherever he had an opportunity of examining its state, even among the most refined nations. The science as well as the art of education, seemed to him very far in arrear of every other branch of modern civilisation. Being satisfied by personal experience and deep reflection, that nothing adequate to the necessities of mankind could be hoped for from the existing instrumentality, he resolved to point out, by means of an extensive series of experiments on his own estate, what education ought to accomplish for the human race. Hence arose the institutions at Hofwyl, Maykirch, and other parts of Switzerland.

He commenced his task with the conviction that the destination of every child is indicated by Divine Providence in the natural turn of his mind, and that no educator should allow himself to misapprehend or pervert, according to his own contracted ideas, that which the Creator has ordered in infinite wisdom. The most important means of securing a happy result in every species of education is, he rightly judged, to preserve as much as possible the childlike innocence of the pupil, and that cheerfulness which is its inseparable companion. The child should be brought up to desire,in the serenity and joy of his heart, the welfare of his fellow-creatures, and to feel the warmest interest in their happiness. In order to accomplish this, he who educates must be like the Saviour, the child's best friend, and not his tyrant. He must never forget that the powers of man are indeed excited to action from without, but that the personal activity of the individual operating upon himself, and upon the materials which are furnished him for the exercise of his faculties, is the only means for their complete developement and cultivation. In fact, the great art in education consists in knowing how to occupy every moment of life in well-directed and useful activity of the youthful powers, so that nothing evil shall find room to develope itself. It is also of great importance that the child should never be employed with exercises or objects which are above his comprehension ; the developement of character which should take place at this age must otherwise suffer. On the reception of a child, therefore, into his school, M. de Fellenburg's first object is to obtain an accurate knowledge of his individual character, with all its resources and defects, in order to aid in its further developement, according to the apparent intention of the Creator. To this end, the individual, independent activity of the pupil is of much greater consequence than the busy officiousness of many who assume the office of teachers; they too often render the child a mere magazine of knowledge, collected by means purely mechanical, which furnishes him with neither direction nor aid in the business of life. A great variety of exercises of the body and the senses are employed to prepare these instruments of the human soul for fulfilling their destination. All the various relations of space should be presented to the eye, to be observed and combined. Instruction in design renders important service in this respect. The cultivation of the ear, by means of vocal and instrumental music, is not less important to complete the developement of the human being. The organs of speech, the memory, the understanding, and the taste, should be formed, by instruction and a great variety of exercises in languages, vocal music, and declamation. The same means should be employed to cultivate and confirm devotional feelings. In the study of natural history the power of observation is developed in reference to natural objects. In the history of mankind the same faculty is employed upon the phenomena of human nature and human relations, and the moral taste is cultivated. At the same time, the faculty of conceiving with correctness, and of employing and combining with readiness the materials collected by the mind, and especially the reasoning faculty, should be brought into exercise by the means of forms and numbers exhibited in their multiplied and varied relations.

The social life of M. de F.'s pupils contributes materially to the formation of their moral character. The principles developed in their experience of practical life among themselves, which gradually extends with their age and the progress of their minds, serves as the basis of this branch of their education.

The religious education of his pupils is the object of a distinct series of lessons, which generally continue through the whole course of instruction, and whose influence is aided by the requisite exercises of devotion. History is made to present the course of Divine Providence, in directing the destinies of individuals, and of the human race in general. It should produce an elevation and energy in our religious character, to continue through life. This object is best attained by presenting, as early as possible, to the view of the child, the great books of God; namely, that of nature, and that of Providence, as exhibited in real life—in history and in the Holy Scriptures: but they should be presented in a manner adapted to form his religious feelings, so that the traces of the infinite wisdom and goodness of the Creator and Preserver of the universe may never escape observation. In this manner, and under the conviction that every sound system of education must rest on the instructions of Jesus Christ, M. de Fellenberg establishes his institutions on the basis of practical and genuine religion.

It is a fundamental principle with M. de Fellenberg, in his efforts for the education of the peasantry of his country, that as bodily labour is to form their principal occupation throughout life, it should be taught as a part of their course of education, in order that the habit of labouring may be deeply laid, and the connexion be felt which exists between labour and the means of subsistence. M. de F. did not limit himself to the education of the peasantry; but founded at Hofwyl, (near Berne, in Switzerland), 1. An institute for about one hundred boys of the higher ranks of life: 2. A school for children of the middle class; 3. A school for poor boys, and a school for poor girls: designing, by thus blending together in one colony children of various grades, to give the wealthier a knowledge of, and an interest in, the poorer classes; and that the poorer, by witnessing the results of skill they have not the means themselves to employ, and by mingling with persons of refined manners, benevolently disposed towards themselves, may learn to regard the rich with affection and respect. In the institute, study is the labour, and bodily employment the recreation; but in the poor school, bodily occupation is the labour, study the recreation. For ten hours in the day the poor scholars labour in the fields or work-shops. Every opportunity is taken to mingle instruction with their employment. The work performed nearly repays the entire expence of their maintenance and instruction. In order to teach effectually the connexion between labour and utility, every boy has a little garden which he cultivates for his own advantage, and several have considerable sums in the bank established to receive their earnings. In carrying on the intellectual and moral education of his scholars, regard is had to the sphere they are likely to fill in society; and this, with the poor, being of a humble nature, his skill consists in directing the attention of the pupils to such things as will prove of the greatest utility to them in after life. The earth, in his own immediate neighbourhood, its products, and the forces, forms, and properties of nature, are the objects of greatest interest to the peasant; as machinery, mathematics, practical geometry, some of the more valuable results of chemical experiment, and the skilful use of his hands, are to the artizan and mechanic. To aid in the communication of this knowledge, there is a large collection of the productions of the surrounding country, made by the pupils themselves, and so classified as best to conduce to their instruction: besides this, specimens have been procured of the different kinds of wood, and a museum of the animals, birds, and reptiles of the vicinity. The pupils are taught by things, rather than words, as being a discipline most likely to engage their attention, and of especial value in cultivating a skill and precision of observation. The science of numbers and forms, generally so repulsive to childhood, is rendered easy and attractive, by being taught not in the abstractions of the ordinary notation and diagrams, but by reference to the parts of the children's own body, and other palpable objects, as well as by drawing and modelling.

In his moral discipline, M. de Fellenberg is anxious to treat a child as a reasonable being; to make him understand that a thing is right or wrong, without any reference to the will or caprice of others; that he must judge of the nature of things by reason and conscience, and do boldly what he knows to be right. When a child has committed a fault, he is called upon for his reason for doing it; and it has been found that the confusion produced by the incapability of giving a satisfactory one, has more power in repressing what is wrong, than ordinary punishments. The children are led to regard their teachers as their friends—friends with more knowledge and experience than themselves, and are hence induced to seek advice when they are in doubt, and to be the first reporters of their own errors. Besides the attainment of its own particular end, every study is directed so as to operate in a beneficial manner upon the morals. The importance of a habit of order has not been overlooked at Hofwyl; and whether you go into the fields or dormitories, the stables or the school-rooms, you find order every where.

It might be expected, as is the fact, that M. de Fellenberg is regarded by his pupils with affectionate respect. On visiting one of his establishments, says an eye-witness, 'all the faces beamed with joy, and every little hand was stretched forth to catch that of his benefactor. No father returning from a voyage could have been welcomed with greater joy, and no children could have had their welcome returned with more parental affection. It was one of the most pleasing and touching scenes I had ever witnessed. Twenty-five boys, the oldest not above thirteen years of age, were inhabiting a cottage, which had been entirely erected by themselves and their comrades who had preceded them.' 'It is not,' says M. de Fellenberg himself, 'in diminishing too much the difficulties of life that we ensure the success and happiness of youth: it is in instructing them to vanquish those difficulties with spirit, and, above all, by leading them to overcome their desires, to master their passions, and to develope whatever God has given man of the most value.'

In expressing a fervent wish that such parts of M. de Fellenberg's principles and plans as may be practicable in this country, may be speedily adopted in the education of our peasantry, we by no means wish to have it understood, that we are friendly, in a general way, to the separation of children from their parents. The discipline of home is one of Divine origination, and generally is absolutely needful for the formation of character in each particular class, in such a way, as that the whole social body may be in harmony and health. Nor is this necessary. The discipline of home may be left to have its influence, and a beneficial discipline be organized and carried into effect at school. In some districts, and in some particular cases, it might be desirable that the boys should be boarded as well as educated—but in general, day schools might be made to answer most, if not all, the great purposes so wisely and benevolently designed, and so effectually carried into execution, by the Swiss philanthropist.

The Report of the Manchester Statistical Society gives little information as to the condition of superior private schools. Access to them was not easy. Their efficiency could not be judged of by a cursory visit. We scarcely see any means by which their actual condition can be known in detail—but judging from the results they produce, and our own personal acquaintance with heads of superior schools—with their history, their attainments, their assiduity,—combined with recollections of the sort of discipline we were ourselves subject to, we cannot yield our minds to any very pleasing picture.* In the first school we can remember to have been at—an establishment in which above a hundred boys were carried through a process called education—the master had some modes of punishment which were as unjust as they were baneful. He kept a rope as well as a cane—a rope about an inch and half in thickness, and twelve inches long. From the eminence on which he sat, the moment that he spied a delinquent, he hurled this rope, like Jupiter brandishing his thunderbolts; but, with an aim less sure, he not unfrequently smote his neighbour, rather than the idler himself. The evil left unremedied by the argument of the rope, a huge basket was employed to rectify. It was usually suspended from the ceiling, to act *in terrorem;* but when the lesson was required which it had to give, it was let down by appropriate tackling, and the offender, being deposited therein, was drawn up into his aerial dwelling-place, and there exposed to the taunts of his schoolfellows, and the pity of occasional visitors. Had this master of ours been deep in classic lore, he might have been thought to have borrowed this notable expedient from the playwright Aristophanes, who, in his 'Clouds,' has fixed the virtuous Socrates in perpetual suspension between earth and heaven. And why? Because he wished to overwhelm the philosopher with the ridicule of the Athenians, and to stamp upon his memory the indelible brand of derision. A similar lesson was that which our sagacious master taught—in blunting the sense of shame, in undermining a regard to character, in the encouragement he gave to the bad for the indulgence of their meaner passions, and the sympathy he excited in the good with the ill-treated delinquent.

On the distressful punishments employed in our second school—the nails of the thumb and fore-finger made to meet through the ear, the plucking out of the hair, the kicking of the shins, the flogging inflicted by the brawny arm of a stalwart Scot—the towering passions into which the fervid genius of the said Scot would hurry him—when his beef-coloured face was white, his fleshy and overhanging lips foamed, his voice now quivered and now thundered; of his shameful injustice in turning down a whole class if one individual of it was unable to get through his lesson, and falling on the mass with his long and strong cane, when those got the worst who were nearest the executioner, or had ill luck in attempting their escape;—on these miserable expedients we shall not dwell, intending to speak of the progress we made in learning. The school was considered the second in a town of 40,000 inhabitants. We went to it at a period when we had become somewhat aware of the value of knowledge, and were desirous of making progress. We remained long enough to have acquired at least one branch of learning—what did we acquire? The merest smattering of some half dozen branches. Greek we began, and learnt to dislike it. Latin we continued, till we were glad to throw away our books. Arithmetic we stumbled through in pitchy darkness. Euclid we committed to memory, and of course knew nothing about it. Geography we learnt in the same way, and with the same result. French was the only pursuit in which we made progress, and that we learnt ourselves, under the supervision of an expatriated priest. As little was our success at the head school of the town, conducted by a clergyman, as the last mentioned was by a dissenting minister. It is true that we were, under the clergyman, drilled into a routine, which we have found of service in the philological pursuits of riper years; but we are afraid that the indignities we suffered in consequence of being the son of a dissenter, have, in their degrading effects, proved too large a price for the little good we gained. Nor were we much more fortunate in the last instructor under whom we were, previously to our repairing to college. He was a man of dignity—enfolded in a large, rich morning gown, spare of words, oracular in manner, profound in the mysteries of hexameter and pentameter; but, withal, irremediably ignorant of the genius, and wholly insensible to the beauties, of the classic writers—shallow in Greek and Latin, and guiltless of modern literature.

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* Since the above was written, we have learnt that an effort to ascertain the state of education among the children of the upper classes has been commenced in Salford. In one case—that of a master who has educated more than any man in the borough, of children whose parents are one grade above the operatives—the agent of the society was threatened with personal violence. Some of the Manchester schoolmasters, too, are extremely indignant that their *vested interests* in misdirecting and crushing the youthful mind, should be interfered with; a sufficient proof in itself how much a change is required. An educational census is, we are glad to learn, about to be taken in Liverpool.—EDITOR.

In these remarks we have confined ourselves to what is ordinarily aimed at, even in most of our best schools, namely, the acquisition of knowledge. Of what ought to be the great object of education, the developement of the powers, we have said nothing—but we are persuaded, on looking back, that not only very little that was good was done in the influences exerted on our mind—but much evil was actually inflicted, in the habits which resulted from the process through which we were dragged.

Ours is no peculiar case. If there are a few better, the majority are as bad, and a large proportion worse. It is not denied, that education has been improving within the last few years. But we make no venture in asserting, that it is still, for the most part, far inferior to what it should be, and, in many cases, the merest empiricism. Schoolmasters understand not what they have to do; and cannot, in consequence, be expected to employ a suitable instrumentality. With the exception of the clergy, and the adequately educated of the dissenting ministry, few or no educators have received such a training as may fit them for their office; and considering, as we do, that teaching is in itself an art, and should be studied as a profession, we cannot repose entire confidence in the fitness of all the ministers of religion who are engaged in it. Too often, the office of teacher is assumed by ministers of the Gospel, not because they have a liking or a fitness for it, but because they have need of a second pursuit to eke out the means of subsistence. A labour undertaken *contre cœur*, and carried forward conjointly with another which is avowedly the object of life, can scarcely, except in rare cases, be adequately discharged. The remedy is, to make schoolmastering a separate profession; to provide means for giving a suitable education to suitable men, who will, in process of time, make their way to the exclusion of all others.

It is vain, however, to expect that the business of a schoolmaster can be fitly discharged till there is a change in parents. This change must be of two kinds, each intimately allied with the other. Parents must improve in their judgments, and improve in their demeanour. They must learn to know what qualifications a man ought to possess, and who does possess them; and they must learn to treat with respect and confidence whomsoever they choose as their children's instructor. Till this take place, till parents themselves are rightly instructed, and manifest the correctness of their moral taste by showing regard to the man who either deserves it or is unfit for his office, the idea of meanness will be connected with the pursuit, and men of high and honourable feeling and of adequate acquirements will not be drawn into it, or if any enter, they will remain no longer than can be avoided. As it is, the profession is full of quackery. He succeeds best whose manners are at once imposing and low —who can attract the parent's eye and succumb to his interference. This quackery is still more rife in girls' than in boys' schools, so many are there of schoolmistresses who have entered on the business merely because every other resource had failed —who have scarcely anything to recommend them but a certain ease of exterior and a decent hand-writing; and thus it happens that the choicest casket in the world—a daughter's heart, is entrusted ten thousand times over and over again, to unfaithful hands—to ignorance and conceit, to those who are soured by misfortune or disappointed love.

We are glad to believe that a reformation has commenced. Correct views of education are beginning to prevail. Both instructors and parents are less ignorant than they were. But the illumination is very partial with both. The one is ready enough to demand—this the parent has been taught, by the excitement which prevails on the subject—but he knows not what to demand, and as often requires the wrong as the right. While the schoolmaster, perplexed by the requirements of a new philosophy on one side, and the vexatious impertinence of the parents on the other, is disposed to follow doggedly in his old track. Even in the case of masters who have studied education as a science, and endeavour to practise it as an art, difficulties are experienced both numerous and harrassing. In this land, wherein canes, ferules, the big voice, stern countenance, and all the terrific resources of the pædagogue's art have flourished for ages, it is by no means an easy matter, even for those who are imbued with the spirit of an entirely opposite system for training the young, to act up to their principles and wishes. The prevalence of a bad system necessitates its continuance, though it may be in a mitigated form. A boy that has been used to the lash, is at first, if not for a long while, insensible to milder appliances. He is, *pro tanto*, brutalized, and understands not the tones of humanity. He was put beyond the reach of reason when first a blow was unnecessarily used instead of an argument. Place one who has been whipped out of all the better feelings of his nature, in an institution where the appeal is to the moral and not the physical nature, and he interprets mildness into weakness, patience into laxity, and expostulation into a recognition of his own importance. Were the higher principles of the youthful nature appealed to from the first, there would be less, instead of, as now, more difficulty, in employing none but them. To no small extent, teachers may be said to make the motives by which they sway their pupils; and when the heart is placed under a gentle discipline, before it is hardened, perverted and soured by severity, reason and kindness are found not only sufficient, but more than sufficient, rulers of the young. In such a case, not only will a word be more powerful than a blow, but there will be in the breast a large surplusage of good feeling, of attachment and obedience, beyond what the judicious teacher will, on ordinary occasions, have need to employ. Men create the obstacles they endeavour to surmount in education. They throw up, by their passion and ferocity, mounds of indocility and defiance, and then wonder they are unable to make their way on level ground.

Parents, however, are as misjudging as teachers are unfit. How often, by their interference, do they render a mild discipline powerless, and compel the resort to severity. And, then, what error is more prevalent than the practice of sending a child almost to any school during its early years, in the pious design of finishing its education at an expensive, that is, in common estimation, a good establishment. This is even bad economy. The article first purchased may be low priced; but it is not cheap, because it is worthless. Let the amount of good be measured by the progress made, and persons who act thus pay a large sum for almost nothing. The case is worse still. Evil is acquired as well as good lost. The child is degraded in his moral feelings. The better principles are suppressed and crushed—the worse brought into fearful activity and power. Learning is disliked—the intellectual faculties are not only for the most part dormant, but debilitated, while difficulties have been created all but insuperable—difficulties in habits of disobedience, carelessness, irregularity, inveterate dislike of books—difficulties most numerous and powerful. After a conflict for a twelvemonth between his old habits and the new and better system, the youth is taken from school into the world, with, in the imagination of his fond parents, the advantages of a good education. Of this they are certain—they have employed teachers and paid bills from his childhood upwards, and especially gratifying is the fact to them, that their boy terminated his studies at a school frequented by the sons of some of the most respectable people in the vicinity; and terminated them, indeed, he has, perhaps with a *feu-de-joie*, his Latin books having kindled the last November bonfire, to the glee of himself and the envy of other 'young gentlemen' still in 'durance vile.' And what is there to wonder at, if this youth acts agreeably to the education he has received, in abandoning all healthy literary pursuits, and seeking his pleasures in lawless and gross gratifications? Yet parents are surprised when they reap the harvest they sowed, in choosing a school, in the first place, more for cheapness than suitability; and, in the last place, more for fashion than worth.

There are exceptions. Disaster does not always follow misdirected education—so strong are the conservative principles of human nature. And so strong, also, is the bias of some minds towards intellectual pursuits, that the barriers erected by our social blunders are thrown down, and the youth gives himself an education which fits him for life and for usefulness. Thus it often happens, that the self-educated are well educated from the very circumstance of having been free from the crushing influence of established institutions. And those who know anything of actual life will bear us out in the assertion, that the cases are by no means uncommon, in which what is possessed of chief value, whether in useful knowledge or mental power, has been acquired, not in consequence of the discipline of the school, but in spite of it, in opposition to the obstructions it raised, and by the mere force of native vigour acting on materials supplied by past ages, in conjunction with the collisions and impulses of actual life. E.

OBSERVATIONS ON HERESY AND ORTHODOXY, BY THE REV. JOSEPH BLANCO WHITE. Mardon, London.

It is strange how little consideration for its author enters into the feelings with which we read a book. Not one reader in ten thousand ever thinks of the pains of production, the slow elaborations of thought, the multitude of wearing feelings, and the fretful weighings of words, at the cost of which the volume in his hand was prepared. It is a book, and nothing more. It is a thing of letters and words, stamped in black on a white surface, and so we criticise it, as though it had no parentage but the printing-press. There is no consideration of the individual mind which is conversing with us, inclining us to receive the sentiments with indulgence, and a sympathy, if not for their truth, at least for their naturalness in the circumstances and position of the writer. There is no consideration of what our own difficulties would be in a similar case, to temper the abstract hardness of our criticism, whether of the thought or of the expression. We read in cold forgetfulness, that for our benefit a human spirit has traced itself on the page, perhaps with tears and toil.

Doubtless a certain good arises from this indifference of the reader to the author, namely, that the book is judged by its intrinsic merits; but the moral interest suffers, the sympathetic affections are unconcerned, and the thoughts are received, (and we think unretentively, from this very cause,) rather as abstractions than as the living attitudes in which a mind like our own actively existed. This disregard of the sympathetic interest of a book is especially to be lamented, when, as is the case of our author, it exhibits the result of one of those struggles which God has contrived as a means of giving developement and exercise to the separate parts of our nature, and compactness to the whole; the struggles that arise between what we learn from our position and social influences, and what we learn from ourselves—between our sympathetic impressions and the leadings of our own reason, when consulted reverently but freely, and without social fear. Whoever reads the work whose title stands at the head of this article, without such an interest in the writer, we might say the memorialist, as mind owes to mind, will do him an injustice and themselves an injury. The intellectual charm, great as it is, is inferior to the moral one. Truth of thought regales the intellect. Truth in action wins the whole love of our spiritual being.

Let us hear the claims of our author on his readers, for personal esteem and sympathy:—

'Convinced that it is my duty publicly to depart from some doctrines upon which the orthodox seem to consider themselves as incapable of mistake, (else they would not treat those who deny them, as guilty of something worse than an error of judgment,) I perceived the necessity and submitted to the pain of quitting the domestic society of a family, whose members showed me an affection seldom bestowed but upon a near relative, and whom I love with all the tenderness and warmth of a heart which nature has not made either cold or insensible to kindness. It is not my intention to court the sympathy of the public on the score of what I have had to endure on this occasion. I will not complain: though this is certainly the *second time* that ORTHODOXY has reduced me to the alternative of dissembling, or renouncing my best external means of happiness. But I humbly thank God, that the love of honesty and veracity which He implanted in my soul, has been strengthened, constantly and visibly, from the moment that, following its impulse, I quitted my native country. From that time to the present —a period of five-and-twenty years—every day seems to have made me more and more obedient to the principle, *not to deceive either by word or deed*. To countenance *externally* the profession of what *internally* I am convinced to be injurious to the preservation and further spread of Christ's true Gospel, would be a conduct deserving bitter remorse and utter self-contempt.'—p. iii.

For the sake of those not acquainted with Mr. White's history, it may be necessary to state, that five-and-twenty years ago, following the guidings of conscience, he laid down the office of a Roman Catholic Priest, and, as a necessary consequence, fled from his native country, Spain; and that previously to his recent avowal of Unitarianism, he was the honoured inmate of the Archbishop of Dublin. What a cloud of difficulties surrounds the man, especially if he be distinguished, who, in this country, changes a theological view, and prepares to assume a public attitude in harmony with his new opinion. He has difficulties with himself. He has to part with a faith that was long the parent of his devotion, that watched and prayed with him through many a trying hour, that kept him from temptation and grief without hope. He has to insert a new support of faith within a tissue of religious sentiments, that still cling to the old support of his former faith as closely as the ivy to the oak. He has to cut out of his mind intellectual muscle, without touching the nerves of feeling intertwined. He has to contend with dreadful doubts, the promptings of his feelings, whether he is not deceived, or whether, even if his new views are true, they are yet of sufficient importance to justify a complete breaking up of his social position and present means of influence. In that moral struggle he may be excused, if, like his Master, he is in an agony and sweat drops of blood. He has difficulties with others. How few seem to understand that another mind may take views different from theirs, and yet be neither dishonest, ignorant, nor mad. They see things in one strong light themselves, and they cannot believe it possible that any body else sees them in another.

They are dogmatical. They are angry. Unable to convince, or be convinced, because unable to conceive a state of mind different from their own, and yet dreading and hating the implied doubt cast on their own opinions, and, desiring to suppress it, they attempt to persuade, to frighten, or to coax. They would frighten a man out of his honest convictions, by telling him that the world will call him fickle. They would cajole him out of them, by telling him to think of his usefulness; and in the name of utility not lightly to resign his present power of doing good, as if to be useful, a man must be a liar, or as if he was not as likely to be useful when following the beckonings of the God of truth, as when following *them.* Out of these elements, however, dreadful suffering may arise to a sensitive mind through its affections.

Our author tells us how a conscience, trusting in Providence, will make its way out of such perplexities. With what tears and sighs he has not told us, but we can conceive :—

> 'Of *consequences* we are very incompetent judges: on principles alone can we depend with confidence and certainty. If the consideration of *usefulness* could be allowed in my case, Spain, my native country, would long, long since have had my services. But *dissembling*, whether in deference to *Transubstantiation* or the *Athanasian Creed*, is equally hateful to me. Yet, why any real good of which I may have been the occasion should be destroyed by a fresh proof of my love of honesty and fair dealing, is what I cannot conceive. If any thing could invalidate or weaken the force of my testimony in regard to the corruptions of Popery, it would be my SILENCE in favour of what I deem other corruptions. The great *Chillingworth* would have added weight to his unrivalled works, if he had not permitted his subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles to remain in full force, when neither his judgment could approve of it, nor his natural honesty conceal his change. As to myself, I have not enjoyed any of the temporal advantages of Orthodoxy; and it is well attested, that, at a time when I might conscientiously have taken preferment, I solemnly resolved never to accept it. But, having subscribed to the Articles for the mere purpose of qualifying myself for the *occasional* performance of clerical duties, I feel bound modestly to recall that subscription before my death, and to declare that I am satisfactorily convinced, not only that the DOCTRINE OF THE TRINITY is not scriptural, but also that the whole *Patristical* Theology, which makes up the greatest part of the Thirty-nine Articles, consists of groundless speculations, which could never have obtained currency among Christians, without the aid of a false philosophy. I profess Christianity as a UNITARIAN; acknowledging ONE GOD IN ONE PERSON, and Jesus of Nazareth as my guide to *his Father* and *my Father*, *his God* and *my God*.'—pp. iv. v.

We doubt whether any one who has read the touching preface in which our author sketches the progress of his opinions, and shows by what mental bye-paths most natural to such a traveller, with what tenderness and reluctancy of feeling, the removal was effected, can regard the weight he now throws into the scale of opinion to be light, on the ground that his previous changes prove him to be an insecure lodger, one who has no fixed dwelling, where his intellect has taken up its abode, and may always be found at home, but who pitches a moving tent on the rich pasture grounds of truth. If Mr. White had appeared as the partizan of a creed, maintaining the necessity of holding Unitarian dogmas, there might have been some reason for deeming his partizanship insecure, for the man who holds any opinions to be necessary, has his intellect subject to fear and is not free to pursue the truth. But Mr. White appears not to maintain opinions, but to maintain that the individual truth of each man's conscience, if honestly obeyed, is sufficient for his own salvation. Practical Christianity is to him all in all. Dogmatical Christianity he cares nothing about. How can one who thus stands aloof from the biasses of party be deemed insecure? No sectarian influence can move one who uproots the very foundation of sects. If he moves at all, it must therefore be the movement of his own unbiassed truth. If he is insecure, it is the insecurity of progress, the passage of mind from partial to less partial views. Let the sacrifices he has made attest the moral value of his present testimony to the truth. As to its intellectual value, let those who hold it light answer his book. What is required of any witness, but to be honest and to be competent. Suffering borne in consequence of conviction, is more than needful proof of the first. If any doubts the second, again we say, let him answer the book.

The 'Observations on Heresy and Orthodoxy,' pursued in Five Letters, of which we propose to give an outline, as much as possible taken from the author himself, are mainly occupied with the fundamental position that there is no possessor of absolute truth but God, each human mind having its own convictions as its existing truth, and with the applications of this principle to the correction of prevailingly erroneous views of the nature of religion, and of the Scriptures. Our object is to present the broad features of the work, so as to induce our readers to study it minutely.

Our author's leading doctrine is, that Orthodoxy—by which he means not the creed conventionally so called, but the truth as it is known to God—is not necessary to saving faith. He arrives at it by a chain of propositions remarkably simple. The Christian truth which each man holds, is the impression which the words of the Bible produce on his own mind. When he, therefore, expresses his intention to defend Christian truth, he only expresses his intention to defend his own notions. The words of the Bible produce different impressions on different minds, each holding its own impression as truth. Which of these impressions is the truth as God holds it, we have no rule to determine. The absence of such a rule excludes the necessity of a kind of faith which could not exist without such a rule. Therefore orthodoxy, to determine which would require a rule that no where exists, is not necessary to saving faith.

In popular language, the spirit of orthodoxy is shown in the endeavour to impose a rule of faith different from individual conviction as necessary to salvation. Opposition to this rule, with those who hold it, is styled heresy.

'If saving faith and acceptance of one particular side of the questions agitated between the divines of various Christian denominations are identical things, the means of salvation must be as uncertain as the chance of choosing the right side of those questions.' 'What man, therefore, who is thoroughly convinced of the truth of the Gospel, will not instantly see the plain and only way out of this difficulty; i. e. the rejection of the gratuitous hypothesis of orthodoxy.' 'Here the whole question depends upon the *absence* of some rule, not exposed to uncertainty, by which the uncertainty in the sense of the Scriptures, experienced by multitudes of Christians, may be entirely removed.' (There is no appointed judge of orthodoxy.) 'Hence the inevitable conclusion, that to be right upon any of the points so long disputed among Christians, cannot be a necessary condition of saving faith; else God would have demanded from us what He evidently has not given us the means to attain. And let it not be forgotten, that the distinction between ESSENTIALS and NON-ESSENTIALS is perfectly arbitrary, and does not remove the difficulty, for by what certain rule can we divide the disputed doctrines into those two classes? How could the Father of Mercies have bound up the benefits of Christianity within the complicated folds of orthodoxy, and denied us a clue to solve those riddles.'—pp. 25, 26.

'To what then is SAVING FAITH reduced if it does not consist in Orthodoxy, or the belief of right doctrines?' 'Let such as wish to rise above the clouds of theological prejudice, remember that the whole mystery of godliness is described by the expression "glad tidings."—*Sad*, not glad tidings, indeed, would have been the apostles' preaching, if they had announced a salvation depending on Orthodoxy, for it would have been a salvation depending on chance. But salvation promised on condition of a change of mind from the love of sin to the love of God, (which is *repentance*); on a surrender of the individual will to the will of God, according to the view of that divine will which is obtained by trust in Christ's example and teachings, which is *faith;* a pardon of sins, independent of harassing religious practices, sacrifices, and ascetic privations—these were glad tidings of great joy indeed, to all who, caring for their souls, felt bewildered between atheism and superstition.' 'The only indispensable condition of being in the *way of salvation*, through the gospel, must be that which remains after the removal of all the doctrines which have been constantly disputed between the Orthodox and the Heterodox. And what can that be? Exactly that which we find proposed by the apostles, *repent*, *and believe in* the Lord Jesus Christ: i. e. change the habitual direction of your *will* from sin to holiness, and *trust* the Lord Jesus Christ as your guide to spiritual safety; as your surety for the hope of eternal happiness.' pp. 11, 15, 27.

Thus clearly is it shown, that under Christianity, spiritual safety depends not on the correct determinations of the intellect, but on the virtuous determinations of the will. Perhaps, however, more definiteness might have been obtained, if the description of pure Christianity, when denuded of contested points, instead of being taken from its effects, had been taken from the instrumentality which produces those effects. Christianity is a moral influence derived from certain facts; and whoever receives the facts, may, if he will, enjoy the influence. We should prefer, therefore, to define Christianity to be the reception of the life and character of Jesus, as moral facts. All Christians agree in this, and it is enough.

From the fact that each mind must take its own impressions for its treasure of truth, Mr. White powerfully enforces the duty of the will in relation to the understanding, to remove every obstacle from its freedom and its competency to determine, and when it has determined, openly to obey its determinations.

> ‘ Since *subjective religious truth*, i. e. the impressions which the Scriptures leave on each individual, have not been made by God a matter of OBEDIENCE to any authorized image of truth, it must be supposed that it is the intention of Providence that the Scriptures be studied in *common* by all those who acknowledge their authority: and if such be the purpose of the Divine Mind, it must be the duty of all Christians not to deceive each other as to the results of their respective perceptions of the sense of the Scriptures. To act otherwise must be a sin of FALSEHOOD; it must be “ holding the truth in unrighteousness,” or “ in injustice,” for what injustice can exceed that which is done to mankind when any one casts into the common treasury of intellectual experience, as his *own Truth*, as the real impression on his mind, that which is entirely unlike that impression? Such a deliberate LIE in relation to the Scriptures must be hateful in the eyes of God. He knows our weakness of judgment, and our consequent liability to error; but what can plead our excuse before Him, when we wilfully corrupt and deface the only unquestionable TRUTH we possess, the *reality of our consciousness*. From faithfulness to the duty of VERACITY, the Christian world might finally derive the inestimable advantage of knowing what is the most general, most distinct and most lasting impression of the Scriptures on the *collective* intellect of those to whom they are *collectively* addressed. That impression, if gathered from the free and unbiassed examination of the most intelligent portion of the Christian world, might properly be called the *natural* sense of the Scriptures, the sense which Providence intends to prevail.’—pp. 33, 34.

The letter, from which the above is extracted closes, with an image of the Church of Christ, as it might have been ‘if thus left free,’ grown ‘into the fulness of the body’ of its glorious founder. We cannot give the whole, and must not mutilate it. We recommend our readers quietly to dwell on it, especially on the solemn beauty of the closing remarks on spirit and liberty. We felt, when reading, as if the page was Milton's.

Letters Third and Fourth carry forward the principles previously established to throw light on the nature and the interpretation of Scripture, and sketch the causes in the Gentile and Jewish mind, which led to the grafting of speculative corruptions on the simple basis of pure Christianity. We had marked several passages for quotation, but we cannot prevail on ourselves to give single links from the chain of reasoning as specimens of the argumentative power, nor single touches of beauty as specimens of the moral harmony. Let the whole be studied.

Mr. White closes these admirable Letters, by anticipating the attack of indolent dogmatism or startled intolerance, by turning aside, or rather by turning on themselves, that ready weapon of all idolizers of their own conclusions, 'the pride of reason.' Never before was that phrase subjected to such a searching analysis. We presume that all who have gone through it, have struck one from their catalogue of sins.

> 'Having found that *pride of reason* is an *aggression upon other men's reason,* arising from an over estimate of the worth of the aggressor's own, we may now proceed in our inquiry. Who are justly chargeable with pride of *reason?* Is it those who, having examined the Scriptures, propose their own collective sense of those books to the acceptance of others, but blame them not for rejecting it? or those who positively assert, that their own sense of the Scriptures is the only one which an honest man, not under diabolical delusion, can find there?' 'Their own *sense* of the Scripture (such is the dizzy whirl which their excited feelings produce) must be the *word of God,* because THEY cannot find another. *My sense* of the Scripture, for instance, must, on the contrary, be a damnable error, because it is the work of my *reason,* which opposes the word of God, that is, THEIR sense of the Scriptures; hence the conclusion that I am guilty of *the pride of reason.* "Renounce that pride, (they say,) and you will see in the Scriptures what we propose to you," which is to say, "*surrender your reason to ours, and you will agree with us.*" 'Whether few or many combine for the purpose of passing the work of their own reason for the only true sense of Scripture, can make no difference, unless that of aggravating their guilt. If many combine to do an unjust act, they are guilty not only of the individual wrong, but of conspiracy. *Reason* does not derive strength from crowds. The reason of the most obscure individual, be it but true *reason,* is sufficient to subdue the world, if fairly left to take its course.'—pp. 84, 87.

We have been greatly struck with Mr. White's aptness of illustration, and power, yet delicacy, of expression. A few examples, given without connection, will help our readers to a true estimate of the mind which claims to be heard in that great debate, wherein collective man is discussing the question of religious truth.

Here is a vindication of his lingering attachment to the Church of England.

> 'Abhorrence of the persecuting spirit which made me renounce my native country, is perhaps the most active sentiment of my heart. It was natural, therefore, that as soon as I became acquainted with the most powerful antagonist which Popery had ever met, I should cling to it with my whole heart. The Church of England was to me what I conceive the Maltese knights must have been to a Christian slave who had escaped from the prisons of Algiers into one of the Order's gallies. A long experience must have been necessary, both to myself and the subject of my illustration, to make us perceive that neither of our places of refuge was the dwelling of the full liberty we sought.'—p. viii.

A brief explanation of the intolerance of dogmatism.

> 'A man who should believe that his salvation was connected with his assent to a series of geometrical problems, which he had once demonstrated, would not be irritated by the disbelief of his neighbours. But the disbelief of others has an irresistible effect on the mind, when the intellect is *uneasy*.'—p. 40.

A picture of the liberty that would remain to us, if truth of opinion was necessary to save us, and we had only our present means of attaining that truth without uncertainty.

> 'It would be such liberty as that which sailors would enjoy upon a coast abounding in sunken rocks, when every light-house and buoy and signal had been removed: or rather, when every family who lived in the neighbourhood had been allowed to set up lights, and to float buoys, according to their respective notions of the safe and dangerous parts of those seas; and to distribute contradictory charts of soundings, which each family had tried with lines of some three feet in length.'—p. 50.

The following seems perfect both in conception and expression.

> 'It is the moral duty of the will to use the understanding as a MIRROR, courting in every direction, and by every means in man's power, the rays of Divine truth; and endeavouring by industry, disinterestedness, and sincerity, to remove the soiling breath of the passions and desires, which so frequently distort those rays, and make them diverge from the mind.'—p. 31. 32.

We will not insult the spirit of this book, by claiming Mr. White in the spirit of gratified sectarians. Nothing has more deeply impressed us with the refined philosophy of his mind, than the entire absence of the zeal of a new convert. To resume the figure in our last quotation, it is not the images in the mirror he deems of first importance, but that the mirror itself should be a powerful instrument, open to the light, and free from soil. We value him too much as a fellow-traveller and guide, the direction of whose moving tent we shall reverently watch, to detain him as a partizan.

We entreat our readers, especially the young minds with whom we have any influence, to dwell upon this work. We regard it as the best foundation book in the language. When shall we have congregations whom our ministers might address, presuming their minds to be already furnished with the substance of these Letters, and of Professor Norton's 'Statement of Reasons'? We ought to have them now. Then might we hear something more quickening than controversy, more instructive than moral axioms.

THE LIFE OF SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

Memoirs of the Life of the Right Honourable Sir James Mackintosh, edited by his Son, Robert James Mackintosh, Esq. In two vols.—Moxon, London.

Biography best answers the double purpose of communicating information with pleasure when the individual tells his own story—when we can trace the workings of his mind, through every period of his life, faithfully delineated in his own words—when the motives of his actions are developed by himself, and we are not left to collect them from the more doubtful testimony of others, who, however closely they may have been connected with him, are liable to error and misconception. The portrait of a man's thoughts and feelings—of the impressions made upon him by surrounding objects and passing events—will be best drawn by himself, as no other person can have so intimate an acquaintance with the secret history of his mind and heart: hence *autobiography* is always to be preferred to memoirs compiled by either friends or enemies, and when written in a spirit of candour and sincerity, it reflects, as in a mirror, the failings and virtues of the subject of it. We, therefore, regret that so short a period of the Life of Sir James Mackintosh—scarcely extending to the close of his academical studies—has been sketched by his own pen, and that another hand was necessarily employed in the continuation of his Memoirs: but they may still be considered as written, in a great measure, by himself, since they consist chiefly of his own letters and journals, with only 'a slight connecting narrative' from the pen of the Editor, who has shown his good taste and judgment in saying no more than was absolutely necessary to unite these documents with the events of his father's life, and who is to be praised, rather than blamed, for 'the cold style of expression' which characterizes the supplementary matter. The son of Sir James Mackintosh is not to be censured, for not publicly offering up at the shrine of his father's virtues that ardent incense of affection, which, no doubt, daily arises from his heart: neither was it necessary to heap the flowers of adulation on a monument erected to departed worth, which patriotism has sufficiently consecrated and learning adorned.

The father of Mackintosh, Captain John Mackintosh, was separated from his family by professional duties, and the son was, therefore, left to the sole care of his mother, who loved him with extreme affection. At the age of ten he was sent to school, in the small town of Fortrose, where he continued five years, making, from the indulgence or inability of his masters, but small progress in learning, and contracting habits of desultory reading and irregular application, the pernicious influence of which he felt to the last moment of his life. In his fifteenth year he went to the College of Aberdeen, where, from some school-verses which he had, perhaps injudiciously, exhibited, he acquired the title of 'The Poet.' His most intimate companion at college was the afterwards-celebrated Robert Hall, in conjunction with whom he formed a debating society, the discussions of which afforded frequent opportunities for the exercise of his powers of extemporaneous address, and, amongst the books he read, the one which most delighted him, and most influenced his future studies, having inspired a 'passion for investigating the history of opinions,' was 'Warburton's Divine Legation.' At nineteen years of age he left Aberdeen, 'with little regular and exact knowledge, but with considerable activity of mind and boundless ambition,' and proceeded to Edinburgh, to begin his studies for the profession of physic, which he chose in submission to the wishes of his friends, his father's fortune being thought too small to render it prudent for him to yield to his predilection for the Scotch bar. Three months after his arrival at Edinburgh, he became a member of a society which met weekly for the discussion of medical questions, and before he could 'have distinguished,' to use his own language, 'bark from James's Powder, or a pleurisy from a dropsy, in the chamber of a sick patient,' he 'discussed, with the utmost fluency and confidence, the most difficult questions in the science of medicine!' He also shortly joined three other societies—the 'Speculative,' 'Royal Medical,' and 'Royal Physical,' to which he contributed speeches and essays, that exercised both his tongue and his pen. In the mean time his professional studies were neglected, and he became too much devoted to social amusements and pleasures. His love of knowledge, however, was never extinguished, and even at the convivial board his literary tastes were indulged, so that he 'happily contrived to imbibe instruction with his wine.' Having gone through the usual course of preparatory education, before leaving college, he became a candidate for a degree, and surprised his examiners by the lucid manner in which he investigated the different opinions of medical writers on a most intricate and doubtful subject—the origin of muscular motion. Having obtained his diploma, after a few weeks' delay in Edinburgh, he repaired, 'with a store of knowledge more varied and comprehensive, than methodically arranged or concentrated on professional objects,' to London, where he was soon drawn into the vortex of politics, then agitated by the revolt of the American colonies and the financial bankruptcy of France. His father died shortly after his removal from Edinburgh, (his mother had died some years before), and he succeeded to the paternal estate at Kellachie, burdened, however, with an annuity to the wife of a former proprietor—a serious consideration to a young physician in an expensive metropolis, who had already begun to feel 'the pressure of pecuniary difficulties:' yet, notwithstanding these, with all the thoughtlessness of youth, he *privately* married Miss Catharine Stuart, a young lady of a respectable Scotch family, but in circumstances no better than his own. This rash step offended the friends of both parties, but was not attended with the ruinous consequences that might have been expected: the lady's prudence having fortunately exercised a wholesome control on the too profuse disposition of her husband, and excited his too indolent nature to exertion. The exertion, however, was not of a professional kind—unless the work he advertised on insanity, shortly after that disease had attacked the King, may be regarded as such; but this work he did not finish. His whole soul was given to politics. He wrote a pamphlet on the Regency question, which pleased the Prince of Wales; and he took an active part in the election for Westminster, supporting the cause of Horne Tooke, in allusion to which a person giving an account of his conduct to an absent friend, writes—'Instead of attending to his business, *my gentleman* was parading the streets, with Horne Tooke's colours in his hat.' He did, indeed, leave London, to attempt a settlement as a physician elsewhere, but 'the promising opportunity' which offered itself, first at Salisbury, and then at Weymouth, was not seized: instead of soberly settling down to the practice of medicine, 'my gentleman' took his wife on a tour of pleasure into the Low Countries, from which, having acquired 'uncommon facility' in the French language, and studied continental politics, during his residence at Brussels, he returned to London, and wrote political articles for the newspapers. His labours, however, were relieved by a summer progress to the Highlands; on his return from which he hired a small house in the village of Little Ealing, in Middlesex, to escape, it may be supposed, from the expenses of a London residence, and the contagious fever of politics. The latter, however, was too widely disseminated, and too congenial to his nature, to be avoided even in the country. Burke's 'Reflections on the

French Revolution,' called forth from his rural retirement the '*Vindiciæ Gallicæ*,' and the fame of that work fixed him a politician for life. It procured him the honorary situation of secretary of the celebrated 'Association of the Friends of the People,' and the acquaintance of Mr. Fox, as well as of all the most eminent Whigs of the day. On Physic he now wholly turned his back, and she might well have apostrophized him in the language of the shepherdess to her departing swain—

'Longum, formose, vale, vale!'—

if so tender an adieu had not been suppressed in jealousy of her sister and rival, the Law, to whom the faithless physician, now in his twenty-seventh year, openly professed the admiration he had long secretly entertained. He went through the usual preliminary studies—the long and tedious courtship for the favours of this latter mistress—with a submissive grace, and attended, *con amore*, debating societies, which are so useful in forming the habit of speaking extempore. In 1795, he was called to the bar by the Society of Lincoln's Inn, and took a house in Serle-street, attaching himself to the Home Circuit. His leisure hours were devoted to writing for the *Monthly Review*, in which an article on Burke's 'Thoughts on a Regicide Peace,' led to an introduction to that great statesman, who invited him to Beaconsfield, where he went on a visit for a few days; on his return from which he had the misfortune to lose his wife, leaving him a widower with three daughters. Shortly after this mournful event, which, in a letter to his friend Dr. Parr, he describes as 'a calamity which the prosperities of the world cannot repair,' he added greatly to his reputation by a course of 'Lectures on the Law of Nature and Nations,' in the Hall of the Benchers of Lincoln's Inn, having previously published an 'Introductory Discourse,' which 'met with instant and brilliant success,' and drew around him a most illustrious and enlightened audience, consisting of 'lawyers, members of parliament, men of letters, and country gentlemen.' The tone of these Lectures and the Introductory Discourse being more moderate than that of the *Vindiciæ Gallicæ*, alienated from him, for a time, some of his old political friends, who, seeing him surrounded by the adversaries of their principles, did him the injustice to suppose that he had abandoned the cause of freedom, or was preparing to do so, in pursuit of court patronage and secular promotion.

He consoled himself for the alienation of political friends, and the loss of his first wife, by marrying, a year after her decease, a second, the daughter of John Allen, Esq. of Cresselly; thus repairing the calamity, 'which the prosperities of the world could not repair,' and supplying the wants of that domestic happiness, which he was formed to enjoy. The few years that immediately followed his second marriage—let not desponding widowers resign themselves to despair!—were, in his own words, 'perhaps the most agreeable of his life:' and well they might. He had a most charming companion in his wife, and enjoyed the most refined and intellectual society, which latter was increased by the establishment of a dinner-club, founded at a party at his own house, and happily called, in foresight of its future eminence, (the most distinguished men of the time being afterwards members of it) 'The King of Clubs.' He now, too, lived in the uniform and successful exercise of his profession, and so high was his reputation as a jurist, that he received an application through the Russian minister, from the Emperor Alexander, to take up his residence in Russia, to assist at a projected digest of the Ukases of that country into a code of law; but his domestic ties and professional engagements led him to decline the offer. He found leisure, however, for a tour to the Highlands of Scotland in 1801, where he disposed of his paternal estate, and for a visit to Paris in 1802, where he was introduced to Buonaparte, who, by an odd mistake had addressed to another the compliment intended for him, as 'the person who wrote the unanswerable answer to Burke.' On his return from Paris he was engaged some time in preparing to defend M. Peltier, an emigrant royalist, for libel on the First Consul of France: his defence was described by the Attorney-General as 'one of the most splendid displays of eloquence he ever had occasion to hear,' and by a still higher authority, the ornament of the English bar, '*nostræ eloquentiæ forensis facile princeps;*' it was designated 'a most powerful and wonderful speech—one of the most splendid monuments of genius, learning and eloquence.' After the display of such oratorical powers as justly entitled him to this high praise from so competent a judge as Erskine, and after having realised, during the last year of his professional practice, somewhat more than £1200, it was natural to suppose he would have gone on increasing his fame and his stores, by renewed efforts at the bar: but he had unfortunately turned his eyes to India, which seemed to present to him a prospect of future wealth, without much labour in the acquisition of it, and of its much desired accompaniment literary leisure. He therefore, in 1803, on the death of Sir William Syer, the Recorder of Bombay, obtained the vacant situation he had held, receiving on his appointment to it, the honour of Knighthood, and in the beginning of 1804 embarked with his family for India, where he continued discharging the duties of his office with strict integrity, but ever regretting the step that had separated him from the intelligence, the society, the literature and the politics of Europe, till 1811, when, with declining health, he left Bombay, on his return to England, which he reached in the April of 1812, and gladly rejoined his wife, and younger children, (who had been previously compelled to leave the unhealthy climate of the East,) in London. Scarcely was he arrived at home when an offer of a seat in Parliament was made him by Mr. Perceval, the minister of the day, which his political principles led him immediately to reject; and his integrity was rewarded by his subsequent election as member for the County of Nairn. He soon took a leading part in the debates of the House of Commons, but his eloquence was of too deliberative and temperate a kind for the stormy atmosphere of party and vituperative politics, though on favourable occasions, his speeches were of the highest order of excellence, and elicited unqualified applause. In the cause of humanity his voice, vibrating with the benevolent emotions of his heart, sometimes swelled in indignation or melted in pathos: and the martyred missionary, and the fettered slave, had no bolder, no more generous advocate.

His speech on the murder (for such we regard it) of the Rev. John Smith, a Wesleyan missionary in Demarara, is too long for extract, but we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of quoting a few sentences from the close of the truly pathetic narrative of his sufferings and his wrongs:

> 'This meeting took place eighteen days after the death of Mr. Smith. It might be hoped that, if their hearts were not touched by his fate, at least their hatred might have been buried in his grave; but they soon showed how little chance of justice he had when living within the sphere of their influence, by their rancorous persecution of his memory after death. Eighteen days after he had expired in a dungeon, they passed a resolution of strong condemnation against two names not often joined, the 'London Missionary Society' and Lord Bathurst; the society, because they petitioned for mercy, (for that is a crime in their eyes); Lord Bathurst, because he had advised his Majesty to dispense it to Mr. Smith. With an ignorance suitable to their qualities, they consider the exercise of mercy as a violation of justice. They are not content with persecuting their victim to death; they arraign nature, which released him, and justice, in the form of mercy, which would have delivered him out of their hands. Not satisfied with his life, they are incensed at not being allowed to brand his memory, to put an ignominious end to his miseries, and to hang up his skeleton on a gibbet, which, as often as it waved in the winds, should warn every future missionary to fly from such a shore, and not to dare to enter that colony to preach the doctrines of peace, of justice, and of mercy.'—p. 399. vol. ii.

His attendance on Parliament did not occupy all his time: his leisure hours were devoted to social intercourse, literary studies and projects, and travelling excursions. In 1814 he again visited Paris, and took a tour in Switzerland. The following short extract from his Journal is descriptive of his feelings on visiting the sacred hills of Grutli and the chapel of Tell, the monuments of Swiss liberty.

'The combination of what is grandest in nature with whatever is pure and sublime in human conduct, affected me in this passage more powerfully than any scene which I had ever seen. Perhaps neither Greece nor Rome would have had such power over me. They are dead. The present inhabitants are a new race, who regard with little or no feeling the memorials of former ages. This is perhaps the only place in our globe where deeds of pure virtue, ancient enough to be venerable, are consecrated by the religion of the people, and continue to command interest and reverence. No local superstition so beautiful and so moral anywhere exists. The inhabitants of Thermopylæ and Marathon know no more of these famous spots, than that they are so many square feet of earth. England is too extensive a country to make Runnymede an object of national affection. In countries of industry and wealth, the stream of events sweeps away these old remembrances. The solitudes of the Alps is a sanctuary destined for the monuments of ancient virtue. Grutli and Tell's chapel are as much reverenced by the Alpine peasants as Mecca by a devout Mussulman; and the deputies of the three ancient cantons met so late as the year 1715 to renew their alliance and their oaths of eternal union.'

On his return from the French capital he committed to the press some Reflections on continental affairs, in which he anticipated the restoration of Buonaparte, which actually took place almost at the very moment of publication—a proof of his political sagacity. In order to avoid the distractions of public life, which greatly interrupted his private studies, and to recruit his constitution, which still suffered from having been exposed to the baneful influence of a tropical climate, he retired in the summer of 1815, to Weedon Lodge, in the neighbourhood of Aylesbury, in Buckinghamshire. Here, for the three following years, he devoted much of the time he could spare from attendance in Parliament, to historical reading, and the collection and arrangement of M.S. authorities, (amounting to fifty volumes,) as a basis of a noble history of his country, which he had long designed to write, and from which his various occupations had too long diverted his attention. He also wrote articles, as a relief to his more recondite studies, on literary and political subjects, for the 'Edinburgh Review.' In the February of 1818 he accepted the chair of the Professor of Law and General Politics in the College instituted for the education of the civil servants of the East India Company at Haileybury, and shortly afterwards removed with his family to Mardocks, 'pleasantly situated a few miles from the College,' in the vicinity of the town of Ware. His lectures extended to four terms, of four months each, and were delivered extempore from notes, so that a mere skeleton of them remains in his note-book, though sufficient to show their comprehensive nature, and to excite strong regret that only the outlines of them are left. Besides the communication of positive instruction, he constantly aimed at a higher object in these lectures—to 'elevate the minds of his youthful hearers to the principles of a high-toned morality, and to embue them with a love and veneration for all the social and active virtues which most ennoble the mind of man'; and the kindness of his manners, which won the hearts of the students, united to his affectionate zeal, and fascinating eloquence, contributed greatly to the accomplishment of this important object. He had not long been engaged in the earnest discharge of his duties at Haileybury, when, by the death of the late celebrated Thomas Brown, the chair of moral philosophy became vacant at Edinburgh, 'a succession to which had been one of the dreams of his early youth', nor had it yet lost its attractions in his eyes, but political considerations prevented him from becoming a candidate for it, though it was probably the language of his heart at that time, as at a future period, 'I sigh for the Professorship.' In the January of 1819 he was returned to the new Parliament for Knaresborough, his connexion with Nairn having terminated with the previous dissolution; he continued to represent this borough, in the interest of the Duke of Devonshire, to the time of his death, and had he lived to the first election under the Reform Bill, he would probably have been returned for it by the free voice of the people. From 1819 to 1824, when he resigned his office at Haileybury, was the most active period of his political life: he spoke frequently and fervently in support of all temperate reforms, both civil and religious, and proved himself, on various occasions, the sympathising friend of the wronged and the oppressed. In the commencement of the year 1823 he was installed in the office of Lord Rector of the University at Glasgow—an honour that was enhanced by the circumstance, that Sir Walter Scott had been a rival candidate for it. In the autumn of 1824 he made another excursion through the Netherlands and part of Germany, to Paris: the three following years he took little active part in the debates in Parliament, and his attendance was in a great measure discontinued in consequence of impaired health. The greater part of this time he resided at Ampthill Park, a seat of Lord Holland's, in Bedfordshire, where he experienced the salutary influence of country air, and relaxation from business, both on his mind and body: but he was drawn from the tranquil seclusion of this beautiful spot in 1827, in order to give his support to the government of Mr. Canning. On the premature death of that enlightened statesman and the return of the Tories to power, under the administration of the Duke of Wellington, he again took his place on the side of freedom in the ranks of the opposition, and spoke with renewed energy on a variety of topics in the sessions of 1828 and 1829. Notwithstanding his political avocations, after his return to public life from his retirement at Ampthill Park, he did more in the way of literary exertion, than at any other period of his life, as if, conscious that it was drawing to a close, he was desirous of making the best use of the little that remained: the lambent flame of his genius burned the brighter the nearer it approached the fatal moment of its extinction. In the spring of 1830 he finished his 'Dissertation on the Progress of Ethical Philosophy,' which was prefixed to an edition of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.' About the same time appeared, the first volume of the 'History of England,' which he had consented to write for the 'Cabinet Cyclopædia': it was followed by a second in 1831, and a third was rapidly advancing, having been brought down to the fourteenth year of the reign of Elizabeth, when it was abruptly terminated by his death. On this history, which is of a much more compendious and popular character than the more philosophical and elaborate one he had long contemplated, the celebrated Channing has passed a high eulogium:

> 'I think the history a noble one; perhaps I never read one with equal gratification. He knows on what parts of history to throw the strongest light: he judges past ages with discrimination and candour, enters into their spirit, and knows the significance of actions in different stages of society. A genuine sympathy with the human race, and a high moral feeling, breathe through the work. He is a thorough Englishman, yet interested in the cause of mankind, and a staunch friend of liberty, without going into the extravagance of liberalism. It does one good to see a man so conversant with the world and with history, holding fast his confidence in the power and triumphs of truth, freedom, and virtue. A man may know the world, it seems, without despairing of it.'

For the same work he also wrote the Life of Sir Thomas More—a most pleasing and instructive piece of biography: and to the 'Edinburgh Review' he contributed some valuable articles on historical subjects, amongst which may be mentioned, as illustrative of his skill and diligence in detecting error and tracing evidence, those on 'Wraxall's Memoirs,' and on the question, 'Who wrote the Icon Basilike?' To these publications must be added, his 'History of the Revolution of 1688,' published after his decease, which, though a fragment, is pronounced by an able writer in the 'Edinburgh Review,' 'decidedly the best history now extant of the reign of James the Second.' In the May of 1830 he lost his second wife, and by her death one of the strongest and most endearing ties that bound him to existence was snapped asunder, a feebler one having been previously broken in 1823, when he lost his second daughter, in her twentieth year. Under this affliction he paid a visit to Cresselly, which was calculated rather to increase than lessen his grief, associated as that place was with the fondest recollections of the beloved object of his bereavement. In the November of the same year, the new Parliament met, and the Duke of Wellington's government was overthrown by the Whigs, on whose accession to power he was appointed to the office of Commissioner for the affairs of India—a poor recompense for a life zealously devoted to the cause and party which were now triumphant. In the debate on the second reading of the Reform Bill he made a speech of considerable length, distinguished not more by sound reasoning, than freedom from invective and vituperation, so common at that agitating crisis. His last address to the House was on the unsettled affairs of Portugal, Feb. 9th, 1832; after which his voice was no more heard in Parliament. His strength had been gradually declining, and his dissolution was hastened by his having accidentally swallowed 'a small fragment of a chicken bone, which, though removed, had occasioned a slight laceration in the trachea, that subsequently extended to the vertebræ of the neck, and proved ultimately fatal.' So slight is the tenure by which we hold to life. He died, after a short illness, which he bore with philosophical calmness and Christian fortitude, May 30th, 1832, in the 67th year of his age.

Is there, it may be asked, any thing very remarkable in these events? Certainly not in themselves, unconnected with the celebrated object of this biography, nor do we expect the attractive adventures of romance, or of heroic achievement, or of enterprising talent, in the memoirs of literary men, whose days are spent chiefly in the retirement of a study, or the walks of a profession. In the lives of such men the most interesting particulars are those relating to their study, and of these we have abundance in the letters and journals in these volumes. Sir James always had his books about him. In youth they furnished him with instruction and nursed his genius—in manhood they supplied him with amusement and occupation—on his voyage to and from India they were his best companions—in his residence at Bombay, in the absence of more instructive society, they were his resource—on his return to England they solaced his declining health. In his country retirement, in his continental excursions, in his intercourse with the world, books were still with him day and night, furnishing him with pleasing subjects for conversation, reflection, or composition, and, in his experience, the truth of Cicero's beautiful eulogy on the studies connected with polite literature was verified, '*delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur.*'

The observations of so refined and philosophical a mind as that of Sir James Mackintosh could not be other than most excellent, and the rich abundance of them, scattered over his letters and journals, like gems of the first water, give to his biography a value and interest of a very high character. His criticisms on authors and their works, set down in the course of his extensive and discursive reading, are most admirable and entertaining; sometimes short, sometimes more detailed, but always ingenious, and generally correct. The names, most illustrious in modern literature, occurring continually in his pages, confer upon them a charm similar to that which we feel in passing through a gallery of portraits of distinguished personages, touched to the life by some master hand: and his characters of celebrated writers, or great men, are drawn in a style of first-rate excellence.

CHARACTER OF FOX.

'Mr. Fox united, in a most remarkable degree, the seemingly repugnant characters of the mildest of men, and the most vehement of orators. In private life he was gentle, modest, placable, kind, of simple manners, and so averse from parade and dogmatism, as to be not only unostentatious, but even somewhat inactive in conversation. His superiority was never felt, but in the instructions which he imparted, or in the attention which his generous preference usually directed to the more obscure members of the company. The simplicity of his manners was far from excluding that perfect urbanity and amenity which flowed still more from the mildness of his nature, than from familiar intercourse with the most polished society of Europe. His conversation, when it was not repressed by modesty or indolence, was delightful. The pleasantry, perhaps, of no man of wit, had so unlaboured an appearance. It seemed rather to escape from his mind than to be produced by it. He had lived on the most intimate terms with all contemporaries distinguished by wit, politeness, philosophy, learning, or the talents of public life. In the course of thirty years he had known almost every man in Europe, whose intercourse could strengthen, or enrich, or polish the mind. His own literature was various and elegant. In classical erudition, which, by the custom of England, is more peculiarly called learning, he was inferior to few professed scholars. Like all men of genius, he delighted to take refuge in poetry, from the vulgarity and irritation of business. His verses were easy and pleasing, and might have claimed no low place among those which the French call *vers de societé*. The poetical character of his mind was displayed in his extraordinary partiality for the poetry of the two most poetical nations, or at least languages, of the West, those of the ancient Greeks, and of the modern Italians. He disliked political conversation, and never willingly took any part in it.

'To speak of him justly, as an orator, would require a long essay. Every where natural, he carried into public something of that simple and negligent exterior, which belonged to him in private. When he began to speak, a common observer might have thought him awkward; and even a consummate judge could only have been struck with the exquisite justness of his ideas, and the transparent simplicity of his language. But no sooner had he spoken for some time, than he was changed into another being. He forgot himself and everything around him. He thought only of his subject. His genius warmed and kindled as he went on. He darted fire into his audience. Torrents of impetuous and irresistible eloquence swept along their feelings and conviction. He certainly possessed, above all moderns, that union of reason, simplicity and vehemence, which formed the prince of orators. He was the most Demosthenean speaker since Demosthenes. "I knew him," says Mr. Burke, in a pamphlet, written after their unhappy difference, "when he was nineteen; since which time he has risen, by slow degrees, to be the most brilliant and accomplished debater that the world ever saw."

'The quiet dignity of a mind roused only by great objects, the absence of petty bustle, the contempt of show, the abhorrence of intrigue, the plainness and downrightness, and the thorough good-nature which distinguished Mr. Fox, seem to render him no very unfit representative of that old English national character, which, if it ever changed, we should be sanguine, indeed, to expect to see succeeded by a better. The simplicity of his character inspired confidence; the ardour of his eloquence roused enthusiasm; and the gentleness of his manners invited friendship. "I admired," says Mr. Gibbon, "the powers of a superior man, as they were blended in his attractive character with all the softness and simplicity of a child. No human being was ever more free from any taint of malignity, vanity, or falsehood." From these qualities of his public and private character, it probably arose, that no English statesman ever preserved, during so long a period of adverse fortune, so many affectionate friends, and so many zealous adherents. The union of ardour in public sentiment with mildness in social manners, was, in Mr. Fox, an inherent quality. The same fascinating power over the attachment of all who came within his sphere, is said to have belonged to his father; and those who know the survivors of another generation, will feel that this delightful quality is not yet extinct in the race.

'Perhaps nothing can more strongly prove the deep impression made by this part of Mr. Fox's character, than the words of Mr. Burke, who, in January, 1797, six years after all intercourse between them had ceased, speaking to a person honored with some degree of Mr. Fox's friendship, said, "To be sure; he is a man made to be loved!" and these emphatical words were uttered with a fervour of manner which left no doubt of their heartfelt sincerity.

'These few hasty and honest sentences are sketched in a temper too sober and serious for intentional exaggeration, and with too pious an affection for the memory of Mr. Fox, to profane it by intermixture with the factious brawls and wrangles of the day. His political conduct belongs to history. The measures which he supported or opposed may divide the opinions of posterity, as they have divided those of the present age; but he will most certainly command the unanimous reverence of future generations, by his pure sentiments towards the commonwealth, by his zeal for the civil and religious rights of all men, by his liberal principles favourable to mild government, to the unfettered exercise of the human faculties, and to the progressive civilization of mankind; by his ardent love for a country, of which the well-being and greatness were indeed inseparable from his own glory; and by his profound reverence for that free constitution which he was universally admitted to understand better than any other man of his age, both in an exactly legal, and in a comprehensively philosophical sense.'

On closing these highly entertaining and instructive volumes, we were oppressed, as we have often been before, on arriving at the close of a great man's life, with a sense of the brevity of our present existence, and its utter inadequateness to the completion of those vast projects which enter the minds of first-rate men:

> Αμμες δ'οἱ μεγαλοι, καὶ καρτεροι, η σοφοι ανδρες,
> ʽΟππoτε πρῶτα θανωμες, ανακοοι εν χφονι κοιλᾳ
> Εὑδομες ——— :

—projects, however, which may themselves be regarded as a proof of our immortality. Unless, 'as holiest men have deemed,' and Christ has assured us, we are destined to live again, what a mystery is life!—how vain and useless all our studies!—how contemptible and ridiculous our 'longings after fame!'—how empty our pursuits, and how true the poet's apostrophe—

> ———————' Out, out, brief candle!
> Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player
> That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
> And then is heard no more: it is a tale
> Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
> Signifying nothing.'

The works of the wise, however, do not perish, and of every great, good man it may be truly said—'though dead, he yet speaketh.' Of Sir James Mackintosh's eloquence but a faint echo may remain, but his written thoughts we may safely predict will last. His History, though imperfect, and but a slight sketch of the greater work he had long contemplated, will remain amongst the durable monuments of our language, for the delight and instruction of future generations.

It is, however, a subject of just regret that it was not completed, and it may afford a salutary warning to the learned, not to defer till to-morrow what ought to be done to-day. 'The night cometh, when no man can work.' This appears to us the great moral to be drawn from the Life of Sir James Mackintosh—a man of a most amiable heart and highly-gifted head, who, but for his habits of desultory reading and irregular application, arising from too great a love of literary ease and social enjoyment, might have occupied the first rank amongst the most eminent writers, whether philosophers, historians, or critics, which he does now amongst consistent and canonized patriots. Blessed with intellectual endowments of the highest order, a most tenacious and retentive memory, a strong and acute judgment, and a refined taste, as manifested in his literary discriminations and legal decisions, to which we may add an elegant fancy, if not a creative imagination, as displayed in many passages of his speeches and writings: possessed, too, of those nobler moral qualities which were calculated to increase the lustre of his talents—the strictest integrity—the greatest candour—the most diffusive benevolence, as evinced in his firm adherence to his political principles in public life, his amiable manners, and inoffensive, though brilliant, conversation in private and domestic society, and his charitable construction of the conduct and motives of men: what literary achievement might he not have accomplished! But the greatest mental powers, if, instead of being concentred on one pursuit, they are distracted and dissipated amidst varied and antagonist occupations, and the strongest intellectual vigour, if it be relaxed by literary indulgence and a long residence in a clime unpropitious to exertion and baneful to health, will never produce finished and elaborate works—the admiration and the glory of mankind.

A liberal interpretation of the circumstances in which Sir James Mackintosh was placed, will exempt him from much blame in not having submitted to the extraordinary exertion necessary to fulfil the great literary project which was the object of his ambition; and his friends may console themselves under any disappointment they may feel, arising from the non-completion of that project, by the gratifying consideration, that if the intellectual purposes of his being were not brought to a satisfactory close, the moral were. Not to dwell on his public worth, in him all the kind affections and social graces met, making his abode a home of virtue and happiness. It is delightful to contemplate him in his family-circle, reading to his wife and daughters, and instructing the latter in the most pleasing manner, by his own remarks:—by the intellectual delight he shed around his board and hearth—by the affectionate regard with which he treated the members of his household—he more than realized the picture of domestic bliss so finely pourtrayed by the poet:—

'There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride;
While in his soften'd looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, father, friend:
Here woman reigns—the mother, daughter, wife,
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life;
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel guard of loves and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic virtues meet,
And fire-side pleasures gambol at her feet.'—*Montgomery.*

It is a loss to the world when such men as Sir James Mackintosh leave it, if we take into account only his domestic virtues; and we cannot but exclaim at his tomb, whilst we bend over it with mingled feelings of reverence and affection—' O rise some other such!'—We do not despair.

IMPROMPTU,

On the Two Portraits affixed to the Two Volumes of Sir James Mackintosh's Life.

Look on this portrait, and on this—
Of manhood and of age;
In that a British patriot see,
In this a British sage.

MISCELLANIES.

EXETER RELIGIOUS CONTROVERSY.

On Sunday, September 13, a meeting of the congregation assembling in George's Meeting House, South-street, Exeter, was held in that place, in order publicly to mark their sense of, and to express their thanks to, the Rev. Henry Acton, one of their Ministers, for the very able and convincing arguments in which he had replied to the attacks made on Unitarian Christians, by the Rev. Daniel Bagot, in discourses recently delivered by him in the church of St. Sidwell, Exeter: when Mr. Charles Bowring was called to the chair.

In moving the several resolutions (for which see below), the meeting was addressed by the Chairman and others, who bore testimony to that great truth, that the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ is the only true God, and the only proper object of religious worship. In a spirit of Christian charity, also, some of the speakers characterized the conduct of the Rev. Daniel Bagot as an attack gratuitous and wanton, but fortunately made in a city where he met an opponent, who, though not desirous of imitating him in his bitterness, yet had most successfully combatted his arguments, and exposed and laid bare the sophistries to which he had recourse. The conduct, also, of some of his supporters was the subject of animadversion, and it was lamented that men calling themselves clergymen, and men who had the benefit of good educations, should at this day have made such an exhibition of bigotry, ignorance of others, and intolerance of spirit, as they had done. It was declared that the Unitarian Christians courted inquiry, since it was the Truth they sought:—this alone that they desired to know.

On the subject of the result of the late controversy, as respected the numerous hearers of the reverend contendents, they expressed themselves in terms of the greatest confidence. Never before had that Meeting House been so filled; indeed, capacious as it is, it had been inadequate to contain the numbers who desired admittance; and the consequence was, that many who had, all their lives before, been content to take things on trust, had now begun to search and inquire for themselves. This was what, as Unitarians, they desired—this was precisely the effect they wished; satisfied, if men would but inquire, that the Truth was as plain as it is great, and that it would prevail.

The following Resolutions were unanimously passed:—

1. That this Congregation, being firmly convinced that the popular doctrine of the Trinity is incompatible with the Scriptural Doctrine of the Unity of God, and that the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ is the only true God, have heard with entire satisfaction the defence of this important truth lately delivered in this Chapel by their respected Minister, the Rev. Henry Acton.

2. That this Congregation desire to return their best thanks to the Rev. Henry Acton, for the able manner in which he has conducted the recent controversy with the Rev. Daniel Bagot, and for the judgment and moderation with which he has exposed the uncandid insinuations and unfounded statements that have been put forth against the Professors of the Unitarian Faith.

3. That the Rev. Henry Acton be respectfully requested to publish the Lectures he has delivered on this occssion.

4. That a deputation consisting of the following Gentlemen—the Chairman, J. Mackintosh, Esq. and Dr. Barham, be appointed to communicate these Resolutions to the Rev. H. Acton, and to present him with the sum of One Hundred Pounds, subscribed by the Congregation as a testimonial of their respect and attachment, to be applied in the manner most agreeable to himself.

JUBILEE OF THE REFORMATION.

From the Lake of Geneva, August 24.—The Jubilee of the Reformation has just been celebrated at Geneva with appropriate solemnity and genuine popular joy, free from all unpleasant alloy, which was not a little promoted by the presence and participation of so many distinguished clergymen from Switzerland, Germany, France, England, Scotland, and even North America. After the hospitable reception of these worthy strangers at the harbour and in the Botanic Gardens, they were conducted to those persons who had offered, nay, entreated, to accommodate them.—(This was on the 21st, in the afternoon.) On Saturday morning, the 22nd, there was a grand general ecclesiastical conference, in which several Swiss and Foreign clergy spoke of the great importance of religion and general Protestantism, as it is now understood by the Church of Geneva, contrasted with Methodism in that city. In the afternoon there was in all the churches a distribution of the Jubilee medals, admirably executed by M. A. Berry, a Genevese, settled in Paris, and of an historical essay on the Reformation at Geneva, expressly written for this occasion by the Rev. M. Cellérier, which were given to all the children of Geneva and the environs, from seven to fifteen years of age, without distinction of the rank or circumstances of the parents. These children then proceeded to the neighbouring extensive garden, where they had dancing and other amusements. Sunday, the 23d, was properly the day of the Jubilee. It was ushered in by the ringing of bells, after which there was divine service in all the churches, which were handsomely decorated for the occasion. In the evening there was a concert of sacred music in St. Paul's church, which was finely illuminated. As soon as it grew dark the general illumination of the city began, which was remarkably fine, especially on the quays, and in what are called *Rues basses*, which were so remarkable at the commencement of the Reformation in Geneva; a mass of at least 30,000 citizens, country-people, and strangers, thronged the streets, quays, and squares of the city, which is not very large, without the slightest disorder or confusion, or even any improper expressions. Everybody felt the importance of this religious festival, in which no political feeling mingled. Thus did the Genevese celebrate worthily, and in a manner to be imitated by other cities—the great festival—the festival of their religious and national restoration. On Monday there was another ecclesiastical conference, then a grand entertainment to our foreign guests, and afterwards an excursion on the lake. The greater part of the Jubilee was favoured by the finest weather. The Catholics in Geneva and the neighbouring communes were so far from endeavouring to disturb the festival, that many took part in it by illuminating their houses.

The 4th of October being the tercentenary of the translation of the whole Bible into English, is, it is understood, to be observed by many churches in this country. We hope the Grand Orange Chaplain, the Bishop of Salisbury, and other men of the same stamp, will not desecrate the occasion by unmeasured and anti-Christian denunciations against their fellow-Christians of the Catholic communion. While Protestants rejoice in their privileges, let them be lenient towards those whose advantages are inferior, and looking rather at their own deficiencies, make the occasion one of self-improvement.

A 'Statement of Facts' relating to the proceedings of the Council of the London University, in their attempt to obtain a charter of incorporation, has been transmitted to the subscribers, from which it appears that it has been decided by the King in Council that there shall be *two* charters in favour of the University—one reducing its style to that of College, and the other constituting a *Metropolitan University*, with power to confer degrees on candidates 'from all parts of the United Kingdom, and from every seminary of education, whether chartered or unincorporated.'

The Rev. C. Wicksteed, of the Park Chapel, near Liverpool, has accepted an invitation to Leeds, as successor to Dr. Hutton, removed to Carter-lane, London.

Unitarian Chapel, Padiham.—It must be gratifying to those who subscribed to release the above-named chapel from its ground-rent of £10. a year, that a sufficient sum has been raised. Owing, however, to the death of the party of whom the land was purchased, the debt cannot be redeemed for some years. Meanwhile the money has been put out on mortgage, and will bring in nearly enough to pay the rent. On a recent visit we were glad to find the congregation very flourishing, and that they had procured and inclosed a piece of ground for burials, which improves the appearance of the place, and will serve as a new bond of attachment to the members.

Dorchester.—Tribute of Respect to the Rev. L. Lewis.—The respected Unitarian minister of this town being about shortly to leave his present congregation, with which he has been connected for eighteen years, was presented with a handsome silver inkstand, at a meeting held in the chapel on the 2nd August, bearing the following inscription;—'Presented to the Rev. L. Lewis, by the young men of the Unitarian congregation, Dorchester, as a testimony of their gratitude for his exertions in promoting their moral, religious, and intellectual improvement, A.D. 1835.' This token of esteem must be extremely gratifying to the Rev. Gentleman's feelings, for, as he well observed on the occasion of the presentation, 'nothing can cheer the heart of a minister more, than to feel sensible that those whose welfare he seeks, and to whose improvement he is devoted, take a lively interest in his efforts, and thus afford him hopes that he does not labour altogether in vain.'

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have been disappointed in not receiving the concluding part of Dr. Tuckerman's recollections of Rammohun Roy.

S.'s paper on 'Unitarian Reform' is acceptable.

'Female Education' in our next; also, 'Thoughts on Penal Legislation.' V. must stand over: also, several papers long in hand. We beg our friends to bear with us patiently. Their papers shall be inserted as soon as, all things considered, we find it possible.

Our Dorchester and Exeter friends are thanked.—G. B. came too late for the present number.—The number was made up before E. C. came to hand. Shall appear in the next.

N. B. Communications designed for the out-coming number of the *Christian Teacher* must be in the Editor's hands at the latest by the 15th of the current month.

Forrest and Fogg, Printers, Manchester.

JESUS NOT AN IMPOSTOR.

Whatever merit modern unbelievers may have a right to claim, they cannot boast much of the originality either of the positions they have assumed, or the arguments by which they have laboured to maintain them. The armoury of unbelief has long since been exhausted of its weapons, and the most that the more recent assailants of Christianity have been able to effect, is to collect the missiles already hurled, and now and then to furbish up a sword which had been blunted and broken in the warfare. Substantially, the matter at issue between them and Christians has been long since determined. The cause has been again and again pleaded—the evidence on both sides adduced—the skill of the advocates exhausted—and the verdict pronounced. In whose favour? Let the existence of Christianity, let its continued and accelerated progress, answer the question. And surely that institution can have little to fear from the puny arm of its actual opponents, which has survived and flourished, notwithstanding the power and malignity of its first enemies—notwithstanding the learning of Celsus, the ridicule of Julian, the banded forces of the unbelievers of the seventeenth century in England, and of the eighteenth century in France. What Herbert, Voltaire, and Gibbon have, with a host of others, assailed in vain, may be fearlessly pronounced unassailable.

While Jesus was on earth, the attempt was made to fix upon him the stigma of an impostor. 'We remember what that deceiver said, while yet alive, After three days I will rise again.'* Such was the plea urged by the Chief Priests and Pharisees, to induce the Roman authorities to employ the resources of their power against a cause which they had attempted to crush by putting its head to an ignominious death. The plea, however, contains its own confutation. What need of this precaution, if Jesus were, as denounced, a deceiver? Would the heads of the Jewish nation have troubled themselves, or the Roman Governor, in seeking for a guard to watch the tomb of an executed malefactor, had they believed he was a malefactor and a deceiver? Were their duties so light as to leave them time to care what became of the buried body? And supposing the reason they assigned to Pilate for their extraordinary request were realized by the disciples' stealing away the body, how could their inference ensue, that 'the last error will be worse than the first'? What magical power could there be in the corpse of a deceiver to disturb the peace of the whole Sanhedrim, and win away from them the allegiance of the people? Let the disciples have had the corpse, and what more powerful argument against themselves could have been adduced to show the emptiness of their pretensions? Of all things, the exhibition of the dead body was most to be desired by the Jewish hierarchy, as furnishing an incontestible proof that the whole matter was of human folly or fraud, and not of God. Yet they urgently request a guard to keep the body in the tomb. Their conduct is a confession of their fears, and in their fears is a confession of the validity of the claims of Christ. They had succeeded in procuring his execution, and are terrified at his lifeless frame. They had broken the magician's wand, but tremble in looking on the fragments. Why, if they believed the wand to be common wood?

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* Matt. xxvii. 63.

There is another advantage ensuing from this self-convicted charge. It cannot be pleaded that the Jewish hierarchy were taken unawares. The alleged imposture did not grow up without attracting notice. It stood before the eye of its enemies. It was challenged by them as an imposture; and as an imposture, too, it was met by all the resources of their power. As such it was denounced in the high places of the land; and as such, there can be no doubt, it was held forth to the abhorrence of the many. Yet the cause of Christ prevailed. The battle was fought and won;—yes, on the very ground on which they must take their stand who are prepared to maintain that Jesus was an impostor—only, that the position of modern unbelievers cannot, in the nature of the case, be so advantageous as was their's who had not only the imposture—if imposture it were—standing at their own doors, and before their own eyes, possessing, therefore, every opportunity for its exposure and suppression; but had actually, at least to human apprehension, more than half gained the victory, in having slain the enemy and made sure of his corpse.

It must not be passed unnoticed, that the argument now urged is founded on the statement, not of friends to Christianity, but of its foes. The allegation is their's, not our's. We mean that the story bears internal and indubitable marks of a Jewish origin; for were the disciples likely to originate a plea against the cause on which they had staked their all, and such a plea as would furnish their opponents with a better weapon than any they could themselves fabricate? Especially, if deceivers, would they proclaim to the world the more than suspicion in which they and their's were from the first held? Is it the custom of impostors to blazon their name on their foreheads—and that, too, without one word in exculpation? Yet the historian Matthew has recorded the charge without attempting to confute it. He has given the accuser all the advantage of his accusation, though that accusation goes to brand himself with the disgrace of abetting fraud. We are not to be told that such conduct is within the limits of probability, on the supposition of Christianity being 'a cunningly devised fable.' And in the circumstance that a charge of a nature so heinous is simply recorded, recorded and left unanswered, unnoticed, is the best possible proof that the writer, unlike the High Priests and Pharisees, had no fear for the issue, but was concerned merely to discharge the duties of a faithful chronicler. He set down simply what he knew, without a thought of the impression it would make on the reader's mind; and was too much occupied with his unpretending story, to affect the skill of the pleader, or the arts of the rhetorician. And the great landmarks in moral science must be entirely changed, before it can be plausibly maintained that the evidence of men thus honest and unsophisticated is unworthy of belief.

It may not be undesirable to form a distinct idea of what is asserted when imposture is charged upon Jesus. If his life were an imposture, it was one of no ordinary complexion;—perhaps it would be no exaggeration to say that it surpassed in infamy all the frauds that were ever practised in the world, for God was insulted as well as man outraged by it. Jesus wore the garb of benevolence; nay, if he were an impostor, made high and most unwarrantable pretensions to a pre-eminence over other teachers—talked incessantly of truth, duty and purity—of their value, their beauty, their imperishable obligation;—he used the name of God with what, under the supposition, would be an offensive familiarity, and impiously ascribed to Him what was but the expression of his own depravity. In a word, the whole of his character and conduct are changed. The light becomes darkness, the beauty ashes. The details involved in the supposition are too painful to enlarge upon; and we hasten to demand, if the reader is prepared to abide by the charge—if it is not too revolting to be seriously maintained—if it has not in it the elements of its own confutation? The thought may pass through the mind in the hour of guilty excess, when any supposition is grasped at which will relax the restraints of duty—but must be repudiated the moment that coolness and reflection resume their seat, and the natural emotions of the heart reassert their empire.

Should it, however, be alleged that the case does not involve the turpitude supposed, we are then prepared to prove that the allegation itself is altogether untenable, in however mitigated a form it may be put.

Impostors act not without an object. There is risk and there is degradation in the practice of fraud, which it is not in human nature to undergo except for competent considerations. Now what possible object could Jesus have to induce him to attempt an imposition? Where is the sinister motive that can be assigned? From the first, it was not difficult for him to see that poverty, persecution, perhaps death, were before him. Are these the reward for which frauds are commonly attempted? What charm could they have for his breast, which they have not for our's? Yet the fondest imagination could not have pictured forth a fairy land of wealth, and ease, and power, as the haven of his hopes. What! a carpenter's son expect to raise himself to the pinnacle of earthly good, by engaging in a crusade against all the power and prejudices of high and low in the Jewish state—and by what means? By associating with himself a few mechanics, humble as himself in position, without possessing any of that mental power which may redeem his own character from contempt, though it could in no way enable him to transcend the insurmountable barrier of his difficulties. It may be alleged that Jesus aimed at the distinction of being the founder of a new religion, and had the motives of his conduct in the anticipated gratification of an extravagant ambition. It would be a sufficient answer to say, that the friends of Christianity are in no way obliged to find arguments for the refutation of every fancy which a teeming and perverse imagination may engender. But let us ask, what was his actual reward during life? Was it distinction, or ignominy? And surely no one, be he ever so little conversant with the mental resources Jesus displayed, can for a moment suppose that he formed so false an estimate of his success as is implied in anticipating honour in what he found nothing but disgrace. Let the supposition be changed to the love of posthumous fame, and we ask again, was his a mind to sacrifice even life itself in the pursuit of an empty shadow? And what fame could he expect in the actual circumstances, and under the supposition? If dishonour was his portion in life, what promise was there that his name would be embalmed after death? The probability was, that his memory and his existence would come to an end on the same day; or, if the first survived, that it would survive only to be branded with the epithets it deserved. Surely, there was little chance of his name and his undertaking being vindicated after his execution, if even, while alive, he could not escape the condign punishment of his fraudulent attempt. Is it rejoined, that his name did survive and was honoured? We reply, it is true; but why? Because wisdom was justified in this her highly-favoured child; because the stain was wiped away which had been cast on his character; because a power, too mighty to be withstood, undertook his vindication. Providence displayed itself in events, which, in the torrent of their irresistible course, bore down all opposition; levelling at once, not only the airy edifices of calumny, but the very temple which God himself had once vouchsafed to honour, and the shrines innumerable of heathen idolatry.

These were results which no impostor could have foreseen, and which stamp the mission of Jesus with the seal of God. Yes, the name of the despised Galilean was hailed, and is hailed, with the rapture of love and admiration; but it was and is, because the arm of the Almighty was bared in his behalf; because thrones, principalities and powers bowed before its might; because it proved a balm more precious than that of Gilead, and disclosed treasures richer than those of Ophir. The triumph of Christianity is the vindication of Christ—for it was borne along, conquering and to conquer, on the gales of their ardour, who found in it the good which at once satisfied their desires and enriched their souls. We have yet to learn that a fraud could have done this. It was the voice of nature in the breast of man. The essential elements of our moral being attest the sincerity of Christ; finding, as they do, in what he was and what he taught, the bread and water of life. The name of Jesus does survive, not in the feelings of humanity outraged by a wrong attempted on them, but enshrined in the holiest and loftiest affections of which the heart of the holiest and loftiest natures is susceptible.

From these, to our mind, overpowering considerations, let us divert to an investigation of his conduct while in existence.

An impostor would, of course, have attempted to array on his side some of the elements of power which lay before him. In no other way could he have the barest possibility of success. What was the power which Jesus courted? That of the state? Here was an ally of a nature too tempting to be rejected by an impostor. It might have been his. The sense of dependence under a foreign yoke was rankling in the breast of the Jewish government, and eagerly were they looking for the long expected deliverer. Jesus had only to have fallen in with their false but inveterate notions, and the same indignant hatred of the Roman domination, and the same untameable pertinacity of will, which subsequently defied for years all the skill and power of the generals and armies of her who knew no rival and would brook no equal—would, beyond a doubt, have borne him as a conqueror from land to land. The religious fanaticism which, at the siege of Jerusalem, was cowed, if it was not conquered, would then have acted under the strongest stimulus, and with the impression that the day of redemption had come, and the deliverer appeared—nay, was heading the armies of the nation, and marshalling the way to victory—would have borne down every impediment, and placed Jesus on the throne of the much-coveted empire. He not only refused, but he denounced the willing auxiliary. There can be no need of quotation, to exhibit the woes which he uttered against the Scribes and Pharisees, since the malignity with which they pursued him, even to death, shows of itself the intensity of their indignation.

Perhaps, however, he forfeited the favour of the few, in order to gain the affections of the many; and it cannot be denied that multitudes thronged around him whithersoever he went. Why? Did he pander to their prejudices—did he yield to their wishes—is his conduct towards them the conduct of a deceiver? One instance will suffice: It is of a nature to put his integrity to the test. Had he been an impostor, now was the time to yield to the favourable turn the current had taken. The splendour of his miracles had drawn multitudes around him, who, in the eagerness of their zeal, had forgotten to make provision for the irresistible cravings of nature. The question arose—'Whence shall we buy bread, that these may eat?' Bread was found, without purchase, to feed five thousand, and leave a large superfluity. Gratitude and conviction combined to elicit from the beneficiaries of Christ's miraculous bounty, the confident declaration—'This is of a truth that prophet which was expected to come into the world.' And immediately proceeding to give that expression to their feelings which was prompted by their deeply-rooted ideas of what the longed-for prophet was to be, they prepare to take Jesus 'by force and make him a king.' Let the conduct of Christ be carefully noticed. In beautiful simplicity, the historian adds, that on perceiving their design, 'he departed again into a mountain himself alone.'* Conduct inexplicable, indeed, in an impostor!

And what was the general character of Christ's conduct? Did he affect secresy—did he envelope himself in a shroud of mystery—were his ordinary haunts the desert and the cell—were his teachings, like the oracles of old, aided by the excitements of frenzy, or clothed in ambiguity, that they might fit any meaning which events might render it desirable to put upon them? Where, we ask, was his machinery of delusion—his caverns in the earth, the false glare of the lightning and the mimic thunder—where the affected pomp of personal grandeur—where the fury of the tripod, the agitated frame, the foaming mouth, the rolling eye—where the drums and cymbals, and raging of the bacchanal? Christ courted publicity;—he taught in the eye of day in the synagogue, the market-place, the square of the crowded city, the streets of the hamlet, the roadside, the river's bank, the borders of the lake. So far from shunning, he challenged investigation. And the means he employed was the simplicity and power of his appeal to the mind and heart of man. Cunningly devised, indeed, was his fable; for, with none of the ordinary machinery of fraud, he has succeeded in imposing on the intellect of myriads, of rich and poor, noble and ignoble, the philosopher and the peasant, in such a way, that seeing worth they saw it not, and feeling power they did not perceive it; but what they took to be congenial with all the healthy and natural workings of their souls, was, after all, the meanness of deceit, and the foulness of selfishness.

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* John vi. 15.

Let us, however, for the sake of argument, grant that he succeeded in keeping up the imposition during the general tenor of his life, was it so easy to avoid betraying himself in the complication of difficulties which encircled him in the scenes which accompanied his death? If this was the hour of darkness, it was also the trial of his integrity. All earthly power was arrayed against him, against him who had but recently quitted the hamlet where he lived, and the bench where he had laboured; and now the cry of the indignant, because disappointed, multitude, rings in his ears—the High Priests scowl upon him—the Pharisees gnash their teeth—the parade of Roman power flings its shade across his sight;—he is hurried rudely from place to place—evidence is brought against him—he is adjured 'by the living God,' and under all the sanctity of judicial circumstance—still is he firm and self-possessed. The trial ends, a verdict of death is pronounced. 'Then did they spit in his face and buffeted him, and others smote him with the palm of their hands,' deriding his pretensions to the gift of prophecy:— 'Herod, with his men of war, set him at nought, and mocked him, and arrayed him in a gorgeous robe;' 'and when they had platted a crown of thorns, they put it upon his head, and a reed in his right hand; and they bowed the knee before him, and mocked him, saying, 'Hail, King of the Jews!' while on all sides arose the cry, 'Crucify him, crucify him!'—Still no wavering, no betrayal of self-confidence, no sign of any attempt to redeem his life by a disclosure of his false pretensions—but an entire meekness and patience, and even composure. Follow him as he ascends the hill of Calvary, bearing the instrument of his own punishment, amid the clang of arms, the array of troops, the derision of the crowd, and in company with malefactors! Behold him finally stretched, mangled, and tortured, in the presence, and amid the malignant shouts and cruel taunts of his enemies—his friends, meanwhile, all fled, except his afflicted mother, and a few trembling women, who sat at a distance—the darkest spot to him in the dark scene;—and even still, not a word escapes his lips to betray his secret and now defeated purpose; but as he had braved the rage of man, he is now prepared to brave the judgment of God. It is impossible! Turn to the cross—hear his words;—are these the words of a deceiver? 'Father, into thy hands I commit my spirit.' 'Father, forgive them, they know not what they do.' The structure of the human eye has been said to be a cure for Atheism. The crucifixion, if it cannot cure, can hardly fail to confound Deism;

and the opinion of that person would be worth nothing, would prove nothing but his own insensibility to goodness, who should deny that the death of Jesus was the death of an honest man. The cross, which at first wore the appearance of the defeat, is in reality, as it has proved, the triumph of Christianity; and in his death, if not in his life, Jesus is vindicated from every charge injurious to his sincerity.

A confirmation, not only of the general truth of the history, but also of the integrity of Christ's character, may be found in those incidents recorded by the evangelical historians which are derogatory to the associates of Jesus. Is it not unaccountable, if the writers were engaged in writing the history of an imposture in which they themselves were more or less nearly concerned, that they should inform us that all, even of his friends, fled and forsook Jesus in the very crisis of his fate? But look at them, and then at Jesus, during the hour of peril; they 'are scattered abroad, every man to his own'*—thereby fulfilling their Master's prediction—He bears his affliction alone, and bears it with unwavering trust in God. Whence this difference? Had Jesus been as weak and ignorant as they, like them would he have acted; and instead of maintaining, would have betrayed his cause. Fear makes Peter deny his Master, and yet that Master himself, who, as the arch impostor, had more to apprehend, and actually suffered incomparably more, is, in his conduct, as free from fear as he is above suspicion. Judas goes farther, and even sells his Master for a paltry bribe. Jesus, on the contrary, preserves his integrity calmly, yet firmly, to the very moment of breathing his last sob. Which is the conduct of imposture? The fall of Judas itself discloses the breadth and depth of the basis on which Jesus stood. It is the hour of peril which tries men's souls. The deceiver is unequal to the test. The conscience is too strong for the purpose, and the purpose itself is disclosed when defeat is at hand; for the selfishness which gave it birth, is sure to betray it in the means which is taken to repair losses, and secure what may be of gratification.

If, then, Jesus is not a fanatic, as we have previously shown; nor an impostor, as now appears; it follows that he is worthy of credit, for he must have known whereof he affirmed. He was not himself deceived; he did not intend to deceive others; and is consequently the way, and the truth, and the life. The credibility of Christianity may be put upon this issue. How can it be accounted for, if neither deceit nor weakness was employed in its promulgation? These being excluded, the instrumentality must have been from above, since the resources of earthly wisdom were utterly incompetent to produce the undeniable effects. Besides, we have the words of Jesus as the words of one raised far above all perverting and sinister influences—and these words declare that his mission was divine. 'I proceeded forth, and came from God; neither came I of myself, but he sent me.' * 'I can of mine own self do nothing; as I hear I judge; and my judgment is just, because I seek not my own will, but the will of the Father who hath sent me.' †

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* John xvi. 32.

From this conclusion, there is no resource on the supposition that Jesus was a compound of the deceiver and the deceived; for if he was neither, he could not be both. I do not deny the possibility of such a combination, and think it more than probable that many of the founders of false religious systems have begun with deceiving others, and ended in being self-deceived. But why do we believe this probable? Their history, so far as it is known, furnishes the reasons. Not so with the history of Christ. On his character there is not the taint of a suspicion. In his spirit there was not the faintest breathing of fanaticism. Let his enemies be his judges—let the narrowest scrutiny be instituted—the only stipulation we make is, that the mind and the heart be sound of those who are on the inquest; let them have a sense to appreciate moral and mental excellence—to discriminate between the true and the false, the genuine and the spurious—and their decision, we feel sure, must be, that Jesus stands acquitted of both fanaticism and imposture. Well, then, may the believer repose, with the fullest confidence, on the disclosures and promises of his Master, as being the wisdom, the voice, and the power of God.

e.

ON FEMALE EDUCATION.

(Continued from page 336.)

If there be anything which is more injurious to children than excessive indulgence, it is severity. It may safely be premised, that the greater part of those who treat their offspring with harshness, do so upon system. There may be some who frequently chastise them from the momentary impulse of their own violent passions; but the strength of parental affection is so great, that none would adopt a premeditated line of conduct, if they had not a prevailing conviction that it would be eventually beneficial. We feel disposed to pass very lenient judgment on the conduct of over-indulgent parents, in consideration of their tender affection for their children. On the other hand, we ought to make some allowance for such as fall into the contrary extreme, when we consider how much there is in the operation of their system which makes it *appear* to be a successful one.

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* John viii. 42.

† John v. 30.

The subjects of strict discipline are, while under the eye of their governors, for the most part submissive and industrious. Whatever disgust or weariness they may feel, they are too much under the dominion of fear to express it; and their apparent acquiescence, like the selfish fondness shown by a petted infant, flatters the parent into a belief that all is well. This is more particularly the case with children of the gentler sex. Being by nature more timid than boys, they are more frequently driven, by harshness, to reserve and secret repining, than to open rebellion or complaint. Their external behaviour approaches near to that which their parents expected as the result of their own measures. The surface is all smooth, and too many educators want either inclination or ability to explore beneath it.

The direct and immediate tendency of severity, is to produce dissimulation. It is in vain that we enforce the observance of truth, while we hold out a strong temptation to falsehood. It is in vain that we make known our determination to punish nothing so severely as a departure from integrity. When we attempt to correct artifice by fear, we forget that fear is the main cause of it. It is not without justice that females are supposed to be the most prone to this vice, since it has always been the refuge of the timid and the weak, not of the bold and the powerful.

A lady observed to an intelligent boy, that she thought his sex were, in childhood, more addicted to artifice than her own. 'No, ma'am,' replied the child, 'it is only that girls are so cunning, they hide their cunning.' Certainly, the consummation of artifice is to conceal its own existence; and instances are not wanting, of girls having preserved, even with their own mothers, a character for perfect uprightness, while they have been living in the constant practice of the grossest deceptions.

Of the evils produced by severity, the next in magnitude to dissimulation is obtuseness of feeling. The strict disciplinarian imagines, that he has only to break the spirits of his children and to ensure their passive obedience, and that all else will easily be accomplished. He observes the difficulty there is to restrain a froward child, but believes there can be none to encourage a diffident one. He thinks that indulgence being unwonted, will be received with gratitude, and that when his first object is attained, he will have only to look or speak affably, to touch the affections of his pupil. He forgets that, before that time, a kind word or a smile from him will have lost all its value. The affections he has not cultivated will either have withered away, or have become fixed on son other object. For a child, under such dominion, there is but one alternative: either its mind must be continually wounded by the treatment it receives, or it must turn an invulnerable front to the attack. None would prefer the former were the choice his own, but the selection is generally quite involuntary.

The tone and manner which are habitually used, however dreaded at first, are soon disregarded. The mental pain they occasion subsides, and at last departs, and with it all that delicacy of feeling upon which alone the moralist depends for his power of impressing the heart. 'Remember,' says Mr. Abbott, (an admirable writer on education) 'always remember, *that the more delicately you touch the feelings of your pupils, the more sensitive those feelings will become.* Few are aware of the injury they do by the coarse and rough exposures to which they subject the private feelings of the heart. A teacher may have his pupils in such a state, that his slightest whisper will be attended to, or that his loudest vituperations will be no more regarded than the whistling of the winds.'*

A British officer, wishing to try the Prussian mode of discipline, deprived a soldier of his cockade. The man was very grateful; it saved him the trouble of keeping it clean.† Nothing could better illustrate the different effects produced by the same means, upon a mind alive to the sense of honour, and one whose feelings had been either never cultivated, or worn out. It is justly said, that where there is yet shame, there may in time be virtue. Woe to that mind, to which degradation has become so habitual that it has ceased to give pain. A surgeon, eminent in his profession, declared that operations are the disgrace of surgery. It is at least equally true, that punishments are the disgrace of education; and as medicines are often only the substitutes for temperance and exercise, so is coercion the substitute for that voluntary restraint, and healthful stimulus, which ought to give tone and direction to the mind. If our system of education were perfect, we should have no need of punishments; and the frequency or infrequency of occasion for them, is a true criterion of the degree in which we have approached perfection. All punishments that tend to degrade, must be injurious. The Prussians are so aware of this, that in their civil schools there is a law forbidding the use of such; yet to some it may be a new doctrine, that the feelings of children ought to be regarded, as well as those of adults. The language of Channing, on the duty of honouring all men, is full of truth and beauty, and peculiarly applicable to this subject.

'Honour the child. Welcome into being the infant with a feeling of its mysterious grandeur, with the feeling that an immortal existence has begun, that a spirit has been kindled which is never to be quenched. Honour the child. On this principle all good education rests. Never shall we learn to train up the child, till we take it in our arms as Jesus did, and feel distinctly that "of such is the kingdom of heaven." In that short sentence is taught the spirit of the true system of education; and for want of understanding it, little effectual aid, I fear, is yet given to the heavenly principle in the human soul. I conceive that we little apprehend the power which might be exerted by a benevolence which should truly and thoroughly recognise in man the image of God. Perhaps none of us have yet heard, or can comprehend, the tone of voice in which a man thoroughly impressed with this sentiment would speak to a fellow-creature. It is a language hardly known on earth; and no eloquence, I believe, has achieved such wonders as it is destined to accomplish.'

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* Abbott's Teacher.

† Bulwer's England and the English.

This kind of respect, while it would restrain us from violence or contempt, could never induce over-indulgence. Did we truly 'honour the child,' we dared not encourage it to degrade its august nature by making it subservient to its bodily appetites. Did we really regard it as an heavenly inheritor, whose infancy was to be cradled in the homes of earth, we should blush to treat such a being like a pet lap-dog, or an animated doll.

The foregoing remarks apply equally well to the education of both sexes. It may now be desirable to touch upon those points which bear particular reference to that of females. At the head of these must be placed, the proper regulation of the affections.

The female child is, from its very birth, full of sensibility and loving-kindness. She no sooner leaves her mother's arms, than her infant powers are exerted to soothe and nurture some creature scarcely more tender and helpless than herself. The forsaken nestling, the rebellious kitten, or the toddling baby, are overwhelmed with her caresses and her well-meant care; and deadening indeed must be the effect of her education, if she do not soon evince that she has 'sumless riches from affections deep,' to shed, even 'in wasted showers.' How many of the transient tears of childhood, and the bitter feelings of youth, are caused by the chills thrown, often undesignedly, upon her glowing sympathies. The desire to be loved, (which so often degenerates into the wish to be admired,) is the first feeling that takes possession of the female heart, and generally the last that leaves it. The disposition to sympathise is the strongest instinct of woman. She yearns at once to reverence, to confide, and to cherish. It cannot be denied that her sensibilities are often inordinate and misplaced. Her mind is fitted to be made a shrine on which thoughts of pure and hallowed objects may rest amidst the seraphim of her affections; and it is from that very capability that it so easily becomes an altar whereon idolatrous sacrifices are offered. We should have little cause to lament the waste of sensibility, if we were careful early to provide for it a use. We should seldom be shocked by perversion of feeling, if we laboured to direct it, rather than to subdue.

It has justly been said, with regard to time, that if we take care of the moments we need not be anxious about the hours. In education the reverse is the case. If we can insure the grand principles, the detail will follow naturally, and without much effort. If it can be given to a child to feel that there is an important business to be carried on with life, in which none are too young or too insignificant to be concerned—that there are afflictions to be softened, burdens to be lightened—the happy to rejoice with, the feeble to cherish, the tempted to succour, and the ignorant to instruct, we should seldom find, even in the most sensitive mind, an inordinate attachment to an unimportant object. The diversity of interests which the world presents, is itself a safeguard against too intense anxiety respecting any one of them. Those who have witnessed the avidity with which children enter into plans of benevolence, will not complain that these are not pleasures suitable for very young minds. It is not intended that children should not have childish sports. Let them play, and play heartily. We have spoken not of finding them amusements, but of providing them with interests, the gratification attending which will be continually increasing, and will supply the place of the infantile pleasures they are outgrowing, and which might otherwise be succeeded by unworthy objects. The idea, that to be interesting a woman should be timid even to weakness, is now so nearly exploded, that there requires no argument to prove the necessity of cultivating moral courage in the mind of a girl. The sufferings which children undergo from the operations of fear, especially when left alone in dark or isolated chambers, can only be described by those who recollect experiencing them. 'The feeling about for a friendly arm, the listening for a familiar voice,' and the horrible sense of loneliness and insecurity, are so exquisitely detailed by Lamb,* that nothing better can be said upon the subject. Were it only to arm the mind against these terrors, no effort should be spared to inspire it with fortitude; yet these are but a foretaste of the trials which the moral courage of a female will have to sustain. It is much oftener the lot of woman than of man, to be placed in circumstances under which it is impossible to act. She must painfully experience that 'the extreme of human patience is to wait.' The wearing anxieties of the sick chamber, and the awful excitements of the dying scene, she is more frequently called to undergo; and these require that her mind, as it gradually unfolds, should be imbued with every idea that can breathe out a spirit of enduringness and trust. As the poet beautifully exclaims—

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* Vide Essays of Elia, on Witches, &c.

> 'Our first small words are taught us by her lips,
> Our first tears quenched by her, and our last sighs
> Too often breathed out in a woman's hearing.
> When men have shrunk from the ignoble task
> Of watching the last hours of him who led them.'

Not least in the catalogue of feminine virtues, is the art of diffusing everywhere around, manifestations of comfort, refinement, and ease, or, in more homely language, propriety in domestic arrangements and in personal attire.

Those who transgress in this particular, may be divided in two classes, the one bestowing too much, and the other too little thought upon the subject. The error of the former, like other inordinate affections, is likely to be increased by direct opposition, but probably may easily be corrected by providing some object of more rational interest, before the incitements of vanity have had time to grow strong. A deficiency of attention to the thousand seeming trifles that contribute to make home delightful, it is more difficult to supply. There is an apparent saving of trouble in the petty neglects of which such persons are guilty, which appeals to their love of ease: and the evil they occasion arises so gradually, that it seldom alarms or awakens the conscience. It cannot be too early impressed upon a child, that 'we must be acceptable, to the end that we may be useful, and avoid what is offensive as well as what is criminal.' This sentiment, thoroughly wrought into a mind training to act up to its convictions, would, under favourable circumstances, be sufficient: yet we must not expect the precept, complete and beautiful as it is, to prevail against the powerful influence of example.

For the want of this kind of propriety, it is sometimes thought difficult to account. When the mother wonders at the absence of neatness observable in the parlour, chamber, and dress of her daughters, she forgets what the state of the nursery was from the earliest time at which they can remember it: or the condition of the apartment, demi-nursery, demi-parlour, about which the little maidens were accustomed to bustle every time a knock was heard at the door; and most approved was she who could hide the greatest portion of untidiness under the sofa cushions, or behind the screen. She forgets how often she has sat down *en deshabille*, beneath the disapproving eye of her husband, forming an excuse half to him and half to her conscience, that with her engagements it is impossible to be always neat. True, the little girls were taught to avoid, as a great evil, being caught in such a condition by a stranger; but would that make them desire to *be* neat in their habits, or only to *appear* so? If the mother, in her *home* attire, peep through the chink of a door, and seeing an intimate friend, come forward with the exclamation, 'Oh, I do not mind *you* seeing me, my dear——,' what marvel that the daughters no sooner become familiar, than they cease to be neat? Few people are aware of the impression these apparent trifles make upon children. Though, when nursery days are over, a mother may throw aside her nursery attire, she cannot change the early habits of her children. If her eyes are not opened, she must sit down to wonder that her daughters are not tidy. Those who understand human nature would wonder if they were. A few exceptions may be found; girls who have taken a disgust to such proceedings; but they are only exceptions, and it is not safe to expose children to an evil example, for the chance of some being satiated with the evil.

Let us not be understood to mean that the proper sphere of a mother is not in the nursery; or supposed to be wanting in respect for the struggles of those, who, with small incomes, strive to keep up their station in society. If such are not aware that this want of acceptableness does not facilitate their object, it may be difficult to make them so. Those who find that they have not time to be untidy, perhaps could explain the truth.

There are some other particulars in the management of children which it would be difficult to class under a distinct head. In nothing, perhaps, are persons more unjust to children, than with respect to their giving trouble. It is very common to threaten a child with some grievous penalty or infliction, if it be 'troublesome,' a term so indefinite that few adults, and no children, would be able to understand its limits. The word is applied, in nursery phrase, to every misdemeanour of which a child is capable, from the asking a simple question, to the perpetration of a wilful mischief, and is used very differently under different circumstances. Exhortations concerning offences which come under the head of 'troublesomeness,' are therefore imperfectly comprehended; and as that which is laughed at on one occasion, is branded as 'extremely troublesome' on another, a child often knows not what result of its conduct to expect; often exposes itself to censure when it had no suspicion of having done wrong; or, fearful of incurring punishment it is so difficult to calculate upon, flies to that refuge of the misgoverned, concealment or deceit.

It is true that amidst the concerns of a family, and the hurry of business, there are many times when it is impossible to give attention to a child. 'How troublesome you are, my dear,' may be repeated twenty times on these occasions without producing the desired effect.

It is almost equally useless to give children general directions not to come near persons who are engaged, as they have not discernment enough to judge which are the engagements which cannot, on their account, be laid aside. It is best to suspend the employment for a few minutes, and tell the child decidedly, but without anger, that you cannot attend to him at that time; give him some employment, or, if he want information or assistance, desire him, in a pleasant manner, to keep in mind the subject that interests him till you have leisure to talk to him upon it. If the questions he wished to ask were frivolous, the attempt to recollect and arrange them will help him to discover that they were so; and if they were otherwise, it will tend greatly to fix the subject in his memory, and connect it with the answers he will afterwards receive. The greatest care will be needful that the promise of attention is faithfully performed. It is an excellent plan for the mother, to devote an hour every day, (if possible, near the close of it,) to unrestrained communion with the minds of her little ones. These interviews should never be suffered to degenerate into formal lectures, or opportunities for making and receiving complaints. Neither should the faults of children be then set in order before their eyes. There should be no personal or indirect allusions, nothing that could prevent such hours being associated in the infant mind with the happiest and best feelings of our nature. The mother should then appear as the friend, and should aim at being the confidant of her offspring. She should speak to them of all that is holy and beautiful in the connection between them and herself, of the goodness of God in placing the solitary in families, and of the love of Christ who gave himself for us, and left us an example of self-denial and love. She should teach them to examine the workings of their own hearts, and to distinguish what feelings lead eventually to happiness, and which ultimately terminate in pain. She should show them, as much as can be levelled to their understandings, of the great purposes of human life, and awaken their minds as much as possible to a perception of the exquisite utilities and harmonies that exist throughout the material and spiritual world. Let not any parent shrink from the performance of this delightful duty, from doubts of her own capability. If she do but keep in view the grand object—the making the hour of communion with herself one of unmingled happiness to her children, she cannot fail to make it one of profit. They will learn to commit their most sacred feelings to the safe-keeping of their most faithful friend. From many a false step will they be preserved, many a remorseful pang will they be spared, by this habit of early confidence. They will take with them through life, the thought of these happy hours, a feeling so made up of virtuous recollections that it can prompt only to virtuous deeds.

There is a record of a family who had adopted this practice, the children of which were frequently heard to exclaim, in joyful anticipation, ‘When evening comes! when evening comes!’

and the expression, with that allusion, was beautifully applied to the close of our day of life, and the expectation of those better pleasures, which are prepared for the righteous in 'our Father's house.' It would not be too much to expect that a succession of such unsullied hours, sanctified by the love of a mother, and the piety of a Christian, might accustom the young mind to blend the two ideas in peaceful and happy association, and

> 'Lead it on to that brighter day,
> Which knows no evening and no decay.'

S. J. W.

(To be Continued.)

THOUGHTS ON PENAL LEGISLATION, AND ON THE INEFFICIENCY OF THE PRESENT SYSTEM OF CRIMINAL REFORM.

Penal legislation is almost universally acknowledged to be still in its infancy. It has hitherto baffled the wisdom of legislators, and the efforts of philanthropists, and presented an incongruous mixture of inefficacious theories to the public view. The public mind is, however, becoming too enlightened to gaze with its former composure and indifference on laws which are on all hands acknowledged to be cruel and unequal, and on the still appalling spectacle of capital punishments. These things indeed still exist, but they are reprobated by the wise and good of all countries, and there are constant and unwearied efforts making by the benevolent for their abolition. This subject, in former times buried in an almost Cimmerian darkness, has recently been brought to the light of day, and been discussed with all the deep and fervent interest it so justly demands. The iniquities of our penal system have been exposed, to our own surprise and consternation. They have been brought to the test of reason and of Christianity, and we have shuddered at the dissimilarity, and contemplated many portions of our code with sorrow and with shame. The united testimony of wise and good men has been given against our capital punishments. The humane and profound Beccaria, a century ago, denounced capital punishments *in toto*. Franklin, alluding to this infliction for lesser crimes, says, 'To put a man to death for a crime which does not deserve death, is it not murder?' and, as the French writer says, 'Ought a crime against society to be punished by a crime against nature?' Montesquieu has declared, 'That mankind must not be governed with too much severity; that we ought to make a prudent use of the means which nature has given us to conduct them. If we enquire into the cause of all human corruptions, we shall find that they proceed from the impunity of criminals, and not from the moderation of punishments;' he also adds, 'that there are two sorts of corruption: one when the people do not observe the laws, the other when they are corrupted *by* the laws; an incurable evil, because it is in the very remedy itself.' Mr. Clarkson justly observes, that 'As Christians, it seems that we should be influenced by Christian principles. But where are our forbearance and our love; where is our regard for the temporal and eternal interests of man; where is our respect for the principles of the gospel, if we make the reformation of a criminal a less object than his punishment? Or, if we consign him to death in the midst of his sins, without having tried all the means in our power for his recovery?' Dr. Goldsmith exclaims, that 'It were to be wished, that instead of contriving new laws to punish vice; instead of cutting away wretches as useless, before we have tried their utility; instead of converting correction into vengeance: it were to be wished that we tried the *restrictive* arts of government, and made law the protector and not the tyrant of the people—we should then find that creatures whose souls are held as dross, only wanted the hand of a refiner; we should find that wretches now stuck up for long tortures, might, if properly treated, serve to sinew the state in times of danger; that as their faces are like ours, their hearts are so too; that few minds are so base, as that perseverance cannot amend, and that a man may see his last crime, without dying for it.' Such are a few of the testimonies against capital and severe punishments, which it is fervently to be hoped, will ere long be banished entirely from our code. Against nature, against Christianity, against the strong current of enlightened public opinion, they cannot long maintain their ground; nor is there any class of people interested in their continuance. People of different political views, may here join their efforts in the cause of philanthropy, and rejoice together in their success. We hail with delight the many indications we already behold of it. But while we congratulate ourselves on the probable abolition of capital punishments, we see with anxiety the great difficulties that present themselves on the subject of secondary ones, and we behold with some dismay, the promulgation of systems, as hard, as relentless, even as cruel, as that punishment itself. Against these, in which solitary confinement, whipping, and other corporal punishments stand pre-eminent, the experienced in practical prison discipline have ever raised their voice; and that great and good man, Mr. Roscoe, devoted his latest efforts to their mitigation and repeal, especially as conducted in some of the American penitentiaries, where the most fatal and lamentable consequences had too frequently ensued. It is indeed a melancholy mistake to suppose that merely mechanical punishments ever can avail of themselves towards either reformation or improvement; nay, when too strict they impede both, by destroying entirely the voluntary power which alone is capable of forming virtue in an individual, and which God himself has permitted to all human beings as the only instrument of their moral improvement. What should we think of a system of education which endeavoured to prevent evil by mere restraint, without the inculcation of moral principles? No; prison discipline must be a moral and reformatory system, assisted by mechanical regulations and discipline. Labour is a great engine of good, but it is only one half of the thing needful: the other half is instruction, not merely in a trade or a work, but in higher and holier, and far, far more important things. We are not now alluding only to Religion: we take into our view *education* as a whole,—the cultivation of the heart—the enlightenment of the mind—the invigoration of the will, which must in some degree precede the devotional affections. Religion engrafted alone on ignorance forms often a fearful combination, and leads to hypocrisy, or to fanaticism of a very revolting nature; but educate a man morally, and he will be fit for religion. You will open his heart to it, as you elevate his conduct. But, it may be said, how are these unfortunate beings to be educated, and who will bestow the time and trouble requisite for such an undertaking? We do not answer, 'The benevolent,' for it is an undertaking on too large a scale to be met by the efforts of private benevolence, and too painful to be often voluntarily undertaken;—and we might add, how few are sufficiently benevolent and enlightened for such a task. We would recommend the institution of Reform Schools, for the education of Prison Reformers, something resembling the Prussian Normal Schools, where a certain number of young men should attend for three or four years to be instructed in the philanthropy, the religion, and the general knowledge requisite for so important and sacred a duty; that they should be made acquainted with Howard and Bentham, and all the best writers on these subjects; that they should, at the expiration of their term, pass an examination before a committee of enlightened and benevolent men, and be appointed, with an adequate salary, to their respective occupations in different prisons, where a certain number of the prisoners should be confided to their care, to be educated in the best sense of the word, viz. reformed:—the number appointed to each prison to depend on the number of prisoners, but care to be taken not to give them too great a number of pupils. We would recommend that these Prison Reformers should *not* live in the establishment, but have certain hours appointed for their attendance, which would be not for inspection, but instruction.

We cannot conclude without another word or two on secondary punishments.—We would strongly recommend that the treadmill, and all severe mechanical labours, be reserved for the refractory and the disobedient; and that the general discipline, though strict, should not be unnatural. It is extremely desirable to preserve order by the necessary separation and classification of prisoners; but forbidding them ever to open their lips, or to turn their heads, are, after all, but puerile regulations; and these entirely mechanical systems are chiefly valuable, as saving trouble to those who have not the mind, or the determination, to enforce a moral one: they are, in fact, a succedaneum for inefficacy. To use the words of an author,* distinguished equally for his genius, and for the greatness and liberality of his views. 'I do not believe in the wisdom or virtue of escaping the labour and responsibility of moral discrimination, by flying to an extreme principle.' In conclusion, we fervently hope that the time is approaching when a better spirit will prevail, when the object will be *education*, not *punishment*, and our prison reformers may boast, not that they have forcibly restrained men from crime, to rush to it again on their emancipation, but that they have enlightened their minds, and ameliorated their hearts, and made them incapable of wishing to perpetrate it.

THE PRE-EMINENCE OF CHARITY OVER FAITH AND HOPE.

1st Cor. xiii. ch. 13th ver.—" But the greatest of these is Charity."

It is one of the most common prejudices, and on account of which, Unitarians, as a sect, are every where spoken against, that they *under*-estimate Faith, and *over*-rate Charity. They do not, certainly, regard faith in the light in which it is contemplated by the generality of their fellow-Christians; they do not regard it as a vague, indefinable feeling, and above all, as a feeling which, by itself, and apart from its fruits, is the all and all of religion. But I am persuaded that they do not understate or undervalue its importance. It is a vital principle of the Christian character. It is the very basis of religion. It is the sacred fountain which a benevolent God has opened up for the healing of the nations, and from which issue forth the living and hallowing streams of piety, holiness, consolation, and hope. It is by faith that we are brought to the knowledge and service of the only living and true God. It is by faith we are Christians, and can rejoice with a joy unspeakable in our Christian privileges. 'And this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.'

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* Dr. Channing.

In what respect, then, do they under-estimate faith? They give it that place in religion which they find assigned to it in the scriptures of truth. True, they attribute it to no mysteriousness of meaning, nor any operation by magic spell. It is a rational principle, and operates rationally on the human heart. It reveals to us things unseen and eternal, and thus enlightens and expands the mind. It presents to our view the great design of human existence, and the objects most worthy of pursuit; and thus influences the affections, and produces purity of thought, piety, benevolence of disposition, and holiness of life. It is not mere feeling—mere sensation; but it is the cause, the source of strong, and sanctifying, and joyous feelings and sensations. It saves the soul; but not by itself; it is dead—it is valueless when alone. It saves as a first, an essential principle of godliness, and by its mighty power in the formation of an elevated and holy character. In fact, were I called upon to give a comprehensive definition of religion, I should adopt the language of an apostle, and define it as faith working by love, and purifying the heart.

Nor do they over-value charity. False sentiments on the subject are attributed to them, and then the caricature of their opinions is denounced as absurd, presumptuous, and profane. They are represented as claiming the rewards of eternity on the intrinsic worth of their own deeds of righteousness. Human merit, in its most obnoxious form, is fastened on their creed, notwithstanding their reiterated disavowals;—their hopesof heaven, it is said, rest not on the grace of God, but on their charity and good works. Our Christian hopes rest ultimately, my brethren, on a surer basis. They are founded on the Rock of ages—on the mercy of our heavenly Father, as declared to us by the Saviour of men. We cannot, by any charity of ours, make God our debtor. We cannot, by the most perfect obedience, acquire any claim of right to the life everlasting of the gospel. But charity is, therefore, not the less essential to salvation. It is to the character which it forms that all the promises of religion are appropriated. It gives reality to faith, and is the surety of hope. It is the bond of perfectness. 'And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.'

Our subject then is, how, and in what respects, is charity the most excellent of Christian graces?

Charity is greater than faith and hope, because it is the great object of these Christian graces to generate and foster a spirit of love. This is their chief design and use, and if they fail to produce this effect they profit nothing. They are the means, while charity is the end. They are instrumental principles of religion; but charity is its perfection—

is religion consummated—is religion itself. Faith is our guide, and hope our stay and consolation, but it is abiding and fervent love that consummates the purposes of faith, and realizes the anticipations of hope. It is the end of the commandment; for it is preparation and meetness for heaven. It is the fulfilling of the law; for when it pervades the heart and influences the life, the law is obeyed, and its object completed. It is the bond of perfectness; for it is the last and perfecting principle of a holy character. Faith and hope are essential to its existence and its power: but it is their subserviency to its production and dominion, that reflects back upon them all their value—all their glory. Alone they are useless: in conjunction and co-operation with the grace of charity, they are transformed into incalculable importance. What gave to the faith of Abraham its surpassing excellence? It was that love of God, and consequent reliance on Providence, which led to implicit obedience under the most trying circumstances. What is it that imparts value to the Christian's belief? Is it not love purifying his heart, and rendering him zealous of good works? Faith reveals to us the being and perfections of God; but what doth it avail, if it do not produce reverence and love? A man may say, 'I have faith,' he may believe in a great First Cause—he may acknowledge a superintending and directing Providence—he may credit the fact of our future existence and moral responsibility; but if his faith have not works—if it generate no love,—no trust,—no devotion of heart and life—if he lives as without God in the world, in what does he essentially differ from the atheist? Or if a Christian, on the testimony of Jesus, receives it as a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that God is plenteous in mercy and ever ready to forgive—if his belief have no influence on his character—if the goodness of God produce not one grateful, penitential feeling, nor call forth one effort after amendment, what doth it profit? As the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without its appropriate fruits of love and good works is also dead. To give it excellence, it must produce and work by love.

And charity is equally essential to hope. Without it hope is mere delusion. Whatever is our object of hope, it must derive its reality from Christian love. In adversity do we hope in God? What can be the hope of the sinner? It is only to him that is of an humble and contrite heart that God will look. His countenance doth behold the upright; but the wicked and him that loveth violence, his soul hateth. Do we hope for heaven. Love must form the character, and prepare us for its exercises and joys. Faith reveals to us the grounds of hope; but to render it available to ourselves—to make it sure and steadfast, we must have the testimony of a good conscience.

Just in as far as Christian charity gains the ascendancy over the heart, so far is hope justifiable, and the good hope of grace.

Charity is again superior to faith and hope, as it constitutes the grand and characteristic feature of man's similitude to God. Though we had all faith and all hope, these principles, however distinguished in themselves, and essential to the Christian life, are not the highest glory of humanity. On the contrary, they evince the imperfection of our nature, and mark its dissimilarity to that of infinite perfection. It is because that our views are confined and our capacities limited, that we are the subjects of faith and hope. In a perfect being, these principles cannot exist. There is no faith—no hope in God. He sees all things, and knows all things. To him every thing is an object of sight—of intuition. He, therefore, cannot have faith; for faith is the evidence, the conviction, of things not seen.

Nor is God a subject of hope. We cannot penetrate the future and discern the issue of things; and hence has our benevolent Creator endowed us with the compensating principle of hope, to support and cheer us amid the uncertainties of our state. But to the eye of Omniscience all events are naked and open. To God the circumstances of the future are as fixed and certain as the history of the past, or the occurrences of the present. And where there is perfect certainty, there can be no hope; for hope is the anticipation of future and uncertain, but probable, good.

But while faith and hope thus evince the imperfection of humanity, and are striking features of dissimilarity between the nature of man and that of God, charity assimilates us to infinite perfection. It is the moral image of God in the human soul. It is the lineament of character which most clearly exhibits our heavenly origin and the dignity of man. God is love. Love is the essence of his every attribute; it directs his councils, his purposes, and his acts. Love spoke creation into being, and gave to every living thing capacities of enjoyment. Love presides over nature, and is incessantly engaged in the promotion of universal happiness; and Christian love moulds man into the same image. It pervades every attribute of humanity, and converts it into an agent of good. It imbues and assimilates to itself the thoughts and feelings of the heart. It dignifies and refines our nature. It trains us up for heaven; nay more, it is heaven itself; for 'heaven is love.'

The grace of charity is the reflection of the highest and most lovely attribute of the divine nature. Were God not love, he could not be the object of our love and of our confidence. Were he destitute of this perfection, his might and his wisdom and his justice could only awe and terrify. It is only when these attributes are regarded in connexion with infinite love, that our fear is modified into a principle of enjoyment; and becomes filial, reverent, admiring, and trustful. It is the goodness of God that constitutes the moral excellence of his character, and wins and fixes by its loveliness the heart of his creature, man. It is his most glorious attribute—the perfection of his nature. And if charity is so superior to faith and hope, because it assimilates the nature of man to that of God, how much is its superiority enhanced when we regard it as the transcript of the highest and most lovely attribute of God: it is greater than faith and hope, because it renders man like unto God: it is still greater, because it is the likeness of the most lovely perfection of God.

Let us view man as a social being, and we shall find another respect in which the grace of charity is more excellent than faith or hope. It has a more direct immediate influence on social happiness. Were the love of our neighbours duly cherished and carried out into practice, what harmony and peace would pervade the family of God! But while men exercise faith and hope, they do not love; and hence the social discord and animosity which too often prevail. Now, charity considered in this light, and contrasted with faith and hope as separate and distinct principles, its transcendant excellence must stand confessed. Faith and hope have their influence on the common weal. Without them, social love could not exist. But their influence is indirect; their excellence, as social principles, consists, not in their operating immediately on the happiness of others—it is by their influence on our own hearts, producing and perfecting there that brotherly kindness and charity, which, while it is itself blessed, blesses mankind. As far as they are beneficial in a social point of view, they work by the agency of love, and without its aid are powerless to bless. Hope and faith prompt to good; but charity acts and dispenses happiness. From faith and hope benevolence derives strength and vigour; but charity walks abroad, uniting heart to heart, diffusing through social life good will and kindness, and assimilating earth to the paradise of God.

Charity is not only superior to faith and hope as a social grace; it is also more excellent than they, on account of its immediate and powerful influence on individual happiness. It expels from the heart every evil spirit—the passions which are so baneful to our peace. It casts out fear, and pride, and envy, and hatred, and jealousy, and worldly-mindedness. It gives a conscience void of offence; and nurtures in the heart good-will and sympathy and kindness. It attaches reality to faith and certainty to hope. It is the actual instrument of our felicity. In its train, are pleasing reflections, delighted feelings, and bright anticipations. And its influence does not cease with life.

It is he alone, whose character is moulded and formed by love, that will enjoy the rewards of eternity. How true then is it, that of these three, faith, hope, and charity, the greatest of these is charity.

There is another reason which is usually assigned in support and illustration of the superiority of charity—a reason which appears to me highly erroneous: it is contained in these words:—

'Love is the grace which keeps her power
In all the realms above.
There Faith and Hope are known no more,
But saints for ever love.

'There faith and hope are known no more.' And will all in eternity be sight and fruition? Will there be no objects there to call forth the exercise of faith and hope? Yes; these principles will exist in heaven as well as love. They will be as enduring as charity; for, like it, they will eternally abide. It is true, the Apostle states as one excellency of charity, that it never faileth, but he is not then contrasting it with faith and hope. He compares it with the extraordinary miraculous, but temporary gifts of the spirit; and, in comparison with these, lauds it, because it never faileth. But mark his language. 'Now *abideth* faith, hope, and charity,'—that is, of these three abiding permanent graces, the greatest is charity.

Reflect for a moment, and it will be perceived, that both faith and hope must be 'known' in the world to come. Can a finite being comprehend, even in heaven, the infinite and incomprehensible God? Will not God, then, be an object of faith hereafter? Shall we know, in the world of spirits, all the future circumstances of our being, and all the events that are to be developed throughout eternity? No, my brethren; much, both respecting the past and future, will continue for ever subjects of faith. The blessed spirits of the just made perfect will have clearer views of God. Their knowledge will be increased, and their conceptions of things enlarged; but still they must exercise faith. We are aware that the scriptures tell us, that in heaven we shall see God as he is, and know even as we are known. But the sight and knowledge alluded to are comparative, not absolute. They express the clearer sight and more perfect knowledge of the world to come, in comparison with the present state of imperfection.

And hope will also accompany us in eternity. It is not to be a fixed state. It will be a state of progress—of improvement—of desire for, and efforts after, higher attainments and higher enjoyment. And when the citizen of heaven looks forward from what he is to what he shall be, and feels his present happiness increased by the prospects of the future, what is this but hope, and hope, too, as all hope is, produced by an exercise of faith?

Let it be kept it mind, that in the preceding observations, I have contemplated faith, hope, and charity, as separate principles, each occupying a distinct sphere, and contributing its part to the perfection and happiness of man. The reason why I make this observation, is, that these graces are frequently employed in the sacred writings in a complex sense, each implying and involving the other two. The faith that saves, is the faith of hope and love. When the Apostle states that 'we are saved by hope,' he contemplates a hope founded in faith and accompanied by love. The charity which is the end of the commandment, is charity arising from faith unfeigned, and a sure and steadfast hope. In this complex sense there is no superiority of one of these graces over the other two. They are of equal importance—they become synonimous terms—each in its turn denotes the whole of the Christian life, and is descriptive of a Christian. It is only when considered apart and by themselves, that of these three, faith, hope, and charity, the greatest is charity. And if the greatest of all Christian graces, should it not be the object of our best regards—of our most earnest prayers and efforts? Should we sacrifice charity to mistaken zeal for faith? Christians differ in sentiment, and, in all probability, will always, in some respects, differ; but they should never cease to love. The religion which they profess comes from the God of love, and is a religion of love. Their Master's example is an example of love. The heaven to which they are taught to aspire, is a heaven of love.

MODERN EUROPEAN CIVILISATION.

'Histoire Generale de la Civilisation en Europe, depuis la Chute de l'Empire Romain, jusqu'à la Revolution Française. Par M. Guizot.'

The strict line of demarcation which is drawn between our Philosophers and our Statesmen, is a serious defect in the social system of this country. One would be induced to think that the two characters were inconsistent—that theory and practice were incapable of combining—so seldom do we find our professors and our literary men raised to the first offices in the state. In France they manage these things better than we do in England. The altar of the Muses is there not unfrequently a stepping-stone to power; and Chateaubriand, Dupin, and Guizot, are illustrious examples of the consistency of literature with politics.

M. Guizot has long been known in the literary world as an historian of no mean excellence, and the eminent situation which he holds in the government of his country, gives to his opinions an extraordinary importance. Our limits will not permit us to enter into a biographical notice of the life of our author, nor to discuss the merits of his various philosophical and historical publications; but we may observe, that he was for a long time Professor of History to the Faculty of Letters at Paris, and that his excellence as an historian is such, as to entitle him, in the opinion of one of our best constitutional writers,* 'to the preference above any one as a guide through the great period of the seventeenth century.'

His General History of European Civilisation, of which we intend to furnish our readers with an account, was comprised in a course of lectures, which he delivered at Paris in the year 1828; and no one was better qualified for the task which he had undertaken. His knowledge is extensive, various and profound. His mind is equally conspicuous for the amplitude of its grasp, and the correctness of its conceptions—and his situation, as public lecturer on history, had given him opportunities for closely investigating his subject, whilst his long and intimate acquaintance with the world had allowed him to form a proper estimate of the practical operations of society.

But we must not consider these lectures in the light of regular history. He does not, like Hume or Gibbon, minutely describe each particular event, but he generalises the different epochs, and considers the various causes which have operated in their production, individually and as a whole. This branch of historical investigation has, within the last few years, made rapid progress. The extensive generalization of modern times seems to have rendered the philosophy of history a favourite object of inquiry; and the researches of Stuart, Ferguson, and other writers of our own country, have been the means of disseminating enlarged and correct views upon this subject. M. Guizot's work, although something similar to those of his predecessors, has distinctive characters of its own. Equally rich in original views, and containing information as copious and critical, the easy and colloquial style in which it is written presents it to our attention more as a source of amusement, than as an object for severe study. It may be compared to a panorama, in which the occurrences of the last 2000 years are brought before our eyes, whilst their admirable arrangement, and the comprehensible explanations by which they are accompanied, give us, without confusion, a general and accurate *coup d'œil* of the whole.

In reviewing the civilisation of the world at different periods of its history, every one must be struck at the want of uniformity in its progress, and at the different aspects under which it presents itself. Such is the varied retrospect of our progression, that at one time we behold the human mind sleeping, as it were, for ages in the torpor of inactivity; at another, suddenly starting forth from the depths of barbarism, and reaching, within a few years, the goal of comparative civilisation. One country we see filled with intelligent inhabitants, and studded with opulent cities; another, nearly deserted and covered with noxious swamps and impenetrable woods. Within a few generations, the scene is changed. On one side, where before was activity and happiness, ignorance and superstition have spread their desolating influence; on the other, where poverty and barbarism formerly reigned, intelligence and freedom dispense their blessings.

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* Hallam.

But although the progression and appearance of civilisation is by no means uniform, yet we find its essential characteristics to be always the same; and whatever may be the causes, whether moral or physical, which conduce to the progress of improvement, we can generally trace the welfare or debasement of mankind impressed on its advancement or decay. In considering these characteristics, developement appears to be the fundamental idea involved; but in what this developement consists, is not at all times easy to be discovered. Take Rome, for instance, in the best days of its Republic, after the second Punic war, when it was rapidly advancing to the empire of the world, and when its social system was evidently in progress. Observe it afterwards, at the commencement of its decline under Augustus, when the progressive movement of society had become stationary, and evil principles were almost about to prevail. Yet no one doubts that the Rome of Augustus, was more civilised than the Rome of Fabricius or Cincinnatus. How happens it, then, that Rome in its decline strikes us as being more civilised than in the period of its rise and glory? We find an explanation in the circumstance of another developement, besides that of the political state, having taken place. What was before only civilising, has become civilised. Although we may, perhaps, no longer meet with the rigid disinterestedness of a Cincinnatus, nor the steady patriotism of a Fabricius, and although humanity, in solitary instances, may then exhibit itself with more grandeur and power, yet we discover intelligence more generally diffused —we perceive the social system more developed—in fine, we behold man himself, taken as a whole, improved in his faculties, and extended in his sentiments and in his ideas.

The idea of developement thus involved in civilisation, as its fundamental characteristic, discovers itself to us under two points of view. The developement of social and that of individual activity—the progress of society, and the progress of humanity. Wherever the external condition of man is improving, and his intellect proportionately developed, there is civilisation, notwithstanding there may be glaring defects in the social system. This union of social and intellectual developement, though often at first sight obscure, we find on enquiry to have existed in every grand event which has advanced the progress of civilisation. No one can doubt, for example, that Christianity, although not addressed by its founder to man in his social and political state—although it did not attack the monstrous evils which then afflicted society, but expressly commanded the slave to be obedient to his master, has, by improving the moral tone of society, ultimately exercised a most beneficial influence upon its progress.

Having thus generally considered civilisation as dependent upon social and intellectual developement, it may be advisable to observe, before entering more particularly upon the history of modern European civilisation, the striking distinction between it, and that of every preceding period. The spirit of the most famous nations of antiquity was remarkably exclusive; and it is impossible not to be struck with the character of uniformity which they all bear. Each country had its predominant principle. In Egypt or India, the theocratic principle every where prevailed; and this we find engraven on their monuments, ingrafted in their laws, and impressed on the feelings and habits of their inhabitants. In Greece and Rome we discover the same uniformity, only under a different aspect—democracy or despotism were the sole instruments in operation. The evils of one system were not counteracted by the antidotes of another; the licentiousness of the many was not restrained by the influence of the few; and the mind, by being continually pressed by one force, became unable to move beyond the influence of its direction. Their prejudices and bigotry arose from this source. They each regarded themselves as a separate people, and considered every thing beyond the limits of their own contracted sphere as barbarian. They borrowed nothing; they lent nothing. With them there was no feeling for man as man; no recognition of a common brotherhood; no sense of those qualities which all men have in common, and of those claims which those who are 'made of one flesh and one blood' have on each other for sympathy and support. From this, two opposite results have arisen. Sometimes, as in Greece, the simplicity of the social system induced a remarkably rapid developement. Never did any nation display itself with so much splendour in so short a time. But its advance was not the sober, steady march of improvement. It seems as if the creative principle of its civilisation had been exhausted by its first effort, and its decline was as rapid as its progress. Elsewhere, as in Egypt and India, it had a contrary effect. Simplicity begot monotony: the seeds of civilisation germinated without maturing, and society, having reached a certain point, became stationary.

This same spirit of unity and exclusiveness we find to be equally the characteristic of ancient literature, as of ancient society. An exclusive taste for one species of excellence stunted the human intellect. The minds of men, bred and trained under the influence of one set of ideas, were confined and illiberal. They all seem to be cast in the same mould—the expression of the same idea: and their works on religion or morality, their histories or their poetry, however excellent they may be individually, as creations of the imagination or the reason, all of them bear the impress of that simplicity and monotony which we find in their institutions and their laws. Even in Greece, so fertile of great men, a striking uniformity pervades in literature and works of art. But what a different aspect does the civilisation of modern Europe present. Variety, and not uniformity, is the character it bears. New principles seem to have been discovered, and new faculties exerted. Every thing appears mixed and confused. The elements of theocracy, monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy, mingle and co-exist. Modern Europe is a great federal community. Her numerous states are sufficiently united by the bonds of international law and a common religion: whilst their institutions, their languages, their manners, their literary tastes, their modes of education, are widely different. The balance of moral and physical influence thus established between the nations of Europe, has preserved the civilised world from a uniformity of character which has hitherto proved fatal to a steady improvement. Every part has been illuminated with light reflected from every other. Competition has produced activity, where monopoly would otherwise have produced sloth. European civilisation is the faithful image of the world. Society and human nature, instead of being seen under a single point of view, are presented to us under ten thousand different aspects; and by observing the manners of surrounding nations, by studying their governments, by comparing them with that of their own country, and with those of antiquity, men have been able to correct their prejudices and extend their views.

The same character we find pervades our literature. Our very defects are the natural consequences of our superiority. In point of arrangement—of elegance of expression—of chasteness of sentiment—we must yield to the authors of antiquity; but in richness of material—in variety of subject—in depth of idea, they cannot bear a comparison. Wherever the exercise of pure intellect is required—wherever high cultivation of the faculties in the abstract can attain perfection, as in works of imagination and reason, the ancients have been hitherto unequalled. But when extensive generalisation, or the deductions of slow and laborious investigation, are necessary, the bustling activity and diversified nature of modern society have rendered us infinitely superior.

The elements which Roman civilisation bequeathed to the middle ages were a spirit of unity and order, induced by the remains of their civil legislation, and by the idea of imperial power. The history of Rome is indeed the history of its cities. For, unlike the kingdoms of modern Europe, it had, properly speaking, no peasantry. And whether we consider the Roman world in its monuments or in its laws, we always find this municipal preponderance. A consequence of this was, that various systems of civil legislation were at an early period developed, and their influence upon the people would be to give them more of a social than an individual character. Their duties as citizens, as members of the association to which they belonged, were clearly defined; but with that feeling of personal independence which was introduced by the Northern barbarians, they were entirely unacquainted. It was this mutual dependence and concentration of power which, in a measure, enabled Rome to conquer the world. But it likewise induced the facility of introducing the idea of absolute power; and the vast despotism of the Cæsars, gradually effacing all national peculiarities, and assimilating the remotest provinces of the Empire, extended the system of civil legislation, and abstracted still more from the individual character of its inhabitants.

But whilst the despotism of the Empire was crushing every generous and noble stimulus to improvement, and reducing to a dry uniformity all the elements of Republican greatness, there were springing up two great revolutions, the one moral, the other political, that were destined to break through the torpor which prevailed, and alter the whole face of society. The victory of Christianity over Paganism introduced a new principle, the operation of which was constantly felt. It overthrew the old system of morals, and stirred the stagnant mass of society from the inmost depths. It excited all the passions of a stormy democracy in the quiet and listless population of an overgrown empire; and a spirit which had been extinguished on the plains of Philippi, was revived in the Fathers of the Church.

But it is not merely to this that civilisation is indebted to Christianity. Its effect in this respect was but transitory—the remedy was not sufficiently violent for the disease. It did not prevent the empire of Constantinople from relapsing, after a short paroxysm of excitement, into a state of stupefaction, to which history scarcely furnishes a parallel. But it gave rise to an institution, which, whatever were its subsequent defects, by exercising a powerful moral influence, restrained the deluge of material force with which Europe was inundated, and may be considered as the connecting link between ancient and modern civilisation. If the Christian Church had not existed, the Western world would not have had one barrier to present against the inroads of Northern barbarism. Fenced in by a feeling of religious veneration, it withstood the attacks which destroyed every monument of Roman power, and raised itself as a beacon above the troubled waters, to preserve the principles which regulate society. Civilisation and barbarism had long been struggling for supremacy; and after alternate success, from want of energy in the government, and from the luxury, effeminacy and general depravity of its inhabitants, the Roman empire had at length succumbed. In the universal confusion that ensued, any thing which tended to amalgamate the discordant elements of society, promoted, in no small degree, the progress of improvement;—and if we dispassionately consider the circumstances of the times, and the state of the human mind in the ages which we are contemplating, the Christian Church will be found not only consistent with the condition of mankind throughout the world at that time, but also far better adapted to the then existing position of Europe, than we are, upon a superficial view, inclined to imagine. The consolidation of power, which might have been dangerous in the time of imperial greatness, could now operate only for good. It was unity, and not variety, that was wanted. The ferment which the invasion of the Northern barbarians had created, required a repressing, rather than an exciting force;—but the recurrence of continual inroads—the ignorance and licentiousness of the invader—the pride and animosity of the conquered—the diversity of interests, and want of community of feeling between Roman and Barbarian—long prevented the settlement and amalgamation of their opposing manners, customs and institutions.

Without society has for its basis certain ideas of order and regularity—if the intellectual horizon of its members be confined to themselves—if they be the slaves of their own appetites—if, in fact, individuality every where prevail—it is impossible for durable society to exist, but each individual will be a source of uneasiness to the association to which he belongs. Such was the political and social condition of Europe in the first period of the Barbarian epoch. It was an undistinguished mixture of institutions, principles, nations and languages; and hence the early attempts of the Italian cities to organise their governments; and the efforts of Charlemagne in France, and of Alfred in England, to civilise their subjects, being all of them premature, were consequently unsuccessful. They imagined men to have been more advanced than they really were, and endeavoured to unite the different parts of society, before time had worn down the asperities which prevented their connection.

The recollections and institutions of the Roman Empire, perpetuated in the Christian Church, were the instruments which, in a measure, effected this, and moulded and combined the unshapely and incoherent mass, into the first rudiments of modern civilisation.

About the ninth century, soon after the dismemberment of the empire of Charlemagne, the movement of the nations from north to south had ceased—men had established themselves in their new habitations—and their mutual relations no longer varied from day to day—their sentiments and affections acquired a certain fixity, like their lives—and the feeling of individuality which they had contracted in the woods of Germany, became tempered by a sense of the duties which were due from them as citizens, as members of the association to which they belonged. But out of the various elements of which our civilisation is composed, it was natural that the Germanic element should at first predominate; to it belonged the force which had conquered Europe, and from it, by the feudal system, society was to receive its first form and social organisation. F. H.

(To be Continued.)

BOWRING'S MINOR MORALS.

'Minor Morals for Young People, illustrated in Tales and Travels; by JOHN BOWRING. Vols. I. and II. London, Whittaker.'

THIS is a work which, on many accounts, deserves more than a cursory notice. It is the production of an eminent man. It professes to teach our children their duty; and it professes to do so after an improved model. It is a sort of utilitarianism made easy: a deontology for little pupils. 'Having been engaged (says Dr. Bowring, in the preface), in the publication of a work which is intended to establish the principles of morality on what appears to me their only true and sure foundation, namely, their influence upon the happiness of mankind, it had often occurred to me that it would be rendering some service to those whose opinions will be the opinions of the coming generation, if the theory of genuine morals could be elucidated for the service of the young, by the blending of amusement and instruction.' 'This little volume (the first) is launched as an experiment. If welcomed, (ships are not welcomed when *launched)* it will be followed by others, in which the greatest happiness principle will be applied to a variety of other topics.'

The benevolent feeling here expressed is worthy of all admiration. Without now giving an opinion about the sufficiency of the Benthamite hypothesis of morals, or pledging ourselves to approve of all the laws which his disciple has laid down in these volumes, we at once declare, that the spirit of benignity which dictated the undertaking, presided over the composition of the work. Dr. Bowring is something more and better even than a philanthropist, good as it is to be that. He is in a treaty of good will with all animate nature. Man, in all his varieties, from the Equator to either Pole, he loves; and he loves, moreover, with the affection of a brother, every winged fowl, every sportive animal, the fishes that swim; and in creatures from which others stand away in disgust, he descries uses and beauties which make his tongue eloquent in their praise. It is not enough to say that he views nature with the eye of a poet, seeing therefore what other men see not; except we add that the poet's imagination is suffused with the feelings of a kind and generous-hearted man, and directed by the large and generally correct views of the moralist.

These volumes are to be regarded as tales and as ethics. They teach in amusing. As tales, and tales for children, they approach more nearly to the *beau ideal* of perfection than any thing we know of. Simple and lively in style, earnest and truthful in spirit, concerned with topics which cannot fail to interest, even where they do not instruct, they carry the young (aye, and the old, as witness ourselves, crabbed old critics as we are) reader along, from chapter to chapter, till the end comes, and the Doctor is reproved for making so short a book. To those who have experienced the difficulty of collecting works which, by blending instruction with interest, may form a suitable Sunday library, Dr. Bowring has rendered a special service.

Attracted, however, as we ourselves have been by his stories, and true with the truth of probability as we generally believe them to be, we cannot keep out of our minds the doubt, whether the Doctor does not sometimes a little abuse the privilege of a story-teller, by levying contributions rather too liberally on his imagination. At some of these stories we think he is an old stager. Picked up in his travels, they have gone with him from land to land, and house to house, till, having been cherished and fed as became friends, they have almost lost their identity in the amplitude in which they are now embalmed in a book. Nor will what we critics call a sense of justice allow us to pass altogether unnoticed, a certain straining after moral lessons in stories, which, good as they may be in themselves, furnish but scanty materials for illustrating the greatest happiness principle. We will give a specimen. Our readers have heard of, if they have not found, truth in the bottom of a well. The conceit is old enough to be for ever extinct; and so Dr. Bowring, aiming at immortality we suppose, has supplied a substitute by creating *virtue in a fish-pond.* Nay, gentle reader, thou must not smile, at least if thou thinkest we design to play thee or the Doctor false. In volume 2nd, page 113, thou wilt find it declared, 'Virtue was there (one of the fish-ponds of the Tuileries), for what is virtue but the exhibition and exercise of virtuous qualities?" The *bonhomie* of the reasoning is almost as amusing as the statement of the fact. 'Fishes,'—that is French fishes we presume—'possess virtue, for they have virtuous qualities.' Wherein shown? What are the virtuous qualities? Of course, *virtuous* qualities imply virtue. But show that any qualities of fishes are virtuous. The writer is too wise to make the attempt. The poet mastered the philosopher.

The vehicle Dr. Bowring has chosen for conveying his lessons is perhaps more pleasing than useful. We grant that morals can be taught by stories less ineffectually than more abstract sciences—political economy for instance; and we by no means design to discommend attempts such as Dr. Bowring has made. We believe that some instruction will be infused, together with the amusement. We believe also that the instruction will be vague, and of small comparative value. Impressions, not principles, may be thus imparted, and impressions, when good, are useful. Something more, however, is needed, even in the best of cases, and often, we doubt not, the tale will be read, the moral neglected, and that too, perhaps, in the very proportion in which the tale is a good tale. In this view we do not know that Dr. Bowring was the fittest person for such a work. His tales are too good to allow any thought but of them. With all his liberality, they are genuine exclusives. They absorb the attention, and leave the poor moral to slink into the mind half ashamed to be found in such superior company.

Of the ethical merits of the work we could not speak in detail, without entering into the general question of the Benthamite philosophy. As, however, this is by far the most important point, and as these volumes come knocking at the doors of our nurseries and schools, where is kept what is most precious to every Christian parent, we cannot forego some strictures relating rather to the applications of his principles, than the validity of the principles themselves; adding, however, that while we regret most deeply that morals should, in any case, be taught without the motive power and directing illumination which the Gospel supplies, we regard the greatest happiness principle rather as defective and insufficient, than, so far as it goes, erroneous.

It is now many months since we read the first volume, but we have still, and have had all along, a vivid impression of the unjust judgment which Dr. Bowring pronounces in the very act of imparting correct notions of justice. The case put after Hume is the following:—A miner possesses an ingot of silver; it comes into the possession of a silversmith; he doubles its value by making it into a cup. To which of the two ought it to belong? Common sense says to neither, it is the property of both. But what says philosophy? The matter is discussed by way of dialogue. Arthur opines they should sell the cup and divide the proceeds. This is set aside by declaring the question to be that one only must have the cup. Edith adds her vote in favour of the miner, because he produced the metal. George would give it to the silversmith, because of the value he gave to what was valueless. Mr. Howard, *alias* Dr. Bowring, after an introduction, meaning 'listen to me, Sir Oracle,' gives it to the silversmith. And now comes the reason, and with it a pretty exemplification of the new-light philosophy. 'Justice, as far as it is useful, is an instrument of happiness; all its value consists in this. It is to prevent unhappiness that we seek to prevent injustice. Now, which of the two would suffer least pain by being deprived of the cup? I think it would be the miner. And which would experience most pleasure in having the cup awarded to him? In my judgment, it would be the silversmith; and if it be so, the question is solved!' So saith the Utilitarian Daniel. Let us see.

Now the case put is in itself absurd, and not therefore to be entertained. In no family, in no court of justice, would it be entertained. If men will put absurd cases, they can expect only absurd conclusions. A and B join to build a house. Which of the two is to have it? The first folly is in mooting such a point, and when mooted, there may well be a second 'like unto it' in the answer. This is not morality, nor even casuistry, it is sheer trifling. It is supposing impossible, and consequently useless cases; and if Utilitarian doctrine has anything to do with utility, cases which are disapproved by the fundamental principle of Benthamism. For ourselves, we confess, we would prevent our children from discussing such questions, by finding them a better occupation of their time. It needed not a new work to propound these fatuities, since musty instances enough are found in the schoolman's ass, starved to death by being placed in the equilibrio of fixity, between two equally attractive stacks of hay; and the yet unresolved question of the exact number of spirits that can dance together on the point of a needle—and similar trumperies without end.

Now for the grounds of the judgment. A will be the more happy than B in possessing D; therefore, says justice, let A have D. On this plan there ought to be a reconstitution of the whole property of society, commencing with a writ, issuing, we suppose, from Chancery, *de felicitate capienda*—in plain mother English, to learn who would enjoy good things most. A pretty application, truly, of *the greatest happiness principle.* The capacity for happiness determines the right of property. The greatest swallow is to have the greatest portion. 'You have a piece of gold, but you are only a miner, and will suffer but a little, therefore hand it over to your neighbour the silversmith, to whom it will be a great prize.' Pauper has a cottage, but also a scolding wife, and at the best enjoys his home but meagerly. Therefore he is to quit in favour of Dives, who possesses half a county and a happy family, yet wants Pauper's cottage to round his estate. Dr. Bowring's seat in Parliament makes his competitor wretched, and affords but small happiness to a philosopher, whose mind is fixed on less ethereal pleasures. Let Dr. Bowring, therefore, in justice, accept the Chiltern Hundreds, and make his rival happy. A thousand pounds to the wealthy man is but as a drop in the stream of his felicity. It will make a peasant into a prince for happiness. He is bound, consequently, by justice, not benevolence, to give to the poor as many thousands as may bring his happiness to an exact level with each of their's. We wonder Dr. Bowring acts so inconsistently as to sleep on a feather bed (or on a mattrass) every night. What a luxury would it be to many a wanderer from the Emerald Isle! Why does not the Doctor turn out, that Pat may turn in?

We suppose there are few who would condemn more vehemently than the Utilitarians, the practices which once prevailed among mistaken Christians, known under the name of 'pious frauds.' Nor shall any philosopher surpass us in reprobating them. We are therefore both surprised and grieved, that anything, having even the appearance of such an evil, should be found issuing from a Benthamite. Yet what shall we say of the following?—

> 'The superstitions that teach humanity and kindness are the least pernicious of all; and, in ignorant nations, have *often a most useful influence.* I should not wonder if some of them had been invented by benevolent persons, who were unable to discover any means of instruction so efficacious.'—p. 72, vol 2.

So, then, because superstition taught well, superstition was right. Nay, worse. A fiction is useful—therefore a fiction is right. The very essence of a pious fraud. Good ensues, therefore evil may be done. Kindness is taught, no matter how. We had heard before that the principle of utility was often narrow enough in the range of its ken; but we were not prepared for so limited a view as this.

Another case. A widow has lost her husband, and dreams he is still alive. George—one of the interlocutors, thinks it would be well to let her know 'she is deceiving herself with idle dreams.' 'I know not why,' said Mr. Howard, 'those dreams are hope and happiness to her; and they do no harm to any one else.' So, then, if a falsehood conduces to happiness it is to be allowed; and by happiness, let it be observed, *must* be meant immediate happiness, because it is easy to conceive, that the widow's awakening to a real sense of her loss, and of the deception she had practised on herself, would induce sudden insanity. A pure and simple-minded girl believes in the honour of a villain, and is happy. She is not to be undeceived. These dreams 'do no harm to any one else.' Who knows that? Is there no reliance on principles as principles? No general conclusions in favour of truth to be applied in each particular case, without a nice weighing of the effects? Must we be always debating the degrees of good on the side of truth or falsehood, and giving the one or the other the preference, according as 'the greatest happiness' may appear to be on this or on that? Is truth not to be loved and embraced for its own sake? Poor and stunted will be the character that springs from such grovelling measures of good. We love not this huckstering morality. By its pounds, shillings and pence calculations no nobility of character can be produced. *Fiat Justitia ruat cœlum.* Stick to truth, and take the result. Often have the long-sighted calculators been ensnared in their own meshes. 'Nobody sees it, nobody will suffer by it, and I may therefore follow the impulses of my nature, prompting me to this enjoyment.' Wretched mistake. How much better a guide is—'It is wrong, and therefore, though pleasant, to be shunned.' And such is our belief of the justice of a superintending Providence—of its love of truth—of all its measures being framed to reward the right, that, we feel assured, it can never be said, as Doctor Bowring intimates, that delusions do no harm to ane one else. They must do harm, *because they are delusions.* You may not see the harm—but if God loves and honours truth, evil will ensue. And often evil has, after a while, been found to ensue in cases quite as free from the appearance of coming ill as that supposed in the 'Minor Morals.' An instance occurs in Ross's account of his expedition to the Arctic Regions:

> 'One of them (the Esquimaux) having attended Commander Ross to the observatory, and having asked what the guns said, was informed that they were naming the thieves who had taken our property from the ship, on which there was a general convocation held at the village, and it was agreed to return every thing.' 'The natives brought us a skin and a seal, and I was again teazed by one to show him where the seals might be found. To get rid of him, I pointed to a place at hazard, and in the event acquired the reputation of a conjuror, inasmuch as they afterwards caught three. One of the seals was very gratefully brought me as an acknowledgment.'

So far so good. Utilitarian morality was satisfied. The falsehood was profitable, and where was the harm? Who could imagine that any thing but what was satisfactory could result? Surely, the higher the natives thought of the Europeans, the more power would the Europeans possess. It turned out just the reverse. Folly was justified in her children. A departure from the narrow line of truth, a neglect of the observance of truth *for truth's sake*, led to an adventure which might have proved fatal to all parties. When proceeding on a journey to survey a tract of country, Commander Ross is unexpectedly met by the natives in hostile array:—

'The noise of our dogs gave them notice of our arrival. Immediately one of them rushed out of a hut, brandishing the large knife used in attacking bears, while the tears were streaming down his furrowed face, which was turning wildly round in search of the objects of his animosity. In an instant he lifted his arm to throw his weapon at myself and the surgeon. The sun dazzling him, caused him to suspend his arm for an instant, when one of his sex laid hold of his uplifted hand, and gave us a moment's time for reflection. The rest of the party seemed to be standing in readiness to second any attempt, which he might make on us. After a short pause, they immediately began to close in, brandishing their knives in defiance.' The result was at length an interview with an old woman; 'from her we soon learned the cause of all this hubbub, which, absurd as it was, might have had a fatal termination. One of Pow-weet Yah's adopted sons, a fine boy of seven or eight years of age, whom we knew, had been killed on the preceding night, by the falling of a stone on his head. *This they had ascribed to our agency, through the supernatural powers we were believed to possess.*'

We will not 'part in words,' from Dr. Bowring. He has a noble soul, and nobly has he poured forth its feelings in these volumes. True, they have faults, but the faults bear no comparison with their merits. And if we have dwelt disproportionately on their defects, it is because we feel that the volumes ought to go and will go into the homes and the hearts of many a family, and consequently demand such rectifications as may leave their influence all pure gold.

It would be easy, in shaking hands with the writer, to specify many excellencies. It would be difficult to specify them all. One, as a sample, must suffice. With the chapter on Commerce we were a good deal struck, as containing no ordinary degree of truth, interest, and beauty, on a topic in connexion with which the most baneful notions have prevailed. Thus speaks Cicero, in his work on Moral Philosophy.* '*Sordidi etiam putandi qui mercantur a mercatoribus, quod statim vendunt; nihil enim proficiunt nisi admodum mentiantur; nec vero quicquam est turpius vanitate.* * * *Mercatura autem, si tenuis est, sordida*

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* De Officiis, Lib. I. 42.

putanda est: sin magna et copiosa, multa undique apportans, multisque sine vanitate impertiens, non est admodum vituperanda.' A passage which, in brief, says that retail dealers are contemptible, because their gain is made by lying, and wholesale dealers to be barely tolerated, and that provided they do not lie. Let us now hear Dr. Bowring, and glad should we be that the comment should be read on Cicero, in certain halls of learning, where we fear the spirit of the heathen philosopher is still more influential than that of Jesus Christ:

'Every one who makes an exchange, if he acts wisely, obtains something of greater value than that which he gives; and this is the case with both parties—each supplies some want or some desire of the other. Thus the two virtues of prudence and benevolence are exercised— prudence, inasmuch as an addition is made to your own enjoyment—benevolence, inasmuch as an addition is made to the enjoyment of others. And the infinite variety of production with which the world is covered —the boundless differences of climate and soil, and national habits and education, gives to every part of the earth some means of exchange with others, the exchange being a mutual benefit. Some lands have their riches on the surface, others buried deep below; in some agriculture is the great source of wealth—in others manufactures; in some mines—in others navigation. Out of their peculiar facilities, commercial relations grow. They are infinitely happier, infinitely wealthier, by their intercourse, than they could possibly be by being insulated and separated. The dependence of nations upon one another affords the true security for peace and prosperity. It is the destiny of commerce to undo what hatred and war have done. Out of the very selfishness of man it will extract benevolence. It will make nationality itself subservient to philanthropy. *I know no profession more honourable than that of the instructed merchant;* his history is the history of contributions to human pleasures. He brings nations into contact which are placed by nature far apart. He brings to the frozen north the productions of the burning tropics, and makes the whole world contribute to the daily happiness of every home. He has given to the meanest, enjoyments formerly denied to the mightiest.'—p. 95-6, vol. 2.

RECENT EPISCOPALIAN PAMPHLETS.

A Sermon, by the Rev. John Courtney, M. A., containing the only Apology which can be offered for Young Men in our Universities being called upon to sign the Thirty-nine Articles. Ridgway.

An Address to the Archbishops and Bishops of the Church of England, on the Internal Discipline of the Church. By A Low Churchman. Longman, Rees and Co.

A Charge, delivered at the Visitation in July, 1835, by Richard Whately, D. D., Archbishop of Dublin. Fellowes.

Mr. Courtney's 'only Apology' is, in fact, a ground of refusal. 'You must sign the thirty-nine articles,' he says, 'because you cannot understand them. It is no hardship to you. No one can understand them, therefore sign.' If the wisdom of this does not excite the reader's admiration, it is impossible to deny it the merit of originality. It may, however, be thought by some to be an attempt, by means of wit, to expose the absurdity of boys' signing lengthy creeds. Of such *malice prepense* Mr. Courtney wholly is guiltless, and we have no doubt, if the soft impeachment were pressed against him, he might plead inability without fear of contradiction.

> 'The objection which has been raised to young men being required to express their assent to this doctrine (the Trinity) and others exhibited in the articles of our church, has no foundation in reason, because it would lead to a conclusion, that at some more advanced period of their lives and theological studies, they might give this test of their belonging to the Church of England with greater propriety, as better understanding these mysteries; whereas, after all the study of the longest life, they would find themselves as far removed as ever from a clear conception of that which was evidently intended by the author of our being, to be the object of humble faith in, and implicit obedience to, the word of God. As it is, *with* these wholesome checks of an over-ardent and aspiring mind, man is sufficiently inclined to exalt himself and to be deceived by his foolish and vain imaginations, setting up the creature against the Creator.—p. 9.

The Address is a very different production, written by 'some great one,' if we may judge from the mystery he throws around himself. The piece comprises the following points of internal church reform:—1. The election of Bishops, their office and legislative capacity, and how they should have coadjutors.—2. The education and fitness of the Clergy.—3. Patronage, and the manner in which it has all been thrown into one theological scale.—4. The due administration of the sacraments, especially with reference to baptism.—5. Visiting preachers to be appointed in each diocese.

The election of bishops is thus. On every vacancy, the dean and chapter, 'after mature and serious consideration had between ourselves concerning a fit person in that behalf to be elected,' at length agree to give their vote for A. B., a person previously chosen by the king's ministers, and whom the dean and his associates are bound to elect under the penalty of being put out of the king's protection. Well may the Low Churchman ask, 'Is this the way to convince a people of our religious honesty? I do not see how two members of this sacred body, after using such language as this, and knowing the penalties which attend any other, can, any more than Cicero's two augurs, look one another in the face without laughing.' Another view given, is, that in consequence of this election of bishops by the king's ministers 'a sincere and zealous Roman Catholic, or a Socinian,' being anxious to promote his peculiar views of religion, might send to the church authorities his mandate to elect a bishop after his own heart, and thus poison the very vitals of the church. This possible danger is certainly a fine specimen of the security gained to opinions by legal establishments, and affords a new view of the way in which the church may, ere long, be in danger. A more baneful danger, however, it has long endured, and more deadly evils have resulted, for we take it that it is far worse to have unprincipled, trading, and voluptuous bishops, than even sincere and zealous men, whatever form their Christianity may assume.

'The question (says the Churchman) by what title do bishops sit in parliament?' began to be debated in 1640; 'but the question (says Rapin) was the more difficult, as it had never been determined by what right the bishops sate in parliament, nor do I know that it has ever yet been determined.'—(p. 9.) Some vague notions of representation of the clergy by the bishops, which may have prevailed when the clergy were regarded as one of the three estates, having now no ground to rest upon, 'the question resolves itself into this, whether there shall be a union of church and state or not.' If, however, bishops must sit in the House of Lords, then it is necessary some one else should attend to the spiritual wants of the diocese, and our author recommends suffragan bishops, to be paid by the political bishops, and eventually to be raised, in each case of demise, to their dignity.

'Of the education and fitness of the clergy,' the Churchman speaks in terms of great dissatisfaction—a feeling not abated by the knowledge, that no notice whatever has been taken of an address presented to the archbishops and bishops, in March, 1834, respectfully soliciting their attention to 'the education of persons designed for the ministry of the church,' and signed by 94 persons, chiefly clergymen of the highest respectability, with the name of Lord Morpeth at the head. The very peculiar value to them and theirs, of the education in the universities, for which the sons of the church labour might and main to keep to themselves, may be learnt from the following:—

> 'Your lordships should take a newly ordained curate at random, with his university education, and I would take a Romish priest or a dissenting minister, and the curate would be beat, in nine cases out of ten, in fair argument and eloquence by them both, on their respective grounds.'—p. 13.

In this part of the pamphlet, too, there occurs another illustration of the security of a state-protected church, which is too curious to be omitted:—

> 'I shall never forget the severely true observations made by Dr. Doyle, in answer to the Bishop of Exeter's speech on the Irish Temporalities Bill—"Why," you add, "not make a similar reduction in the rank of the Catholic bishops? My answer to your lordship's interrogatory will be brief and simple. The reason is, the Catholic bishops set you at defiance. We are not weeds that may be plucked up at

pleasure; we are not those corporate functionaries whose titles depend upon a royal patent, 'whom a breath can make, as a breath has made,' and who may conveniently be laid aside like any other municipal officers, by the same power by which they were created." A fine satire, this, upon the vaunted "apostolic authority."'

The Church patronage, 'had it not been for some private societies, fostered by the Wilberforces, the Rodens, the Simeons, the Macauleys, whereby some of it has been rescued, and distributed to men of God,' would have been all, as the greater part has been, given to 'the dry preachers of a rigid orthodoxy.' The consequence, in the Churchman's judgment, is the spread of dissent, as being more in unison with the wants and wishes of the people. Of course we can have no regret at the result, at any rate; and we are not very anxious that the writer should succeed in his endeavours to bring the patronage of the Church into the hands of 'the evangelical clergy,' if his intimation is at all likely to be realzed, 'the evangelical flock would be the true resource in the hour of danger, if even, like a Zwingle, it were necessary to *buckle on the carnal weapons of warfare.*' It is nothing less than disgusting, to notice the ease and wantonness with which those whose doctrine used to be passive obedience—who still parade both their loyalty and their superfine religion—have lately got into the habit of threatening an appeal to arms, if their views of social and religious policy are not strictly adhered to. It is, however, a sign of their weakness and the rapidity of their decline;—no small comfort.

The other matters treated of, contain nothing of importance sufficient for notice in our pages.

Archbishop Whately's 'Charge' is inferior to his ordinary productions. Wanting unity of object, it rambles on through several topics, garnished with common-place remarks and quotations from himself, till the measure of the discourse is at last filled up. There is something, however, to atone for its defects, in the mild and pacific spirit which pervades it;—a merit the more valuable, because of its rarity in Episcopalian pamphlets, especially such as proceed from, or relate to, the Church of Ireland.

The main feeling in Dr. Whately's mind appears to have been that occasioned by the public avowal of Unitarianism on the part of the Rev. J. Blanco White. It is true that the conduct of Mr. White is not mentioned; but no one who is aware of the closeness of intimacy in which they lived, and the urgency with which the Archbishop pressed Mr. White not to leave the Church or his own house—where Mr. White found all that respect and regard could contribute to make a happy home—can for a moment doubt, in reading the charge, that it was designed to act as a check to the influence of Mr. White's noble example.

The case put by the Archbishop, is that of a church in which there are defects and errors; and he argues that any member who is convinced of their existence, ought not to secede from its communion, but remain in it and use his efforts to have them remedied. The question we conceive is one of degree. For slight defects, secession can not be justified; but if there be gross corruption, secession becomes an important duty. To remain, will appear to be to sanction. True you protest, but you also uphold. You complain in word, you support in conduct. You have the tongue of a reformer, but not the spirit of a confessor. You eat the bread of the very corruption against which you raise your voice. It will not be unnatural for men to say in such a case, that you love ease more than truth; and the value of your testimony will be abated, if not destroyed, by doubts of your sincerity. There are certain stages of corruption with which no honest man can remain in contact, without detriment to his own sense of character and his influence in the world. Such a stage we conceive to exist, when Unitarians are members of a Trinitarian church. They *cannot* worship according to the forms of the church, without a derilection of their highest duties. They *must*, therefore, abstain from public worship. Are they to deny themselves the privilege altogether? In other words, are they to give up public worship? Will their duty to society and to themselves permit this? If not, then the alternative is to worship with Unitarians—that is to secede. Public worship is profession in act. Can a man who believes that God is strictly one, profess him to be three also, and retain his own self-respect, or the good opinion of honourable men? Nothing but religious indifference can tolerate such simulation—and nothing but the warping influence of wealth and station can blind the eye to the demand of duty. In thus speaking, we judge not others, but state our own feelings—to their own master they must stand or fall, who, being Unitarians, worship in a Trinitarian communion. Every man's conscience is his sole arbiter on earth.

We suppose Dr. Whately never objected to Mr. White's withdrawing from the pale of the Catholic church. Certainly, numbers of the Establishment hailed the secession. If this was right, how can his recent renunciation be wrong? And if the Archbishop and his fellows approved the former, how can they condemn the latter? And what are they themselves, but a secession? How do they justify their conduct? Will they maintain that Protestantism has served the cause of truth more effectually by assuming a separate individuality, than by remaining an integral portion of Catholicism? They are right—but then Mr. White cannot be wrong. It can hardly be doubted by any one, who knows ought of ecclesiastical history, or can judge of social influences, that the most effectual protest against error is in severance from it. Which had the more influence at the Reformation—Luther, who renounced the Pope, or Erasmus, who adhered to him? If all the reformers had had the spirit of Erasmus or Melancthon, would religion have been in the state in which it is? A change there might have been, but not a *Reformation.* And who did most for the furtherance of Unitarianism—Clarke, who adhered to the Establishment, or Lindsey, who left it? The great promoters of Unitarianism have been those of its friends who seceded from the ranks of Orthodoxy; for instance, Lindsey, Priestley, Belsham—to say nothing of inferior names.

In fact, the want of his usual vigor and justness of thought in the present discourse, is of itself a sufficient proof that Archbishop Whately is handling a bad cause. He labours at an ungracious task—*mens refugit.*

THE CAUSES OF THE CORRUPTION OF CHRISTIANITY.

'The Causes of the Corruption of Christianity, by the Rev. ROBERT VAUGHAN. London: Jackson and Walford.' 8vo. p. p. 432.

THIS is rather an ambitious book, and is the second of a series of Lectures in support of Calvinistic Trinitarianism, patronized by the Independent Calvinists. The writer does not specifically state his view of the corruptions of Christianity, but it appears from the tenor of his book, that he includes in that expression every form of Christianity which does not embrace the peculiarities of his own narrow profession. He states, howeves, specifically enough, what he considers to be the fundamental doctrines of the Christian faith.

> 'The doctrine of the Trinity; the proper deity of the Saviour; the reality and efficacy of his substitution in the place of the guilty; the personality of the Holy Spirit, together with all his ordinary influences in the regeneration of the soul—these we view as the essential truths of revelation, truths to which nothing may be added, and from which nothing may be taken.'—p. 3.

We do not know what befitting term of reprobation to apply to this declaration—'truths to which nothing may be added'—when we observe not included the being and perfections of the Supreme Father, the moral accountableness of man, and a future state of retribution. See in what blindness party zeal is enveloped!

The writer is of opinion, that all the corruptions which he condemns lie at the door of human nature. That is the treasury of all evil, and of no good. This being vitiated to the lowest degree of depravity corrupts every thing with which it comes in contact. As Dr. Wardlaw in his treatise on Ethics (the first of the series) subverts *in toto* the grounds of moral obligation, by denying the very existence of moral power, so does this author take away the capacity of judging concerning the evidence of Christian, or assumed Christian, doctrines from all but his own narrow pale. And consistently with this miserably contracted view he says, (p. 18) that the actual adaptation of the gospel is 'to a few.'

Whatever error in judgment men commit is uniformly ascribed by this writer to the depravity of human nature. It should seem that our Saviour had forgotten this 'essential truth' when he said, 'Why of yourselves judge ye not what is right?' As soon however as human nature is attracted within the narrow circle of Calvinism, all is essentially right. Supernatural conversion is the only way of being introduced into it. Man himself does not in the least contribute to produce this effect: it is the exclusive creation of the Almighty. And yet, it should seem, that this supernatural influence does not change the 'features of individual character,' no, nor inspiration itself.—p. 49.

The extent of the corruption of Christianity is represented to be alarmingly great. It is said to be 'so vitiated as to become little else than another form of heathenism'; and for this tremendous guilt, too, poor human nature, though having no power to do good, is accountable.—p. 6.

This writer has discovered, that the primitive Christian fathers were very ignorant of the true evangelical doctrine—those who first reared the Christian edifice in the world, and cemented the indestructible structure with their blood; and that the discovery of the true Christian system was reserved for the enlightened theologians of the fourth and fifth century. The avowal, with one or two exceptions, for the sake of decency, is unreserved and ingenuous: we insert it *verbatim.*

> 'It was reserved to the improved literature of the Church in the fourth and fifth centuries, and to the Arian and Pelagian controversies, to restore, in a great measure, those views of the Trinity, of the fallen state of man, and of the doctrines of grace, which had been so far obscured and impaired by the dogmas of an Antichristian philosophy. The statements adopted on these points in synods and general councils after the date of the third century, may not have been in all respects such as inspired men would have put forth; but they were in much nearer unison with *the faith once delivered to the saints* than would have been published by any such assembly before that time. * * * Hence we regard Justin Martyr as a sorry guide on questions of theology if compared with Augustine. * * * Even in the days of the apostles, we find that the ordinary expositors of Christian truth were in the greatest danger of being turned aside from the simplicity in Christ,' &c.—p. 321.

So, Justin Martyr and all the Greek fathers, until the time of Constantine, knew very little, poor men! about true orthodox evangelical Christianity. How many thanks do we owe to Athanasuis, Jerome and Augustine, *et id genus omne*, for the revelation of the true gospel! Such a sweeping confession we did not expect. Justin Martyr a sorry guide compared with Augustine! Sorry guide, indeed! But surely he was a much better witness of the state of opinions in his own time than the professed dealers in 'pious frauds;' and though he was the originator of the great error of the subordinate deity of Christ, we can clearly ascertain from him, that neither Athanasianism nor Calvinism were known in his age.

This writer also explicitly allows, that the most primitive fathers were not aware of the *mysteriousness* in which the assumed *leading doctrines* have been since enveloped. 'Hence,' he says, 'the primitive fathers rarely make any reference to the divine nature, or to the great facts of our redemption, as the incarnation, the atonement, and the work of the Holy Spirit, as involving any thing really inexplicable.'—p. 277.

In the following passage we are informed for what, and how much, we are indebted to the creeds and councils, those pure sources, whence emanated the doctrine of the Trinity and its congeners: 'Certain scholastic decisions in regard to the laws and truths of Christianity, put forth by synods and councils, became the one authority, in place of the scriptures, with the great Christian community.'—p. 269.

The following remark is made in regard to the opinions of the early Jewish Christians: 'The kind of Unitarianism, which, from these causes, was so generally maintained by the Jews subsequent to the age of Adrian, could not but operate in favour of every similar creed among avowed Christians.'—p. 147.

And the great 'simplicity' of the ancient faith is thus distinctly admitted: 'Nothing was demanded of either Jew or Gentile preparatory to baptism, and the Christian fellowship, beyond an open profession of faith in Christ as the promised Saviour of men, and an avowed willingness to be governed in all things by his holy commandments.'—p. 128.

How prone the author is to give a preference to the doctrines of synods and councils may be discovered from his representation of the ordinances of the Lord's supper and baptism.

> 'Now,' he says, 'the ordinances of baptism and the Lord's supper were outward signs, intended to denote the gracious influence of the Gospel on the nature of those to whom they were administered. It was the avowed object of these services, to set forth the transition of humanity from the danger and helplessness of its natural condition, to the state of security and renewed life introduced by Christianity.'–p. 300.

Though this mystical operation is said to be the, 'avowed object' of the ordinances in question, no reference is given to where the avowal may be found.

That Christianity has in fact been much corrupted, admits of no doubt, because it is differently understood by different men, and different churches have different creeds and practices. These differences have been greatly aggravated by secular interests, and a spirit of partizanship—itself not free from the taint of 'filthy lucre.' If it be not essential to the most favourable operation of the Gospel on the hearts and lives of men, that all should arrive at an actual agreement of opinion and practice—a thing perhaps scarcely practicable in this state of ignorance and frailty—it is we think desirable, that the number and magnitude of the existing differences should be lessened; and more especially that the benevolent and beneficent spirit of the Gospel be not overwhelmed and destroyed in the conflict of violent passions and opposite interests. We would therefore exhort all men to a more conscientious practice of its moral duties, as well as a more diligent investigation of the records of Divine revelation. Violent prejudices will subside by degrees, and the true principles of sound criticism and interpretation be established. The great corruptions of Christianity, were the offspring of the supererogotary wisdom of those, who were desirous of elevating the Gospel to the splendour of the ancient superstitions, (in accordance, no doubt, with their own prejudices;) and of adorning the solid, but simple building of Christianity, with the miserable additions of 'hay and stubble;' disguising the form and beauty of that system of truth and simplicity, by the perverted philosophy and metaphysical theology of the Augustine and subsequent schools, which shed a murky glare on the visible darkness of the dark ages. A departure from the plain letter of the Scriptures is the great ground and cause of offence, in all the corruptors of the Christian religion.

W. J.

ON THE ATONEMENT.

To the Editor of the Christian Teacher.

Sir,—The doctrine of the Atonement, according to the views of the self-styled Orthodox, is not, as it appears to me, the doctrine of Scripture. Although the persons who hold this doctrine cannot deny that the word atonement occurs but once in the New Testament; and although they cannot deny that in that passage the just sense of the term is that of the reconciliation of man to God, and not of God to man; yet, I appeal to all who are, or have been, accustomed to hear and read the discourses and works of Trinitarians, whether it is not insisted on, to say the least, that something was to be done, and suffered by Christ, before the Almighty Father could, consistently with his strict justice, pardon the sins and save the souls of men? Now, Sir, as the subject strikes my mind, this is a tacit denial of the unconditional freeness of Divine mercy and love. It is a principle which Jesus Christ himself has not taught, in one single lesson; and it appears to bring into the simplicity of the Gospel, a train of confused ideas and unwarrantable conclusions.

We rejoice in the mediation of Christ, but we see not that mystery in it, which it presents to the minds of our Calvinistic brethren. Why should there be thought to be so much more mystery in the mediation of Christ, than in that of Moses? To the Jews it was mysterious, not, indeed, so much as to the nature of that mediation, as to the extent of it. For they wondered how the God of their fathers, whose love had chosen and cherished them above all other nations, could extend his paternal favour to all the kindreds of mankind.*

Once I thought, as does your correspondent, 'A Layman;' † but am now, after careful and impartial investigation of the subject, powerfully convinced, that the death of Christ had no influence on the mind of God, in disposing him to bless his rational offspring, or to receive their prayers or their praises, their services or their repentance. That the benefits of his death are great and precious, in many respects, none but unbelievers can deny. We rejoice in the great event, as a glorious display of the great love of God, and of the devotion of Christ to the glory of 'his God and our God, his Father and our Father,' in connexion with the restoration of the human family from the degradations of ignorance and crime, misery and mortality. We rejoice in the event, as such a display of Divine benevolence, when rightly understood, attracts the most distant sons of earth into blissful communion with heaven, and breaks down the stoutest enmity of the human mind, which stands as a wall of separation between God and the soul.

In the death of Jesus, we see a confirmation of prophecy, a glorious illustration of the faithfulness of the Almighty to his ancient promises. 'The seed of the woman has bruised the head of the serpent,' even by the instrumentality of his sufferings, by the ignominy of his cross, the pains of death and the dishonours of the grave;—since these necessarily preceded the glorious reward of life and joy which had been set before him, the progress of his cause, the boundless triumph of his kingdom. For to him the king of terrors was made to yield, the bars of the tomb to give way, and the gates of immortality to unfold. Then, a spiritual dominion which he had not before, recompensed his faithful labours and his dying agonies. His blood proved the seal of the covenant of love, in its enlarged application to 'Jew and Gentile, male and female, barbarian, Scythian, bond and free.' Thus 'the middle wall of partition,' between nation and nation, was undermined and levelled with the ground: thus the kingdom of God, as the Father of all, had its firm foundations laid, and his will was done on earth by those who were not before numbered among his people, even as it had been done before, only in the heaven of his church.

With what other sentiments than those of admiration, love, and gratitude, can the Bible Christian view the obedient spirit, the pious faith, the calm patience, the holy courage, the profound resignation of the now exalted and glorified Son of the Most High? How can we believe his dying exclamation, 'Finished!' and not feel assured that he died not in vain? How can we hear his dying injunction to Mary his mother, and to John his beloved disciple, without a thrill of the deepest emotion at such an affecting picture of holy love, and ever-wakeful solicitude for his faithful friends? How can we listen to his dying request for his murderers, 'Father, forgive them, they know not what they do,' and not feel an ardent desire that the same mind which was then in Jesus, may always be in us?

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* See 1 Tim. ii. 4—8.

† *Christian Teacher*, No. 8, p. 493.

Nor may we stop here, while we know that because of his 'obedience unto death, even the death of the cross,' he hath ascended on high, and received gifts and powers for men; and that in answer to his prayers, the spirit promised to him was poured forth upon the church, and has flowed down, with soul-purifying and refreshing influences, to the present day.

Now, let me ask, what effects have arisen, are now arising, and will progressively arise hereafter, from all these rich benefits connected with 'the dying of the Lord Jesus?' What but the reconciling of man to God, and of man to man; in other words, what but the true atonement? The atonement which was the object of all his wise and holy instructions, all his immaculate actions, all his wonderful works, all his fervent aspirations to his heavenly Father, all his sufferings, and all his triumphs! Was any object dearer to that heart, which beat with the most expansive benevolence within his breast, than that, for the accomplishment of which he lifted up his eyes to heaven, and prayed that his disciples, and all who should believe on him through their word to the end of time, might be one; and that the world might know that God had sent him? And when believers of every name shall thus be one, the world will know that Christianity is, indeed, heaven born, and not till then. And the happy result will be, that the 'kingdoms of this world will become the kingdoms of our God, and of his Christ:' and the overthrow of ignorance and idolatry, sin and error, misery and death, shall hasten on with resistless strides, to its grand and universal consummation!

We read of Jesus as a lamb. Yes; and we not only read, but admire and love! Jesus was a lamb for his innocence. The blood of the lamb, was the blood of innocence, whether under the law or under the gospel. Though the one was only as a shadow compared with the other, 'feed my lambs,' and 'feed my sheep,' were the commands of Jesus, 'that great shepherd of the sheep,' to Peter, on an interesting occasion. And Paul speaks of persecuted believers, as 'sheep accounted for the slaughter.'

Now, it was perfectly natural for the Jews, who had had so much to do, by Divine appointment, with the sacrificing of lambs, and which, indeed, entered into their stated religious services, it was perfectly natural for them to make comparisons, such as those which we find in the New Testament. It was natural for them to compare Christ to a lamb, and to denominate the blood of Christ, the blood of a lamb. This phraseology, in the lips of a believing Jew, was at once expressive of an affectionate regard towards his meek and holy friend, Jesus; and of his deep conviction, that all his sufferings in so glorious and righteous a cause, were pleasing to his Eternal Father. But, that 'there is an evident connexion between the sacrifices under the Mosaic dispensation and the death of Christ,' does not, to me, appear so striking, as it does to your correspondent above referred to.

It is not impertinent to inquire, if there be this 'evident connexion.' How comes it to pass, that we are not expressly taught it in the Christian writings? And, on this supposition, how comes it to pass, that there are such discrepancies between the two sacrifices in question? Take, for example, the paschal lamb. What agreement is there between the age of the literal lamb in one case, and that of Christ, the figurative lamb, in the other? What agreement between the two, in the manner in which they were deprived of life? What correspondence between the two, in the use that was made of their blood, whether we refer to the act of sprinkling the paschal blood, or to its being made a means, when sprinkled, of the protection of the first-born in each dwelling, from the immediate stroke of the Angel of Death? And where, but in the most extravagant fancy, can we find any connexion between the roasting of the paschal lamb, after it was killed, and the sufferings of Christ on the cross? But what shall we do with the bitter herbs, and the unleavened bread, and many other particulars easily mentioned?

Again; under the law, the priest sprinkled the blood of other victims; under the gospel, the blood of Jesus, the figurative High Priest himself, was shed. Not to name the different sorts of instruments by which the blood was shed in the two cases respectively. But why enlarge on this point? Surely this may suffice for the conviction of any mind, not wedded by education and habit to the notion that there is, and must be, an evident connection between the sacrifices of the two dispensations.

To his believing brethren, the Jews, Peter says, 'Ye know that ye were redeemed with the precious blood of Christ;' which is doubtless to be understood in an accommodated sense, and not literally 'as of a lamb without blemish and without spot.' But from what were they redeemed? (*i. e.* delivered). Was it from avenging 'wrath divine?' Was it from any disinclination on the part of the God of love, to bless, and pardon, and save them? No! But 'from vain conversation, through the tradition of their fathers.'

But then, it will be repeated, (without any regard to the connexion of the words,) 'Without shedding of blood there is no remission.' Now, let but this so-oft-repeated text be explained agreeably with its connexion, and it will be found to give no countenance to the popular view of atonement. It is plain that the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews is allegorising. His great object is to overcome the inveterate prejudices of his brethren, the Jews, who were indignant at the idea of a suffering and crucified Messiah, and almost incorrigibly averse from the relinquishment of any of their particular rites and usages. And how does this writer proceed to accomplish his design? Plainly, by exalting the gospel, in every particular, above the law; so that, whatever the law did, the gospel did unspeakably better;—and this he does by the free use of allegory—a mode of illustration frequently adopted by scriptural writers, both of Jewish and Christian times. In connexion with the words above quoted, (Heb. ix. 22,) if the law, by the blood of bulls and of goats, purify, ceremoniously, the bodies of men—the gospel, by the blood of Christ, purifies the consciences of men, (verses 13, 14). If the Jewish system exhibit a covenant of privilege—the Christian system presents one of greater privilege. If the former was ratified by the blood of expiring victims of the lower order—the latter has been confirmed with the blood of a superior victim; no less a personage than the dear Son, the Beloved, the chosen one of God, (v. 15—22). Indeed, under the law, almost all things are purified with blood. 'And' (under the law, as is plain) 'without the shedding of blood, there is no remission.' This remission being understood to be (as is evident) from the 'dead works' of the ceremonial law, of which the writer speaks, but not from moral guilt. Again, if the law thus purified the things which were copied, for the use of a carnal temple, from the Divine pattern shown to Moses on the Mount; surely the heavenly things themselves, the gospel antitypes, must be purified with better sacrifices. If the Jewish congregation were sanctified by the blood of inferior animals, the Christian church, (the 'heavenly kingdom,' the 'kingdom not of this world,') over which Jesus is made the spiritual head—this must be consecrated by superior blood, the blood of Jesus Christ himself. (v. 23—26.)

Once more; let it be shown where, in all these passages, (which must be taken only as specimens,) is there any intimation of qualifying the mercy of God, or the dispensation of it—much less of affecting the mind of God himself by the death of Christ, so as to render him more ready to impart his pardons to repenting sinners? The supposition, to my mind, dishonours the free grace and love of our Father, God; and casts a cloud over the brightness and glory of Heaven's spontaneous clemency.

Yaxley. J. C.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

'*Protection from our Criminal Population.*'
'*On the Punishment of Death.*'—Marples, Liverpool.

The administration of the more awful functions of criminal justice among the enlightened and benevolent inhabitants of Liverpool, has had, we rejoice to find, one effect not contemplated, we presume, in the pleadings before the Privy Council, yet likely to lead to the most desirable results, in exciting their minds to the remaining enormities of our punitive discipline. 'It has been proclaimed in the public prints that a gallows is on its way to Liverpool,' says the author of the tract on the punishment of death—(it has since arrived, and alas! been used) —a proclamation certainly fitted to excite the keenest and deepest feelings of every benevolent breast. The writer—one who has done no little to enrich the pages of the *Christian Teacher*—subsequently asks, 'Are the people of Britain prepared to fix their eyes steadfastly on the gallows—not an isolated portion of it, but on the wholesale apparatus of death—to imagine its uncounted human victims at once suspended upon it? Are they prepared to do this, and say, "We are content to go on in the belief that this destruction has been sanctioned by the new and better covenant; their blood be upon us and our children?"'

The feeling which our correspondent thus, and by other considerations, aims to excite, the author of the first named pamphlet makes it his business to direct, by proposing amendments on our present system of dealing with a criminal population, which in 1830 amounted to

12,000; the majority of whom, convicted of thefts, are, after a few months of imprisonment, let loose again into our towns and villages, to renew their depredations. The heads of these suggested improvements are, first, to aim only at two results—the protection of society—and the reformation of the criminal. To attain which ends, is proposed the abolition of all punishments, retributive or exemplary; and the confinement of criminals until they are reformed;—the employment of criminals whilst in confinement, in productive daily labour;—the silence and non-intercourse of prisoners among themselves;—unruly and refractory prisoners to be put into solitary confinement until they ask for work;—prisoners discharged as reformed, on a second conviction, to be transported for life, or detained in penitentiaries for life.

The tracts themselves will supply the considerations offered in support of the views they develope. Our end is answered in calling attention to them, and the subject with which they are concerned.

‘ *Views of the World from Halley's Comet; a Discourse, by James Martineau.*’—Hunter, London; Forrest and Fogg, Manchester.

We will not decide whether the comet is more indebted to Mr. Martineau, or Mr. Martineau to the comet. After all the labour bestowed upon it, and all the expectations it has excited, it is but a shabby affair, and owes the only brightness we have seen associated with it, to the reflected brilliancy of Mr. Martineau's imagination. And on his side, Mr. Martineau having made the star in his course to fight, in the shape of a text, against ignorance, bigotry, and vice, can scarcely deny that, for once at least, it has served a useful purpose.

‘ Views of the world *from* Halley's Comet’ would lead one to expect the spectator's eye to be in some advantageous position in the comet itself. Mr. Martineau, however, has been content, while soaring aloft, to stand below, and has given the public views of society as it was, and is, at several of its visits. To make all things, whether in heaven or on earth, conducive to mental and moral improvement, is at once the duty and the interest of a minister of religion. The author has therefore, we think, done well to lay the comet under contribution, while few could have brought to bear on such a subject either the knowledge or the power of thought requisite to extract the lessons which it contains. The discourse was composed and delivered in the regular discharge of pastoral duty, and affords a pleasing specimen of the care which Mr. Martineau is wont to bestow on his preparations for the pulpit—(we hope the example will not fail of effect)—as well as of the culture and taste of the audience who requested its publication. The small charge at which it is published, unites, with its intrinsic merits, to recommend its general circulation.

‘ *Memoir of Henry Liversege, by Charles Swain.*’—Bent, London; Grundy, Manchester.

There is little novelty, we are sorry to say, in this story of Liversege, for his has been the fate of too many extraordinary men. Narrow circumstances, struggles, vexations, morbid sensibility, wounded pride, intense labour, prospects of ease and fame, premature exhaustion, premature demise—these are the materials out of which you may, by the addition of a few names and a few dates, construct almost as many memoirs as you will of the sons of genius. It is a melancholy fact, scarcely mitigated by the not very enthusiastic assertion, that greatness must pay its penalty; for though the penalty implies the power, and therein much that is exquisite in feeling, noble in purpose, and deathless in effect, yet it is still lamentable to think of the intensity of suffering which is entailed by a delicately strung and over-stretched sensibility. Another view of these conflicts and triumphs raises our estimate of human nature, when we think of the strength of purpose and persevering vigor which are required, and called forth and disciplined, in rising into eminence against all the depressing influences of poverty, social disqualification, and bodily ailments.

Henry Liversege was born in Manchester, the 4th September, 1803, he died on the 13th January, 1832; so short a life sufficed, if not for his happiness, yet for what was dear to him, his reputation, for he has left a name behind him, which at least his fellow-townsmen will not willingly let perish. Nature meant him for a painter, and therefore filled his soul with a love for the poetry of life, and gave him powers of perception, taste, and delineation, which, manifesting themselves with the first buddings of his faculties, grew and strengthened every day. Employed at first in portrait painting, he was anxious to emerge from what he felt to be an unworthy drudgery. He was aided in his wishes by a visit to London. But Manchester itself had the honour of encouraging the first bold flight of our artist's powers. In the 24th year of his age he exhibited at the 'Royal Institution,' three small paintings of banditti, in the various acts of lurking, plundering, and carousing. The effect was astonishing. Fame smiled on the painter, and his subsequent progress in his profession was all sunshine. Meanwhile the exertions called for by the necessity under which he laboured, of satisfying the desires and wants of his own soul, proved too great for his health. He began to droop; he continued to droop—but still thought, felt, devised, painted. Returning from the metropolis, where he had been patronised by the Duke of Devonshire, he reached home in a very shattered state of health; fits of more than customary gloominess came over him; he became unusually restless and irritable. 'I care not,' he said, 'for what is called dying, for I have no enjoyment in life beyond that which is derived from success in my pursuits. Yet I should not like to expire until I have finished some great work to immortalise my name; to be remembered after death is indeed a powerful consolation.' His wish was not executed to the letter, nor in the spirit in which it was uttered, yet even the 'sketches,' for which he expressed an anxiety a few hours before his decease, will serve as no brief commemoration of his name. He lies in St. Luke's church yard, Manchester. Young genius may find thoughts and feelings whereby to grow, beside his tomb.

The sketch of his life by Mr. Swain is an interesting memorial, dictated by friendship, embalmed by the recollections of boyhood, and graced by the flowers of poetry. Yet we retired from its perusal dissatisfied, having expected more than we found from the pen of one who has obtained some distinction in the art of poetry. In feeling, the piece is exceptionless; in style and power, if not in taste, inferior to the subject.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

1. '*Scenes and Characters illustrating Christian Truth, edited by the Rev. H. Ware. No. 1, Trial and Self-Discipline, by Miss Savage; No. 2, The Sceptic, by Mrs. Follen.*'—Simpkin, Marshall and Co., and Mardon, London.
2. '*Persevere, and You must Succeed, or the History of Mary Smith.*'—Marples, Liverpool.
3. '*The Life of Our Saviour, extracted from the New Testament.*'—Simpkin, Marshall & Co., London; Forrest & Fogg, Manchester.
4. '*Exercises for the Improvement of the Senses, by the Author of Arithmetic for Young Children.*—Charles Knight, London.
5. '*Mary's Grammar, interspersed with Stories, and intended for the use of Children; by Jane Marcet, Author of Conversations on Chemistry.*'—Longman, Rees & Co., London.
6. '*Alice Grant, The Two Cousins, and The Fair Day.*'—Darton and Harvey, London.

We have more than once had the pleasure which we now enjoy, of bringing before our readers books fitted for their children, or for prizes in Sunday Schools. The first two volumes, reprinted from the Boston (U. S.) edition, are to be followed on the first of January by 'Home.' The name of the editor is a sufficient guarantee that the works are in reality illustrations of *Christian Truth*. We have long wished to see such a series, and find what has appeared no less beautiful than true. Their cheapness is an additional recommendation.

The spirit and style of the second work make it too clear to admit of a doubt that the writer is a female, as well as a close observer of children, and one sincerely interested in their moral and spiritual welfare. It is written in a very simple and interesting manner, and cannot fail of impressing the hearts of its youthful readers, and making them feel a strong desire to act as did Mary Smith. Books of this sort are much needed in juvenile Sunday school libraries. They would do a great deal towards softening and purifying the hearts of Sunday scholars, nor least of boys, who need it most. We hope the writer will find encouragement to proceed with other works of a similar character.

The public are indebted for the third production to the writer of 'Easy Reading Lessons,' and 'Easy Lessons for Children.' To children, the story of Jesus Christ is eminently interesting, but there are serious objections to putting the New Testament into the hands of a class, even for their religious instruction. Its details are too complicated, the history is too involved, the difficulties too great and numerous, to make a good first lesson book; and we therefore think this little book fitted to do important service in exhibiting the history of Christ in a simple outline, and a consecutive narrative. We like it the more for being in the very words of the sacred volume.

The fourth book is a good companion for the nursery. It relates to a part of early education most sadly neglected. The senses are the inlets of knowledge, and on their condition must depend the impressions received. It is true that in this—the foundation of every thing true, lofty, and pure, nature has done much—but in all cases, nor least in this, nature requires aid. Failing this, how many, having eyes to see,

see not; and ears to hear, hear not; and fingers to touch, know not how to use them. We consider, therefore, that the work before us has been produced in the spirit of an enlightened benevolence, provided as it is, and as it will prove, as much for the amusement as the instruction of young children. 'Its special object is to excite little children to examine surrounding objects *correctly*, so that valuable knowledge may be acquired, while the attention, memory, judgment, and invention are duly exercised.'

'Mary's Grammar' has its merits. It is simple and striking. Its principles are generally good and well developed; but we must object to the retention of the old absurdities of auxiliary verbs and subjunctive moods. A knowledge of the Saxon elements of our tongue would do away with the first; and as to the second, it exists no where but in the imagination of grammar compilers.

The stories interspersed are interesting, and afford both a pleasant relief to a severe study, and a means of leading the pupil to find illustrations for himself of the truths he has just learnt.

'Mary's Grammar' is designed for children who have reached, as would appear from a passage in page 1, the age of seven years. At so early an age, we think it undesirable in general for children to be troubled with a pursuit which, such as grammar, necessarily involves abstruse difficulties. Grammar is a study which addresses the intellect, not the eye; and ought, therefore, to give place to pursuits which may, by laying hold of the senses, prove attractive, and serve to prepare the mind for the exercises of pure reason. To a child brought up in a family where good English is spoken, the study of grammar is, at the age of seven, unnecessary; and the best, the only way, to correct a child trained to grammatical errors, is to place it in a school, or, what is better, a family, where correct English is the invariable rule. If, however, out of deference to the ignorant wishes of parents, or for any other reason, grammar has to be taught to children, then let it, by all means, be by word of mouth—by simple conversation in class—the children being led, as much as possible, to find their own way, and certainly always to supply, from their own resources, illustrations of every important remark made by their teacher. Aid for conducting such a class may be found in Mrs. Marcet's book, and by no means the least valuable in the stories she has interwoven with her grammatical lessons.

Next in succession to 'Mary's Grammar,' we would recommend M'Culloch's, which, at a very low price, contains a full and a satisfactory exposition of the fundamental principles of the English language, not omitting, what we regard as the most important matter of the whole, the etymological principles on which the language is built; and by reference to which, it is to be resolved into its constituent elements;—a study full of interest, mental discipline, and historical instruction.

Number 6 contains three simply beautiful stories:—'Alice Grant, or the Love of God,' teaches us to connect the idea of the good father with the beauties of creation and the duties of life; 'The Two Cousins, or Patience and Attention,' is a needful lesson in virtues, wherein 'little people, of all ages,' are especially apt to err; and 'The Fair Day, or Economy necessary to Generosity,' exhibits the way in which much pleasure may be imparted with small resources. The elegance of the exterior corresponds with the nature of the contents and the style of execution. We wish some of our correspondents, having a wider acquaintance than we ourselves have with such works, would send us for publication a list of books for children, fit for the nursery and the Sunday School of those, who hold the religion, not of creeds, but the New Testament. A low price, pure morality, simplicity of style, an affectionate manner, are the essential requisites; and the works will be more acceptable, if neatly got up, and furnished with pictorial illustrations.

' *The Necessity and Importance of Free Enquiry, and the Right of Private Judgment in Matters of Religion, Stated and Enforced; by Dr. Disney Alexander.*—Hunter, London; Forrest and Fogg, Manchester.

The author of this useful discourse employs a part of the leisure which retirement from the duties of the medical profession affords him, in the benevolent work of making the pulpit a means of good to his fellow-creatures. So apt are some to fancy that the professed ministers of Christ have an interest in the upholding of religion apart from that of their fellow-men, and go through their duties mainly, if not merely, because of their professional obligations, that we feel the sincerest gratification at the exertions of Dr. Alexander; and both on this account, and because we know the goodness of his heart, and his ability in setting forth the unsearchable riches of Christ, we feel a very strong desire to find him called out repeatedly into the vineyard of Christian benevolence. The lecture is an introduction to a course on the evidences of the truth of Christianity, which, we are glad to inform our readers, are preparing for publication, having been delivered, among other places, at Leeds, Birmingham, and Salford.

MISCELLANIES.

We insert the following exposure of Orthodox misrepresentations, already alluded to in our review of Drs. Reed and Matheson's work; (vide *Christian Teacher*, No. 7, p. 405) at the request of the Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Massachusett's Bible Society.

' Rev. Drs. Reed and Matheson.—While these gentlemen were in this country, our attention was called, on some occasions, to very extraordinary mistatements of theirs respecting Unitarianism, founded either in unpardonable ignorance on their part, when they set out to inform the public upon these matters, or in an equally unpardonable and dishonest presumption, which induced them to impose upon the imagined ignorance of our countrymen. We have always thought it a good rule, in respect to the statistics of different sects, and to the proceedings of religious and benevolent associations, to procure information as far as possible from official sources, or at any rate to procure it from those who are most likely to know and tell the truth concerning them. This is the rule which we have prescribed to ourselves in our editorial labors, and if it should ever be our fortune to travel in foreign lands, we can think of no better; and if in such case we should publish our travels, we should feel very insecure in setting down random reports for the truth of facts, and should be apt to feel (if we know ourselves) some compunctious visitings of conscience, if we were betrayed into essential errors. If the Rev. travellers whom our correspondent exposes in the following communication, had thought any truths of much importance that did not tend to advance the glory of their sect, they might have taken a little pains to inform themselves, and thus they would have saved themselves from many blunders which go far to impair the credibility of their narrative. No one can feel confidence in the statements of tourists, be their mission secular or religious, when they make such blunders in literary matters as this;—that the *North American Review* is conducted under the direction of Harvard University: or such political blunders as this;—that the last war of America with England was occasioned by the burning of the public edifices in Washington.'

'FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

'In a narrative of the visit to the American Churches, by the Rev. Drs. Reed and Matheson, in the character of Delegates from the Congregational Union of England and Wales, I find the following sentences in relation to Unitarian influence, and the "Massachusetts Bible Society."

"Of its (i. e. Unitarian) feebleness *two little incidents may assist you to a confirmed opinion. When this system was in its power and progress, it managed to get the Massachusetts BibleSociety under its control. The consequence was, that the* ORTHODOX QUIETLY RETIRED, *and formed a society for themselves. The original society, in the hands of the Unitarians, actually disposed, last year, of twenty-one Bibles!*"

'If any notice can be thought necessary of such extraordinary misrepresentations, it will be sufficient to state;—

'That of the eighteen Trustees of the Massachusetts Bible Society, elected at the last annual meeting, most of whom have held their offices for many years—nine are Orthodox, viz. Rev. Drs. Holmes, Jenks, Codman, Sharp, and Rev. Mr. Hague, with four laymen.

'That the Recording Secretary of the Society is the Rev. William Jenks, D. D.

'That of three individuals composing the executive committee two are orthodox.

'That agreeably to the report of that committee, presented at the last annual meeting, the distribution of Bibles and Testaments for the year ending May 25th, 1835, was three thousand eight hundred and eight.

'That during that same year one thousand dollars were voted by the trustees, to aid in printing a New Testament *with raised letters*, for the benefit of the New England Institution for the blind.

'In addition to which two hundred and fifty dollars were afterwards appropriated to the same object, being one half of a donation of 500 dollars to the society, by an anonymous friend, through the hands of the Rev. S. K. Lothrop.

'For the year ending May 26, 1834, the society's distribution of Bibles and Testaments was 2,825. For the year preceding it was 3,584. A donation was also made in 1834, of five hundred dollars to the French and Foreign Bible Society, in addition to a similar sum voted and remitted in 1832.

'Such is a brief statement of the operations of the Massachusetts Bible Society for the two or three last years.

'I know not on whom these Rev. Gentlemen may have relied for their information. But I must regret for their sakes, that they have permitted the misrepresentations of others, or their own prejudices, to betray them in this, and in other assertions which I omit to notice, into errors so palpable; and which the slightest impartiality of investigation might have enabled them to avoid.'

LIBERAL DIVINES OF BOSTON, U. S.

'BUT it is among the liberal class of divines of Boston and its vicinity, that we must look for the purest and most chaste specimens of classical pulpit eloquence, and the finest samples of American literatue. To this class belonged Everett, before he exchanged a clerical for a polical career. In this class are Channing, Dewey, Pierpont, Greenwood, and a constellation of similar names. Besides other periodicals which these men have supported, they have established, and for some years maintained, the *Christian Examiner*—a review turning chiefly on the theological works which issue from the American press. Channing, Walker, and Dewey, have been among its principal contributors. Some of the most elaborate compositions in that line, which our country has produced, have appeared in that periodical. Were it not that it is too cold, and sometimes prolix, and, as may be remarked of the *beau iedal* of Boston writing in general, too stately and artificial, it would rank in style and manner, as it does in ability, with any periodical of its class in the English language. Among the first and proudest samples of American literature, we cannot fail to place the writings of Dr. Channing. With a mind full of the same rich and glorious conceptions with that of Chalmers, he is more elegant, more finished, than the Scotch divine. No American writer has drunk so deep from the wells of English literature of the period of Milton, and his periods are imbued with that same ancient cast, and have a Miltonian structure, which impart to them an air of originality, grandeur, ease, grace, beauty, nobleness of thought, and a certain turn of expression, which gives to common ideas an air of novelty; and, more than all, an enlarged Christian benevolence, thoughts burning with ardent aspirations for the improvement and happiness of his kind, and great liberality of spirit, stamp all his writings, which consist chiefly of sermons and reviews, and which are perhaps as well known in England as America. His reviews of the Life of Milton, Fenelon, and Bonaparte are his happiest productions, and among the best of their kind in our language. If we had many such writers, instead of being asked who reads an American book, the question would soon be, who reads any other?'—*Athenæum, Sept.* 19, 1835.

INTELLIGENCE.

ADDRESS TO THE REV. JOHN JAMES TAYLER, ON HIS RETURN FROM GERMANY,

Presented at the Rev. R. Smethurst's, Stand, near Manchester, October 6th, 1835.

' TO THE REV. JOHN JAMES TAYLER.

' Dear Sir,—As your associates and brethren in the Christian ministry, we are desirous of expressing to you the great pleasure with which we welcome you back to your place among us

' We rejoice in the renewal of an intercourse which has contributed so much to the profit and charm of our social meetings. We rejoice that we have again with us so esteemed and valued a fellow-labourer in the common work of our ministry.

' The time of your temporary retirement from us would have been well employed, if it had only effected the complete re-establishment of your health. But it has also, we doubt not, added largely to the means of your future usefulness. And we hope to be ourselves in the number of those who will derive benefit from the additional stores of a mind, which we have been in the habit of regarding as already not scantily endowed.

' In return, we offer you whatever aid and encouragement you can find in the assurance of our cordial friendship, our high esteem, and our entire sympathy with what we know to be your desire for the intellectual, moral, and religious advancement of your fellow-beings.

' With earnest prayers, that you may long be spared to carry on your plans for the promotion of that important object, and to receive your reward in their success, we subscribe ourselves your Friends and Brother Ministers,

'Robert Smethurst,	Abraham Bennett,
Thomas May,	William Lamport,
Charles Danvers Hort,	John G. Robberds,
John Colston,	John W. Thom,
William Smith,	William Gaskell,
John R. Beard,	Franklin Howarth.'

The Rev. T. W. Horsefield, F. A. S,, of Taunton, has received a unanimous invitation from the Presbyterian Congregation at Chowbent, as successor to the late Rev. B. R. Davis.

The Rev. W. Selby is about to relinquish his situation, as minister of the Unitarian Congregation at Lynn, in consequence of his appointment by the trustees, to succeed the late Rev. J. Tremlett, at Hapton, near Norwich; the Lynn Congregation is therefore in want of a minister.

The Unitarian Congregation, Greengate, Salford, having sold their present Chapel, in consequence of its being inadequate in size, are making arrangements for the erection of a new one.

On Friday, July 3rd, a social religious meeting was held in the open air, on the farm of Mr. John Buckland, Benenden, Kent. Tea was provided at five o'clock, when the company, which consisted of about sixty persons of both sexes, partook of this social repast, and spent an agreeable hour in miscellaneous conversation. A much greater number might have been collected had due notice been given, and adequate arrangements made. After tea several friends addressed the meeting, chiefly on topics immediately relating to the peace and welfare of the Church of Christ, and the immortal interests of mankind. Singing and prayer formed an agreeable variety in the proceedings. Judging from the observations of friends, and the countenances of those assembled, it was evident that a right spirit was reigning in the breast, and that the great Master of assemblies was with us. What renders this meeting worthy of a record in the *Christian Teacher*, was its truly liberal and Christian character. It was composed of persons of various denominations. In our little assembly the Episcopalian might be seen sitting by the side of the Dissenter, the Methodist by the Unitarian, and the Baptist by the Independent; and then engaging in turn in the delightful exercises of the evening. One gave out a hymn, another engaged in prayer, and a third addressed the people. How applicable to such an assembly are the words of the psalmist, 'Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.'

We cannot conclude this brief notice, without making one or two observations. Christianity is a social religion, friendly to the growth of the best and tenderest feelings of our nature. In proportion as its true spirit is perceived and felt, will men seek rather than avoid the society of one another. Pity it is that things of comparatively small importance—a mere external form—a speculative opinion—a phrase—a sign, should keep asunder those who ought never to have been divided. When will the followers of a common Lord learn that it is his spirit which constitutes the true and lasting bond? It is by the mutual interchange of kind and generous feelings that this spirit will be best promoted. Of one thing we are quite certain, that if Christians who differ in opinion would agree to meet together on religious occasions, they would learn that those virtues and dispositions, which go to the formation of a religious character, and which will ultimately decide our everlasting state at the bar of God, are not the exclusive growth of any one particular creed—are not confined to one religious communion, but that they are the natural, soul-refreshing fruits of a common practical Christianity. G. B.

The third Yaxley Anniversary of the worshippers of the One True God, the Father, was held on Tuesday, Sep. 29th, 1835; when the Rev. J. C. Meeke, of Northampton, preached in the afternoon, an excellent discourse, founded on Gal. v, 22, 23; exhibiting with great beauty of delineation, and faithfulness of appeal, a lovely, but just portraiture of the true Christian: perspicuously discriminating a practical from a fanatical faith; and strikingly demonstrating the availableness of the former, and the more than total inutility, the pernicious nature and fruits of the latter.

After the service, the ministers and friends took tea together at an Inn, near the Chapel. The tea being over, an interesting religious conversation commenced, in which Mr. Meeke, Mr. Fisher of St. Ives, and Mr. Chappell, the minister of the place, took part; every one having the liberty to propose a question for discussion, a doubt for solution, or a text for explanation. During the conversation, the interest taken in the meeting had brought together many persons outside from other villages, as well as Yaxley; this being observed, they were invited to come in, and seats were placed for their accommodation. Among these were some Wesleyans; one of whom proposed objections, such as have been repeatedly made and answered, which were ably and satisfactorily obviated by Mr. Meeke, who very clearly and happily elucidated the great doctrine of the Divine paternity, and showed the importance of examining all other points of faith in the light of this fundamentally essential verity. Mr. M. also illustrated, in a very pleasing manner, how Jesus Christ performs the office of Saviour; the absolute necessity of employing reason in the investigation of religious truth; the sole supremacy of the Divine Father; the derived and dependent glory of the Son; the final recovery of the entire human family from all sin and suffering, and other collateral points of Christian doctrine.

The attendance was encouraging; the attention of the auditors lively and eager, especially at the discussion; and the pleasure and satisfaction evinced by them, marked and memorable.

On the Sunday previous to the meeting, the Vicar of Yaxley, as had been his practice on former occasions, entertained, (though more strictly speaking, with regard to many of them, *disgusted*) his hearers, with a bitter and furious, but futile tirade against Methodists, and all who are so wicked as not to conform to the all-perfect religion, 'established by the law of the land;' forgetful, one should imagine, that all who please may, by the law of the land, dissent from the state church; forgetful, also, that the same authority which establishes Protestant episcopacy in England and Ireland, recognizes as the established religion, Presbyterianism in Scotland, Papacy in Canada, and Hinduism in India.

The violent opposition made to liberal and rational views of Christian truth, at Yaxley, has evidently concurred, with the means employed for the people's information, to whet the curiosity, and prompt the inquiry, of some, at least; and the natural and undeniable result is, that their knowledge of those views has been improved, and the establishment of their minds in them, in no small degree, promoted. Perhaps there is no place in the country where a more rancorous—and yet, at the same time, *self-defeating*—spirit of opposition to enlightened non-conformity, has manifested itself; where methods more unworthy of the Christian character, and approaching sometimes to the ludicrous, have been employed to crush it, than in the village of Yaxley. If, on any spot in the land, the evil working of a coercive system of religion is perceived to operate, not so much, let it be remembered, on those who secede from it, as on those who adhere to it, it is in the priest-ridden village of Yaxley. But what, after all, might have been expected from a clergyman, who at one time can stand on a Methodist platform, and advocate Methodist Missions, and, at another, publicly rave against, and denounce, the whole Methodist community.

JUBILEE OF THE REFORMATION, AT GENEVA.—Geneva, August 28, 1835.—On Friday the 21st August, the Botanic Garden, where the deputations were to unite according as they arrived, presented, from an early hour, an interesting spectacle, when venerable men, who had, in early life, been associates and companions in study, who had not seen each other since the days of their youth, now found each other again,—and revived the recollections of juvenile friendship;—or, when some celebrated name, as it was announced, attracted a crowd of persons, rejoicing to approach one of whose talents, and whose merits, they had heard often and so much.

On Saturday, the 22d, at eight o'clock in the morning, in the Church of the Auditoire, the first solemn re-union took place; presided over by M. Duby, Moderator of the Venerable Company of Pastors. Called upon in turn by the secretary, each deputation, through its president, gave utterance to those sentiments which it had been commissioned to convey;—sentiments of congratulation, of Christian brotherhood, of sympathy in the festival. Letters were read from a great number of Protestant churches, whom distance, or peculiar circumstances, hindered from sending deputies, testifying their fraternal affection for Geneva. Among these was a letter from the Archbishop of Canterbury, in the name of the prelates of the United Church of England and Ireland, expressing a cordial sympathy with the Church of Geneva, and a fervent hope that the present solemnity may be attended with an abundant effusion of spiritual blessings. Churches, of widely differing theological opinions, had their representatives in this assembly;—and yet, all being rallied together around the Bible, there were heard no words but the words of peace, of tolerance, and of union, connecting glory to God, and faith in Christ, with good-will to all mankind. At mid-day, the city, of its own free will, arrayed itself for the festival. The shops, and stores, and bazaars were every where closed. The gates of all the churches were thrown open, to admit the children who were repairing thither to receive the medals intended for them, and copies of the admirable History of the Reformation in Geneva,—the work of Professor Cellérier. What a touching spectacle was this!—all our youth, of both sexes, and of every rank, assembled in the name of the God of our fathers, and surrounded by their parents,—filling every pew, every gallery, evey aisle !—all that the human heart contains of pure and tender feeling, was stirred up and excited within us. Scarcely had this affecting ceremony ended, when the places left by the children were filled by a multitude who thronged to hear the preparatory service of the jubilee, and to unite with their pastors in blessing 'Him who has been, at all times, the rock and fortress of our republic.' At four o'clock the children re-assembled to repair to some rural scenes selected for the purpose, to keep their little fête, and to terminate this memorable day in the unrestrained expression of their innocent gaiety and joy.

Sunday, 23d.—The rising generation having had their fête, the adult members of the republic proceeded to celebrate theirs ; one worthy of themselves, in harmony with the memorable epoch they were occupied in commemorating. At the rising of the sun, all the church bells in the city, in grand and imposing concert, gave forth the signal; and found, in every heart, an echo of grateful acknowledgment and benediction. Scarcely had the temples been opened, when they were filled by immense crowds,which occupied them even to the farthest seats. And oh ! how beautiful, religious, sublime, and patriotic were the words addressed to them ! What augmented still more the emotion of the assembly was the presence of two hundred strangers from so many Synods of Protestant divines, who joined their prayers with those of our nation, and offered up vows for its prosperity and happiness. At night commenced another scene, not less solemn, although the entire city was the theatre of action. First, the oratorio was performed in the Cathedral of St. Peter, which was illuminated with the most perfect taste. To this succeeded the general illumination, the spontaneous expression of the overflowing hearts of our citizens. The inhabitants of the different quarters had erected, in various places, triumphal arches adorned with flowers and foliage, supporting variegated lamps tastefully arranged. On every side appeared transparencies and inscriptions, all religious and patriotic ; but not one that could give pain or offence to the feelings of any human being, of whatever church or country. The Catholics of Geneva have exhibited themselves, on this occasion, in the most interesting light. By the part which so great a number have taken in the general joy, by the excellent spirit they have displayed, and by the lofty understanding they have manifested of the real nature and true aim of our solemnity, they have acquired new claims upon the attachment and esteem of the ancient Genevese population. The Protestants, on the other hand, by the care they have taken to avoid all that might appear in a hostile light to their fellow-countrymen, have given the most brilliant proof of their perfect tolerance.

Monday, 24th.—The forenoon of this day was occupied in a conference of all the Ecclesiastics of Geneva with the delegates from the Foreign Churches. At this conference, matters of the highest interest were dwelt upon ; and the same spirit which was manifested in the first assembly, continued to reign—the spirit of peace, of affection, of evangelical charity, of ardent zeal, and of holy faith. In the evening, all the deputies were entertained by the Pastors of Geneva, at a public dinner, after an excursion on the lake. At this social meeting, at which were assembled more than two hundred and fifty Pastors, Professors, and Deputies from various countries, and of various sentiments, many eloquent addresses were uttered, evincing as much of liberality, as of nobleness and elevation.

TO THE SUBSCRIBERS AND FRIENDS OF THE DOMESTIC MISSION SOCIETY IN THE METROPOLIS.

Ladies and Gentlemen,—At the opening of the Chapel and School Room in Half Moon Alley, White Cross-street, a strong feeling was expressed by many friends to the institution, in favour of procuring a more commodious building for the Spicer-street mission, and several sums were promised in aid of such an object. Subsequent communications have also encouraged the committee to inquire for suitable premises. They have found some, situated in Spicer-street, which may be had on lease at a rent of £30. a-year. They would afford ample and convenient room for the most extended and varied operations of the society in that district. The building, which would be converted into the chapel and school room, is of large dimensions, and so situated as to be free from the noise of the street. The premises are sufficiently commodious to afford a residence for Mr. Philp, and also, if found desirable, for the mistress of the day school connected with the mission. This would reduce the rent to the same, if not a less amount than is paid for the very confined and inconvenient premises which are now occupied.

To fit the premises for all the purposes contemplated, an outlay is required from £300. to £350.; and the object of the present appeal is to ascertain how far the friends of the mission are willing to support the committee in such an undertaking. The committee make the appeal earnestly, because they are strongly convinced of the necessity of affording Mr. Philp greater scope for his anxious, laborious, indefatigable, benevolent and successful exertions. They feel that it is due to him to second his zeal in this manner; and due to the society, as promising to afford it an instrument of greatly increased efficacy for the furtherance of its main object, the visiting of the poor, the ignorant, and the debased, at their own homes. The school not only affords that instruction, without which human nature must sink into degradation; but opens many a door which would else be closely barred against the missionary's entrance. The hearts of the children become his, and soon the parent's hearts are expanded towards him also, and a sort of pastoral connexion is opened with those who never before looked with affection upon a minister of religion.

When once the premises are put in order, the school, evening classes, &c., extensive as their operations may become, will be but a small annual expense to the society. The committee pray you, therefore, to make an immediate and diligent, they cannot call it a very large effort, to afford them the funds for accomplishing this most desirable object. At the same time they beg to state, that the annual subscriptions fall short of the expenditure of the society, and that for the means of operation this year, they are largely indebted to donations. It is probable, therefore, that they may find it necessary, at the beginning of next year, to make an appeal on behalf of the current expenses of the institution. They mention this, that the whole matter may be before their friends, and that no one may have occasion to say he subscribed to the new premises under the conviction that the current expenses were sufficiently provided for. The committee do not doubt that they shall obtain the necessary supplies; but they wish to be entirely candid with their constituents and the public.

By order of the Committee,

EDWIN CHAPMAN, Secretary.

24, Downshire Hill, Hampstead, 23d Sept., 1835.

Treasurer, WM. WANSEY, Esq., Riche's Court, Lime-street, London.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

'On the Exclusion of Dissenters from the Universities,' and 'History of the Reformation,' received. Conclusion of Dr. Tuckerman's Recollections of Rammohun Roy in our next; also, we hope, P. V. C.

One Shilling each will be given by the Publisher or Printer, for copies of No. 5 of the *Christian Teacher.*

N. B. Communications designed for the out-coming number of the *Christian Teacher*, must be in the Editor's hands at the latest by the 15th of the current month.

Forrest and Fogg, Printers, Manchester.

MODERN EUROPEAN CIVILISATION.

'Histoire Generale de la Civilisation en Europe, depuis la Chute de l'Empire Romain, jusqu'à la Revolution Française. Par M. Guizot.'

(*Continued from* p. 677.)

In our last number we endeavoured to discover the primary elements of Modern European Civilisation. We traced the principles which operated upon society after the fall of the Roman Empire, and found them as diverse in their origin as they were in the influences they exercised. The institutions of civilised Rome, perpetuated in the Christian church, were confounded with the disorganised mass of barbarian society, and the most absolute independence was brought into contact with the most entire submission. Military patronage was placed by the side of ecclesiastical domination. The canons of the Church, the laws of the Romans, and the unwritten customs of the Barbarians, were promiscuously used; whilst there co-existed races, languages, habits and ideas, the most various and conflicting. From the confusion and struggle of these discordant materials, we have seen the state of barbarism into which Europe was thrown; and after the fruitless efforts of many centuries to settle and combine them, we perceived the Germanic element moulding and rearing the others into the mighty superstructure of Feudalism.

If we contemplate the political aspect of Europe during the early period of the middle ages, we can hardly view a more disgusting picture. Kings, whose power was little more than nominal, and whose situations were precarious and uncertain;—Nobles continually at war with one another, or in rebellion against their sovereign;—the People oppressed, bound to the soil, disposed of like cattle, and lying at the mercy of the great;—whilst the country was every where crowded with castles, the nurseries of rebellion, the retreat of plunderers, and the seats of riot and debauchery. Nor does the moral world present to our view a brighter prospect. As the inhabitants of Europe were strangers to the arts which embellish a polished age, so were they destitute of the virtues which adorn a people who continue in a simple state. A spirit of domination corrupted the nobles; whilst a yoke of servitude depressed their dependants, and the generous sentiments inspired by a sense of equality and independence were destroyed by the despotism of feudal institutions. The passion for personal freedom which characterised the invader, became in the vassal almost extinct; and if it was not for a considerable developement of the domestic affections, which may in a great measure be ascribed to the peculiarity of his situation, we should scarcely be able to find one redeeming feature.

The local and contracted sphere within which the feudal system confined human existence, and the want of connexion between the different members of its society, were the radical defects which conducted to its dissolution. The expansive activity of the human mind aspired beyond the narrow limits which feudalism presented; and though the wandering life had ceased, which impelled the barbarian from his native woods, the relish for change and adventure still remained. There was wanting something to cement what the feudal system had brought together—to centralise and make universal what was yet unconnected and local; and the stimulus of religious zeal urged the people, with one common object, to precipitate themselves into the crusades, as offering a more extended and varied existence, at once recalling to their minds the ancient license of barbarism, and presenting to their view the perspective of a vast future.

The most singular circumstance which strikes us in the history of the Crusades is their universality. That one country might be stimulated by fanaticism to enter into a contest from which no temporal benefits could be derived, is by no means singular; but that all Europe should be wrought up to such a degree of extravagance by religious and military enthusiasm, as for ages to continue throwing itself as it were upon Asia, is an anomaly which the history of the world never before presented. It was the mighty remedy of a mighty disease—the heroic age of Europe—which, by directing the feelings and prejudices of men to one object of unanimous and lasting interest, gave a vigour to the human mind, and an efficacy to collective exertion, which became the precedent and the principle of a more enlarged intellectual and political system. It was impossible for the Crusaders to travel through so many countries, and to behold their various customs and institutions, without acquiring information and improvement. In Asia the learning and civilisation which had been expelled the Western world, had taken refuge under the sanctuary of the Caliphate; and although in the Eastern Empire a despotism of the very worst kind had annihilated almost every public virtue, yet Constantinople having never experienced the rage of barbarian invaders, was the largest as well as the most beautiful city in Europe, and the only one in which there remained any image of ancient elegance and refinement. But one of the most important effects of the crusades was the centralisation of society which it induced, by diminishing the number and power of the factious nobles. In such a state of society as then existed, it was not from the king but from the nobles that there was danger. The means of corruption and of intimidation by the former were comparatively trifling; the royal prerogative not being even sufficient for the defence of property and the maintenance of police: but the nobility disposing of their estates, or granting charters to those towns which they had under their protection, in order to procure money for these religious expeditions, threw many of the greater fiefs into the immediate power of the Crown, and by these means contributed—undesignedly indeed, but forcibly—to the stability of governments and to the organisation of communities.

After the enthusiasm for the crusades had subsided, Europe began to wear a more settled and agreeable aspect. It had undergone a kind of condensing process, in which its various and unconnected parts became combined or harmonised into one general whole. Where mental vigour was formerly harassed in asserting undefined rights, or in extricating itself from unnecessary restraints, it was then free to exert itself in the unexplored region of discovery, or to dwell upon whatever was most conducive to its improvement. The great body of the people grew every day more reluctant to undergo the inconveniences of military service, and the pursuits of peace gradually substituted habits which were as decidedly beneficial to improvement as those which they supplanted had been injurious. But it must not be supposed that the consequences of the crusades were such as at once to convert Europe from a state of weakness and confusion to that of stability and order. The contrary is perhaps nearer the truth. Their results were rather remote than immediate. Although the active principle which caused the ebullition of enthusiasm and adventure was exhausted, the fermentation which it created throughout the whole social system still continued. If the twelfth and thirteenth centuries were the age of the crusades, the one following was not less the age of associations connected with the wars in Palestine. The extravagance which religious enthusiasm had directed abroad was diverted to more ignoble objects nearer home. The recovery of the Holy Land, with its splendid and fascinating associations, as being the birth-place of our Saviour and the scene of his sufferings and death, no longer enlisted the faithful under the banners of the Cross; but the spirit which once inspired them had degenerated into the romantic follies of knight-errantry and the other grotesque extravagances of chivalry. However much the knowledge of mankind might have been increased, and the sphere of their exertions extended, it is clear that the general character of this epoch consists in disseminating the seeds of civilisation which were destined in happier times to exhibit their fruits, and in preparing the soil which succeeding ages were to cover with a rich and abundant harvest.

In the universal influence which the Church had exercised, and the direction it had given the human mind in the crusades, it is unquestionable that its moral and political power had been increased, and we find it exerting this power to check the progress of inquiry and to extend the empire of superstition. The entire intellectual domination which the Church had almost obtained was indeed its most singular feature, and the one from which most imminent danger was to be apprehended for our progressive improvement. Indeed, had it been able to establish its claim of directing the human mind, the intimate connexion which exists between moral and physical results would undoubtedly have produced as complete a political despotism as the world ever presented.

We have observed the decline of the Roman Empire, after Augustus had established universal dominion and destroyed all competition and activity of thought by reducing every thing to one uniform system. We have seen the effeminate and depressing effects of Eastern despotism, and remarked the deadening and stagnating influences of the superstitious and monotonous theocracies of Egypt and India; and had it not been from peculiar and counteracting principles in the constitution of the Church and of our social system, Europe would perhaps have sunk into a state of ignorance and lethargy which history, alas! shows us to be the inevitable results of inaction and uniformity. But, fortunately for civilisation, the intolerance of bigotry was never able entirely to restrain the energy of mind; and notwithstanding the proscription of every thing like free-will, and the implicit obedience which was demanded for dogmas sanctioned by the assurance of infallibility, we find freedom of inquiry continually developing, and the human mind energetically re-acting against every attempt to restrain it.

What are the different sects, heresies and controversies, which were constantly arising, but the fruits of individual opinion? And, however stormy, dangerous and fanatical some of them might have been, they are an incontestable proof of the moral activity and life which existed. The very constitution of ecclesiastical government was inconsistent with its assumption of undisputed supremacy. It denied the exercise of free-will, and yet continually appealed to the reason; whilst its institutions of general, national and provincial councils, and its mode of governing by the continued publication of letters, admonitions and decrees, naturally infused a spirit of discussion and inquiry which was most hostile to its claims.

The frequent heresies which arose in the south of Europe required all the influence of the Church to repress; and notwithstanding its apparent success, the agitation which they caused still fermented, ready to break forth on every occasion. Persecution ever gives additional vigour to the persecuted, by interesting in their cause the sympathies of mankind, and this and superstition, the two great engines of ecclesiastical domination, were, during the fourteenth century, materially weakened. The effect of this was soon manifested. What popular insurrection was unable to complete, dissension in the government assisted to overturn; and the mighty fabric which had been reared upon ignorance and superstition was dissolved as soon as these were removed. The existence of two Popes at the same time, and the translation of the popedom from Rome to Avignon, divided Europe into two great sects, and called into existence councils which boldly proclaimed their superiority over the papal power, and directed their scrutinising inquiries to the reformation of every usurpation and abuse.

Indeed, to whatever point we direct our attention, whether to the external or internal relations of society, we every where find a number of favourable circumstances, all tending to its moral and social developement. The seeds of improvement which had been germinating for centuries, were on the eve of bursting into a maturity far more fruitful than any preceding period had witnessed; the glimmering light which Abelard and Wickliffe, and other illustrious individuals, had, from time to time, cast over the gloomy horison of Europe, was settling into a sunshine of splendour, which, from the contrast, almost dazzles with its brilliance. Classical literature had unlocked its stores, and directed by its precepts the newly-awakened energies of the intellect. Its varied treasures of poetry, policy and philosophy, inspired mankind with feelings of admiration, and adorned a literature which the genius of Dante, Petrarch and Boccacio, stamped with originality. The overthrow of Constantinople gave fresh impulse to the study of antiquity, and refined the manners of Europe by introducing the learning and civilisation of the East. The invention of printing multiplied the instruments of knowledge, by bringing within the reach of all those intellectual stores, which till then had been confined to the cloister or the palace, whilst the discovery of a new world laid open fresh fields to the industry of mankind, and presented such sources of improvement as were destined to alter the whole face of society. It is in this epoch that man first arrived at a knowledge of the globe which he inhabits, and that he was able to study in its different countries the species to which he belongs, modified by the continued influence of natural causes or of social institutions—that he had an opportunity of observing the productions of the earth and of the sea, in all temperatures and climates. And among the happy consequences of these discoveries may be included the truths which a knowledge of these objects has added to the sciences, or the long-received errors that have thereby been destroyed—the commercial activity that has given rise to industry and navigation, and by a necessary chain of connexion, to all the arts and sciences; and lastly, the force that nations have acquired from this activity, to resist oppression, and break the chains which civil or religious tyranny had forged.

Such being the moral and political condition of the world, it was manifest that no flagrant abuse could long withstand the searching inquiries which were directed into every corner of our social system. Moral and physical instruments were in operation, which nothing could prevent accelerating the impulse that the human mind had received; and though the disgusting corruptions of the Church were the immediate cause of the explosion which ended in its overthrow, an intellectual necessity—the enfranchisement of thought from the trammels of authority—was the true character of the reformation.

Ecclesiastical power, aided by general ignorance, had previously been sufficient to restrain, if not entirely to repress, its developement; but the spirit of improvement had grown too strong for the empty pretensions and specious importance of the Court of Rome. Society was no longer directed by its dictates, but had assumed the government of its own interests, and questioned the propriety of unauthorised interference. The overthrow of the moral supremacy of the Church completed what the events which preceded it had begun. But the spirit which animated the Reformers did not produce a real freedom of religious sentiment. Each religion in the country in which it prevailed had no indulgence but for certain opinions. As the different creeds, however, were opposed to each other, few opinions existed that had not been canvassed or supported. Things were viewed in new lights, and associations discovered and advanced as arguments which would never otherwise have been perceived. Thus were new combinations formed in the mind by which the sphere of human knowledge was enlarged and its objects multiplied; and although the human mind was not yet free, it had learned the important truth that it was formed to be free.

History exhibits few steps of actual progress towards liberty at this period. Governments apparently do not seem to have kept pace with the spirit of the age, but we find more order and efficacy in their operations, and in their subjects a juster sense of their rights and duties. The political relations of Europe were materially changed. The place of its different nations in the political scale was in a great measure fixed, and the balance of power was beginning to be in some degree established. Diplomacy had succeeded force; and combination of power, acted upon by general interests, restrained the inordinate elevation of one country to the permanent detriment of the rest. Its various governments had become sufficiently strengthened to restrain the excesses of individuals; and their laws were better combined, and appear to be less frequently the immature and shapeless productions of circumstance and caprice. The engine of public opinion was brought to bear upon the operations of society; and although often perverted by prejudice, and directed against its true interests, kept alive a spirit of competition, which stimulated exertion, and proved a powerful stimulus to improvement.

The events which have taken place since the sixteenth century, if not productive of effects of such magnitude, nor exercising so marked an influence upon the progress of human affairs as those which immediately preceded them, present a most pleasing picture of the progress of civilisation. A glorious harvest has been reaped from the seeds which were then sown.

Navigation, commerce, philosophy, literature, science and manufactures, have been carried to a perfection and extent to which they never before attained. Nor has this improvement been confined to any particular class; all have participated in its advantages, and a lever has been thereby applied which has raised the whole mass of society. The industry created by an increased commerce, has been aided by the discoveries of science. Man has lightened his labour, by calling to his assistance the agency of nature, and subjecting the elements to his will. The laws which regulate the world have been discovered and systematised, and the absurd notions of speculative theorists destroyed. The march of the sciences has indeed been rapid and brilliant;—Bacon, Galileo, and Des Cartes, pointed out and exemplified the true method of philosophising, by employing the three instruments with which nature has furnished us—observation, experiment and calculation—by a proper application of which, Copernicus and Newton unfolded to our view the harmony and mechanism of the heavens—whilst improvements in navigation and chemistry have extended our knowledge of the geography and productions of the earth. Every branch of literature has also kept pace with the progress of science—they have indeed exercised a reciprocal influence upon each other, notwithstanding the efforts of ignorance and folly to disunite and render them inimical. Poetry, history, and philosophy, have been cultivated with a success which rivals the most splendid productions of antiquity; and through their agency, the truths of science have been rendered popular, and a moral elevation thereby given to the great mass of society, which ensures duration to the progress of improvement, by whatever political changes the world may be shaken. Would that its progress may be as rapid hereafter as it has been for the two last centuries! Nor do we doubt but that it will be. Modern society is built upon a sound foundation. Unlike that of ancient times, it has not risen to its present state of elevation by fictitious and unnatural means; but rests entirely for support upon the industry of its members—the only true source of national prosperity. The influence of mind is becoming every day more powerful. All men seem alive to the great interests of society, and education is in every country strengthening and extending its power amongst all classes of the community. What may we not reasonably expect from the free and enlightened republics of the Western World? Will not the fermentation, which now agitates Europe from its lowest depths, work out its moral and social redemption? We are convinced that civilisation must progress. The tide of improvement is in its flow; and notwithstanding partial obstructions, must roll on. The sense of human rights, and of human duties, is not now confined to a few, and therefore liable to be lost—but is stamped in living characters upon millions of hearts. F. H.

ON THE RELIGIOUS CHARACTER OF SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

It is both pleasant and useful to trace the workings of individual minds on any of the great concerns of humanity, since we are thus enabled to catch glimpses of the essential laws which regulate the operations of thought—to observe the modifications which abstract principles receive in their applications in particular cases—to acquire increased assurance of the reality and value of truths which have been wrought out by our own unaided resources, and to feel the bonds, multiplied, strengthened, and perhaps endeared, by which we are united with the brotherhood of man. For these advantages there needs in the subject studied to be no more than the sincerity which belongs to every good man; for human nature, even in its humblest garb, contains so much order, beauty and power, as to afford its investigator ample remuneration for his pains. The benefit, however, is enhanced when distinguished abilities and distinguished excellence arrest the attention, because principles are then put to the severest test, display their power in its amplest results, and are fitted as much to win as they are to instruct.

The character of Sir James Mackintosh was one of no ordinary elements. Possessed of an original strength of mind which could not have failed to raise him above the crowd, whatever had been his social position, and having enjoyed superior advantages for the cultivation of his faculties—advantages the improvement of which was the work of a long life—he laid up stores of knowledge in all the great branches of moral science, brought all his acquirements to bear on the formation of his opinions and the regulation of his life, and therefore exhibited in his character blended knowledge, goodness and power, in dignified and lofty forms.

If we view him as a religionist, perhaps we may see reason to feel a peculiar interest. The testimony of such a man, whether favourable or adverse to religion, can be of no ordinary importance. But there was something unusual in his position, as well as in his personal culture. In one sense of the term, he was a man of the world; for if literature had his affections, politics engrossed the better part of his energies—so that, from the period when he quitted the groves of the academy, even till the exhaustion of his frame, he was exposed to influences which too many have found uncongenial not only with the high and delicate interests of religion, but even with the purity and integrity of the moral sense. Nor must it be forgotten that his career began when the deluge of infidelity, springing from the caverns of chaotic France, was fast sweeping over the whole of European civilisation, and submerging alike the domestic and the social altar. Deceived, as many of the best men and purest patriots were, by the fair exterior which the spirit of innovation wore, Mackintosh hailed its approach and aided forward its progress. The wonder is, not that so powerful and discriminative a mind at last detected its real nature. but that he retained no taint from the irreligious infection with which it was charged. His religion, whatever it was, grew not up in the gentle fascinations of domestic retirement, but came forth from ‘ the battle and the breeze’ of conflicting opinions, and rose superior to the scorn and contempt which withered the faith of thousands.

He was, too, educated in a country where the severe and repulsive aspect which religion wore had driven many into the arms of infidelity. Unlike Mackintosh, they had knowledge and power enough to make them doubt and impeach, but not enough to conduct them from the portals into the temple of Truth. He, on the contrary, with as much perspicuity and discrimination as strength, separated the sound from the corrupt, and while he cast away the traditionary, clung but the more tenaciously to the eternal.

We have now implied that Sir James Mackintosh was a religious man; and none but those who restrict religion to certain external forms can deny, if they have studied his life, that he possessed all the essential elements of the religious character. We waive, for a moment, the question, which asks if he were a Christian, in order to assert that every feature of the man bore a religious aspect. It is possible, surely, for Nature and Providence to imbue the soul with devotion and benevolence, apart from any distinct recognition of the truth of the Gospel. The fact is not impeached, if it should appear that the deepest and most refined devotion, and the widest and warmest benevolence, are the exclusive fruits of Christian principles, for of degrees of religious influence we are not speaking, nor putting Mackintosh into competition with a Fenelon or a Howard. At all events, those who see the power of the Gospel operating, indirectly it may be, yet mightily, in moulding the great influences of social life, will readily admit that a person who even disowns the Christian name may possess no scanty portion of Christian excellence. Let such survey the life of Mackintosh, and they will be satisfied that he was a religious man. He had a benevolence of disposition which opened his breast to all the domestic endearments, and made his home a school of the gentler affections and the pure refinements of humanity. Home to him *was* home; it was his resting-place—his delight—his sphere of special usefulness; and the picture of the father educating his family by reading to the assembled circle the best of our English classics, with the accompaniments of his own instructive comments, and of the general conversation which often ensued, presents a scene to be loved, a model to be imitated, and reminds one of that all but perfect sketch of a father's supervision, which he has drawn with exquisite grace in his 'Life of Sir Thomas More.' And what is the whole of his public career, from his first great effort in favour of human liberty, when he took up the gauntlet of the mighty champion of prescription, or at a later period, when having assumed the awful functions of the judicial office, he formed and strove to realise the wish that his ermine might be unstained with human blood, down to his long-sustained and generous efforts for the mitigation of our penal code, the enfranchisement of conscience, and the enlargement of civil liberty; what is the whole of his public career but one continued expression of the same benevolence which adorned and endeared his social intercourses? Nor did his benevolence acknowledge the barriers of nationality. It is true that he loved his country and his home, but it is equally true that he loved his kind. In him the persecuted missionary found an eloquent advocate, and the now emancipated African might not even yet have lost the weight of his chains had not Mackintosh thought, and written, and spoke.

So pure and tender was his benevolence, that he does not appear to have been capable of revenge. It is almost needless to say that he had injuries and provocations to suffer under; but, with a rare exception to what is usual even with good men, he bore them without anger, and requited them, if at all, with kindness. For myself, I know of few men whose mind was more thoroughly pervaded with enlightened benevolence. Light, power, and love were the constituents of his character. And thus it is that in all his writings, in all his meditations, so far as they are known, you see the spirit of wisdom and benignity which characterise the Gospel. Nothing narrow, mean, or illiberal had a place in his bosom. Even when you are compelled to dissent from his conclusions, you cannot fail to admire the motives which actuate him—the end he pursues—the means he employs. His works, therefore, are a rich repository of quickening, elevating, purifying thought. He loves to dwell on those views of human nature, and on those scenes of man's history, which are pleasant to the eye and improving to the character. And so mild was he in his judgments, that he carried extenuations even to an extreme, and was severe only on compulsion.

He was a mortal, and therefore was not guiltless. We may even admit that his sins of omission were unusually numerous and heavy; for as few have possessed his means of usefulness, and few have had so lofty a standard of duty, so few could have been liable to so many failures. But when we think of what he actually effected in the work of self-improvement and of general usefulness, and compare that with what some—his equals in opportunity—have done and have left undone, it is then that we feel the full extent of a weakness which prompted the utterance of his many self-reproaches; and are made to love the man almost as much in connexion with his failures as with his benevolent exertions.

In fact, a deep and lively sense of responsibility was at the foundation of his character. He was less than most men under the influence of that cheat which the imagination plays upon the feelings, when it invests literary acquirements and mental power with the appearance of being the pure product of our own exertions, and consequently a possession in our own right. Whatever he had, he held as a trust. He felt and acted under the recognition of the fact, that every good and perfect gift, both of the intellectual and the moral nature, cometh down from the Father of Lights. Hence he held himself accountable for his time, his talents, his opportunities; and hence, though the whole bearing of his heart was to literary ease, he laboured diligently for the good of his kind; and when, as was too often the case, conscience reproved him for his comparative inefficiency, he listened in humility to its upbraidings, and renewed his strivings after fuller measures of obedience. Failure with him did not issue in defeat. From his falls he rose with renewed strength, because his sense of duty was sustained in its elasticity by the felt presence of God. Progress was the aim of his existence.

The sketch I have given is surely that of a religious character. I wish I could believe that there was no pre-eminence in his excellence; but I am afraid that few, even of those who made larger professions of religion than Sir James Mackintosh, have been found his equal. It would be a benefit, indeed, to our common Christianity, and an honour to human nature, were the multitude of believers of a kindred spirit.

I proceed to remark, that he acknowledged the power by which he was obviously swayed. He was a Christian in profession as well as reality. That he was a professed believer in Christ, in his last illness, can be doubted by no one who has perused the account his son has given of his feelings during its continuance :—

> 'His nights were very wakeful, and spent in much uneasiness of body; he became very silent and thoughtful—had *his Bible frequently open before him*—spoke more than usual upon religious subjects—perhaps it would be more correct to say, upon God and his disposition towards man. His mind seemed less occupied with speculations, and more with his own personal relationship to his Creator.'—vol. ii, p. 484.
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> 'He was often very thoughtful, and it was evident he was contemplating the probability of his death. The character of his conversation, when he did speak, was most affecting; he talked of his own past life with so much humility, and so much severity—seemed so little conscious of his great and good qualities, and so desirous that his children should profit by what he called his errors.
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> 'At other times, he would speak of God with more reverence and awe than I have almost ever met with. His voice fell—his whole person seemed to bow down, as if conscious of a superior presence—while, in a subdued, solemn, deeply thoughtful manner, he slowly expressed himself.'
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> 'I one day read to him the 29th chapter of Proverbs, which affected him to tears. Our Lord Jesus Christ was very frequently the subject of his thoughts; he seemed often perplexed, and unable to comprehend much of his history. He once said to me, "It is a great mystery to me, I cannot understand it." At another time he told me, that during the many sleepless nights he passed, the contemplation of the character of Jesus Christ, and thoughts concerning the Gospel, with prayer to God, was his chief occupation. He spoke of the delight he had in dwelling upon his noble character. I have heard his voice falter as he repeated, "He went about doing good"; but he added, "There is much connected with him that I cannot understand." I cannot attempt to give his own words, but his difficulty lay in the account given of the manner in which Jesus becomes the Saviour of men.
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> 'I have already mentioned that he suffered much pain. One morning he told me that he had been praying to God to deliver him from his sufferings, and to permit him to die. I spoke of the solemnity of death and the awfulness of meeting God; and that I felt we ought first to seek of God to be prepared by him to meet him. He was silent a little, and thoughtful, and then answered, "I thought we might have such perfect confidence in God, that we might even venture to make known to him all our sufferings and all our wants, and that he would not be offended; it was in this belief I asked him to put an end to my sufferings:—with submission, however, I desire to ask it." On another occasion, I told him a friend had prayed for him; he seemed pleased, and said, "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."

I must here observe, that the full force of such quotations of Scripture by my father, will not be felt in a country where they are so common; except, I further add, that it was no habit of his; and whenever he used Scripture language as the expression of his feelings, he did so with much thought and great solemnity of manner.

'At one time he suddenly stopped, and said, "What is the name of that man who writes upon decrees, and upon election?" None of us could satisfy him; and after repeating his question, he paused some time, and then added, with a smile, "He cannot frighten me now."

'Whenever a word from the Scriptures was repeated to him, he always manifested that he heard it; and I especially observed, that at every mention of the name of Jesus Christ, if his eyes were closed, he always opened them and looked at the person who had spoken them. I said to him at one time, "Jesus Christ loves you;" he answered slowly, and pausing between each word, "Jesus Christ—love—the same thing." He uttered these last words with a most sweet smile. After long silence, he said, "I believe."—We said, in a voice of inquiry—"in God?" He answered—"in Jesus." He spoke but once more after this. Upon our inquiry how he felt, he said he was happy.'—vol. ii, p. 485 *et seq.*

'—— Religious sentiments, such as might be embodied in his own confession, that there was "nothing in this world *so* right as to cultivate and exercise kindness—the most evangelical of all doctrines—the principle of Jesus Christ"—and which led him to look forward with ardent hope and humble faith, to the days when tears shall be "wiped from all eyes."'—vol. ii, p. 507.

The same fact will appear, if we adduce some passages from his biography, referring to earlier periods of his life:—

'I have just glanced over Jeremy Taylor on the Beatitudes. The selection is made in the most sublime spirit of virtue. To their transcendant excellence, I can find no words to express my admiration and reverence. "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall find mercy." "Put on my beloved, as the elect of God, bowels of mercy." At last the Divine speaker rises to the summit of moral sublimity: "Blessed are they who are persecuted for righteousness' sake."

'For a moment, "O teacher blessed," I taste the unspeakable delight of feeling myself to be better. I feel as in the days of my youth, that "hunger and thirst after righteousness," which long habits of infirmity and the low concerns of the world, have contributed to extinguish.'—p. 124, vol. ii.

'The *philosophy* which I have learnt only teaches me that virtue and friendship are the greatest of human blessings, and that their loss is irreparable. It aggravates my calamity, instead of consoling me under it. My wounded heart seeks *another* consolation. Governed by these feelings, which have in every age and region of the world actuated the human mind, I seek relief, and I find it in the soothing hope and consolatory opinion, that a benevolent wisdom inflicts the chastisement, as well as bestows the enjoyments of human life; that superintending goodness will one day enlighten the darkness which surrounds our nature and hangs over our prospects; that this dreary and wretched life is not the whole of man; that an animal so sagacious and provident, and capable of such proficiency in science and virtue, is not like the beasts which perish; that there is a dwelling-place prepared for the spirits of the just, and that the ways of God will yet be vindicated to man. The sentiments of religion which were implanted in my mind in my early youth, and which were revived by the awful scenes which I have seen passing before my eyes in the world, are, I trust, deeply rooted in my heart by this great calamity. I shall not offend your rational piety, by saying, that modes and opinions appear to me matters of secondary importance, but I can sincerely declare, that Christianity, in its genuine purity and spirit, appears to me the most amiable and venerable of all the forms in which the homage of man has ever been offered to the Author of his being.'—*Letter on the death of his wife, to Dr. Parr*, vol. i, p. 97.

Mackintosh was not without a reason of the hope that was in him. Religious questions engaged his earliest and his latest attention. In the closing period of his life, a friend remarks, 'his conversation then fell on poetry, which, next to religious subjects, is his favorite topic.'* Not long previous to this, we find him engaged in a correspondence with the Bishop of Llandaff, on the subject of the Divine decrees.† Of theology, he was a careful, if not an habitual, student. In his journal occur the following passages:—' Finished the third volume of Eichorn. It is a reproach to English literature, that bigotry has hindered this work from being translated.'‡ ' Read Brown (' On Causation,' probably) before breakfast. Found the true answer to Hume's Essay on Miracles, which I had discovered twenty years ago.'§ ' I have just read Priestley's Life of Himself. It is an honest, plain, and somewhat dry account of a well-spent life.'‖

' Yesterday and this morning, I have glanced over the first and part of the second volume of ' Lardner's Credibility,' which seems to prove very well, the antiquity and very general reception, at least of the four gospels.'—vol. i, p. 244. ' In spite of my resolution, Lardner led me to look through the famous fifteenth and sixteenth chapters of Gibbon. I could not lay them down without finishing them. The causes assigned in the fifteenth chapter, for the diffusion of Christianity, must, no doubt, have contributed to it materially; but I doubt whether he saw them at all. Perhaps those which he enumerates are among the most obvious. They might all be safely adopted by a Christian writer, with some change in the language and manner. The tenth chapter I cannot help considering as a very ingenious and specious, but very disgraceful extenuation of the cruelties perpetrated by the Roman magistrates against the Christians. Dr. Robertson has been the subject of much blame for his real or supposed lenity towards the Spanish murderers and tyrants in America. That the sixteenth chapter of Mr. Gibbon did not excite the same or greater disapprobation, is a proof of the unphilosophical, and indeed fanatical animosity against Christianity, which was so prevalent during the latter part of the nineteenth century.'—vol. i, p. 246.

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* Life, vol. ii, p. 467.

† Ibid. 424.

‡ Vol. i, p. 396.

§ Ibid. p. 397.

‖ Ibid. p. 349.

At one time in his youth, 'he devoted eight days of intense study to obtain a mastery over the controversy between Dr. Priestley and Bishop Horsley.'*

'I have little recollection of the first two years at school. An usher of the school, Duncan, who boarded in the same house with me, was suspected of some heretical opinions. The boarding mistress, who was very pious and orthodox, rebuked him with great sharpness; and I remember her reporting her own speech to her husband and the other boarders, with an air of no little exultation. I have a faint remembrance of the usher even quoting the Savoyard creed, and having heard of Clarke's Scripture Doctrine of the Trinity. This infant heresy was silenced by the emigration of the poor usher to Jamaica, where, I believe, he soon after died. I rather think it contributed to make my mind free and inquisitive. Theological controversy has been the general inducement of individuals and nations to engage in metaphysical speculation. It was at least the circumstance which directed my curiosity towards those objects, which have vainly exercised it during my subsequent life. I have now a distinct recollection of the great impression which Burnet's Commentary on the Thirty-nine Articles made on me.'—vol. i, p. 4. 'I became a warm advocate for free-will, and before I was fourteen I was probably the boldest heretic in the county.'—vol. i, p. 5.

Perhaps no influence was greater than that which he received from the celebrated Robert Hall. They were fellow-collegians, and of a kindred spirit; and both deeply intent on the quest of truth, and the work of self-improvement, they passed much of their time in the interchange and conflict of thought, and doubtless contributed much to each other's highest welfare.

'Robert Hall (then at College) displayed the same acuteness and brilliancy, the same extraordinary vigour, both of understanding and imagination, which have since distinguished him, and which would have secured him much more of the admiration of the learned and the elegant, if he had not *consecrated his genius to the far nobler office of instructing and reforming the poor.*'—vol. i, p. 13.

'His (Hall's) society and conversation had a great influence on my mind; our controversies were almost unceasing. We lived in the same house, and we were both very disputatious. He led me to the perusal of Edwards' book on Free-will, which Dr. Priestley had pointed out before. We formed a little debating society, in which one of the subjects of dispute was, the duration of future punishment. Hall defended the rigid, and I the more lenient opinion.'—vol. i, p. 14.

Among those evidences which serve to show that Mackintosh was a Christian on enquiry and conviction, may justifiably be placed some passages which exhibit him as feeling and acting as a sincere unbeliever could scarcely have done.

'Sunday.—The day is mild and beautiful; the shrubs continue to bud, and the flower-garden is almost dug through. The sound of the church bell at Ware pleased me with the reflection that multitudes, even of the humblest classes of men, were at the same moment aspiring to the contemplation of objects the most elevated above their low thoughts and common occupations.'—*From his Journal*, vol. ii, p. 409.

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* Vol. i, p. 16.

'He talked of St. John's Gospel, and doubted as to what was the exact meaning of what the Baptist said of Christ—"He shall baptise with the Holy Ghost and with fire;" whether it meant more than the purifying influence of the spirit and doctrines of Christ, as in the manner of Isaiah's vision, when his lips were touched by a live coal from the altar —in other words, fire.'—vol. ii, p. 470.

'He would from time to time preside, as he had been accustomed whilst at Wheedon, at the meetings round about, of the Bible Society; an association, whose catholic character much interested his religious sentiments.'—vol. ii, p. 408.

On his journey to India—'On Sundays, whenever the weather permitted, a church was rigged out upon the quarter-deck, and he read the service from the Book of Common Prayer, to the whole ship's company, in a simple and impressive style.'—vol. i, p. 205.

In these extracts, which extend to the whole period of his life, there is evidence enough that Mackintosh thought, felt, and acted as a Christian. I have met with one, and but one, passage, which may be thought to require a different interpretation:—

'18th, Sunday.—I went to the funeral sermon (for Governor Duncan.) The principal part consisted of some arguments of the immortality of the soul. In the eloquence of Cicero, or Fénélon, and Addison, the reasons in behalf of this venerable and consolatory opinion had appeared strong and sound; but in the preacher's statement, they shrunk into a *mortifying* state of meagreness. Contemplations passed in my mind which I should be almost afraid to communicate to any creature.'—vol. ii, p. 119.

Let it be observed, however, that he expresses his satisfaction with the arguments in favour of the immortality of the soul, as adduced by Cicero, Fénélon, and Addison; and it was only the inefficiency of the preacher which produced misgivings—misgivings which were certainly involuntary, and probably transient. For the contemplations which ensued, it is sufficient to remark that we have no evidence that they were any thing more than such airy speculations as may pass through any mind acquainted with the several anti-religious theories that have been broached.

> 'Evil into the mind of God or man
> May come and go, so unreproved, and leave
> No spot or blame behind: which gives me hope
> That what in sleep thou didst abhor to dream,
> Waking thou never wilt consent to do.'

We certainly know, from his own lips, that his doubts did not issue in positive disbelief of a future state; for setting aside what has been already cited, we find him, in the following interesting incident, pouring the balm of consolation into the bosom of a dying friend.

> 'Found poor old C. in bed—joyless, hopeless, and almost lifeless. He says that his thoughts are fixed on the great veil about to be rent between him and futurity. I endeavoured to give him hopes of a moral government and a future state, which he received with pleasure. Both of us agreed in the innocence of involuntary doubt.'—vol. ii, p. 238.

And he has left on record a distinct condemnation of such infidelity as may appear to be implied in the passage on which we are remarking.

> 'A system of universal scepticism (if that be not a contradiction in terms), can never be entitled to rank higher than as an exercise of ingenuity, aod an amusement of contemplative leisure.'*

The habits and tendencies of his mind were all of such a character, as to cause him to neglect the external, in his anxiety to get to the essential. It was not forms, but realities, not the partial, but the universal, that attracted his attention and won his heart. We must not, therefore, expect to ascertain, with any force of evidence, the exact view which he took of the several questions which are disputed in the religious world. That he was not a Trinitarian Christian might be inferred from the entire want of any word from his lips in favour of any form of the Trinity, but some positive evidence to the same effect appears in what ensues.

> 'On returning home, he fell on religious subjects. He said it was remarkable that we make a point of faith respecting the Trinity, not one word of which was mentioned or hinted at in the New Testament.'—vol. ii, p. 468.

To the same effect, probably, are some words which occur in a passage already cited, relating to difficulties expressed in his last illness: a passage which, if understood, as I think it likely it should be, as proceeding from the pen of one of the Evangelical school, seems to show that he no more received the vulgar notions respecting the atonement, than those which relate to the metaphysical question of God's essence. There is certainly no want of evidence in proof of his having but few sympathies with Calvinism in any of its forms, and I can well imagine the dignified pity which would cover his features, when he witnessed incidents which authorised him to pen what follows:—

> 'They have introduced a new language, in which they never say that A. B. is good, or virtuous, or even religious: but that he is an "advanced Christian." "Dear Mr. Wilberforce is the most advanced Christian." "Mrs. C. has lost three children without a pang, and is so advanced a Christian, that she could see the remaining twenty, with poor dear Mr. C., removed with perfect tranquillity."'—vol. ii, p. 353.

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* Vol. i, p. 257.

It is, then, sufficiently evident that Sir James Mackintosh was a Christian of that school which disowns all religious authority, save that of Christ as exhibited in the New Testament. Of the character and teachings of Jesus, he was a diligent student, and a grateful admirer. From the petty strifes of tongues, he escaped to the pure, tranquil and bright atmosphere of the religion whose essence consists in the love of God, of Christ, and man:

> ———— Semper sine nubibus æther
> Integer, et large diffuso lumine ridet.

d.

ON FEMALE EDUCATION.

(Concluded from page 661.*)*

The first important years, full of maternal solicitude and maternal felicity, glide imperceptibly away. The nursery is more and more frequently deserted for the school-room and the parlour. The infant passes into the child, and the child passes forward towards the morn of womanhood. It is now that the father begins to look to his daughters for a part of his happiness. He traces in their maturing forms, and beaming faces, a resemblance to what their mother was when he first knew her, and delights to receive at their hands those little attentions which it is the peculiar province of woman to bestow, and which the cares of a family have perhaps prevented his wife from paying quite so often as she would have wished.

The change from one period of existence to another is so gradual, that it cannot be said of any that it has a last day. It is very desirable, therefore, that there should never be a time when it is necessary to supply entirely new and stronger motives of action. The requirements of maturer years should rather be met by the more and more perfect developement of those which have originally been suggested. The elements of those influences which are to direct the conduct of the adult, should be contained in the very first lessons which are given to a child, simplified, indeed, and adapted to its capacity, but retaining the essential essence of that which constitutes the strength and beauty they will one day be felt to possess.

To perceive all that is comprehended in this principle, it will be necessary to scrutinize very strictly the motives we are accustomed to present to children, and to analyze their effect upon the young mind. We need not, it is to be feared, go back to the past generation, to find examples of persons who contend that the young should be made to yield to authority an implicit and passive obedience, for its own sake; or of others, who insist that the spirit of a child ought to be broken. The meaning of a broken spirit, in this sense, those who most admire it perhaps hardly comprehend. In Scripture language, the term is applied to a mind bowed down by remorse, in which sense it cannot refer to that of a child. Those who use the phrase to describe the *ne plus ultra* of a good subject, probably mean by it a spirit that dares not rebel; which never dreams of criticizing established authority, and which is prepared to receive, without an audible murmur, any kind of treatment from the hands of those in power. That upon the foundation such a disposition affords, it is easy to rear any superstructure, is a delusion too flattering, and bears too much the appearance of a reality to be easily controverted. It is not till we examine the building very carefully, that we perceive it to have within itself the constituents of instability.

It is a very plausible idea, that as a child emerges from the trammels of parental authority, it will be easy to substitute the fear of God for the fear of man, and that a mind accustomed to bend its will at the command of an earthly ruler, will be a well-prepared subject for the government of the King of kings. If, with every symptom of resistance, the desire to resist vanished, such might be the result, but it will generally be found that the desire increases in proportion as opportunities for its gratification decrease. Let us not be understood to underrate the value of obedience. We only desire that the feelings of the governed, should be brought into accordance with, rather than into subjection to, the will of the governor. The difference between the two is important in every point of view. The parent who pursues the former system, regrets that there are occasions upon which it is impossible to give a child any other reason for an action than that it is his will it should be performed. The one who prefers the latter, rejoices in such occasions, as so many opportunities for establishing the conviction that his will is law. Self-denial is the very soul of virtue, but self is never denied in submission to external compulsion, without receiving a promise of large indemnification at some future period. It is but the temporary triumph of physical power over mind. Self-denial, practised in conformity to a recognised principle, is the victory of the better feelings of the mind over the worse, and brings with it its own reward. Obedience, which is produced by fear, has a tendency to lessen as the ability to resist power, and therefore to dismiss the dread of it, increases with increasing years. Obedience, which is, in other words, acquiescence in the trusted guidance of another, has a tendency to become more perfect, as the understanding opens, to comprehend the principles of which that guidance is the result.

The principle of all good government is the same, the design is one—the benefit of the governed. It pre-supposes that the directing mind is superior in intelligence and discernment to the one directed. Whether it be the gentle rule of the mother over her cherished little one, the authority of the teacher over his multifarious scholars, or the coercive power of the prison ordinary over the degraded convict, it is a rectifying of miscalculation—an unmasking of covert evil—a presenting the means of happiness under a surer, though less inviting aspect. In a word, it is love, empowered and determined to seek the happiness of its object, through evil as well as through good report; and the sooner the child, the pupil, or the criminal knows that it is, the better.

It is not possible, always, to give a child a reason for an injunction. If it have a distinct and deepening impression that our conduct towards it is designed to promote its welfare, and not to extend our own power, the desired end is gained. To produce this impression, we must be careful of our phraseology, employing expressions which denote that it is our duty to impose certain restrictions, and enforce the performance of certain actions, rather than those which declare that it is our will to do so.

The love of power seems to be inherent in the human breast; and though we can scarcely suppose that young children suspect their superiors of such a feeling, there is often that in their conduct which appears very like a premeditated resistance of it. Every one who has had extended experience in education, knows that children of an obstinate disposition often refuse to do that which they would have performed with pleasure, if it had not been commanded, and that there are instances of very young persons, during a fit of ill-humour, being obviously disappointed if a teacher was not chagrined by their contempt of his authority. All insubordination from such a motive is spared to him who has never given a child to understand that he cares about authority for its own sake.

The extreme reluctance which many children evince to ask pardon for their faults, or, in the language of strict disciplinarians, 'make a submission,' proves that they believe themselves to be under power rather than under care, and that their minds are galled and irritated by the conviction. A very little reflection will show the impropriety of requiring such submissions. If a delinquent do not desire a reconciliation with him he has offended, we put the language of hypocrisy upon his lips, by insisting upon his asking it; if he do desire it, he will ask it without our command. Mr. Abbott, an author already referred to, justly observes that, 'with regard to moral offences, it is not ours to forgive.' When we profess to do so we delude children into a belief very contrary to the truth, that 'our sins are not done with when we committed and forgot them.' With respect to those minor offences which may be said to be personal, we cannot withhold our forgiveness without infringing a law we have often occasion to enforce; of which the shades of every evening eloquently remind us, 'that we should not let the sun go down upon our wrath.'

There is a kind of resistance arising from another cause, which is often mistaken for obstinacy. It results from the want of a proper understanding between the parties; the one having some latent motive of action, totally unsuspected by the other. An instance of this was lately given in a chapter on education; the case of a little girl, who positively refused, in spite of threats and punishment, to carry some clothes into a visiter's room, having an idea that there was an impropriety in going there. Such misapprehensions can only be prevented by cultivating that confidence between parent and child which has been warmly recommended in a former page. There are other failings common in children, which are sometimes construed into proofs of resistance to authority, which might more properly be treated as physical weaknesses than as faults. For example; a little girl acquires a habit of sitting in an awkward position. 'I have spoken to you about this fifty times,' observes the mother, 'and you will not mind.' Why, take it for granted that she will not. Better to give her credit for having no intention to disobey, and provide her with a stronger motive for attention. The mother may tell her, without any appearance of anger, that she perceives she is acquiring a habit which will in time injure her health, and propose as a remedy that she should lie down upon a floor or board, for a certain length of time, whenever she appears to have difficulty in keeping an upright position. This restraint will have all the good effect of a punishment, without eliciting any bad temper. The mother may say, 'My dear, I see it is time for you to lie down,' with exactly the same tone and manner as she would say, 'It is the hour for you to take your medicine.' None but very ill-taught children feel any resentment towards their parents for giving them medicine, and keeping them confined during illness. Though they may have a conceit that they should recover as soon without the regimen, it never excites any angry feelings, because they are convinced it is intended for their good; and the same would be the effect of moral discipline, could the same conviction be produced.

It frequently happens that the manner of giving an injunction is the only thing which renders it obnoxious, or excites a disposition to resist. It is very important a child should acquire habits of independence, but what a difference it makes in the feeling with which it exerts its powers, whether she who has it in charge induces it to do so by saying, 'You are old enough to help yourself, and I have trouble enough without waiting upon you,' or lays her hand caressingly upon its head, observing, 'Now that your little limbs are growing strong, and your mind is acquiring knowledge, you will be able to do many things for yourself, and the sooner you can do that, the sooner you will have the pleasure of performing little services for others.' It may appear strange to propose this to a child as a reward, yet there exist in the world glorious proofs, that the human mind may gradually be brought to such a state, that to give it an additional means of conferring happiness, is the richest boon which can possibly be bestowed upon it.

Another strong reason for ruling by the law of love is the consideration that each and all of the young beings with whom we have to deal, will have in future life their own sphere of action, and as they have been governed, so, in all probability, will they govern. A few of the persecuted may learn mercy, but, generally speaking, there is no tyranny like that of slaves.

The enforcement of a command, because it is a command, is for the present a trouble-saving system, and many who are aware that such an influence cannot be lasting, adopt it in the hope that it may some time or other be made to merge into the right principle. It is better to lay hold of the right principle at once, disregarding the mental exertion that will be needful to direct its operation upon very young, ignorant, or perverted minds.

It is well to fix our eyes steadfastly upon the sublime certainty 'that God is love,'—that Christianity is but another name for benevolence—that the divine government, of which all human governments should be a correct, though humble imitation, is a dispensing of happiness, though in a manner not always manifest to our perceptions, and to let in the light of these glorious truths, little by little, upon the mind, as it becomes able to bear it. There will then be nothing to unlearn. There will be in the memory of the learner, no cloudy recollections of discipline it is impossible to account for, except upon the supposition that the teacher, having power, loved to exercise it.

A perpetual reference to the command, promises, and threats of the gospel might be wearisome, if not unintelligible, to infantile and uninformed minds, but the spirit of its teachings may be conveyed to them, passing through the minds of their instructors as the sun-beams glance through the leaves of the forest, refreshing and expanding the young flowers which would have been overwhelmed by its unmitigated splendour.

It has been observed by Dr. Johnson, 'that if every one would determine to dispense as much happiness as he could, the world would soon be reformed.' In forming the minds of the young, we should not fail to engrave upon them the conviction that it is the duty of every Christian to do his part to instruct and reclaim the ignorant and the vicious part of the community. It is a beautiful thought, that men might be reformed by making them happy; and if it be true, who are so well fitted as the gentler part of the creation, to make happiness the minister of virtue, and so to embody the happiness-giving principle in their actions, that they become themselves its ministers?

Woman, that was brought to man, 'bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh,' to be to him a helpmate and a blessing, is in every way calculated for the glorious work of presenting virtue to the world, so completely surrounded by the bright atmosphere of love, that amidst temptation, self-denial, and difficulty, its unity with happiness may clearly be perceived. In her warm and sensitive feelings the cause of the oppressed finds a ready advocate; in her lovely charities, the failings of the erring a merciful judge; in her deep and fervent sympathies, the teachings of religion have an earnest and thankful appreciation.

To woman was first revealed the present advent of the Messiah. She was found at the feet of Him who was meek and lowly of heart, treasuring up the expressions of love and self-devotedness which fell from his hallowed lips; and when the strong, the valiant, and the confident forsook him and fled, she was amongst the very few who waited to catch the last faltering sentence 'It is finished;' she it was who watched at the mouth of the sepulchre, and bore to the astonished disciples tidings of Him who is the 'resurrection and the life.'

Is there not still a spirit within her, ready to hail the first manifestations of better feeling in the guilty or uninformed mind—to seize as a treasure every expression that appears to succeed in recommending the precepts of the gospel—to endure to watch the working out of right principle from the vortex of passion, and the bonds of habit, through all the slow, strong agonies of remorse, and then whisper to the Christian brotherhood, that a soul had passed from darkness into life?

If, in treating of female education, we have spoken rather of the infant than the woman, it is because we believe that 'the child is the father of the man,' and that habits, those friends or foes to virtue, have their foundation in very early life. We would venture to say, that at no period of its existence is the heart inaccessible to the spirit of love. There are few, perhaps none, who, if they believed that their interest alone was sought, would not listen to advice, and design to profit by it; but habit presents an often insurmountable barrier to the improvement of persons of maturer years.

We know not how early the first impressions are made, nor which are they that, woven into the intricacies of being, most determine the characteristics of the mind. We see the action, but the motive which prompted it may have germinated years ago. When we make or suffer a principle to enter the mind, we know not what part of existence it may affect.

'Of man's miraculous mistakes,' there is not a greater than the supposition that all moral training, and all right conduct, are but preparation for a happy death;—they are preparation for a happy life, and if they do not promote the one, there is reason to fear if they will secure the other. The act of dying well is no isolated effort of the mind. In our moral growth there are few convulsive expansions; in our moral identity there are no chasms. The last emotion is but the ultimate link of a chain, of which every preceding link is a preparer, the nearest not more so than the most remote. If it were possible to evade this dependence of one feeling upon another, should we wish to do it? Would the husbandman, when he sows the seed, be content if it could start miraculously into ear at harvest time, that the ground should meanwhile lie fallow? Would he willingly lose the sight of the first fresh germ, with its soft delicate beauty—of the maturer growth, with its rich luxuriance, reflecting the glancing sunlight, or the rustling sound of the ripened produce, which seems like a voice communing with the reapers about to come into the field? And we, if we could ensure for our beloved ones a remorseless death, distinct from the consequences of life, would we resign the contemplation of their loving and joyous childhood; the anticipation of their useful and happy womanhood; their honoured and calm old age?

Upon the principle that it is sufficient to sketch the outline, and leave it to be filled up according to circumstancs, we have said nothing about the degree of information, which should be given to young females, believing, that when the importance of intellectual cultivation is once admitted, no parents will withhold from their daughters such a portion of it as their means enable them to bestow. Neither will they be careless in the choice of teachers to assist them in this part of education. They will naturally look out for persons, whose plans, feelings, and principles of action coincide with their own. It is to be regretted that instructors, truly competent for the office they undertake, are not so numerous as may be desired. One of the happy results of greater attention to female education will be, that they will become more so, and thus extend the advantages they have received.

We have lately seen an observation, coming from too respectable authority not to have weight with many, that females often engage in the business of education, because they have become bankrupt in fortune, or have been crossed in love. Of the former we can only say, that their own necessities ought not to be their only reason for entering upon such a charge. Of the latter, we cannot help remarking, that a mind such an affliction would render unfit for communicating instruction, would have been unfit whether afflicted or not. For the credit of human nature we would believe, that connections of this kind are seldom broken by any cruelty or unfaithfulness on either side. They are much more frequently dissolved by death, on account of adverse fortune, or by the interference of over-cautious, perhaps proud and mercenary, relatives. The woman who has undergone this trial, is not, on that account, less eligible as a teacher. She has formed an exalted idea of at least one of human kind. Whatever failings or earthliness may have mingled with his virtues, to her they have had no existence, for she has not perceived them. Whatever he may have been to others, to her he has always appeared full of disinterested kindness, energy, and truth. She, beyond other women, has a model of moral excellence, after which to mould the young mind of her pupils, and she will rejoice in the growing likeness her care has produced. She has one tie less to earth, and one more to that better land where there is no poverty and no separation. Men do little justice to themselves when they suppose, that of the affection they inspire in women, the only remnants are bitterness and ashes. The poet was nearer the right when he exclaimed, ‘ Our children will love as we have loved, and therefore cannot be wholly miserable.’ A virtuous attachment is an elevating feeling ; and she who has thus experienced it has an object of blessed and secret contemplation. The beautiful in spirit has crossed her path, and left upon it a vision of human perfection, bright as the coming of morning, and peaceful as an infant’s dream.

There are yet a few words which, parting, we would address to the friends of the young. We would entreat them not to be too anxious for those they have cherished, because, when they go out into the world, they must have tribulation. Our revered Master prayed for his disciples, not that they might be taken out of the world, but that they might be kept from the evil. If our faith in the benevolence of God be steadfast, we shall believe, for those we love better than ourselves, that in every dispensation he designs them good. If we see them afflicted, we shall trust that sorrow will refine and establish their virtue. If all his appointments are for our benefit, those which do not immediately conduce to happiness, must quicken some moral excellence, which will, in the end, produce it.

The domestic discomforts and personal annoyances which men inflict upon one another, may disturb the feelings without rectifying them, and fever rather than strengthen the mind ; but when the angel troubles the waters of life, they receive a health-giving and vivifying influence. Parents, teachers, and friends, if you have 'done what you could' for your sacred charge, you have every reason to look forward with hope. 'God will take up their education where you leave it.' Their characters may require to be 'perfected by suffering.' The etherealizing of their spiritual nature may be begun in weakness, it will be completed in strength. The germ of their eternal happiness may be sown in darkness, fear not it will be raised in light. S. J. W.

PENAL JURISPRUDENCE.

(*Continued from p.* 664.)

In entering again on the subject of penal jurisprudence, we will for the present pass over that part of it which relates to capital punishments, considering them as condemned by the enlightened and cultivated of all nations, and speedily, we trust, to be erased, as a bloody page, from our code. We will now solicit the attention of our readers to the consideration of secondary punishments, to which the public mind is at this time especially directed, and on which we fear that many erroneous opinions are in danger of gaining ground. And, in the first instance, we would premise, that capital punishments may be abolished, while the ignorant and vindictive spirit that dictated them may still survive, and may be put forth on the unfortunate beings to be experimented on, in forms as painful and excruciating to the prisoner, though less appalling in name and appearance to the public. This has been the case in many instances in America, where severe and protracted punishments, in the form of solitary confinement, &c., have resulted in melancholy, and not unfrequently in confirmed insanity and suicide. We greatly regret that there appears to be a disposition in this country, at the present time, to very severe and unnecessary secondary punishments, and that a re-action is taking place, in which our legislators, having formerly, to their disgrace, left many of our prisons in a shameful state of vice, intoxication, and confusion, are now (losing sight of the important virtue of moderation) running into the opposite extreme, and are desirous of making them, not a scene of progressive improvement and moral reforms, but of a series of cruel, of puerile, and of unrelaxing punishments. It is an easy regulation, to insist on perpetual silence day and night in a prison, to enforce it with the lash, and to make machines of its inmates: but it is a nobler and more difficult task to reform a brutal, and to educate an ignorant man; to ascertain his moral wants, and to excite in him moral perceptions. Indeed, some of our advocates for severe punishment put reformation almost out of sight; or, at least, by their own propositions, avow that they, at all events, consider it impracticable. The reason of this impracticability is, that the great truth has never been recognized till recently, that reformation cannot take place without education; and that education cannot take place without a suitable number of teachers, and a proper systematized apparatus for the purpose. There are three ways of disposing of criminals: the first is by death; the second, punishment; the third, education: and the two former methods have been tried from time immemorial without success; the third has seldom been attempted, never as a generally adopted system: but in the individual institutions in which it has been tried, it has been attended with the happiest results, and has exhibited a beautiful instance of the power of right principles, judiciously exercised, over even the worst and most depraved of human minds. This system requires an adequate number of teachers—moral and enlightened men—to all the prisons, and an excellent library to each of books suited to the moral and religious wants of the inmates, in which instruction is made interesting to them. We need scarcely add that this library ought not to be made a sectarian selection, but provided with works chiefly practical; and that where religion is introduced, all religious opinions should be admitted. Such a library ought to be appended to every prison, with a committee to superintend it. In a former paper we mentioned a plan for prison reformers, on the system of the Prussian Normal Schools, for educating schoolmasters, and providing them with adequate salaries; and we here beg to mention that we consider it highly desirable, that the female department should be attended by women, likewise educated for this purpose in similar institutions; and visited also by a committee of ladies for regular inspection. A little reflection on Mrs. Fry's labours will prove, that there are no difficulties which may not be overcome by a conduct dictated by combined firmness and kindness. This system of improvement and of education, is entirely incompatible with one of severity and of punishment. On this there are some just and admirable remarks in Mr. Simpson's appendix to his work on national education, a work which will do him immortal honour:—

> He says, 'It is a solecism to attempt an interchange of kindliness, when your subject's back is smarting and bleeding from the lashes of your scourge, and he mortally hates, and could murder his tormentor. You may quell his thirst for vengeance by the power of your position; but his stripes must heal, and his resentment cool, before you will do more than waste your breath to talk to him of justice, or mercy, or industry, or self-respect, or piety. He must have time to come round from the settled sullenness of the degrading tread-wheel, that *brute* labour, before he will be in the mood to respect either himself or the society that torments him; nor is it with the same breath that he can be insulted, vilified, abused, and tyrannically commanded, and also led,

by the gentler accents of persuasion, to exchange a ruffian character, aggravated by ill-usage and goaded to revenge, for a temper of peace and good will to all around him. It is one of the fallacies which result from ignorance of the nature and working of the human mind, to expect reformation as a result of punishment. They excite feelings the antipodes of each other, and which, therefore, can as little co-exist as the noonday of London and New Zealand. It is a deplorable error that you can force reform—that you can, in the active sense, reform the convict. He must reform himself. It is your part to take care that you do not hinder him by your punishments, but that, on the contrary, you lead him to will to amend, by quieting his animal, and calling into activity his moral feelings; gradually bringing back his self-respect, by according him a portion of your approbation as he deserves it; and stimulating his industry, by realizing to him its fruits in a marked melioration of his condition, and improvement of his prospects; with the alternate reward of restoration to society furnished with a means of livelihood, and a re-established character, and not without the patronage and countenance of the friends and well-wishers of a genuine return to virtue.'

In objection to the excellent remarks just quoted, it has been observed that by reforming the prisoner you are in danger of making him more comfortable and happy than many of his class who have never committed crimes, and thus holding out a bad example to society. On this principle, you must brutalize him by your punishments, and make a machine of him by your regulations; for you cannot reform him without kindness and consideration, without respect for his repentance, and compassion for his sufferings. But let it be remembered, that if the vicious corrupt, the good also purify, and that every prisoner who is really educated and reformed has a sphere, however contracted, of moral influence, and that by curing the most depraved, a moral gangrene is prevented from spreading over the nation. The deeper sunk a man may be in crime, the more imperative is the necessity for his cure; and that legislator has no conception of the most important truths, has no knowledge of the human heart, and the means by which it may be reached, who can give up any human being, at any period of life, as totally irreclaimable, or who does not see that the national safety is based, not on the punishment, but on the regeneration of the vicious. Can we call ourselves Christians, and yet put hindrances, by our cruel and ignorant devices in prison discipline, to this most benevolent and desirable undertaking? What will a hard mechanical system ever effect, bereft of the vitality of a moral spirit, but an external and enforced submission to cover a burning and aggravated heart? And what will the new secondary punishment of perpetual silence, which is proposed to be inflicted, achieve, but a train of lingering, nervous diseases, and a large amount of very unnecessary suffering? Used in moderation, and alleviated by a daily system of instruction and kind communication by the teachers, it may be extremely valuable; but enforced by the lash, and inflicted both day and night without interruption, the probabilities are that it will lead to the most disastrous results. On this head, see the following note from Mr. Simpson's work, before referred to:—

> 'There are some temperaments on which long enforced silence seems to operate most alarmingly; these, I should conjecture, are stout, healthy, active, bustling, social and talkative persons, who have a strong impulse to speak. That there is such an impulse cannot be doubted, and the American prisoners bore their testimony, that its enforced and long continued restraint is in the highest degree painful. If this be true, we can conceive the impulse becoming morbid. Mr. Rose, the humane and enlightened governor of the National Jail at Edinburgh, lately communicated to me a painful confirmation of this conjecture. J. C. was, three years ago, sentenced by the High Court of Justiciary to fourteen years' transportation, which was commuted for confinement in the Millbank Penitentiary, where silence is enforced with a rigidity not exceeded in America. The man was about twenty-seven years of age, of unusually strong, robust health, accustomed to a life of great bodily and considerable mental activity, and was particularly impatient, irritable, assuming and talkative. This most unfit subject for the Tailors' board, was nevertheless squatted upon one, and forbid to utter a syllable under pain of severe punishment! The unwonted employment, and still more unwonted silence, affected his mind; and one day, during the chapel service, he started up and burst into the most maniacal denunciations against the preacher and his doctrine, which he continued till he was taken away, and put in confinement. It was found that he had become so decidedly insane, that it was necessary to remove him to a lunatic hospital; it might have been assumed that so unnatural a state as continued silence for months or years, cannot be free from evil effects. The experiment is at best empirical, and there is something revolting in such blind trials, when productive of severe human suffering.'

In addition to this remark of Mr. Simpson, we would add, that these experiments are, in our eyes, not only disgusting but unjust. If there be truth in Christianity, and if its spirit is to influence our conduct, then we are not to infringe the rights of the lowest or most depraved of human beings; and these refinements of cruelty are entirely prohibited. We are not of those who believe that anything can be expedient that is contrary to the law of justice, and the law of love; and we think that the soundest and truest philosophy is, to enforce the great principles of Christianity in all the departments of human action, and to bring every human being in our power, under its holy and spiritualizing influences. We know there may be persons who will smile at this as a sort of Utopian theory, and who look upon the guilty as so many outcasts from the world who cannot be cured, but who must be disposed of as well as they can, for the convenience of society, and who are entirely beyond all virtuous or improving influences. We envy them not; we bid them remember the immortality of our common nature, and not look with scorn, however it may be defaced, on what God himself has so nobly endowed. The beings to whom he has opened the door of repentance in his revelation, and so mercifully invited to return to him, whom he has so graciously promised to receive and to pardon, and whom he pities in the lowest depths of their sin; the beings whom our Saviour came on earth to regenerate, over whom he poured his holy and benign tears, whom he laboured to serve and to reclaim, amongst whom he daily toiled and prayed, with whom he sat down in all his spotless purity in familiar and intimate communion, and eat and drank at the same table, these are not the beings for our contempt or our cruelty, for our hatred or our experiments. They are our brethren still—partakers of the same nature, heirs of the same Gospel, called to the same future life; and we ought to endeavour to lead them to Christianity, and to treat them, as becomes ourselves, as Christians. We would ask, what accordance there is between the present systems of prison discipline, and this humane and beautiful religion; between the influence of the law of love, and the lash and the treadmill? Let those who, out of their own mistaken views or unfeeling hearts, would enforce a system of vengeance and terror on these unfortunate beings, and contrive fresh torments to supersede the past, go to this holy volume, and study its blessed precepts, and drink in a deeper faith and a purer love for the nature they despise, and learn to be ashamed of this heartless scepticism, this distrust of the power of the best influences of religion and of virtue. Were this done, we should hear no more of these extreme trials, these puerile inventions; but a great moral engine of education would be set at work upon the guilty; and the labourers in this noble work would be full of hope, and delight themselves in such an enterprise. With what deep interest would they see the scales of ignorance removing from the blinded sight, and the brutal man growing gradually humane; see the lips of the blasphemer moved in prayer, and the hardened child resuming the innocent tenderness of its years, and feel that this was their work, the result of their toil, their perseverance, their unwearied philanthropy; that this is practicable, and that it will one day be effected, we do not doubt. And in conclusion we would press upon every individual, the importance of their contributing to this great end, by their influence in society upon its prejudices and its opinions, and we beg them to use their best efforts for the amelioration of the present condition of the helpless and degraded prisoner.

THE DOCTRINE OF NECESSITY; OR, THE CERTAINTY OF WILL, WITH WHICH AN INSTRUCTED CONSCIENCE CHOOSES RIGHT.

The argument that excludes Chance from the universe, leaves nothing behind but Providence. If the cloud of fortuity is swept away, nothing appears but the throne of God. Wherever there is a law, there is God manifesting a fixed, constant purpose, putting forth the power and will of heaven, and whatever results from the operation of that law is the fiat of Providence; but law is everywhere—nothing in creation is independent, is uncontrolled; body and spirit, in whatever circumstances God places them, act, and are acted upon, according to the nature God gives them, and so He, who created that nature, and cast it amid circumstances which himself had arranged, where the results must, necessarily, be according to the laws which himself had appointed, is the author of whatever exists, be it material or spiritual, be it visible manifestation or invisible thought, be it events, or be it character, as truly and as absolutely as though it issued at each moment direct from the fountains of the creative mind. It is in respect of the moral and spiritual world that much difficulty is experienced before this position is fully and unresistingly admitted. If God constituted this moral nature, and also determined the influences which it must needs obey, and which have made it what it is, what becomes of moral obligation? If everything is of God, is man powerless, and therefore blameless? If the character of the soul is the result of its own constitutional qualities, operated on, developed or restrained by the fostering or blighting breath of a heaven-planned education, are virtue and vice but names for productions of God's making, and may man, in consistency with this doctrine, yield to temptation, since, if Providence wills everything, sin must be willed too, and the restraints of conscience must be idle terrors—or else sink into spiritual paralysis as the child of fatality? This is the difficulty constantly objected to Providence, and it must answer it or perish. We say to Providence, for if that means that God is all in all—and it either means this or means nothing—then any modification of that doctrine which would exclude any moral condition of any being from the fixed plans or purpose of Him who causeth all things to work together for good, is a wretched evasion, attempting to console with shadows, whilst it refuses to encounter the real and the only difficulty, pretending to consign humanity to God, whilst it yet leaves it in a position of subjection to the power of moral evil, where God is not, and never willed it to be. If there is one condition of a character, but a single state of a human will, which God has not foreseen, permitted, ordered, as the means to a coming end, then must the whole question be surrendered, and there is no Providence in heaven. Here we must have everything or nothing. If the present condition of our world is contrary to His will, what security have we that it ever shall be right? If there is any aberration from His purpose, it is vain to say that all things are ordered for the best, and it is equally vain to expect that His ends are unfailingly sure, if His means are unstable, and can thus wander from His pleasure. To acknowledge no will but God's, and yet to make it apparent that man is a moral and self-educating being: this is our task.

What is God's aim in the moral administration under which our souls are placed: to what end these influences, whose character is so varied, striking and ordinary, agitating and tame, conflicting and complex, that we see around us the colours from which our spirits take their hues: as a question of experience to be verified by testimony, what is it that life's discipline proclaims to the conscience of man as the final purpose of Him who is passing humanity through these mysterious processes? We answer, or rather the history of humanity answers for us, that we are learning to understand and to sympathize with God; we are learning from a knowledge that is daily increasing, of the connexions he has established here, to travel upwards to the light of that Eternal Mind from which these connexions issued, and so to use that knowledge for our own best good, by making our will his, letting our souls play freely in the direction where virtue goes hand in hand with blessed peace, or if separated for a while, yet keeps her kindling eye on the world she knows to be her home and stands ready poised for flight, and holding back our souls from those connexions whose bond is misery, whose consequences, like an almighty cause, warn us that God will suffer no happiness there, but enfeeble and smite the spirit which wanders near. We are learning to make God's moral perceptions ours; we are learning to choose between good and evil, because our own will is determined by a fuller consideration of that spiritual truth, which, as it unfolds to our view, makes within us a necessary harmony with heaven; we are learning by experiment, by observation, by meditative thought, by conscious joy, by bitter suffering, to enter into the spirit of the law, as it is here morally manifested, and so we are learning, that where the spirit of the law is, there, practically, is liberty; that as we ascend into that light in which we see moral affinities as God sees them, the course and the preferences of our souls are becoming less capricious, uncertain, and erratic, our adoption of the way of duty is becoming infallibly sure. Take an individual mind, or take a survey of the history of man, and it is apparent that it is the course of God's providence to make humanity morally assimilated to himself, by bringing the human will more and more under the influence of those spiritual perceptions, which are the lights and volitions of his own eternal mind. Man cannot be morally glorious, except by looking on moral relations as God looks on them; and man cannot look on moral relations with God's eye, until God's teachings have dissipated every mistake, and made his will divine, by making his perceptions right. Say not that experience contradicts this theory, because men are known to follow courses with the clearest understanding that they are destructive of their own happiness. We answer, that this cannot be known, because there can be no tests of a man's convictions so decisive as his actions—and the chain of cause and effect can never be broken. If we act wrong we must feel wrong, for action is but the expression of feeling; and if we feel wrong we must think wrong, for feeling is the child of the relations we perceive, feeling is a moral judgment; and in order that this whole succession may be set right, the mind's perceptions must be rectified, its knowledge of moral affinities must be more full and true, and since the heart is fed by the mind and can only gaze on what thought presents to it, as thought grows correct emotion will be more and more the child of truth, until the resulting life, which is the issue of the heart, thus springing from a clear understanding of His own relations, feels the teachings and pressure of His spirit, becomes its echo, and is harmonized with God. We know that men, in one state of mind, have vivid intuitions of their duties and their interests, which seem for the moment as bright and piercing as an angel's moral gaze, and that in another state of the same mind this clear fountain of the soul can pass away, and the turbid elements of sleeping passions be stirred into activity, until they fill with dark waters the spiritual urns. We know that so long as certain thoughts and excitations are held in abeyance, the comprehensive moral intellect can wing itself into the region of ultimate results, and ponder and resolve on a wide view of its whole existence, and perceive that the balance in its favour is as large as eternity: and that the same intellect, before the lapse of an hour, may be dwarfed to the compass of an hour; that another atmosphere of thought may be spread around it, other awakeners of emotion fall in its view, other objects inviting its notice, until its gaze is fastened and its power gone; and the vision of the soul thus narrowed, the action of the life is but a blind impulse irrespective of the world of consequences now utterly unthought of;—but all this only proves that we have moral perceptions still to acquire, that there are realms of darkness where the full light has not yet come, that there are temptations which we have not yet learned to look upon with truthful, piercing eyes, unblinded by desire; that we have not yet so understood the spirit of the Lord as to have our wills convinced that the attitude of these seductive influences is not towards present gratification, but ultimate and immortal good; in a word, that we are not yet instructed in the science and the laws of moral happiness.

If it should still be maintained that a man may prefer an immediate indulgence, though he has full in his eye the eternal consequences, then, even if we believed such a case to be possible, which we do not, it is only asserting that his moral judgment is depraved, that God has not yet so disclosed to him the spiritual connexions of retribution, that he sees this present life by the light of moral truth, and his will is guided by his perceptions to make choice of happiness. Even supposing such a desperate case, it could only prove that the moral being had made a dreadful mistake—but with the appalling addition that there are no means of recovery, for if you can suppose that with an entire knowledge of persuasives and consequences the will can go wrong, what power do you leave in God's hands to prevail with it to go right? If you say that experience may do it when it finds itself at last a shattered wreck on sin's narrow and vexed sea, that is only asserting and admitting the very point in dispute, that Providence has yet to enlighten it, that God will lead it by a path-way of sure though sorrowful experiment to a knowledge of moral relationship, which it did not before possess; that he will teach it by bitter, but merciful trial, spiritual truths, which, previous to that teaching, it did not believe, but which, once thus learned, will evermore be mighty influences to sway and rectify its will. What, then, is virtue, and what is vice, in reference to this constant acting of God on the springs of character? Virtue and vice mark the degrees in which God's moral perceptions have become ours, so that our will is God's. Moral character is simply and solely a manifestation of the influences to which our souls are sensible. Virtue is the spirit, looking on the retributive ties which heaven has fastened, with a vision piercing and serene as light, regarding the peace in which all duty merges as the smile of love and welcome, which woos a soul to harmony with Him who loves rectitude, and regarding the pain that follows guilt as the parental warning that waives it away from estrangement, and calls it to where God's sympathies are shed—taught to detect the indications of His will by pursuing every tendency of thought or feeling to its issue, and there learning whether God's blessing pronounces it to be good—trembling to the finest and faintest influences He floats around it by consecrating as His whatever the spirit reveals to us as freighted with a pure happiness—alive to His purposes in all that ministry of discipline which the heavenly Teacher dispenses to each soul, and so perceptive through its own awakened intelligence, that the end is God's and good, that the will chooses rectitude by a spiritual necessity, that wherever duty's voice is heard, its mightiest energies are instantly in action, because of its sensibility to moral motive and the transparent clearness of its conviction, that that very sensibility is great and present glory, and the result similitude to God in heaven. Vice is spiritual insensibility, a blinded erring will—insensible to the happiness of duty—sensible to the pleasures of guilt—unreached by God's finer teachings, and alive only to the present earthly connections, which the senses and experience have taught, though not yet taught fully—ignorant of that moral nature whose issues it has never traced—deaf to those voices from God which appeal to faculties that are steeped in lethargy—alien to God's will because it is alien to God's perceptions, and making a depraved choice because it is not susceptible to the loftier class of motives, and decides from the considerations before it, which may be partial and earth-bound, false, scanty, and unspiritual. A moral judgment, unerringly right, requires a perfect knowledge of moral relations, and our virtue and our vice, in other words, our style and grade of character, must depend on the proportion in which that knowledge is thoroughly and really ours. Regarding God as educating human beings, then virtue expresses the fact that in respect to one mind he has so opened it to perceive his meaning, that it harmonizes with his will—and in respect to another mind, vice expresses the fact that the influences brought to bear on it have not yet produced fruit, have not yet unfolded to its gaze the regions of spiritual truth, and awakened it to sympathy with God. I know that other elements often pass in review before us, when we pronounce judgment on human character. We are not satisfied with a simple expression of the fact respecting this man or that, that he is a glorious moral being, with his spirit trembling to the impulse of every generous motive, and his sensibility susceptible to the finest breathings of duty, to the most delicate aspects of spiritual loveliness and good—or that he is morally dull and apathetic, with no perception of refined truth, no taste for its beauty, no susceptibility to its lofty persuasives; instead of confining ourselves to the character itself as a result, and speaking of its present moral qualities, we attempt to try it by the influences which made it, enter into a consideration of its opportunities and its talents, and portion out our censure or our praise as we deem it to have abused or improved its privileges. In this, I think, we do wrong, except when we pass judgment on ourselves: of character we are qualified to judge —of any human will, as a question of fact, we may be qualified to say whether it springs at the call of high and holy influences, or whether it hears only the pleadings of a baser suasion—but of the merit or demerit of character, on a view of its original constitution, and all its subsequent discipline, we are not qualified to judge, and the attempt can only endanger our charity and our candour. I except our own case from this alleged inability to judge of the present position of character from a view of its past opportunities—because a comparison of ourselves with the moral standard erected in our thoughts, which God has made known to our ambition and our gaze, is the directest means of enlightening our perceptions and so engaging the living energy of a determined will in the cause of our moral advancement, and because, irrespectively of remorse or self-blame, the sorrow is deep and purifying when we discover that our rank as a moral being is not high, that the influences which sway us are not wide, generous, and pure, that we are less noble than our thought.

This view of Providence, as leading minds to God through their own perceptions, awakened by processes of education which Heaven is conducting, on a superficial look would appear open to the objection, that it is treating conscious beings as moral machines. Whatever is done voluntarily is not done mechanically. God moulds us, it is true—but never by forcing us in opposition to our own will—never by constraining us against our own convictions—no, it is by following our convictions until we find ourselves plunged in the consequences, that we learn whether we were right or wrong; and the All-Wise Teacher who educates us to be partakers of his own nature, and desires us to be morally glorious, because we are spiritually intelligent, conducts us through such processes, leads us by the hand through long and circuitous paths, until at last our own eyes descry the truth he was seeking to disclose, and He floats around us such penetrative influences that at last our perceptive faculties are thoroughly awake, the moral judgment moves in light, and our will is His. If God sought only to impress obedience on the life, an instinct would have been enough, and the living mechanism had performed its part with unvarying precision—but since He is our Father and treats us as his children, He would rule us by assimilating our wills to His, and this He does by assimilating our perceptions to His, by adapting to each mind such a course of education, that the spirit, led by moral evidence, convinced and persuaded, comes freely to the light, has no wish, no will to wander, and rejoices in his presence. It is true that the cases are numberless in which we do not perceive the slightest approach to this result—in which the processes of discipline seem rather to be estranging the heart from God than opening it to an understanding of, and sympathy with, his Spirit;—but why should we judge thus soon whilst the end is not yet—why should we be constantly forgetting that in the depths of a dreadful experience moral knowledge may be found, and that if God will not violate our moral nature, will not impress it by physical constraint, but will lead it to have light in itself and intuitions of truth, every dire and desperate pursuance of the paths of error and woe may be hurrying on the time when instruction shall come at last, the fruit of trial, purchased at a fearful cost, and at least one ray of light, the result of that experiment, stream in on the darkness of the benighted will? The different courses of discipline by which our wills are brought into harmony with God, only point to a truth which all observation and philosophy seem to verify, that there are original differences in the constitution of all minds, and that for the developement of the elements of each a corresponding education is required. The induction is large enough to convince us that God is seeking for all spiritual excellence, and in full faith that such is his contemplated end, we can unfailingly trust Him that the means He adopts are the very best for each separate case.

Lastly, let me ask you not to dismiss these considerations hastily —and let no mind be discouraged if it slowly and dimly receives them. That every thing is of God, is a thought which, when first presented, must even perplex the spirit—but it is enough that it brightens as we gaze steadily—that it spreads light through the soul as nothing else can—that it makes this whole universe, all that we are, all that we rejoice in, and all that we suffer, the varied beamings of His presence with the spirit in the processes of culture, and that it will not let us forget that God is seeking us, and that to enter into His spirit is the soul's life and liberty and Heaven. No one who grasps this doctrine in its integrity will ever believe that it lets its moral energies slip from its hold and lays a feeble demand on the voluntary efforts of the soul. Its legitimate practical effect is two-fold—to put a voice into every influence of nature and life to carry into our bosoms the spirit of the Lord; and to reconcile us to every experience, be it what it may, which our doctrine teaches us is instrumental to our better and happier accordance with Heaven. If there was any doubt about the end to which God is conducting all things—if it was in the faintest degree dubious, that assimilation to Himself is His will, that holiness is happiness, and that sin is the worst of woe—then might we see some danger in the doctrine of a universal Providence; but now it combines the blessings of the most unbounded consolation, with the most intense moral action, and where the Spirit of the Lord is there is liberty; or were we to use that scholastic word which has introduced so much confusion, we might say, where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is necessity, the necessity to will and to do right—because to that all our perceptions and tastes and habits would incline—and in proportion as our nature becomes morally and intellectually perfected, is our power of preferring wrong diminished, and our volitions, our judgments, in favour of rectitude are made infallibly certain.

PARKINSON'S TERCENTENARY DISCOURSES.

'The Church of England, a Bulwark between Superstition and Schism; Two Sermons preached in the Collegiate Church of Christ, in Manchester, on the 4th of October, 1835, being the third centenary of the Reformation. By the Rev. Richard Parkinson, M. A., Fellow of Christ's College.'

Mr. Parkinson's Discourses are not those rabid effusions of blended ignorance and bigotry, nor those tame and powerless ramblings of authoritative weakness, which too often proceed from English Episcopalian advocates, but the productions of a cultivated, though not a richly endowed mind, and of a heart, as free, perhaps, from the taint of illiberality, as can well be expected in the position which he holds. Persons who are in the enjoyment of the ample revenues which fall to the lot of a 'fellow of Christ's College, Manchester,' and at the same time believe that they hold their commission in direct line from Jesus Christ, can scarcely be very tolerant of any diversities which might, even by possibility, tend to peril the perpetuity of their sinecures, or impeach the apostolicity of their vocation.

Mr. Parkinson's object is made sufficiently clear in his title page, 'The Church of England is a bulwark between superstition and schism,' or, as he elsewhere expresses his meaning, 'between the corruptions of the church of Rome, and the errors of laxity, dissent and schism,' (p. 18) 'between bigotry on the one hand and infidelity on the other.' (p. 31.)

To produce an impression on most minds, there is nothing so potent as a bold assumption. It is far before argument. It bears to argument the relation which reason bears to intuition. Only succeed in fixing on an opponent a bad name, and, *actum est*, you have gained your cause. This psycological fact Mr. Parkinson has a practical acquaintance with, and therefore, with the skill of a finished disputant, he sets forth as unimpeachable, first, that Catholicism is corruption; secondly, that Dissent is infidelity; thirdly, that the Episcopal Church is the foe of each: the conclusion ensues, that, beyond a doubt, they are lamentably wrong, and it gloriously right. We only wonder that Mr. Parkinson thought it at all necessary to illustrate the claim he puts in for his church as the bulwark of truth. This was needless. If Catholicism is corruption, and Dissent infidelity, and 'Church of Englandism' the object of the attacks of both, standing midway between, and avoiding the errors of, both, doubt there can be none that the said church, if not the pure church of Christ, is vastly superior to its antagonists. Perhaps Mr. Parkinson, had he not been an able rhetorician, would have condescended to advance proofs against the naughty Catholic, and naughtier Dissenter. As it is, however, much as his assertions may prevail with those who believe that he speaks with the voice of 'authority,' they will, of course, be regarded as groundless assumptions in every other quarter, and may be allowed, by us, to pass for what they are worth.

We did not proceed far, in reading the second discourse, before we met with a discovery, and as light itself is of no avail if kept under cover, we transcribe it for the irradiation of our readers' minds:—

> 'The rival combatants, forgetting their mutual and irreconcilable differences, have turned their arms, with one consent, against *their common peace-maker* (! !) as if she were a common enemy; and the Church of England, instead of being a bye-stander in the quarrel, has not only to defend herself against these attacks from opposite quarters, but to prevent the assailants themselves from falling, as they ultimately would do, with ten-fold fury upon each other. Long may our church maintain this proud position among the various households of Christ! Long may she be a model of peace within herself, and of charity towards those that are without. Though they curse, yet may she still bless.'—(p. 20.)

The Episcopal Church of this country a common peace-maker between Catholics and Dissenters, and amiably blessing them while the object of their curses! Genius of history! hast thou on no occasion ventured near the Rev. Richard Parkinson? Did he never by any chance catch a rumour of burnings, imprisonments, and degradation inflicted by his church on both Catholics and Dissenters? This, in truth, is turning history, not into 'an old almanack,' as 'infidels' are said to have done, but into downright fable. Volumes would be occupied by the mere recitation of the acts of parliament which have been passed under the auspices of 'the Church of England,' to coerce both Catholic and Protestant—volumes would be filled with these, without one word being subjoined of the merciless execution which these 'acts' received in all manner of social atrocities. But what need is there to refer to the past? Is 'the Church of England' a 'peace-maker' in the exclusion of Dissenters from the Universities, and in the efforts she makes to prevent them from enjoying the full advantages of a University founded by themselves? Is it peace or war she has stirred up on all our coasts, by the tenacity with which she clings to church-rates? Was her influence pacific or hostile to the will of the majority of the nation in the last general election? And, above all, what is her attitude in Ireland? What was it at Rathcormac? And then, so bland is her disposition, that she 'is a model of peace within herself!' All her members think alike, are of one mind and of one heart, striving together, not for the loaves and fishes, but for the defence of the gospel; no expulsion from office for venturing to suppose Dissenters admissible to her seats of learning—no evangelism struggling to get into her high places, and no bishops struggling to keep it out—no interchange of incivilities between the wrestlers! Well, if Mr. Parkinson has never heard of such things, he is marvellously ignorant of the subject on which he writes; or if he has heard thereof, we suppose we must set his mistake down to the charge of a treacherous memory.

It has been sometimes asserted by 'schismatics,' that the Anglican Establishment (we cannot ourselves commit the blunder of calling it 'the Church of England') holds not in its integrity the right of private judgment, which is the best bequest of the Reformation to posterior ages. And, thereupon, they have been assailed with the charge of dealing in misrepresentation. Mr. Parkinson has, however, let out the truth:—

> 'She is strenuous in denying, against many who dissent from her faith, that every individual, whatever may be his talents and opportunities, is at full liberty to put any construction he pleases upon the meaning of Scripture, and that no man is responsible to the Church or to society for the doctrines which may form the articles of his faith. We, on the contrary, maintain, that every Christian is responsible to man, as well as to God, for the sentiments which he propagates; and while he is entirely absolved from adopting any opinions which are contrary to the word of God, and the fixed persuasion of his own mind, he is equally bound to form those opinions on the soundest principles—to take up no doctrine without due enquiry, and when that enquiry is beyond his reach, to conform to the decrees of the Church, so far as he knows these decrees to have been formed on serious grounds, and after due and learned investigation.'—(p. 21.)

What a confusion of ideas have we here! We defy any tolerably competent writer, out of the pale of an Establishment, to pen a finer specimen of the see-saw figure of speech. 'You are entirely absolved from adopting any opinions which are contrary to the word of God, and the fixed persuasion of your own mind,' but 'you are not at liberty to put any construction you please upon the meaning of Scripture:' in other words, 'You are not compelled to see with my eyes, but equally you are not to use your own.' 'Yet, if you see not, "without doubt you will perish everlastingly."' 'You are not bound to take up *any* doctrine without due inquiry, but on *some* points, at least (the Church will tell you which they are), you must conform to the decrees of the Church.' 'When enquiry is beyond your reach, then bow to the Church—but even where you can't enquire, you must know that the Church has spoken after *due* and learned investigation.'

We wish the passage was no worse than a piece of inconsistency. But it strikes at the very foundation of religious liberty. It denies, by implication, the right of private judgment: for it denies 'that every individual may put what construction he pleases upon the meaning of Scripture.' If there is any exception, the right fails. If I have not the right to interpret the Scriptures for myself, then some one has the right to interpret them for me. Is it the Church? Then what is Protestantism but Papacy under a new name? If the Church has the right to do this for me, she may claim to do it for others; and if we must have a master, it is high time to think of returning to the mother of us all. A little further on, Mr. Parkinson makes his meaning still more explicit, and distinctly asserts that the Church's power 'is confined to the faithful guardianship and legitimate interpretation of the word of God' (p. 22); and again, 'we are justified in maintaining that, *in things essential to salvation*, every Christian ought to have due respect to the expositions of the Church, as having "authority in controversies of faith;" while, in things indifferent, ('things indifferent!' who ever heard of them out of the schools?) and where no violence is exercised on the rights of liberty and conscience, every member of the Church should humble himself to the direction of those who bear rule among us, and "submit to every ordinance of man, for the Lord's sake."'—(p. 29.) Where, then, is liberty? 'In things essential to salvation take the Church for your guide; in things not essential, take the Church for your guide too.' And this is called Protestantism! A spirit of liberty! 'Believe as I believe in things essential and things not essential, and you shall think as you like on other matters—for I should be sorry to trench on liberty of thought.' If this is 'Church of Englandism' it is not Christianity. We, at least, have not so learnt Christ. Nor is it religious liberty—but an abuse of the name, and the veriest mental prostration, under a very thin guise.

We have not yet done with this exposition of a Christian's privileges. 'Every Christian is responsible to man as well as to God for the sentiments which he propagates,' and for 'the doctrines which may form the articles of his faith.' What is the comment on this bold assertion, which the conduct of Luther gave? Did he take counsel of flesh and blood before he ventured to blow the blast which brought to the ground the walls of the Papal Jericho? Did he ask the Pope leave to shake the stability of his throne? Did Cranmer and Henry the Eighth send a deputation to Rome, to acknowledge their accountability to his Holiness? But, leaving facts, let us to the principle. I am accountable to man for my opinions. Then, if I am led to any conviction by mature enquiry, I am to ask his Grace of Canterbury, whether or not I am to hold it. But I hold it already, and nothing his Grace can do, in the way of authority, can affect my conclusion. It is argument, not authority, that has to do in the formation of opinions. Not all the thunders of the Vatican, in the day of its power, could affect the premises which led to my conviction, and consequently the conviction itself must remain scatheless. Suppose, however, the Church declares in favour of my opinion, am I a whit the more justified in holding it? Is it true to me? She cannot make it truer. Is it false to me? She cannot invest it with the attributes of truth. Suppose the Church declares against it. Am I therefore to give it up? *Can* I? It is still mine, and the only effect the interposition of the Church can have, is to convert me into a hypocrite; for if I yield to her authority, I, in effect, declare that I believe not what I really believe. And, let it be noticed, it is only with the declaration, not the holding of the opinion, she can by any possibility have an influence. She may tie up my tongue—she may make me say one thing while I mean another; it is wholly beyond her province to affect my convictions themselves by the interposition of her will.

'But,' it may be said, 'you will surely concede, that if the Church cannot modify your sentiments, she is justified in restraining the expression of them. For their propagation, at least, you are accountable to man.' So, then, was Jesus Christ accountable to the Sanhedrim; and so were his fellow-labourers wrong when, being strictly charged 'not to speak at all nor teach in the name of Jesus,' they answered, 'Whether it be right before God, to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye.' And in the continuation of their noble reply, is answer enough to all those who, in the spirit of the *priest* of old, ask, 'Did we not strictly charge you, that ye should not teach in this name?'—the continuation is, 'We cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard.' 'A necessity,' said Paul, 'is laid upon me to preach the Gospel.' And a necessity is laid on every one to give expression to what he believes to be at once true, and, if promulged, likely to be beneficial to his fellow-man. If not, what hinders—what is of sufficient authority to arrest him? Other men's opinions? They may be of authority to them, but can have no *authority* with him. How can they? Where is the reason? Is it in the admission that they are right and he is wrong? In what? In the truth of these opinions? Then, if he admits this, it is his duty to give them up, nay, he does give them up, by the very act of admission. But this is a process of reason, not authority. Is it in their conviction that the promulgation would do harm, not good? Let him allow this, and he either allows that truth is baneful when divulged, or that what he holds is not truth. In either case he loses his warrant for a public declaration of his opinions. But then, notice, he is *convinced* of this, not compelled to it—and he is convinced that he was in error, in other words, that what he took for truth was not truth. This is not to realise the actual case, which is of a man remaining convinced of the truth of certain opinions, and of their beneficial tendency if published; and a man in this position, Mr. Parkinson contends, must first ask the Church before he ventures to announce his sentiments. The question, returns—'why?' 'The Church has power to decide in controversies of faith.' Yes—so says the Church. But the Church's assertion is no plea for silence with me till I admit its force. How am I to come to this admission? 'The Church will show its credentials.' By what means am I to judge of them? 'By your reason, of course.' Here, then, is the Church advocate fairly on the horns of a dilemma. Either my reason is good or bad. If good, it is as good for my own convictions as for the authority of the Church. If bad, it is also bad for both, and certainty is at an end. 'But your reason is good so long as it agrees with the Church, and bad only when it dissents from it.' We have arrived, at last, at the principle which lurks in every attempt to set up authority against individual judgment. It is this, 'You are at liberty to think for yourself, so long (and no longer) as you think as I think.' The Church is a tolerant mother, but she allows no diversity of opinion. Give her a blind obedience, and she will honour you, in return, with the title of a true and faithful son.

After this analysis of Mr. Parkinson's Protestantism, we shall take no further trouble with his other positions, except to note down, that at this time of day, and in the very midst of the intelligent population of Manchester, he has the boldness to venture on the oft-exploded claim of the regular apostolic descent of his own and his associates' office and authority. Here is the claim—the proof we must leave for his readers; it is not worth while to trouble ourselves to transcribe, much less confute so stale a paralogism.

> 'We, then, of the Church of England, maintain, that a sacred order of men, exclusively set apart for the preaching of the word, and administration of the sacraments, and set apart, also, by those who have authority in the church so to do, as having received that authority in regular succession from the apostles themselves, we maintain, that such an order of men not only existed under the Jewish dispensation, but are continued under the Christian, by the express order of our Lord himself, and by the exclusive practice of the Apostles and of their successors, through many centuries of the past ages of the Church.'—(pp. 24-5.)

ON RELIGION AND EDUCATION IN IRELAND.

'A Few Observations on Religion and Education in Ireland. By the Rev. Edward Stanley, A. M., Rector of Alderley.' London, Ridgway.

It is refreshing to turn from the bigotry of most of those of the clergy, who have recently written on Irish affairs, to the truly Christian spirit which animates the writer of this pamphlet, and it is in the hope of doing something to spread its influence more widely that we are induced to notice it in our pages. A less exceptionable witness than Mr. Stanley could scarcely be found, connected as he is with, and sincerely attached to, the Established Church, and possessing, moreover, such talents and culture, as could not fail to enable him to see things as they are, in the visit to Ireland, which led to the publication before us. Nor will those who know with what exemplary fidelity Mr. Stanley discharges the duties of his own cure, fail to form the conclusion, that very different statements from what commonly appear would be laid before the public, were those who write on 'religion and education in Ireland,' as competent to judge, and as disinterested, as the Rector of Alderley.

> 'In the course of my enquiries (says he), many parishes came under my own immediate observation, and reports of others reached me from witnesses on whose veracity I could entirely depend, all tending to verify the same fact, namely, that where the Catholic and Protestant minister were on friendly terms (and I am confident that where there is a will there is a way, without the slightest concession of principle on either side), parochial peace and harmony invariably prevailed; where, on the other hand, they were at variance, as certainly were the effects of that variance visible amongst their respective parishioners; and further, that even where parishes were essentially Catholic, Protestant ministers were not of necessity either neglected or ill-treated, provided they conducted themselves as ministers of peace.'
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> 'How often do we hear it positively asserted in England, that by the entire Catholic population, Protestants are held in abhorrence, and their very lives in jeopardy. I doubted the fact before, but am certain, now, that nothing can be more false. On the contrary, if left to their own unsophisticated, warm-hearted feelings (for I am ready to allow that an ill-disposed, narrow-minded priest may infuse the worst spirit), they are inclined to live upon the best terms with their Protestant neighbours. I omitted no opportunity of probing them with a view to get at the truth, and in no one instance amongst the peasantry, and from them my information on this particular point was most likely to be correct, did I detect an atom of antipathy or repugnance.'

With the persecuting doctrines advanced in Den's Theology, he declares that he found no sympathy in Ireland; and, arguing that no conclusion against the Irish clergy can be deduced from the objectionable passages in such a work—passages which occupy not quite 1,800th part of the whole—he proceeds to ask how a mode of treatment such as that indulged in by the Exeter Hall fanatics, would affect the character of the Establishment in this country; and, in the sequel of his remarks, is led to statements which show but too clearly, that whatever Catholicism may be, the Anglican Church is obnoxious to the charge of favouring persecution for conscience' sake.

> 'Because all the Clergymen and most Laymen of the Church of England have subscribed the proposition, that the book of Homilies

"contains a godly and wholesome doctrine," and ought "to be read in churches by the ministers, diligently and distinctly, that they may be understood by the people," are we to expect that every such clergyman and layman should, in obedience to the 25th Homily, believe "that God's terrible wrath and indignation against nations and individuals," cannot possibly be avoided without "the utter destruction and abolishing of all images and pictures in temples and churches;" and should therefore use his utmost exertions to destroy all the painted windows and all the carved images which adorn every one of our cathedrals and most of our churches? Because Jewell's Apology, re-published with the consent of all the English bishops, and according to the then Bishop of London, supposed "to speak the sense of the whole church in whose name it was written," and used by the University of Oxford as one of her text books of theology, contains the following sentence:—"Ex illo (Verbo scil. a Christo patefacto et ab Apostolis propagato) nos solo omne genus veterum hæreticorum, quos isti nos aiunt ab inferis revocasse, condemnamus, et Arianos, Eutychianos, Marcionitas, Ebionœos, Valentinanos, Carpocratianos, Tatianos, Novatianos, eosque uno verbo omnes, qui vel de Deo Patre, vel de Christo, vel de Spiritu Sancto, vel *de ullâ aliâ parte* Religionis Christianæ impie senserunt, quia ab Evangelio Christi coarguuntur, impios et perditos pronuntiamus, et *usque ad inferorum portas detestamur; nec id solum, sed etiam si forte erumpant uspiam, et sese prodant, eos legitimis et civilibus suppliciis severis coercemus?*" Because this is the case, are we to suppose that all the tutors and scholars of Oxford, all the bishops, and the whole Church of England, think it a duty to abhor to the gates of hell, and to restrain by legal (and if the word *suppliciis* is used in its common sense) capital punishments, every dissenter in the land?'

'Turn we to our Canons. Let us hear the voice of these documents; not, be it remembered, the production of an individual, like Dens,—but constitutions of the church, "agreed upon with the king's majesty's license by the Bishop of London, president of the convocation for the province of Canterbury, and the rest of the bishops and clergy of the said province,"'

'How stands, then, our professed practice with regard to our faith? Let nine out of the twelve first canons, which alone refer directly to the subject of Church communion, and freedom of enquiry, answer the question. What then say they? They say, that every individual presuming to affirm, "that the form of God's worship in the Church of England containeth *any thing* in it that is repugnant to Scripture (we, of course, considering our own interpretation to be the correct one), that any of the thirty-nine Articles are in *any part* superstitious or erroneous, or may not with a conscience be subscribed unto; that the rites or ceremonies of the said church, that its government or form and manner of its consecrations are either anti-Christian or repugnant to the word of God; and finally, that whosoever shall hereafter separate themselves from the communion of saints in the said church, combining themselves together in a new brotherhood,—shall be one and all excommunicated *ipso facto*, and not restored but by the archbishops, after their repentance and public revocation of such their wicked errors." And what is this excommunication? "It is," as one of the ablest writers upon our articles expresses himself, "an ignominious excision, degrading a man from the society of Christians, to that of malignant spirits, for whatever be the trials, sentences, and censures, punishments in society, all, if submitted to, are less evils than excommunication." It is, in the words of one of our Archbishops of Canterbury, "an inhibition from the commerce and communion of the faithful"—or, in the language of Burns, "an exclusion" (of the proscribed victim) "from the company of all Christians." He is further denied permission to enter any church to offer up his prayers; he can no longer make a will, is denied Christian burial, and deprived of many of the rights and privileges common to other subjects of the realm.'

'There is no doctrine in the Roman Catholic Church that has been the subject of more invective and ridicule than that of Transubstantiation. Let those who have been hitherto but superficial readers of ecclesiastical history, and have taken upon trust the boisterous clamour of others, pause before they join in the cry; and examine how their own church views the mystery in question. First, then, every child who learns his catechism professes a belief that 'the body and blood of Christ are *verily* and *indeed* taken and received by the faithful in the Lord's Supper.' To this we attach a mere spiritual sense; but might not others be justified in giving them a more literal meaning? Whatever other interpretation may be, and is, put upon these words, there can be no doubt that they might be used to express the Romish belief on the subject. Secondly, the present form of administering the Sacrament contains nothing hostile to, and the original form under Edward the Sixth might be understood as in perfect accordance with the belief that Christ is really present in the elements. And in alluding to these instances, and also to the alteration of the twenty-eighth Article under Queen Elizabeth, in favour of the Roman Catholics, it is to be observed, that either the framers of our Article did not think conciliation a compromise of principle, or that they entertained sentiments at least not hostile to the Romish belief on this point. In the first case, those who are for ever appealing to the glorious example of the English Reformers, would do well to imitate their true Christian and enlightened charity thus displayed. In the second case, they should beware of denouncing with such confident vehemence opinions, to which their own authorities approximate so closely. What was the actual belief of the particular individuals who framed our Liturgy, I will not pause to inquire; but that the majority of the Reformers in the 16th century held the doctrine of Consubstantiation, is a fact too notorious to be denied; and whatever may be the metaphysical distinction between this doctrine and that of Transubstantiation, it should be remembered, that the evidence of our senses, the inefficiency of a corporeal presence to profit a spiritual soul, and the improbability of a constant interruption of the laws of nature militate equally against one and the other. But further, the passage from the writings of a conscientious and able clergyman of the English Church, must show that even the Articles and Liturgy for which Latimer and Ridley died, can comprehend opinions as strong on the subject of the miraculous effects of the actual elements as any Pope or Council has ever required. "Our Saviour says, he will give us his flesh to eat. How is this done? We do not know. He gives it under the form of bread and wine. But in that real sense, is the consecrated bread his body? It is not told us, we may not inquire, we say, indeed *spiritually, sacramentally*, in a *heavenly way*, but this is in order to impress on our minds religious and not carnal notions of it. Bread sustains us in this *temporal* life, the consecrated bread is the means of *eternal* strength for soul and body. And in the same way, the Supper of the Lord is the means of our living for ever. We have no reason for thinking we shall live for ever unless we eat it, no more than we have reason to think our temporal life will be sustained without meat or drink. We eat the sacred bread, and our bodies become sacred—they are not ours, they are Christ's; they are instinct with that flesh which saw not corruption."* Surely on comparing these passages with the strongest expressions of Romish Divines, the question will be only as to the degree of miraculous operation in the Eucharist, and that is comparatively unimportant; the principle, which is all I contend for, being admitted in both.'

Equally important are Mr. Stanley's statements respecting the success of the government measure of education in Ireland —but we have already exceeded our limits, and must close by referring our readers to the pamphlet itself.

EXETER CONTROVERSY.

'A Vindication of the Unitarian Doctrine concerning the sole Deity of the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, being Six Lectures delivered in George's Chapel, Exeter, in reply to the Rev. Daniel Bagot, M. A., by the Rev. Henry Acton.—London, Hunter.'

We are not of those who think that the Unitarian controversy is terminated. It may be true that little novelty is to be expected in the arguments either for or against the Trinity. But we are not sure that Unitarianism itself has ever yet received full and entire exposition—or to express ourselves more to our fancy, that the simple teachings of the gospel have been set forth in the full proportions in which they are found in the New Testament. There may be, for instance, views, no less beautiful and important than true, of the union of Christ with God, and of the consequent dignity of the Saviour, which the hard and negative process through which the teachers of the proper unity of God have been compelled to go, has prevented them from developing and defining. Should this be the case, then one of the combatants in the Trinitarian controversy comes into the field imperfectly equipped. He has a hand bound behind his back, and can neither do justice to his own prowess, nor adequate damage to his antagonist. If the Unitarian is wrong in defect, as well as the Trinitarian in excess, then the data are not given for the solution of the problem. Truth, the whole truth, cannot ensue from the conflict. The option is not between this or that. If, however, we entertain a doubt that Unitarianism may in some respects fall short of absolute truth, we are sure, in our own mind, that it is right as against Trinitarianism, right in its denials, if not complete in its affirmations. We are justified, therefore, in welcoming Mr. Acton's lectures, as a powerful battering ram against the now weakened walls of ecclesiastical corruption.

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* Newman's Sermons, p. 315, 317.

So far from regarding the Unitarian controversy as terminated, we are inclined to affirm that the very first principles of the dispute are yet unsettled. There has, indeed, been much dust and heat, much discussion and bandying of texts. But how far are the respective combatants from being agreed on the principles by which they are to be guided in the interpretation of the Scriptures? Yet without this, how can any definite conclusion be looked for? The proper rules of interpretation involve a preliminary question which must be fully discussed, and on which common positions must be taken, before such a textual warfare is gone into as may prove in the end decisive in favour or in refutation, of the Trinity. Wanting this, the disputants in many cases dispute as those who beat the air, and it would be easy to select many instances in which they hurry from the consideration of a text to the discussion of a principle, and from the discussion of a principle to the consideration of a text, involving themselves and their readers in the dark and confusing medium of a cloud of learned dust.

If the learned have not even begun in a right way, the unlearned cannot have been put into possession of all that is necessary to enable them to judge for themselves. And were the matter in ever so satisfactory a condition in the works and minds of the great controvertists, we see not how any other position can be made good, than that the dispute has yet to be carried on in every town, village, and hamlet of the world. In our opinion, it is hardly begun. True enough, a duel has been fought here and there. David and Goliah have met in other places as well as at Exeter, and a few bystanders may have had the means of deciding which was clothed in the armour of Christ. But surely it cannot be pretended that any but a very small portion of society know ought of the merits of the controversy. And while the bulk are ignorant, as they now are, even of the very positions which Unitarians maintain, it is not correct to speak of the dispute being finished. The learned are too apt to imagine that what is clear to them is clear to all the world beside. But what would have been the result, if Newton and La Place, on having arrived at their conclusions respecting the structure and movements of the universe, had remained satisfied with the enlightenment of their own minds? There are some points in political economy which may be considered unimpeachable. The disputes once rife respecting them are terminated with the well-informed. Are they terminated with the mass? Do they acknowledge the value, for instance, of machinery to the whole, and eventually to every member of society? Are there not thousands who are injuring themselves and injuring others, from the want of information respecting the real nature of their social rights and obligations? So are there thousands who, from ignorance of the proper method of reading the Bible, and of the enlightened views of its contents which a few have been led to form, have rejected, and others are ready to reject, the whole as a fable, alike dishonourable to God and injurious to man. With these views we cannot do otherwise than tender our thanks to Mr. Acton, that he has, by his lectures, done his duty in his sphere, and now, by their publication, in the kingdom at large, to call attention to the great questions at issue between Trinitarian and Unitarian.

That controversy has its evils we do not deny, but so has the sunshine. One of them is, that it becomes difficult to defend one's own views of truth without sectarianising. And thus Mr. Acton undertakes the defence not merely of certain convictions of his own mind, as, that God is strictly and properly one; but of '*the Unitarian doctrine concerning* the sole deity of the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.' We intend no blame to Mr. Acton in this remark. He is at full liberty to attach himself to any body of Christians he may please; but for ourselves we must say, that that man appears to us in the best position not only to arrive at, but defend, truth, who, standing aloof from all party connexions, forms his own opinions without party bias, defends them without party aid, and also without party trammels. To his own Master each must stand or fall; and even in connexions, where the idea is repudiated that one man is answerable to another for his opinions, there does not fail practically to exist a certain accountability which the sincere lover of truth must feel irksome, if not injurious. Propound a view, which in the exercise of your best attention you have been led to form, and if it deviates ever so slightly from received notions, you are interrupted with the question—'But is that the Unitarian doctrine?' Whereas the simple question with every man ought to be—'is it true?' These moulds, into which opinion has so strong a tendency to run, have a most narrowing and cramping influence on thought; and though the imputation of singularity may thereby be brought upon his character, every true disciple of Jesus ought strenuously to resist their influence, and assert for himself the full liberty of mind and expression wherewith Christ has made him free.

Let it not be imagined that we intend to intimate, by these observations, that Mr. Acton is the bondsman of a sect. He has a mind far too powerful and large, and a spirit far too generous, to allow himself to be even the leader of a party. We do but point out a danger from which common minds can scarcely escape uninjured. If evidence was previously wanting, there is enough in these very lectures, devoted though they are to the defence of the Unitarian scheme, to show that Mr. Acton discharges the duty as well as possesses the right of thinking for himself. In fact, the lectures are distinguished for a certain originality as well as for strength of mind. We do not mean—the subject does not admit of it—that originality which strikes out new systems of truth, and reveals new worlds of light, but that which gives the colour of individuality to common opinions, and occasionally leads to views and aspects of truth, which, at least in their entirety, have not beamed in other's minds. Indeed, Mr. Acton's mind is distinguished for the clearness of its conceptions. So far as the range of his knowledge and convictions goes, he lives in light. He is not one of those who strain themselves up into an elevation, where the eye grows dim in the rarity of an ethereal medium, and where, probably, forms of truth, both lovely and original, might be discovered, had the spiritual aëronaut but vision to apprehend them. He is a dweller on the earth, and in his own sphere sees, feels, loves all the substantial realities he is able to discover.

Illiberality is another great evil of controversy which Mr. Acton has successfully avoided. His danger was great. Provoked to the controversy by one who seems anxious, by his Anti-Unitarian perambulations, to earn the dubious designation of 'Kill-Socinian,' and who is more distinguished for a ready rhetoric than mental solidity—little sparing, moreover, in the use of such influence as may ensue from hard names, wary insinuations, well-feigned horror of heretical pravity, and well-feigned compassion for deluded heretics, flushed too with success from imaginary conquests, Mr. Acton has, nevertheless, preserved the spirit of Christian charity to an extent rarely equalled, even in cases where the fight was easier, the assailant less embittered, and the issue less important. At the same time, Mr. Acton has shown that he knows what is due to himself and the cause he had espoused. While, therefore, he breaks not the law of charity, he insists on the maintenance of the equitable laws of war. And we know of no instance in which the frowardness of a fancied orthodoxy is more successfully repressed, without an infringement of the claims of Christian meekness and good-will. The difficulty in this and in other matters was the greater, because the lectures were delivered without having been previously written. We are desirous of marking this fact distinctly. The power of extemporaneous speaking is the great need in Unitarian pulpits. We have no doubt that the lectures as delivered produced incomparably more effect, than had they been composed with the minutest care. And while they served effectually Mr. Acton's purpose in delivering them, they are not the less fitted for the general reader. Nay, they are more fitted. We may miss in them some of Mr. Acton's characteristic elegance and terseness, but the little thus lost is amply compensated by the vigour of thought and language, the occasional bursts of eloquence, and the general animation and glow, for which they are distinguished.

It is no part of our plan, in this notice, to enter into a detailed analysis and review of these admirable discourses, simply because we hope they will be speedily in the hands of all our readers:—they are published at so low a price that few need be without them. From the extract which follows, our readers may form for themselves some conception of their merits.

' EFFECTS OF THE UNITARIAN FAITH.

' Perhaps I shall be expected to say a few words, in conclusion, on the moral influences of the Trinitarian and Unitarian Doctrines respectively. It is a theme on which I feel that I could expatiate long and largely; but not, I fear, without the risk of saying that which might appear invidious. On this branch of the subject, therefore, which is but collateral to the main argument, I shall be very brief. I apprehend, that we are all of us very indifferent judges of the value and influence of other men's religious sentiments. We know the value and efficacy of our own faith, having felt and proved its power. We cannot so well judge of the efficacy of a faith which we have never experienced. I can only testify, that to the best of my humble judgment,—whether that be altogether blinded, or moderately enlightened, God alone knows,—but having been a Minister of the Gospel for more than fifteen years, I can only testify that to the best of my judgment, I have seen the Unitarian faith produce, in very many instances, on the hearts and conduct of men, and on the departing spirit, all that is necessary to complete the salvation and the happiness of human beings. I will not proceed to controvert what I have lately heard advanced, on this head, in favour of the Trinitarian doctrine. I will not venture to tell you of all the influences which I think I can discern in the popular faith. It is very possible that I may be mistaken in this respect; it is very certain, that to my Trinitarian hearers I should appear to be mistaken. But you will allow me to state, in a few words, what influences I discern in the Unitarian view of Christianity. I perceive in it, all that is calculated to fill the mind of a serious believer, (amongst us, as amongst all sects, there are undoubtedly some who are *not* serious,) therefore I say, all that is calculated to fill the mind of a serious believer, with a deep, humbling sense of his own personal unworthiness in the sight of God; and with a most lively conviction of the wonderful compassion and all-conquering love of Christ; and with a devout feeling of the infinite, forgiving mercy of God; and with an awful sense of the great malignity and danger of sin; and with a solemn dread of the judgment which awaits the impenitent, and equally, with the joyful anticipation of the glory, honour, and immortality, prepared for all the sincere followers of the Lord Jesus Christ.

' In regard to the Atonement, I deny that there is any thing in the

Unitarian view of the person of Christ at all inconsistent with the doctrine delivered in the Scriptures, on this important subject; any thing inconsistent with the belief of a most interesting and affecting doctrine of Atonement, which is, the reconciliation of sinners unto God. I know, indeed, that our view of the nature of Christ is inconsistent with the present popular notions of the Atonement, which make it to consist in an infinite satisfaction having been made to the justice of God, by the blood of his own infinite Son. But then I beseech you to consider, that this, again, is not a statement of the Scriptures, but a mere inference which some men draw from the language of Scripture, a mere human explanation of the Atonement. With all that is actually delivered in the Scriptures, concerning the reconciliation of sinners unto God, through faith in Christ, and through the efficacy of his sufferings and death,—with all this, I will ever contend that the Unitarian doctrine is perfectly consistent.

'In regard to the forgiveness of sins, I am ready to acknowledge, that the Unitarian doctrine is not adapted to foster any of those sudden convictions and conversions, any of those unseemly expressions of triumphant confidence, which a very natural abuse of the popular doctrine, if not the doctrine itself, too often produces. And I fearlessly appeal to every sober-minded believer, of every Church, whether this be not an argument rather for than against our views of the Gospel. But I am sure, that the Unitarian doctrine can produce, in the mind of every sincere believer, a strong and peaceful sense of the forgiving mercy of God; such a feeling as it becomes a frail and dependent creature to cherish. I protest that, of all the charges commonly preferred against the Unitarian faith, this charge of its being cold, dead, and inefficacious in its moral influences on the heart, seems to me the most preposterous. In the views which it gives of the attributes, ways, and purposes of God; in the representations which it affords of the mind that was in Christ Jesus, so holy and so meek, so full of piety towards God, and of compassion to men; in the solemn truths and promises, the means of grace and hopes of glory, which it holds out to the faithful; the Unitarian doctrine seems to me powerful to awaken, in the bosoms of all true believers, emotions as ardent as they are pure, as full of a steady and genial warmth, as they are free from the grossness and violence of feeling, to which certain popular errors so frequently lead. Can any man give me a reason why the contrary should be supposed? Why should simple and rational views of religion be thought incapable of powerfully affecting the heart? Does it absolutely require the mystery, the perplexity, and the terror striking dogmas, of the popular creed, to influence a mind at all disposed to cherish sober and rational piety? The principal points on which we differ from Trinitarian Christians, relate to the strict Unity of God's nature, and the strict Paternity of his character and ways. We believe that God is One, to the exclusion of all personal divisions and distinctions, of whatever kind. We believe that he is a Father, and acts always as a Father towards all his intelligent creatures. We hold these doctrines of the divine Unity, and the divine Paternity, free from all admixture with any opinions of a contrary tendency; and thus we allow these great truths to operate with all their proper, concentrated energy, on our affections of reverence, admiration, gratitude and love. Whatever of true and proper deity the orthodox system ascribes to Jesus we of course ascribe to the only true God, the Father. I contend, therefore, that nothing is lost by us, so far as relates to furnishing the mind with a suitable object for the exercise of all its devout and trustful affections; unless, indeed, Trinitarians mean to say, that they enjoy an advantage over us, in having three objects of supreme adoration instead of one. We have One infinitely holy and compassionate Being, to love with all the heart, with all the mind, and with all the soul. Have they more than One? or if they have, is it possible that they can so love more than One? It likewise appears to us, that our views of the nature of Christ enable us to understand more clearly, to appreciate more justly, and to feel more strongly, the glorious example of all righteousness which Jesus exhibited as a man, sanctified and devoted unto God. Jesus is not, to our minds, the same object of reverence and love as God, his and our heavenly Father. He is a perfectly distinct object of reverence, but one greatly adapted to call forth the warmest and strongest sympathies of our hearts. We behold in him, one of our own race, carried onwards by his unutterable love and compassion for men, by the wonderful strength of his piety and of his benevolence, through unexampled sufferings, shame and death, for our salvation. Believing in such a Saviour, therefore, and believing, at the same time, in one all-merciful God, his Father and our Father, is it possible that we can be destitute of a faith abounding with all good, moral, and spiritual influences? Oh no! depend on it, that this accusation against the Unitarian doctrine is in every point of view frivolous and vexatious.'

CRITICAL NOTICES.

'*The Sufficiency of the Scriptures, the great Protestant Principle; a Sermon, preached in Lewin's Mead Chapel, on Sunday, October 4th,* 1835, *being the Tercentenary Anniversary of the Printing of the first English Bible. By R. Brook Aspland, M. A.*' Hunter, London.

Mr. R. B. Aspland's Sermon contains a neatly executed outline of the history of the translations made of some portions of the Scriptures up to the time of Coverdale's version of the whole, and a brief notice of Coverdale's translation itself. Then succeed some remarks, tending to show that the sufficiency of the Scriptures was the great, but imperfectly developed, principle of those who laboured to bring about the Reformation from Popery in the sixteenth century. Care is taken in the conclusion to prevent the abuse which ill-regulated zeal might make of the occasion on which it was delivered, to the infraction of charity, and the prejudice of our Catholic brethren. The discourse is as plain and unpretending in its style, as it is mild in its spirit.

'*A Rational and Scriptural Religion the One Thing Needful; a Sermon, preached before the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, at their Tenth Anniversary. By Henry Acton.*' London, printed for, and sold by, the Unitarian Association.

Mr. Acton's discourse comes as near as any we have seen for years, to our idea of a perfect sermon. It is not a philosophical disquisition, yet it is not wanting in a sound philosophy, which has revelation for its prompter, and common sense for its basis. It is not a flight of the imagination, yet it has a brilliancy such as a chastened imagination may supply. It is not a piece of rhetoric, but glows with the warmth of energy and intellect. It is sound, judicious, argumentative, blending feeling with intellect, in well-adjusted proportions.

The religion which answers, in Mr. Acton's opinion, to the description of the one thing needful, is one which may bring all good and complacent *affections* powerfully into operation in the soul; which may solemnly awaken and impress man's *conscience;* which may entirely accord with man's *reason*; and lastly, afford him bright and cheering *hopes* of the future, both for himself and others, both for time and eternity.

MISCELLANIES.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF RAMMOHUN ROY.

(Continued from page 573.)

HERE let me add, that before leaving him on this occasion, I asked him if he was still employed upon his Life of Mahomet. He told me that he was; I think he said that he intended to publish it before he should leave England. The gentleman, however, who had the charge of his papers after his death, and to whom I mentioned this circumstance, said that he had not seen it among his manuscripts. He said, also, that he meant to remain in England a year longer, and then to return to Calcutta; but even in that case, that he should still visit America. He looked to Boston even with a strong sentiment of *home*.

The next time I saw him was on the 16th of August. I was alone with him at my first interview. Now he was one of a circle of friends, in each of whom he felt a strong confidence, and with whom he passed a long evening in the freest and most active discussion. The first subject of our conversation at that time was the prospects of Unitarianism in America. It was a subject of no ordinary interest; for he thought and felt that the advancement of Christianity in its highest influences was essentially connected with right apprehensions of the character and government of God, and of the character and offices of Christ. His very manner of speaking of our Saviour was very peculiar. Next to God, Jesus was the highest object of his reverential love; and this love, exalted as it was in his mind above every earthly sentiment, was more strongly indicated in the tones of his voice, and the expressions of his countenance, than it could have been by any mere words in which he could have uttered it. From the prospects of Unitarianism in America, the conversation passed to the character of our Lord; and the query arose —I think it was proposed by himself,—can we account for the perfect moral excellence of our Lord, except upon the supposition of the impartation to him of moral powers, as extraordinary as were his piety and virtue? He took the ground of the absolutely perfect moral excellence of our Lord, and of his as the only absolutely perfect moral excellence which has ever been known upon the earth; and he contended, with great power, that this fact could be accounted for upon no other principle, than that of as extraordinary moral endowments. One of the gentlemen present pressed the objection with great acuteness and power, that if such extraordinary powers were given to our Lord, the very fact implies a proportionate diminution of his virtue; that virtue, in the sense in which it is here used, is, and can only be, that moral attainment which is the result of choice,—of a deliberate determination of the will,—and of a fidelity maintained by effort against obstacles and difficulties. The Rajah, on the contrary, maintained that extraordinary endowments were essential for the qualification of our Lord for his extraordinary temptations and trials, and for the accomplishment of his work as a moral Saviour; that the Omnipotent, who has created man with a great inequality of powers, for the various purposes of his government here, might, and with perfect consistency, have endowed our Lord with extraordinary moral as well as intellectual powers, as the long predicted instrument of his purposes of mercy and happiness to the human race; and, that it was fit that a perfect model should be set before men, in order to raise them to the relative perfection to which we are called in the Gospel. Since that evening, I have heard and read speculations upon the question of Rammohun Roy's views of our Saviour; upon the question whether or not he was in his faith a Unitarian? It has been asserted and maintained that he was not, nor am I much surprised at this assertion. Not only did he believe, but felt, as I have known few seem to feel, the divinity of our Lord's character and teachings; and I should think it hardly possible, that any one, of any sect, could have heard him speak of Christianity, and not have been impressed with a sense of the extraordinary reverence with which he regarded Christ. I never, indeed, asked him whether he was a Unitarian; nor did I ever attend to his conversation with a particular reference to the question. I never had a doubt upon it. Not one expression, either in his writings or in any of my intercourse with him, could have led to such a doubt. But I can easily conceive that one strongly desirous to believe that he was not a Unitarian, should infer from the strong language in which he would speak of our Lord,—of the divinity of our Lord's character, more than was implied in his expressions, or than was intended by them. He was obviously averse from speculation upon the nature of Christ, and his rank in the universe. His soul was full of desire to possess, and to see universally extended, the spirit of the example and of the instructions of Christ.

My last interview with him was on the 19th of August. He then called upon my friend, Mr. Philp, and myself, and passed two hours with us. Two other gentlemen, Dr. Boott, of London, and our brother, Mr. Dewey, were also with us. In speaking of England, he soon expressed his great disappointment in regard to the influence of Christianity there; and he ascribed its limited and very defective influence, in a great degree, to the neglect of pastoral duties by the ministers of Christianity. We were thus led to a discussion of the manner in which our religion is generally administered throughout Christendom, and of the means to be employed to extend religious knowledge, and to excite and strengthen Christian interest and sympathies. He said that the ministers of all the prevailing religions in the world were more faithful, in these respects, than were Protestant Christian ministers generally; that among the Hindoos, priests have the charge of from ten to fifty families, each of which they visit once or thrice every week, as well for religious as for general and social objects; and that it was so, also, with Mohammedans and the Persians. The objects and interests of my own ministry became a topic of our conversation; and I have met with no one who more heartily sympathized with me in these objects. Here end my notes of my intercourse with him. On the 21st of August I left London. On the 5th of September he also left it for Stapleton Grove, about two miles from Bristol. On the 18th of the same month he was seized with a fever. His disease settled on his brain, and he expired on the 27th. He had gone to Stapleton Grove to obtain rest,—repose. He had been wearied and worn by London hours and London intercourse. Yet, in his retirement, he could not find the rest which he had sought. On the evening previous to the attack of the disease which terminated in his death, he stood three hours in a circle, to which he was addressing answers to the queries which were proposed to him. He was greatly anxious to meet the wishes of every one, and to give all the information that might be asked of him. The most minute and satisfactory account of his last days is to be found in the appendix to the sermon on his death, preached in Bristol soon after that event, by my friend, Dr. Carpenter, of that city. No religious service was performed at his funeral. He had desired that there should be none. He wished that no rite should be performed, the knowledge of which, in Calcutta, would interfere with the influence of his character and writings in his native country. I was told that the solemnity of his burial was the most impresssive that can be imagined. Dr. Carpenter, on that occasion, said to Mr. John Foster, Author of the Essay on Decision of Character, &c., ‘ Some, perhaps, might have been gratified, if some tribute had here been paid to the memory of this great man.’ The reply of Mr. Foster was, ‘ Who would venture to speak over a grave like this !’ Mr. Foster lived within the grounds of Stapleton Grove. He was one of those who passed the evening with him immediately previous to his last illness. I visited him there; and he expressed to me his conviction of Rammohun Roy's faith in Christianity, and his strong impression of his Christian character.

I have spoken of the manners of Rammohun Roy. Let me add, that the respect with which he addressed himself to females was very peculiar. And scarcely less marked was the respect, though always accompanied with a most winning smile, with which he addressed himself to children. Whenever he met them, the love which children felt for him, and the eagerness with which they gathered about him, were extraordinary. Their hearts were more delighted, through the affections which he called forth in them, than were their imaginations by the spectacle of a Hindoo, a Brahmin, the ambassador of an Oriental sovereign. He has, indeed, been accused of extravagance in his courtesy; and of accommodating himself in sentiment, as well as manners, to the society in which he might find himself. And true it is, that he maintained a remarkable delicacy in dissenting from the opinions of others. In an argument with any one, you would greatly have admired the attention with which he listened; the calmness with which he waited till the person addressing him had ceased to speak; and the perfect urbanity with which he exposed what he thought was an error, and illustrated and maintained what he thought was truth. Yet, in the two last interviews which I had with him, he was, very early in the conversation, called to dissent from two of the gentlemen who were with us; and he held his ground, most respectfully indeed, but most firmly. I think it probable that there were occasions on which he laid himself open to the imputation of a compromise of sentiment. But I believe that there were occasions when, for reasons which he thought sufficient, he seemed to concede to a bigot, rather than contend with him. That, however, he did contend, and earnestly, I well know. Yet, had he been disposed to contention as often as he differed from those around him upon questions of politics or of religion, he must have lived in daily conflict with some in almost every circle into which he entered. He was, indeed, especially upon religion and in regard to his own faith, harassed with questions he did not feel disposed, and certainly was not obliged, to answer. I think it probable that he sometimes evaded these questions, as a harassed man who was still unwilling to excite unkindly feeling, would be strongly tempted to evade them. But I do not believe that the charge of compromising a sentiment has any other foundation. I never conversed with any one more frank, more ingenuous; and I have met with very few who seemed to me to possess, as eminently as he possessed, the spirit of the Gospel,—the spirit of our Master.

Rammohun Roy was a Unitarian, but he was not a partizan. He had in him nothing of the spirit of sect or party. He was, most emphatically, a Christian philanthropist. He seemed to be, and I believe was, one of the most disinterested, pure, upright and humble of men. His conceptions were very quick; and though he sometimes hesitated in the expression of his thoughts, it was alone from the difficulty he felt in selecting the most appropriate words. He had studied the New Testament under great advantages, as well as great disadvantages. He opened it first in the freshness and vigour of manhood, with a mind ardently desirous of truth; and above all, of religious truth. He opened it as an inquirer for God and duty. As much below the standard of the Gospel, therefore, as he saw were the character and lives of the mass of Christians around him, so much more bright and heavenly seemed to him the character and claims of Christ and of Christianity. His last days were embittered by the persecutions of a man whom he had greatly aided in India, when no one else would aid him there; and to whom, under the most accumulated embarrassments and when wanting bread, he had been an equal benefactor in England. This man, whom he had employed as a secretary, had circulated the most disgraceful reports of him. But the traducer has also died, and has done what he could to expiate his offence, by leaving a recantation of his atrocious calumnies. I believe, therefore, that the good name of Rammohun Roy now calls for no defence. He is regarded in India as one of its greatest benefactors. And he will, in proportion as he shall be better known, be regarded as an ornament and honor of his race.

Your friend and brother,

February 20th, 1835. JOSEPH TUCKERMAN.

INTELLIGENCE.

FAVORITISM TOWARDS THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH AT LIVERPOOL.

It is very difficult for some persons to learn what social justice means. Those who have lived long at the public expense, will live as much longer as public opinion will allow them. They see no reason for change, and can be dispossessed of their monopoly only by the exertions of those, who, to the will, unite the ability, to expose their grasping propensities. We have therefore been pleased to find, in the *Liverpool Albion*, of Nov. 9, the following letter, written by one of the steadiest and most enlightened friends of civil and religious liberty; who has the pleasure of knowing that in this case he has not laboured in vain, for 'an injunction has been obtained to restrain the Corporation from mortgaging the corporate property, by which they intended to raise £105,000, to vest in payment and augmentation of the church livings under their patronage.'

'TO HIS WORSHIP THE MAYOR AND THE COMMON COUNCIL OF THE BOROUGH OF LIVERPOOL.

'Gentlemen,—Having, from the progress of events, and the juster opinions which prevail on the subject of civil rights, become a burgess of this borough, and understanding that the common council, before they retire from office, are making another attempt to alienate a considerable amount of the corporate funds, for the support of the clergy of the Established Church, I beg leave to protest against the illegality, as well as the injustice, of their proceedings on this subject.

'On the general principle of contributions of this nature I will first remark, that, as the Scriptures are alike addressed to all mankind, and as all sects contribute to the support of the corporate funds, it appears to me to be unjust, that one sect in particular should alone have the whole of the pecuniary benefit; and I think it would be equally reasonable to pay from the corporate funds the physicians' fees, or the schoolmasters' and bakers' bills of churchmen, as it is to pay from the same source exclusively for their religious instruction.

'I beg leave to recal to the recollection of the Common Council, that the bill for imposing any further permanent provision for the support of the Clergy of Liverpool, was opposed by a petition to parliament, signed by upwards of ten thousand of the inhabitants; and that, when the substance of it was attempted to be introduced by a clause in the Municipal Reform Bill, it was indignantly rejected by the House of Commons.

'Circumstanced as the borough is, I am not opposed to a public provision for the maintenance of religion; but I am opposed to the partial and sectarian application of such support. The expenditure of the Corporation, exclusively for the support of the Established Church, has, on the average of the last five years, exceeded £10,000. per annum; which sum, if continued for religious purposes, should, I think, be divided in accordance with that best precept of Christianity, enjoining all mankind to "do as they would be done by;" and if so, the appropriation would be nearly as follows:—£4,375 for the support of the Established Church, £3,125 to Protestant Dissenters, £2,500 to Roman Catholics; total, £10,000. And unless it be admitted, that the members of the Established Church are either poorer or worse Christians than the other sects, I cannot discern the reasonableness or justice of their having more than a fair share of pecuniary support, much less that they should have the whole of it; and I further observe, that corporate grants for this object cannot be justified as tithes are by ancient laws or general usage.

'The Common Council will be aware, that Mr. Gladstone and other individuals have erected churches, and, by the selection of ministers acceptable to the congregations, and by good management, they defray the necessary expenses, and repay themselves a fair rate of profit or interest on the sums they have thus invested; and I cannot discern any good reason why results not very dissimilar might not follow a better administration of the concerns of the Corporation churches.

'The legislature having, wisely and justly, placed all denominations of Christians on an equality as to their civil rights, future legislation, whether relating to the affairs of the empire or to those of a borough, I respectfully submit, can no longer be conducted for the exclusive benefit of a sect or party; and I further add, that the circumstances under which the present proceedings are brought forward, are calculated to excite a suspicion, that the advantage of individuals, rather than the general good of the community, is the impelling object of them.

'I have the honour to remain, with much respect, your very obedient servant,

'Liverpool, Oct. 29, 1835. 'THO. BOLTON.'

CONGREGATIONAL TEA PARTY.—On the evening of Nov. 5th about 150 of the members of the Unitarian Congregation at Bury, Lancashire, met to take tea together, and, by a friendly interchange of kind feelings, to promote additional social interest and increased zeal in the promotion of the different institutions connected with their society. After a pleasant social repast of that beverage which 'cheers but not inebriates,' Edmund Grundy Esq., one of his majesty's justices of the peace for the county of Lancaster, was unanimously invited to preside; and the remainder of the evening was most agreeably occupied by appropriate addresses from the chair, the minister and several members of the congregation, from Dr. Alexander of Wakefield, and from the Rev. J. R. Beard. The officers of the following institutions connected with the congregation, recommended to the meeting their respective claims: the Chapel; the Sunday School; the Library; the Benevolent Society; the Fellowship Fund; the Tract Society; the Sunday Scholar's Clothing Society; the Friend's Institution. In urging the claims of the Sunday School, the chairman introduced to the notice of the meeting a very interesting letter which he characterized as in itself an ample reward to his own feelings, after thirty years' labours as a Sunday-school teacher. It was written by one who had formerly received instruction there, but who had been for the last two years confined to the bed of sickness; and in the sick chamber the letter had been penned. A short extract may be interesting and encouraging to the Sunday-school teacher. 'I naturally feel' says the writer, 'an interest in the welfare of your Sunday School, and gratefully acknowledge the truly valuable instructions I received there, which enabled me to read, and write, and cast accounts. Gratitude to my instructors, and a wish to improve myself and the Sunday scholars, is the motive which impels me to write. To me, I can assure you, it is a source of great comfort, and helps me to pass my lonely hours, sometimes very agreeably, by reading the good books which my friends, from time to time, have been pleased to lend me. The gloomy, unfriendly and discouraging opinion which once prevailed, and is still entertained by some, that the education of what are generally termed "the working class," tends to evil, is, I hope, unfounded, and will ere long, through the zeal and perseverance of the Sunday School Teachers, become extinct. My friends, two years and two months of severe suffering and close confinement to my room, convince me of the value and the blessing of early instructions.'

A word or two on some of the above-named institutions may, it is hoped, be acceptable, and convey a few useful hints to those who are desirous of forming similar institutions.

The Benevolent Society was founded by one of the truly excellent of the earth, the late highly respected Thomas Jackson Wood. The object of it, is to afford timely aid to the poor, in meeting the wants of sickness, and the expences of funerals. The subscription is one penny per week. The allowance in sickness is four shillings per week, fourteen shillings for each delivery in case of child birth, and two guineas at each funeral of a member. Many members of the congregation, approving of the object, contribute, without receiving from the funds of the Society, and thus enable it to sustain the liberal allowance we have just named. Since its commencement in the year 1820 the sum of £792. 9s. has been paid, viz., for cases of sickness £576. 1s., funerals £109. 4s., births £107. 4s. And all who have thus received seasonable relief in sickness and bereavement, have felt a claim of right on the ground of their own subscriptions, and have thus experienced the influence only of that best kind of charity, which helps men to help themselves.

The Sunday Scholars' Clothing Society was instituted by the prompt and unwearied benevolence of the ladies superintending the Girls' Sunday School, at the suggestion and kind recommendation of the Rev. Robert Smethurst of Stand, who had witnessed the benefits of such a society in the Sunday School connected with his own congregation at Monton. Any Sunday scholar may become a member by paying one penny per week. At the commencement of Winter, the congregation, by a public collection, makes a present of ten or twelve pounds to the Society, and the members receive clothing to the value of about six shillings for their fifty-two weekly payments of one penny. By this means many are provided with comfortable garments, who would otherwise not enjoy protection against the inclemencies of the season, and they are practically taught the value of habits of economy and forethought.

The Friends' Institution differs from an ordinary sick list, mainly in the circumstance of its meetings being held in the Sunday School, instead of a public house, and in no part of its funds being necessarily spent in intoxicating liquors, and in the gratuitous subscriptions of parties who never draw from its funds.

The effect of the operation of these various societies, and of a kind and grateful intercourse between the rich, the middle classes, and the poor of the congregation, was most delightfully manifest in the spirit of union, of zeal, and of Christian love, that appeared to pervade the whole assembly, and to picture happiness on every countenance.

The Rev. Lant Carpenter, L.L.D. is about to publish, by subscription, a Harmony of the Gospels: being a synoptical arrangement of the records of our Lord's ministry, agreeably to the most ancient opinion respecting the duration of it, and to the probable order in which the events occurred, with preliminary dissertations.

The Rev. Jerom Murch announces, in one volume 8vo., a History of the Presbyterian and General Baptist Churches in the West of England, with memoirs of their ministers.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Received H. B. P.; On Pulpit Eloquence; The Christian Hierarchy; The Spirit and Power of Methodism. Chapters for Children:—A Happy Sunday; Description of the Elements. The first of a series of Evangelical Tracts; The first of Sketches of Society in Lancashire; A Layman.

The Christian Teacher and Chronicle will in future be published by C. Fox, 67, Paternoster Row, London; who can supply a few complete copies of the first volume. Articles of intelligence are solicited, regarding not only Unitarian topics, but the interests of religion, beneficence, and education, generally.

N. B.—Communications to be inserted in the body of the work, must be in the Editor's hands by the 15th of the current month; and articles of intelligence not later than the 20th—as much earlier as possible.

Forrest and Fogg, Printers, Manchester.

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